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**S**TABILIZATION OR REPUDIATION? Whichever word you choose the fact is the same, but the newspapers have learned a new and more polite vocabulary since the World War. When a European nation makes an arrangement with the United States whereby the former agrees *not* to pay most of its debt to us according to a method of annual instalments calculated over some fifty years, the device is called "funding." Likewise when a European nation abandons hope of paying its internal obligations at par and gives the monetary unit a reduced valuation in gold, the operation is called "stabilization." It is sometimes an inevitable and therefore justifiable action. Such is the case with France. Ten years after the end of the World War the nation has wisely given up the pretense of ever restoring the paper franc to par and has revalued it at one-fifth of its former worth, or about four cents in our money. Thus the French Government not only repudiates four-fifths of its internal debt but it officially cuts that much off the value of all private French obligations contracted before the war unless payable in gold. We commend the action as an intelligent one and hope it will be the beginning of a new era of sound finance. But it is well to recall that when ten years ago Russia—under as great necessity as that of France—decided that it must get out from under its mountain of debt the action was not called "stabilization" but "repudia-

tion" and is still the ostensible reason for our refusal to recognize the Soviet Government.

**T**HE JULIAN TRIAL in Los Angeles has ended. Its result reveals once more that the American judicial system, when faced with the wealthy and, therefore, influential citizens of the community, often refuses to function. It was over a year ago that the Julian Petroleum Corporation crashed, and 40,000 Southern Californians, most of them of exceedingly moderate means, found that they had been swindled out of from twenty to forty millions of dollars. They had been induced to buy approximately 5,000,000 worthless shares of oil stock which were issued without permission from the State corporation commissioner. When the market became flooded with this "over-issue" the price of "Julian Pete" dropped in a few weeks from \$15 to nothing. Of course, the millions of dollars that were taken in are nowhere to be found, although some of the most eminent citizens of Southern California were shown to have received part of the loot. Some fifty-two were sufficiently involved to be indicted—among them Harry M. Haldeman, president of the Better America Federation; Charles R. Stern, president of the Pacific Southwest Trust and Savings Bank; three vice-presidents of the same bank; and Louis B. Mayer, general manager of the Goldwyn-Mayer Production Corporation—but they have all escaped scot-free. The trial itself lasted eighty-three court days and produced eighty-nine volumes of transcript, but did not, according to the jury, furnish sufficient evidence to support the "conspiracy" charge upon which the indictments were based. Thus the eleven persons who were tried were acquitted while the indictments against forty-one other persons were dismissed. Until now we thought that the city of Washington was the sole claimant to the title of the best District of Acquittal in America. This new performance, however, makes Los Angeles a strong contender for the 1928 award.

**T**HE UTILITIES LOBBY is an even more marvelous organism than we realized when we wrote the editorial, The Million Dollar Lobby, in our issue for May 16. Investigation by the Federal Trade Commission reveals it at work in every State in the Union, watching the textbooks in the public schools, helping docile professors to write and publish books that present the private-profit point of view, installing subsidized books in the schools, paying "good" professors fat fees to lecture throughout the country, sending its own speakers to rotary clubs, women's clubs, over the Chautauqua circuits, bullying the Chautauquas into dropping public-ownership speakers, filling the country press with utilities material and getting it even into the dispatches of the big press associations. In three States the Associated Press has been fooled into broadcasting utilities propaganda as legitimate news, and the confidential cheers of the publicity men, revealed in their reports to their chiefs, make rare reading. In some States the propagandists reported the Associated Press hostile, but the director of the Missouri Committee on Public Utility Information was so encouraged by its attitude that he wrote to the Pennsylvania director: "I think word



has gone down the line from headquarters [of the Associated Press] to take care of committees on public-utilities information." He had no precise information to support his suspicion, but the impression is one which the Associated Press will do well to counteract. What some of the inside men think of the utilities tactics came out in a confidential letter written by John W. Colton, editor of the *American Electric Railway Association Magazine*. Colton wrote:

The thing about the utility industry that disgusts me is the lying, trimming, faking, and downright evasion of trust, or violation of trust, that mark the progress toward enormous wealth of some of the so-called big men in the industry. When I see some of these fellows waving the flag, I am filled with not only disgust, but rage, for they are anything but patriots.

MRS. HELEN TUFTS BAILIE, who rebelled against the famous "blacklist," has been expelled from the Daughters of the American Revolution. This not unhappy fate would probably cause her little concern were it not for the fact that Mrs. Bailie has chosen to use her membership in the organization as a weapon with which to fight against bigotry and reaction. Consequently she intends to carry her expulsion to the next annual meeting of the "Continental Congress" in April, 1929, and fight it out on the floor. Meanwhile her trial before the Board of Management of the D. A. R. led Mrs. Brosseau, the president, to say that "it was most gratifying to have it established beyond question that no such thing as a blacklist had ever been authorized by the national society"; and that "what was even more gratifying was to have had this established by Mrs. Bailie's own admission." Mrs. Bailie, while stating that she personally knew only about the blacklists issued in Massachusetts on which she based her original charges, points to protests from various other States as evidence that pressure was brought to bear on local officers of the D. A. R. to prevent them from allowing blacklisted persons as speakers. More extreme measures, designed to prevent meetings held by other organizations at which blacklisted speakers were included, were also taken. In her efforts to set the feet of the D. A. R. on the path of tolerance and decency, Mrs. Bailie is striking good blows for the cause of public liberty of all sorts. More strength to her!

REACTIONARY FORCES won a distinct victory last week with the renomination in the Maine Republican primaries of Senator Frederick Hale and the defeat of Governor Ralph O. Brewster. They were contending for the nomination to the United States Senate. Hale, while weak and insignificant, is the "safe" type of rubber stamp who "sees no evil, hears no evil." The majority of Maine people who have been voting for a Hale for half a century have been led by the stand-pat press to believe that he is of the caliber of Blaine or Tom Reed. In the campaign against him it was developed that not only had he voted to seat Smith and Vare, but was one of the group of Senators which sided with Newberry. Although chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, Hale not only allowed the naval oil reserves to be snatched from under his nose, but defended Denby's action in the Senate and was one of the small minority who sought to secure an indorsement of the action of the oil looters. His labor record is as bad as it possibly could be. Underlying the Maine situation is the grabbing by Insull of all of Maine's water-power sites and his cor-

responding political activities, which appear wherever the Chicago man has a financial stake. Hale's vote to seat Smith, and against the Walsh resolution to investigate the utilities and the Norris Muscle Shoals bill, makes him highly acceptable to the power interests, which now have a stranglehold on Maine.

GOVERNOR BREWSTER, on the other hand, has been anathema to the power interests ever since he vetoed the Insull bill, lobbied through the Maine Legislature, permitting the export of power. He is likewise objectionable to the State Republican machine for his progressiveness. Those forces were sufficiently powerful to defeat him. The last-minute attack on the Governor by the Bishop of Portland, read from the pulpit of every Catholic church in Maine, for his failure to appropriate sufficient funds to rebuild a Catholic mission destroyed by fire, and the enrolling of many thousands of Democrats hostile to the Governor increased the margin of defeat. The Insull interests will now have their way unhindered in Maine, and their candidate for Governor—Colonel William Tudor Gardiner of Gardiner—seems to be as satisfactory to them and as complacent about their purposes as is Hale. Friends of international disarmament, on the other hand, may find no small consolation in Hale's return to the Senate. For while he votes with the jingoes, and subscribes to their most extravagant designs, no figure in the Senate is quite so helpless as he in transmitting ships from paper to steel. The steady dwindling, and the final utter collapse, of the Administration's naval program may be credited in no slight measure to Hale, who in a Senate battle is as a scout patrol pitted against a fleet of dreadnaughts.

IT IS NO FAULT of the Democratic Party that just before the opening of its national convention in Houston, Texas, a Negro should have been taken from jail there and lynched. Neither are we disposed to criticize too severely the city of Houston, as its past record has been excellent, no such crime having taken place before in more than fifty years. But when Negroes are lynched in the South it is commonly due to the feeling that they are not human beings and that summary violence is the only way "to keep the niggers in their place." A repudiation by the better class of white men of this attitude will gradually discourage lynchings by the less reputable element. We are glad to note that rewards have been offered for the apprehension of the Houston lynchers both by the State and city, and we hope the public indignation in regard to the crime is not mere vexation over the bad advertising which the municipality has obtained but an expression of genuine sorrow for a shameful deed.

OHIO DEMOCRATS are to have the opportunity to choose as candidate for Governor a high-minded and able public servant—Peter Witt—one of the few survivors of that fine group of young men inspired and schooled by Tom L. Johnson during his splendid years as mayor and civic leader in Cleveland. Mr. Witt has stuck to his principles through thick and thin. An anti-war man, he would not surrender his principles in war time, but fought steadily for the liberty of the individual and the press. For years he has served Cleveland in various offices, always bravely, always fearlessly and honestly. A truly civilized State would jump at the chance to put such a man into the Governor's



chair. We very much fear that he is too independent and too fine a type for this to be possible. But if it should be, it is fascinating to think what Peter Witt could and would do if he reached Columbus as the chief executive of the State.

**T**O KILL TWO AND WOUND FOUR MEN with one pistol, in Parliament, adds a new bloody record to Serbia's bloodstained history. Punica Rachich, the murderer, who walked out of the Parliament building unharmed, is a character fit rather for a musical-comedy stage than for real life. He is said to have been implicated in the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand, whose death brought on the World War, and to have served five years in the Italian army. Certainly, Mussolini is the only man in Europe who can have smiled at the news from Belgrade. He wants Yugoslavia torn to tatters, so that Italy may master the entire Balkan peninsula. It was because of Stefan Radich's opposition to the Nettuno pact, which Italy had forced on Yugoslavia, that Rachich drew his gun. Radich has since the war led the Croatian Peasant Party, which, for obvious reasons, has been peculiarly fearful of Mussolini's expansionism. But it has been more than anti-Italian—it represents a democratic peasant movement and the federal principle of government. Unfortunately after the war Serbia sought rather to absorb her blood brothers who had been within the Austrian Empire than to federate with them. Radich has fought a long, uphill fight for equal treatment for Croatia. If horror at the murder of his nephew should force the old Serbians to grant his demands, it would mean new hope for the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

**F**ROM THE COLLEGE of the City of New York comes a strange story none too complimentary to the caliber of its administrative officers. An audience of about 200, it seems, was gathered around the campus flagpole listening to speeches against the dismissal of Simon Gerson from the college the day before. Gerson was a leader of the movement against compulsory military training at the college when, about five months ago, as a condition of his remaining in the institution, he was asked to resign from the office of president of the student Social Problems Club and to refrain from all extra-curricular activity. He handed in his resignation, but since it was not accepted he retained the presidency of the club. Although the faculty must have known of this at the time—a faculty representative sits in at the meetings of the club—no action was taken until a week after the close of college. After five months had passed and after Gerson had taken all of his final examinations except one, he was asked to report to a faculty meeting to be told that he was dismissed and that he could not attend the summer session of the college for which he had already enrolled. It was in protest against this peculiar dismissal that the students assembled. Gerson was in the middle of a sentence which began: "Our struggle is for liberty, for freedom of speech—" when Dean Daniel W. Redman interrupted and asked the meeting to disperse. The students stood their ground until a squad of six policemen, called by the faculty, arrived. President Robinson states that although Gerson was only suspended before, he will now recommend his expulsion "in view of the agitation and disturbance he caused with his Communist friends on our campus."

## William Rutherford Mead

**T**HE death in Paris of William Rutherford Mead, in his eighty-second year, removes the last of a trio whose influence upon American architecture is beyond estimation. We are aware of the habit of some of the younger commentators on architecture to sneer at McKim, Mead and White, to regard them as mere copyists, as slavish followers of classic or Beaux Arts styles, but we are not moved to recede from our belief that the renaissance of American architecture dates from Charles F. McKim's return from Paris. True, when Mr. McKim began he joined the Gothic revival. Later he swung over to the classicists. It is undeniable that, as in the Public Library in Boston, the Villard houses on Madison Avenue in New York, and the Agricultural Building at the Chicago World's Fair, the young firm boldly adapted respectively a French, a Florentine, and a Roman model for their purposes. Nevertheless they did, together with Richardson and Hunt, raise the standards of taste in the United States to a degree which perhaps no one can realize who was not familiar with the New York of the seventies—Mr. Mead and Mr. McKim began work together in the metropolis in 1872.

Then, and for a few years thereafter, everybody built four- or five-story brownstone fronts of absolute uniformity and complete equality of ugliness. To depart from this was almost to court social ostracism. It is true that these young men were fortunate that their careers coincided with an epoch of increasing wealth and steadily improving taste, and that they had opportunities—not enjoyed by their immediate predecessors. None the less they guided an artistic movement. They might have been other things than they were, and it must be admitted that they were not always successful—as witness the New York University Club—but what artist ever is invariably at his best?

There has been much discussion of the relative role played by the three members of the firm in designing the buildings that made them famous. Usually the exteriors were the work of Mr. McKim and Mr. White. Mr. Mead was the steady wheelhorse of the firm, the man who remembered that there are such utilitarian things as staircases, closets, bathrooms, and kitchens, and saw to it that they were not overlooked in the artistry of his associates. But Mr. Mead had talent, taste, and ability all his own; we have in mind a charming farmhouse which today bears eloquent witness to his skill. The Engineering Building at Columbia University is another example of work entirely his. These are only two examples. Indeed, the American Academy of Arts and Letters awarded to him in 1913 its gold medal "for distinguished service in the creation of original work," an honor then bestowed for the first time upon an architect.

As a matter of fact, the three partners were extraordinarily fitted to supplement one another; they worked always in complete harmony. Gradually Stanford White became the expert on interior design and interior decoration. Mr. Mead modified, suggested, amplified—always modest, always retiring, never courting praise or admitting that he deserved any, and quite willing that it should go to his more brilliant partners. That it was awarded to him in full measure during his lifetime is a matter for rejoicing. If he was not a prophet in his own country, he deserved extremely well of it.



# The Democracy and the Liquor Problem

WHATEVER the Democratic convention in Houston does it ought above all else to take an unequivocal stand on the liquor question. Pussyfooting will help it not at all, even if the unexpected should happen and James A. Reed be nominated, for he, too, is a Wet. As we have repeatedly said, the country needs a referendum on the prohibition issue. The coming election will not directly afford it because, as usual, there will be several issues, especially if Smith is the candidate, since he is bound to be attacked for his Catholicism as well, and for his membership in Tammany Hall. But at least it will help to clarify things if the Democratic platform is as Wet as the Republican is Dry. It will be a step toward a nation-wide referendum. It will keep the prohibition issue in the open, and it ought to be kept in the open until it is settled—and settled right. It is impossible to believe that the country will permit the Volstead law and the Constitution to be merely ignored. That is a contingency against which everybody ought to fight, whichever camp he belongs in. Nullification means only contempt for the law, endless graft, blackmail, and general public demoralization. If prohibition cannot be enforced, it should go.

One of the first steps is for the chief political parties to be honest about it. The Republicans were hypocritical enough at Kansas City, but theoretically brave in becoming as much the Prohibition Party as that almost defunct organization itself. For the Democrats to attempt to evade the issue would be as futile as it would be cowardly. It would deceive nobody. The New York *World*, the great protagonist of Al Smith, is quite frank about it. "If," it writes, "the Houston convention attempts to hamstring him with a Dry running-mate, or with a Dry platform, or with an evasive one, it will be sacrificing the one real chance of victory to the local interests of the Southern politicians." In the last few days the *World* has become almost hysterical lest the convention nominate Governor Smith "on a politicians' platform which trifles with the great moral issue that he is identified with." It declares in double-leaded capitals "The Democratic Party Should Not Nominate Governor Smith if it Wants Volsteadism," and it beseeches that party to be against Volsteadism until the end.

The twin but often wiser brother of the *World*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, is equally stirred, and in a very able attack upon prohibition calls on the Democratic Party to adopt a platform "unequivocally favoring the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment," and demands that both parties take a stand so clear-cut that the voters will feel that as they vote for Mr. Hoover or the Democratic candidate they are voting on Volsteadism. In Tennessee the Chattanooga *News*, which is vigorously opposed to Al Smith and to turning "the Democratic Party over to these twentieth-century heirs of Boss Tweed," feels that the *World* is right that to nominate Al Smith on anything but a Wet platform would be little short of contemptible. The Tennessee paper points out that the New York *Times* appears to be quite willing for a compromise, and would like to see Governor Smith standing as a Wet on an evasive, semi-Dry platform. That may be consonant with the political philosophy

of the *Times*, but it can hardly be maintained that such a policy makes for honesty, frankness, or sincerity in our public life. We quite agree with the *Post-Dispatch* that "the besetting sins of political parties, political leaders, and public officials in this country are cowardice and hypocrisy. They are deadly sins. Cowardly evasion is blighting both political and governmental action."

It is not only that cowardice and hypocrisy are the controlling motives of politicians in dealing with this issue. Another difficulty is that those who are opposed to prohibition have no clear-cut program to offer. All those who are opposed to prohibition—except our contributing editor, Mr. Mencken—are quick to say that a return to the old-time saloon is unthinkable. But they cannot unite upon any program, not even the Canadian policy of putting the government into the liquor business, with which to go before the country. Some advocate 2.75 beer, others light wine, still others frankly admit that they want good, hard liquor. All they agree upon is that they do not like prohibition. Some object because it does not work, others because, they say, it cannot work, still others because it works too well. Wets and Drys might well begin by calling upon Congress to conduct a real inquiry into the genuineness of the efforts that have been made in Washington to enforce the law and uphold the Constitution, conducted by such persons and under such circumstances that no one could question its findings. It may take years to get this, but the country needs it. Men may argue until doomsday whether prohibition is good or bad, but at least we should be able to discover whether it is possible.

Meanwhile, we are one with the New York *World* in its belief that Al Smith is the last man who can afford to pussyfoot on this issue. He has had, until recently, the courage to talk Wet, act Wet, and drink Wet—and we hope his recent statement that he has not changed his belief that the prohibition laws should be changed presages an end to his unnatural silence and a return to the outspoken frankness typical of the man. Despite the fact that a telegram was passed around at a recent convention of social workers in Kansas City, declaring that the Governor was a total abstainer, he is nothing of the kind. He signed the bill repealing the State prohibition-enforcement act, and did so frankly and openly. He cannot possibly avoid the issue if he is nominated. The article by Bishop Cannon, which we print elsewhere in this issue, makes perfectly plain the line of attack which the Drys will use from the hour that he is nominated until the close of the polls on election day. Let Governor Smith be brazen and unashamed. Therein lies not only his only hope of success, but his only hope of keeping a reputation for decency and honesty. He has done enough injury to himself by keeping silent all this past winter, when he should have been rallying independent voters to his side by clear-cut statements of his attitude on national and international issues. If he should consent to run upon as weak and compromising a platform as that adopted in Kansas City, the American people will have to realize that they are being asked to choose between two very ordinary political compromisers.



## Sail Ho!

There was a ship—she sailed to Spain,  
Oh, roll and go!  
There was a ship came home again,  
Oh, Tommy's on the topsail yard!

**T**HERE are more kinds of wings than one. While airplanes borne on pinions of aluminum are crossing the Atlantic far above the toss and spume of its waters, other craft are about to skim the ocean's surface carried along by those older wings which generations of mankind have known as sails. In July, for the first time in twenty-three years, there is to be a transatlantic sailing race—from New York harbor to Santander, on the northern coast of Spain. And as two earlier Spanish monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, provided the funds for the first transatlantic passage, so have their successors today, Alfonso and Victoria, supplied the incentive for this latest crossing by sail, in the form of two prize cups.

Twenty-three years is a long time between ocean races, and a World War has intervened since the last one in 1905, but it happens that the winner of the last contest, the schooner-yacht *Atlantic*, will compete again this year. And just as there will be a ship to connect the last race with this, so will there be one to link the modern age of fore-and-aft sail with the older era of the square-riggers. The beautiful bark *Aloha*, with its towering tiers of canvas rising one piece above another in diminishing size, like the floors of a modern skyscraper, will remind the twentieth century of the nineteenth, when the seas knew such wonderful creations of hull and spar and sail as the *Flying Cloud*, *Lightning*, and *Great Republic*, built on this side of the Atlantic, and the *Thermopylae*, *Cutty Sark*, and *Sir Lancelot*, launched on the other.

Twenty-three years is a long time between ocean races, but there have been longer periods between other contests, for such an undertaking is a big one and there are not many with either the money or the time for an event which in these days must be organized on a purely amateur basis. In earlier years such races were usually in part at least commercial. That is to say, the competitors were usually merchant vessels, commonly sailing on commercial voyages, although sometimes a prize stake was put up to whet the interest. In 1837 the *Columbus* of the Black Ball Line sailed what seems to have been the first authentic transatlantic race. Her competitor was the *Sheridan* of the Dramatic Line. There was a stake of \$10,000 a side, the two vessels starting from New York. The *Columbus* won in a passage of sixteen days, while the *Sheridan* made port two days later.

The first transatlantic race of yachts as distinguished from merchant vessels took place in 1866. It was the memorable dash of the *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Vesta* from Sandy Hook to the Isle of Wight. The *Fleetwing*, owned by James Gordon Bennett, the younger, won in thirteen days, twenty-one hours, fifty-five minutes, after a tempestuous passage.

It was at about this same time that the greatest ocean race in history took place. It was not across the Atlantic but all the way from China to England around the Cape of Good Hope—about 16,000 miles. The famous British tea clippers *Ariel*, *Taeping*, *Fiery Cross*, *Taitsing*, and *Serica*

all sailed from Foochow within two days of one another, bound for London. Each wanted to beat the others to port with the first of the new season's tea crop. Down toward the Malay Archipelago they raced, reaching for the light winds with lofty multifarious sails—moon-rakers, cloud-scrapers, and star-gazers—through the Indian Ocean, and finally into the boisterous Atlantic. Three of them docked on the same day—the ninety-ninth from China—within one hour and forty-five minutes of one another, the *Taeping* winning by a trifle. The two other vessels came in only two days later.

## Chinese Generals

**T**HE Nationalists are in Peking; but who are the Nationalists? Hitherto Chinese civil wars have been mere personal combats between rival feudal chieftains. But with the entry of the Kuomintang, the Nationalist Party, into the field there seemed at last to be a meaning to the endless wars. Although a year ago, when the party split, the military chieftains seemed to be asserting their power and destroying the civilian character of the new movement, recent months have shown a resurrection of the cohesiveness and unity of the party's younger days. Behind the victorious armies were able civilians, and the future of young China depends largely upon the ability of the party to dominate the three generals who led the armies.

These three generals are Yen Hsi-shan, Feng Yu-hsiang, and Chiang Kai-shek, all men under fifty. Yen has been dominant in Shansi province since the revolution seventeen years ago, and most of that time he has attended strictly to provincial business and has left national politics alone. His was long known as the "model province" and he as the "model governor." His schools were famous throughout China, and his army small. Somehow Yen maintained a puddle of peace in a sea of war, but some four years ago he turned his mint into an armory, and in the civil war of 1926 he took sides with Chang Tso-lin against Feng Yu-hsiang. When events drove Feng into alliance with the Nationalists he joined the hostile coalition of Northern tuchuns, but in 1927 he changed sides, and this year Yen's men were the first to reach Peking.

Feng is the "Christian general," ruthless and able. He teaches his men to build roads, and carry their own burdens, and they march to the strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Probably he has been more impressed with Christianity as a means of maintaining army discipline than as a gospel of salvation; but at one time he certainly found Christianity an invaluable instrument. In 1924, when Feng's chief, Wu Pei-fu, was about to fight Chang Tso-lin on the Northern frontier, Feng suddenly left the battlefield and occupied Peking in Wu's rear—an act of treachery which cost Wu the leadership of China and Feng the confidence which his record might otherwise inspire. In 1926 he was forced to leave Peking to Chang, and for nearly a year his army was penned in the barren northwest of China. Feng himself retired to Moscow, and found encouragement there; but the Russians can hardly have sent large quantities of munitions across the Gobi Desert. Feng's support of the Nationalist cause is recent, and many old leaders of the Kuomintang distrust him.

Chiang Kai-shek was one of Sun Yat-sen's trusted lieu-



tenants. He organized the Kuomintang army in Canton, and led its dramatic advance to the Yangtze River. He forced the split in the party a year ago, then retired to his native village. He was recalled to serve as commander-in-chief of the Northern advance which took Peking, but his own troops were involved in the Tsinanfu disorders, and when the end came Feng and Yen were closer to Peking than he. Now he has again retired to his native village, asserting that he does not want further military power. No one can doubt Chiang's unselfish devotion to the cause of Nationalist China; but he has not always been able to work well in harness.

If these strong men can learn to cooperate, and accept subordination to a civilian government, China's future will be bright. The immediate decision to transfer the Nationalist capital from the disputed city of Peking, and the action of T. V. Soong, Finance Minister, in calling a national conference of bankers and industrialists to discuss economic reorganization, are good omens.

## Camping on an Ice Floe

**A**N ice-floe camping-party as a summer outing will not appeal to many vacationists. The news that trickles back from Nobile and his stranded companions does not inspire one to depart post-haste for the frozen North and its icebergs, in airplane or dirigible. The Arctic is still stronger than men, as it was in the days of the *Polaris* ice-floe party, which began precipitately on the evening of October 15, 1872, and continued for some six and a half months thereafter—until the ice-floe had almost melted away from under its human load.

The *Polaris* was a good ship and a sound one. When, in August, she started south from Thank-God Harbor in the uppermost reaches of the Northern seas, threading her way cautiously and timidly amid the expansive ice-fields of that region, she was far better equipped than the airship of today to withstand the rigors of Arctic navigation. She did not have the radio of Nobile's *Italia* to keep her in communication with a base-ship, but she had other compensations: she had already spent a year in association with the icebergs, proof enough that her extra planking, additional plates of copper, and reinforced beams had made her seaworthy and iceworthy. Yet her crew was apprehensive, for it was a long and treacherous course from Thank-God Harbor south to the open waters of Baffin Bay.

For safety's sake the *Polaris* had been anchored to a huge ice-floe with which she drifted south at the rate of about twelve miles per day. During this trial marriage—which lasted about a month—the crew of the ship built a small hut on the floe, to be used in case of disaster. On October 15 came a violent storm; the *Polaris* was jammed against towering icebergs; she shook and trembled from the pressure of the ice and then was raised up bodily and thrown on her port side on the floe. About half of the provisions and supplies on board had been unloaded when the violence of the storm suddenly ripped the *Polaris* free from her anchorage, breaking the floe itself into several pieces. The next morning nineteen men, women, and children found themselves huddled together on one of the pieces of the floe, but the house that they had built and a great part of the unloaded supplies were gone, while twelve

men had been carried off on the ship. These twelve managed to get the *Polaris* to the nearest land, where they settled for the winter, returning to civilization in the summer of 1873.

With great luck the nineteen on the floe recovered much of the food, some of the navigation instruments, and an open lifeboat that had been lost in the storm. With these they drifted south, hoping daily that they might get back to the *Polaris*, which they had sighted once in the far distance. But with the passage of November and December these hopes disappeared, and they resigned themselves to the simple life on the floe. Since the winter months were almost completely dark there was little that the party could do except drift along and hope for rescue. The extreme cold of December—the temperature averaging six degrees below zero—and the restricted diet sapped the spirit of the men. Even if they had been ambitious, however, they were too weak to accomplish even ordinary tasks. Most of the time they were too weak to hunt; if they did hunt and catch some animal, it was only with the greatest exertion that they succeeded in bringing it to camp. Fortunately, there were fresh-water puddles near by. It was upon two Eskimos, who caught seals now and then, that the party depended for fresh food; these men withstood the privations better than anyone else, although they admitted that in their entire precarious lives in the North they had never experienced such severe conditions. Without the Eskimos the chances of life for the white men would have been slim indeed.

Thanksgiving and Christmas were celebrated on the ice, the former by opening a can of dried apples, which had been saved for the occasion, and a small can of mock-turtle soup. For Christmas an extra ounce of bread was doled out to thicken the breakfast soup. Conditions grew more and more alarming. In February rations were reduced progressively, until the men were living on a few ounces a day—"the smallest amount with which life could be sustained." There was little improvement in March, when ookooks and dovebies afforded a slight variety from the pemmican and blubber of the winter months. At one time when a nine-foot ookook was shot, according to one of the journals, "so crazy were the appetites of the men that their hands and faces were soon covered with blood—the party looking more like carnivorous animals than human beings."

In early March a storm broke the floe into several pieces. When toward the end of the month it reached fairly open water and was drifting about twenty-three miles per day and growing steadily smaller, it had become less than seventy yards square. Finally, in the neighborhood of Cape Farewell, the floe had to be abandoned, and the nineteen people, with tents and equipment, were packed into a small open boat designed for six men. They succeeded in relanding the same day on a larger and safer floe, but this broke during the night, separating the party. Although the various groups were later able to reunite they were in utter despair and exhaustion—too weak even to talk.

To add to the discomfort, on April 28 and April 29 two boats were seen. Shots were fired and flags raised, but the boats turned their noses and passed slowly out of sight. Finally, with virtually all hope gone and every expectation of oblivion, the *Polaris* ice-floe party was sighted on April 30, 1873, by a sealer, the *Tigress*, and picked up off Grady Harbor, Labrador, after drifting approximately 1,500 miles.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

**W**HENEVER an author writes a book which is not much sold or praised he always puts his knuckles in his eyes and says that he will go and tell posterity. I'm much afraid that there is cold comfort in the threat and possibly some lack of wisdom. Just why should anybody assume that posterity will be all-wise? Of course it may be said, "There is no other court of last resort." Well, it's not good enough. We must invent another.

Some sort of mystic religion is necessary. There must be a final Judgment Day for books and plays and little poems as well as the one which has been promised to pass on human souls. On that great day many cases will be heard, but it does not seem to me as if confusion will be caused by including literature in the province of the court. Often it is not easy to keep book and soul apart. Certain authors, summoned by Gabriel's trumpet, might well be rather bored while litigation concerned no more than their personal and eternal whereabouts. I would not put it beyond some writers to exclaim, upon hearing the glad decision, "Heaven!", "Yes, but what about my three-volume novel!"

There really are certain artists who feel that it is better to burn than to mar. And none of these would accept immortality, save grudgingly, unless it carried with it everlasting fame for their favorite works.

Posterity just won't do. The judgment of five centuries may easily be better than that of the Book-of-the-Month Club and yet it remains human and fallible. "Abie's Irish Rose" ran five years or something like that. It could conceivably live five centuries. Many critics of our own day are much too confident of what judgments the future holds. Probably nobody seriously maintains that Harold Bell Wright will live or even Zane Grey. Most of us are contemptuous of these popular authors. And with good cause, too, as far as I'm concerned. Their point of view is infantile, their style atrocious, and all the stories hackneyed.

But I wouldn't put it past posterity to wink at all these facts. Five hundred years from now some scholar at Harvard may find refreshment in the naivete of Mr. Wright. He may argue that Grey and Wright were far closer in touch with their times than another obscure novelist of the day named Lewis. The first thing you know Freshman English in all the universities of the twenty-fifth century will be demanding "The Winning of Barbara Worth" as required reading and "Riders of the Purple Sage" will be published with footnotes and a glossary.

Ask any group of intellectuals to name a slate for posterity to pick from and it is at least ten to one that the names of the moderns thus supplied will all be passed over. Certainly the precise order of merit agreed on by living pundits will never be respected. Always we keep forgetting that some of the surviving classics were wholly neglected at their time of publication. Since we have so readily swept aside the judgments of our ancestors how can we fail to expect that our own descendants will be equally cavalier with the opinions which we held most dear?

If you say that Willa Cather is a far more accomplished novelist than Edna Ferber I will agree readily enough, but I'll give no odds on the judgment of people yet

unborn. With, of course, one exception. Name whom you like among the living and I will gladly offer ten to one that his name and works are dust within a century. If Kipling does not continue I shall be both surprised and disappointed. But there are factors which might weigh him down among the dead men. In five hundred years, perhaps, empires will be unknown, and wars and white men's burdens. In such a period the childish chauvinism of Kipling might well blind the reader to his magnificence as a story teller.

Perhaps they will say, then, that O. Henry really was his superior in the matter of short stories. And if I am anywhere about, even though disembodied, do you think that I will tolerate such monstrous heresy with calmness? Am I and other ghosts of my time to knuckle down and say: "Posterity has spoken. There's nothing more to be said about it"? Just what my brothers in ectoplasm may say and do I can't predict, but let me catch critics in the days to come indulging in such monkeyshines and I will go and haunt them. From walls within their flats will come a groaning and a creaking. And in the halls chains will rattle. It is no use to say to me: "Don't be dogmatic. The thing is just a matter of opinion." Tolerance can be carried to ridiculous lengths. Even in questions of taste a man must make a stand at some point or another and defy not only the yelps of his contemporaries but all the heavy guns which posterity can ever bring against him. It is well enough upon occasion to say, "I think," but there are other situations in which one must be more brutal and change his tentative opinions to the more frank and forthright, "I'm telling you."

At just what point does posterity get to be posterity? "In a hundred years" is a familiar phrase which crops out in discussions about the lasting value of certain modern achievements. But surely a hundred years is not enough. Shakespeare was by no means safe in a hundred years. There is no reference book at hand, but if I remember my dates Colley Cibber took the liberty of rewriting him at an interval longer than that. And the public applauded. To them it seemed that Cibber was qualified to brush up the great one. The windy pieces of Dryden were acclaimed as more than those of Shakespeare even though enough sufficient time had passed to get perspective. We always talk as if posterity were a sort of marble and that certain world figures are safe beyond the change of wind and wealth. Nobody seems to contemplate the possibility that Shakespeare, although running strongly, is on his last lap. Still, we've seen Shaw try to stop him, and though it would be too much to maintain that he succeeded in tripping him up, still from my seat in the bleachers it decidedly appeared that the Bard had been knocked off his stride.

Possibly I am too optimistic in suggesting that this court to sit on Judgment Day will settle all complications. Though a bench of Archangels does suggest an authority transcending that of mere posterity I am not sure that it will be in every case enough. Somehow I seem to see an author on that great day walking out of court, when the case has gone against him, and exclaiming: "And what do you know about literature?"

HEYWOOD BROUN



# It's All Al Smith

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

*Houston, Texas, June 26*

**N**EWBOYS yelling "All the news about Al Smith" and selling papers with no news of Al Smith; a hotel lobby where huge Al Smith posters grin at huger "Right with Reed" signs; on the floor a thousand sweating men and women, panting, laughing, swearing, hunting for people they cannot find, waiting for the six little elevators that never have room; up and down seventeen flights of stairs an endless, plodding procession of folks who have given up hope of the elevators. On the mezzanine, Al Smith headquarters, Jim Reed headquarters, Texas George, Everybody's headquarters, all armed with glad-hand welcoming committees, campaign literature, candidates' buttons, jammed with weary mobs wandering about wondering what to do next. Trooping from room to room upstairs in the hotel, earnest little groups of women hunting members of the Platform Committee, and behind closed doors solemn gentlemen in shirtsleeves sprawling over chairs and beds guessing each other's minds and playing the poker game known as politics. Thirteen blocks away the vast, dead auditorium awaiting its one week of life—that is what this Democratic Convention looks like as it sweats its way toward the public show.

Most of the delegates have nothing whatever to do. They are mere supernumeraries who will march and shout and wave flags in the mob scenes at the convention. It's all Al Smith. The newsboys know that to yell "Al Smith" sells papers; the singers in chaps and sombreros—part of Jesse Jones Houston hospitality—who push their way into the lobbies sing Al Smith songs; and the great Solid South, hating Al Smith, is ready to see him nominated because it prefers a chance of Democratic victory to any principle.

"Texas for Al Smith," the ribbons read which the girls offer every arrival at the Rice Hotel. But a careful census found only one in sixteen of the ribbon wearers from Texas, and neither Texas nor any other Southern State really wants Wet Catholic Tammany Smith. The great Smith argument is that Smith might win. Wise politicians like Cordell Hull of Tennessee, Joe Robinson of Arkansas, and Pat Harrison of Mississippi sit in their hotel rooms and inform every visitor that they are for a Dry platform and a Dry candidate, but they murmur also that they are loyal Democrats and will support the party candidate. There are rarin', tearin' anti-Tammany, anti-Catholic, anti-Smith men in the delegations, but they won't count in Sam Houston Hall. The Democratic Party wants to win. And Smith wants the nomination. He is not yelling for an argumentatively Wet platform. He is platform enough himself without further form of words. The Norman Mack outburst may have been a blunder but it looks like uncommonly shrewd politics. It gives the Drys a chance to claim one victory. Led by young Dan Moody of Texas they can stage a stirring fight for a law-enforcement platform and win it, and can then with a contrite heart support the son of Manhattan, feeling that after all they have forced a godly platform upon Beelzebub.

Around the corner the Dry women are holding a five-hour "season of prayer" calling on God to save the Demo-

cratic Party from the man who wants "to put his foot upon a brass rail again and blow the foam off a mug of beer." I went last night to the Dry mass meeting in Richey's Tabernacle where the "representatives of seven million churchwomen" assured one another that God would block Al Smith's attempt to "steal the United States from the Christian [meaning Protestant] people." Babies cried, the electric fans droned overhead, men and women waved their hats or palm-leaf fans, and one after another overheated spokeswomen for this or that organization compared the Al Smith promises of Northern votes to Satan's offer of the kingdoms of the world, shouted about "the greatest crisis since the Civil War," and the "days of Pentecost," prayed God to put a new vision into the hearts of the party leaders, and told what the women would do to Al at the election. Every one of them knew that Al Smith would be nominated.

After all, what can people expect whose slogan is "A Dry platform and a Dry candidate"? One of the ladies called for a leader who would "dare to be a Daniel." She may have had in mind Dan Moody, but the Boy Governor of Texas, while keeping up his home political fences by shouting for a Dry platform, has made it clear that he does not intend to endanger his national future by getting too conspicuously in Al Smith's way. The Drys do not know where to turn; they have no candidate.

So a somewhat balky Democratic donkey is getting ready to nominate Al Smith. The memory of Madison Square Garden is fresh and a new Democratic code of ethics has been evolved. Everyone is for party harmony today. Harmony there must be at whatever cost of principle. Mrs. Clem Shaver is leading Dry women's meetings, but her husband's office obligingly gives the room number of the convention bootlegger to inquiring delegates and visitors. Galveston is near and the liquor, I am told, is excellent and reasonable; certainly it is abundant. But while the Dry South believes in hospitality, Wet New York is on its best behavior. Mayor Jimmy arrived looking as if he had celebrated Al's nomination ahead of time, but all the Tammany delegates have been warned to be good at the convention. Houston had a little lynching just before the convention opened, but the Mayor and the city council and all good Texans promptly denounced it and pointed out, as an evidence of remarkable virtue, that they had all denounced it. Everyone is for the farmers and for labor and for a sound foreign policy. Indeed, there seems even to be little difficulty about public utilities.

I met on the train two enthusiastic Al Smith delegates from New York. We discussed prohibition and the Catholic issue and the women and then, thinking to make conversation, I remarked that the utilities revelations ought not to hurt Al in the campaign. A painful silence followed. Then the first Al Smith delegate pointed graciously to his pal. "Shake hands," said he, "with the vice-president of the Northeastern Power Company." (I think that was its name.) "And permit me," said the second Al Smith delegate, pointing to the other, "to present to you our up-State attorney."



# Al Smith—Catholic, Tammany, Wet

By JAMES CANNON, JR.

**I**F it were necessary to explain this in a single sentence, I should say: Governor Smith is personally, ecclesiastically, aggressively, irreconcilably Wet, and is ineradicably Tammany-branded, with all the inferences and implications and objectionable consequences which naturally follow from such views and associations. In the issue of *The Nation* of November 30, in an article discussing Governor Smith as a "Presidential possibility," Mr. Villard said:

Do you believe in electing to the Presidency a man who drinks too much for his own good, and is politically a rampant Wet? . . . Does "Al" drink and does he drink too much? Well, I am reliably informed that he drinks every day, and the number of his cocktails and highballs is variously estimated at from four to eight. It is positively denied that he is ever intoxicated, much gossip to the contrary notwithstanding. He is a Wet, and he lives up to it, and for that consistency he is to be praised. . . . One may regret with all one's heart, as does the writer of these lines, that, being in an exalted position, he cannot set an example of abstinence to the millions whose State he governs, but at least one knows where he stands.

It is now over six months since that statement concerning Governor Smith's personal habits was printed and quoted, and there has been no official denial of its accuracy. It coincides with the private statements of other reliable persons. The facts certainly appear to warrant the asking of this question: Shall Dry America, a country with prohibition imbedded in its Constitution, elect a "cocktail President"?

It is true that a man's personal attitude toward the prohibition amendment and toward the use of intoxicants is not the only important question to be asked concerning his fitness for the office of President of the United States. But one's personal opinion on the principle of prohibition cannot be considered apart from the broader question of loyalty to the Constitution, as long as the prohibition amendment is a part of that Constitution. Furthermore, while it is true that the prohibition amendment does not prohibit the use of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes, it is also true that it is the natural, logical consequence of the prohibition law that within a comparatively short time all legal use of beverage intoxicants will be eliminated. There are doubtless some law-abiding citizens who still use no intoxicants except those which they possessed at the time that prohibition went into effect, but that number is small and steadily decreasing. Can any law-abiding American citizen want a man to be elected President who not only disbelieves in the principle of prohibition, but, although sworn to uphold the Constitution of the United States, yet will continue to indulge his appetite for strong drink in the Executive Mansion? What an interesting public document for future generations to inspect would be the application of the President of the United States for a permit from the Prohibition Department to move from his residence to the White House an itemized list of the bottles, casks, barrels, and other containers of intoxicating liquor, traffic in which is prohibited by the Constitution which the said applicant is sworn to uphold!

But not only is Governor Smith personally Wet today, but his entire record is Wet. He was a frequenter of saloons while they existed; he put his foot on the brass rail and blew the foam off the glass; in his social and political activities he recognized the saloon as an important factor. As a legislator he not only opposed every measure to restrict the privileges of saloons, but endeavored to remove existing restrictions. He fought the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment and the passage of the Mullen-Gage State Law Enforcement Code, and after that code had been enacted by the New York State Legislature, he labored aggressively and persistently to obtain its repeal. He is now advocating modifications of the prohibition laws to permit each State to determine what shall be the legal alcoholic content of the beverages permitted.

When all his background is considered, it is not surprising that Governor Smith should have persistently and aggressively fought prohibition. Tammany-bred, a pupil, a follower, a protege of Croker, Foley, and Murphy, he is today the outstanding personality and most influential factor in Tammany Hall. It is true that Mr. George Olvaney, the titular head of Tammany Hall, declared on oath before the Senate Committee that Tammany was not a political organization at all, but simply a "patriotic society." But whatever it be called Tammany is, as was declared in *The Nation* for June 13, a "society held together by the cohesive power of public plunder." Governor Smith has for thirty-three years been a worker in or an official of that society. Nor has he condemned the Tammany graft and corruption which has recently come to light. Indeed, he has only recently been reinstated as a sachem.

Moreover, Governor Smith is ecclesiastically Wet. There was published in the secular press on January 2, 1928, a quotation which has not been denied from the *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, stating that "the attempt to enforce prohibition in America has become so useless, not to say dangerous, that it would be better to abolish it, especially since unbridled passion is always more rampant as soon as there is an attempt to enforce complete abstinence." This attack upon the prohibition law of the United States by the Vatican organ is in full agreement with the open criticism of that law by the Cardinal Archbishop of New York and Boston and other Roman Catholic dignitaries.

I concede the right of the Pope, cardinals, archbishops, and other Roman Catholics to declare their attitude as freely as Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, or other Protestant bodies or ministers or laymen upon this question. Nor would I even intimate that these Roman Catholic leaders are not sincere in their opposition to the prohibition law. But it is not surprising, indeed it is to be expected, that this position of high dignitaries of the Roman church will be reflected in the attitude of many loyal Catholics who are members of legislatures, or of Congress, or who hold other official positions. It is a fact that the attacks in Congress upon the prohibition law are made chiefly by men who are themselves Roman Catholics or who represent constituencies with large Roman Catholic populations. Certainly it



is likely that Governor Alfred E. Smith is influenced by the views of the Pope and the cardinals on the subject of prohibition.

I repeat that because Governor Smith is personally, ecclesiastically, aggressively, irreconcilably Wet and is ineradicably Tammany-branded, the South's Dry Democrats will oppose him. It is unthinkable that the moral, religious leadership of the South could be a party to the nomination

or election of such a man as Governor Smith, thus being guilty of an open betrayal of a great social, economic, and moral reform which was won after years of unselfish labor. If the Houston convention should nominate Governor Smith for President, multiplied thousands of life-long Democrats will decide that Democracy will be better served by the defeat of the Wet Tammany sachem than by his election, and will act accordingly.

## Al Smith—Able, Honest, Liberal

By MARY KINGSBURY SIMKHOVITCH

**B**EING neither a Roman Catholic nor a member of Tammany Hall nor of Irish descent, I am for Smith for President. I do not think that a Catholic is less loyal than a Protestant. Experience is the safest guide. Catholic Supreme Court justices, Senators, and governors have not done us any harm. In fact, the conscious or unconscious desire to class our country as Protestant seems to be at variance with our fundamental law which provides for entire freedom of belief.

The three main objections to Smith are: first, that he is Wet; second, that he is a member of Tammany Hall; and third, that business is safer with a Republican than with a Democratic administration no matter who the candidates are.

The cause of temperance was making great headway when we adopted prohibition. We have now had almost a decade of experience to go on, and no one will deny that the natural result of any prohibition has taken place. The educational process has been replaced by lawlessness. We did not know as much ten years ago about psychology as we do today. Progressive educational ideas, replacing the "thou shalt nots" with positive outlets in the emotional and intellectual life, are now understood more widely. Just as recreational and vocational opportunities are stressed to offset juvenile delinquency rather than a reliance on reformatories and jails, so is education in self-control superior to prohibition. If prohibition is bad social psychology, we must face this fact and ask how it can be honestly met. Governor Smith has not concealed his views on this subject. Is it not possible to take a dispassionate attitude on a question of public policy? Is it necessary to brand any one who desires a modification of the law as unpatriotic or dangerous? Fanaticism, wholly out of keeping with our fundamental constitutional rights, lies in that direction. To enforce the law completely will not be possible for any President, unless Congress votes a sum of money no practical person believes can be obtained. That Smith, if President, would not enforce the law as strictly as funds available would allow, no one believes who knows him and his work intimately.

Smith is a loyal member of Tammany Hall. All organizations have their weak spots. But to make a wholesale indictment of Tammany Hall is to indict the Democratic Party in the city of New York, which is the same as to indict the majority of its citizens. Tammany Hall has had an honorable record as well as a discreditable one. People are members of the organization by neighborly association—I was about to say, almost by the accident of birth. In a sense it is like a large family or clan life,

full of mistakes and worse, but also full of sympathy, effective helpfulness, and an intensely realistic understanding of what is practical. Before the social psychologists got busy in their interpretations, Tammany Hall practiced what later the sociologists taught.

Now, Smith was brought up with this crowd. And he is loyal to it as he is loyal to his family, to his church, to his neighborhood, to his city, and to his State. Dependability and clear-sightedness are his major qualities. And he never confuses loyalty, as so many bigots do, with blind agreement and objection to criticism. A real loyalty includes criticism. And that he has given Tammany Hall plenty of it is an open secret. But he has given it from the inside rather than from the outside. That is a legitimate way. "Boring from within" is as reputable a method as opposition from without. Smith has never side-stepped a burden or discarded a responsibility. He has never taken the easier way.

It is often easier to leave a church or family life or a political party than it is to stick and see what changes in these social structures can be effected. All organization is full of defects. The price we pay for it is heavy but in general necessary. I do not say that to get out, to bolt, is not a good way sometimes, too. But that is a question of when and why and how. Smith chooses the old-fashioned, responsible way of sticking.

Finally, there is the argument of prosperity. Many will vote for a Democratic governor who won't vote for a Democratic President. Their idea is that change is disorganizing and disintegrating for business and hence for the country. But though economic security is a primary issue and on it depends a high level in the standard of living, there is to be considered as an even more fundamental issue the whole tone of American life—its regard for honesty in public service, its old emphasis on local responsibility and initiative, its regard for the welfare of the downmost groups which business prosperity has not touched, its ancient privilege of criticism in public life, which the long-continued term in office of any party tends to obscure.

When the Progressive Party of Roosevelt's day went out of business it left the Democratic Party as its only residuary legatee in the field of practical and effective social-minded public criticism. Smith is obviously its ablest leader. With his usual sagacity and common sense, he will by no means desire to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. If he is elected we may therefore expect a maximum of fresh air in political thought and action, with no worry that prosperity will fly out of the window.



# Americans We Like

## Waldo L. Cook

By ELIZABETH McCAUSLAND

AT ten he was the devoted protector of eight cats. At twenty-two he refused his degree from Tufts on grounds of principle. Still the champion of justice at sixty, he espoused the Sacco-Vanzetti cause.

Always an ardent advocate of reason and fairness, Waldo L. Cook has reaped but a barren harvest after forty years of toil in the vineyards of American journalism. Editor of that historic journal, the *Springfield Republican*, as famous for its unpopular opinions as Oxford for its lost causes, he has had the reward of those who seek to practice the Horatian golden mean. Temperamentally distrustful of extremes, he is equally the target of conservatives and radicals. Yet he persists in his defiance of categories. "I am not a conservative, I am not a liberal, I am Waldo Cook," he declares. This tenacious insistence on his identity and integrity as an individual explains many things. The New England Bourbons never weary of condemning the prophet in their own country, while the theoretical liberals are often out of sympathy with the pragmatism—call it Yankee prudence, if you will—that hedges about this New England editor.

His instincts are generous, his aspirations are unselfish. But his New England blood will out. Not caution, but strategy, that is the keynote of his character. He will not commit himself to positions from which he may be forced subsequently to retreat. His advance is slow, calculated to the circumstances of the hour. He moves forward, well documented, well reinforced, with lines of communication always kept open. He does not choose to permit his emotions or his sympathies to affect his reasoned judgments.

As a fighter, the best boxer of his time at college, and a football player with a reputation as a slugger, undeserved but classic, he wants to hit when he is all set for the blow and he wants to hit where it will do the most damage. Any midnight he can be seen, swinging his Indian clubs in "editorial-row" corridor, this man of whom an old professor said: "Waldo Cook was one of the best all-around athletes that ever went to Tufts. And I have known them all."

As an editor, he does not believe that a newspaper has to abase itself to live. Causes are not followed because they are popular, but because they are right. The moral fervor of the abolitionist and teetotalist father survives in the son, changed but unabated. Yet there is no fanaticism here, only a constant balancing of what is ideally right and desirable with what can be accomplished. For Waldo Cook has lived long enough to know that while all else changes, life's continuity is unbroken. He does not want revolution. A neat and tidy mental inheritance from his New England ancestors insists on order and logic in human affairs as well as in kitchens and corner cupboards. He does not want the strata of human history and time to slip suddenly and violently, as if in an earthquake. He wants instead a gradual

### *The Fourteenth in a Series of Personality Portraits*

permeation of society by, a gradual consent to, liberal ideas. There is no rashness in him, no desire to pull down the pillars of the temple

—at least not as long as there is no other temple to take its place. It is a quality of temperament.

These characteristics, disciplined and trained by forty years' experience as reporter, editorial writer, and editor, have produced the man who today is one of the few American journalists who can be counted on to deal honestly and independently with public questions. It is one of the curses of anonymous journalism that credit is not always given where it is due. Woodrow Wilson once labored under the delusion that Samuel Bowles was still editing the *Republican* when he said, "There's a fine old man up there who's supporting me."

When the Sacco-Vanzetti case enlisted Waldo Cook's support, he cast aside his reticence and shyness. When all else seemed to have failed, a committee composed of John F. Moors, Edward S. Drown, John Lovejoy Elliott, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Paul Kellogg, and Waldo Cook, went to the State House to appeal to the Governor. The Governor's secretary, Herman MacDonald, met the committee.

"Is it true, Mr. Cook," he asked, "that you received \$20,000 for writing that editorial?"

"It's a damned lie."

It was a damned lie. Waldo Cook is incapable of embracing a cause unless his reason has been convinced. Bribes do not exist in his cosmogony; \$20,000 or \$200,000 would be equally powerless to affect his decision.

Nowhere has the man's nature revealed itself more truthfully than in this case. If strategy is his dominant intellectual quality, sympathy and unselfish tenderness are his chief emotional characteristics. These united dictated his course. He never urged that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent. On that point he did not form a final opinion. But he tenaciously held to his line of attack, reiterating again and again the existence of a "reasonable doubt" as cause wherefore a second trial should be granted. Fearing by an untimely word to precipitate a premature crisis in a hazardous situation, he reserved his big artillery. Down to the time when the Massachusetts Supreme Court ruled that it would not reopen the case, he hoped for a new trial on the basis of the Madeiros confession. More than that, he expected a new trial. The decision which sent the case to the Governor was a great shock to him. So obvious were the legal and logical flaws in the case that he could not conceive that they would not be detected by the Governor. He had faith in Fuller.

On both occasions he lost his faith. And when Fuller's decision not to commute the death sentence was announced, he gave at last full vent to the righteous indignation which had been gathering in his breast. Then he wrote *We Submit*—and *Protest*, that bitter echo of the 1927 Pulitzer



Prize editorial's title, the Boston *Herald* having by this time renounced all pretensions to moral grandeur and relapsed into a "play-safe" policy.

But he never lost faith—he says it resolutely, even today—in the ultimate victory of truth. Such a faith he needed to sustain him in those days when practically single-handed, a lone editor in a hostile State, amid a hostile population, he battled for what he believed to be right. While Massachusetts echoed to the hysterically insane cry of "support the courts" and the prime issue of the men's guilt or innocence was obscured in a frenzy of fear and hatred, he went his solitary way, presenting his reasoned analysis of the evidence, hoping till the end.

What years devoted to unpopular causes led up to this fortissimo of unpopularity? At Tufts he had taken a stand for principle when he refused to accept the rather unimportant degree of Ph.B. then awarded students in the modern-language course. Believing his work to be fully as good as that done in the classical course, he petitioned for the B.A., and, when this was denied, he refused to take the inferior degree. Later his college was glad to honor him both with the degree he had asked for and with an M.A. as well. At twenty-three Waldo Cook joined the *Republican* under Samuel Bowles the third; "S. B." he was known to his

"bright young men." Young Cook worked the first week for nothing. The second he received \$6. The *Republican* has many traditions. One of these is that good men and true work for love not money. This tradition the *Republican* still treasures—and, amazing as it may seem, retains the affections of its "graduates." At thirty-one he became a regular editorial writer. Since 1896 he has weathered eight Presidential campaigns. He is perhaps less optimistic that "somehow good will come of ill" than in 1900 when the *Republican* flung its bonnet over the windmill for Bryan and anti-imperialism. But he is still willing to take up the cudgels in a good cause, witness his frequent editorial utterances to the effect that religion should not be constituted an extra-constitutional qualification for the Presidency, either in the case of Al Smith or Walsh of Montana.

Since he dedicated himself to the editorial page he has seen the rise and fall of many issues—the Philippine question, the imperialism of 1898-1904, the trust-busting of the Roosevelt era, the liberalism of the first Wilson Administration, the social experiment of prohibition, the League of Nations, the Palmer deportation raids, the oil scandals. And in all of these he has taken the liberal side, not extremely, not violently, but with the tactics and measured strategy of the coolly reasonable mind.

## A Danish Adventure

By SIGNE TOKSVIG

A FRIENDLY Irishman says that he is struck by two great instincts in the Danes: one, they want everything to be done lawfully and in order, and, two, they yearn to feed their fellow-beings. Thirty thousand Austrian children learned the truth of the second in Danish homes after the war, and another illustration has recently been thrillingly enacted.

Denmark, like other post-war countries, is confronted with a serious problem of industrial unemployment and is solving it, like other countries, by the dole. But, for one reason and another, certain unemployed people are not entitled to the dole, some of them are without a home, and they take to the road to earn a casual living as best they may. In the north of the peninsula of Jutland, where great national movements have often risen, a good number of these wanderers got together not long ago and decided that they would march in a body to Copenhagen and present to the Government a demand for work or support. On March 5 about two hundred of them met in a town called Kjellerup, a place of some fifteen hundred inhabitants. When the Kjellerupians saw the poor "Homeless," as they call themselves, with all their misery revealed by the spring sun, the good burghers did not go in and lock their doors and wait for the swarm to pass on, as they might have done. Instead, the town council offered them the gymnastics hall, well warmed and filled with clean straw, to sleep in. They gave them split-pea soup and noble sides of bacon for dinner in the evening. Private individuals attended to their morning coffee. The town provided lunch, more good soup, and mountains of sandwiches. A collection was taken up by the people, to which four hundred contributed, none less than a krone (somewhat more than a shilling), so that the

leaders of the Homeless were presented with about a thousand kroner. Feeling this was not enough, the barber at the corner shaved and clipped for nothing every Homeless who came to him. A tobacco dealer gave out cigarettes by the hundred, and people ran up to the Homeless in the street, hanging clothes on their arms and shoving shoes into their hands. One young man who was in rags was dragged into a shop by a dealer and sent out again, newly outfitted from top to toe.

By this time, not strange to say, the flock had swelled to three hundred. They had elected president, vice-president, secretary, and cashier. They had voted to present the following resolution to the government:

(1) The government must create work and give us regular pay for it, or (2) pay us a dole of two-thirds our regular wages, or (3) get land for us in Canada or Argentina. If it won't do any of these things, we may have to resort to violent means.

And then they hoisted their banners, "Kjellerup to Copenhagen," and "We Demand Work." They cheered roundly for the little town and marched away, everyone hanging out of his window waving them a friendly farewell.

Late that afternoon they arrived at Silkeborg, a town of about ten thousand, and, if you please, Silkeborg had sent out a brass band to meet them, as well as many curious onlookers. But not merely curious. Sympathy ran high. The Homeless were escorted to the gymnastics hall of the main school where tables gaily decorated with fresh tulips and solid food awaited them. The city council and the local committee for children's meals saw to it that they were offered large platters of rice porridge with lumps of Danish butter, and sausages afterward, and other good



things. During the evening the trade-union association gave them an entertainment with song and music, and then they were warmly bedded in the same hall. In the morning the cooperative bakery sent around 1,100 rolls, and lunch was likewise arranged for.

At this point the Danish newspapers, especially that enterprising organ *Politiken*, had stirred the country by sympathetic accounts, and a new element entered. The new element was Lieutenant Clauson-Kaas, a young man of the very best family and prone to impulses which hitherto had been of the most neck-breaking recklessness. The Lieutenant had tried nearly everything: he had run away to the Whites in Finland when he was a mere boy, had later been an aviator in the Danish army, and most lately of all, had amused himself by daring parachute descents. He read the newspaper reports of the Homeless, got an idea, and, as that type always does, immediately converted the idea into action. He wired the Homeless that as they were forming an army they would need a commander, and he wished to offer his services. A return wire invited him to come on, and included a promise of unconditional obedience.

Silkeborg sent the Homeless on their way with speeches and hurrahs, several hundred kroner, and, of course, sandwiches. En route for Skanderborg, their next stop, they were met by the parish council of Ry village and begged to partake of afternoon coffee and cake. While they were seated at this typical Danish refreshment, the young Lieutenant arrived, shining in a smart French uniform, and radiating the smile for which he is now famous. He was greeted with cheers, at once began to organize his troop, and on his motor-cycle slowly preceded them to Skanderborg, a town of about four thousand.

All the people of Skanderborg, or nearly so, were out to meet them and escorted them up to the city hall where the mayor was ready with a welcoming speech, in which he mentioned the justice of their demand and hoped it would be met. Skanderborg had intended to offer them dinner in the hall of the artisans' association, but, as the Homeless were now nearly five hundred, the council had feared the hall might not be large enough, and had made an appeal to private generosity. Five hundred and thirty invitations came from the burghers; more than enough, so that several would-be hosts expressed their disappointment. In practically every house, from the poorest to the richest, tables were lavishly set for the visitors. There were homes which received from ten to fifteen young men. An evening entertainment was provided in the artisans' hall, as well as sleeping quarters. The next morning the local Ford dealer offered to lend them a new Ford and a Daimler to carry the leaders. The mayor made a speech before their departure, thanking them for their exemplary behavior and wishing them luck.

Their "technical leader," the young lieutenant, had already drilled them so well that they swung along firmly and rhythmically. Horsens was the next stop, a town of some twenty-seven thousand, but they consented to delay and eat their Skanderborg sandwiches in a village meeting-hall where coffee was pressed upon them.

Horsens, not to be outdone by lesser towns, sent out a whole orchestra to meet them with gay music. The director of schools greeted them with a speech of welcome on behalf of the city, and offered the school baths for those who might wish to make use of them. They washed, and thereupon dinner was served in the school hall—sweet soup (a Danish

favorite) and steak. In the assembly hall an excellent and much-applauded entertainment was given, and there, too, they slept. It must not be forgotten that the Horsens chapter of the Red Cross met the boys with everything needful for sore and wayworn feet, including new socks. The Lieutenant, getting hoarser and hoarser, was heard commanding "Section six on receiving duty for clothes"—for ladies kept arriving with such gifts—and "Section five elect three men to receive cash contributions," and so on. It is really not strange that he was able to persuade his flock to delete the last part of the resolution referring to possible "violent means," and to exchange their red armlets for green ones.

So far, indeed, life had been a dream of sweet soup. But in government circles in Copenhagen bitterness, not to say apprehension, was beginning to gather. Apprehension at least was claimed. No doubt there was some truth in the assertion that Copenhagen would be unfairly burdened if so many Homeless should make it their objective. But there was also the fear that the need of the unemployed was being dramatized too vividly. So much sympathy might not be good for the Conservatives at the next election. And, as the Conservatives are at present in power, they decided to stop the procession. Dignified words were uttered about the possibility of riots, and the Minister of Justice telephoned to Vejle, the next halt of the Homeless, that the town ought not to feed them, and that they were to disband at once, even before they got there. The Lieutenant was threatened with dismissal from his regiment if he continued with them, and sixty policemen were sent to Vejle.

The Lieutenant, game to the end, replied that these people had trusted him, that they had not done a single thing out of the way, and that he would do only what their committee of leaders agreed to. Meanwhile he encouraged them to proceed from Horsens to Vejle.

Vejle also had its civic pride, and, despite the scowls of the Minister of Justice, it carried through the program it had decided upon: a sympathetic speech of welcome by the mayor and a good dinner in the workers' assembly hall; bedding in four gymnastic halls; coffee as usual.

But the sweet dream was over. At a meeting of the whole five hundred the leaders and the Lieutenant reported the result of their negotiations with the Government and asked the assembly if they intended to go on against the formal prohibition of the law, especially since the law had offered to give every man a free railway ticket to wherever in Jutland he might want to fare. And the Government consented to receive their elected deputation.

There were a few wrathful bubbles from the very young, but the other great Danish instinct conquered. All things must be done lawfully and in order. It was decided to disband. A vote of confidence in the young Lieutenant was passed and hoarsely he assured them that the trip had not been in vain, the attention of the whole country had been drawn to their state. The money collected would be equally divided among them. "You are not tramps and good-for-nothings! You are men who want your rights, but you are men who obey the law." A few Communists tried to stampede the meeting by assailing the Lieutenant for his early connection with the Finnish Whites. They demanded no disbandment and on to Copenhagen. For a few minutes disorder reigned. Then the Lieutenant commanded, "All who are ready to disband and get their railway tickets and sandwich packages, troop up!" They all trooped up.

The affair is not over. The legality of dispersing the



"army" is being questioned, for while the Danes believe in obeying the law they believe still more in scrutinizing it. As for the effect of the demonstration, it is probably as good as if they had marched across the islands to the capital. At any rate, Kjellerup and Silkeborg and Skanderborg and Horsens and Vejle have had a great time indulging their instinct for feeding their fellow-beings.

## In the Driftway

COMPANIONATE marriage, the Drifter hazarded in the issue of May 2, is already legally possible to any couple willing to embark upon an American ship and able to persuade the skipper to marry them on the high seas. The Drifter reached this conclusion after reading the decision of a Chicago judge that no State of the Union authorized sea weddings and such ceremonies were "not void but voidable" upon the application of either party. The eyes of Steven T. Byington of Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, lit upon the paragraph, and he writes to say:

Some years ago the State of New York wanted to improve its marriage law, and enacted a statute by which persons may no longer marry by making a private oral agreement with each other, but, if they do not employ the regular officials, must make their agreement in writing and have witnesses, whereupon the marriage is valid if recorded in the county clerk's office within six months, but otherwise not.

Obviously, when the marriage becomes valid it must be valid as of some certain date, presumably either the date on which the paper is signed or the date on which it is recorded.

One might think, as its validity is not complete till it is recorded, that the marital relationship would begin when the recording was done. But suppose a couple draw up their contract, and then (not necessarily by their fault) the man is killed before it is recorded. The bride records it. Now she is safely married—the law distinctly provides that—but her husband married her after his death, so that she cannot inherit his estate because she did not become his wife till after his death. The conclusion seems unacceptable.

Well, then, let us understand that when it is recorded it is valid from the date on which it is signed. Then New York has a pretty good law for a six months' trial marriage. You sign your paper, put it in a safe-deposit box, and live together till you find out whether you are suited. The paper surely protects you against interference, and if at any time within six months you decide that you want permanence, you record it and you were duly married from the start. If you are dissatisfied, you just move out of the flat and don't record your paper, and that ends all.

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THIS leads one to ask how many want freer sex relations. Not many of our youth, if one can trust a questionnaire initiated by Professor C. G. Dittmer of New York University, the result of which was set forth in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Professor Dittmer obtained data from 147 men and 138 women students. If all that we hear of the wild life and woolly ideas of the younger generation is true, then surely our young intellectuals of the college campuses should cast a formidable vote in favor of less rigid sex relations. But, lo, Professor Dittmer reports, 94 per cent of the men students and 95 per cent of the women declared themselves in favor of legal marriage.

Sixty-seven per cent of the men and 70 per cent of the women said that they were for legalized birth control, but only 73 per cent of the men and 62 per cent of the women favored divorce by mutual consent for childless couples. More striking still were the answers to the final question: "Would you like companionate marriage for yourself?" Only 45 per cent of the men and 33 per cent of the women said that they would.

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ALL of which may surprise some persons but not in the least the Drifter. He observes that the average age of the men questioned was twenty years and of the women half-past nineteen. These young folks have grown up on the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Woman's Home Companion*; they believe in love in a cottage (costing \$25,000), with a car and a cook, and expect implicitly to live happily ever after. Not among them will you find the belief that love is a fleeting and wayward sprite whom one should not seek to bind too tightly.

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THE Drifter regards it as significant and encouraging that so large a minority of Professor Dittmer's witnesses declared for a qualified and partial relaxation of our marriage customs, but he thinks the "ayes" might be stronger in a similar group ten or twenty years older. New ideas do not spread horizontally according to age but vertically according to mind. The theory of a moral and mental gulf between the younger and the older generation is a myth as old as the Garden of Eden and as untrue as the Serpent that dwelt therein. Dick drives his car a bit faster than Dad and Miriam wears her skirts a little shorter than Mother, but the difference in fundamentals between any two succeeding generations is so slight as to be hardly measurable. What we call the moral and mental gulf between them is only a difference in the elasticity of their legs and their capacity to stick out an all-night party. Nature has provided that man shall not progress too fast either toward Gehenna or Paradise.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### It Seems to Governor Sweet

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When one reads The Case of Andrew W. Mellon in *The Nation* for June 20 one is convinced that corruption must be the chief issue of the approaching campaign. But when one reads Heywood Broun on Protestantism and Prohibition, with its defense of nullification, one finds here an issue far more fundamental than honesty in government. Mellons and Falls may come and go, but observance of law is the warp and woof of our democratic institutions. Under the guise of personal liberty open and flagrant law violation is justified. It is an evil thing for a public official to rob the government, but it is far worse to undermine it by setting at naught its laws and defying its officials. All respect is due those who honestly believe the Eighteenth Amendment a mistake and take all lawful means to change the Volstead Act, but this is a very different method from wilful law-breaking in order to make it appear that the law cannot be enforced. Mr. Broun thinks that prohibition breeds lawlessness. How much law-breaking is due to prohibition per se and how much to open unabashed advocacy of nullification?



The Drys are urged by Mr. Broun "not to engage in a vast filibuster" but to consent to another contest on this issue. Certainly the Wets will be accommodated. I ask in all fairness, however, how long must the people submit to the remedying of the "flaw in the constitutional structure by the practice of nullification"? Suppose Mr. Hoover is elected and an honest effort made to enforce the Volstead Act. Will Mr. Broun obey it and submit gracefully to its provisions? Will he please tell us where honest acceptance of this law begins and dishonest nullification ends? He says "one victory does not give permanent possession." How many victories will?

Clarence True Wilson's call to the church to line up for the battle for prohibition gives Mr. Broun great concern lest "our institutions be undermined by the practice which the Protestant churches have brought into popularity." Heywood Broun is no mean underminer himself. Mr. Wilson's call to the churches to mobilize for an effective Dry campaign would be just about as effective in bringing about a union of church and state in this country as the Senate chaplain's prayers are in evangelizing the members of the United States Senate. The church has always been a bitter and unrelenting foe of the liquor traffic. The saloon has been abolished by the effective work of the organized church. Not all Protestant church members are Dry, but the vast majority are. These are the backbone of the Dry forces, the shock troops of the whole campaign. It was perfectly natural, logical, and proper for Mr. Wilson to call upon the church to get ready for the impending conflict. And the churches will not be found wanting.

Whenever a Methodist conference, a Presbyterian assembly, or the Federal Council of Churches strikes a blow at an unsocial practice or industrial evil someone says the church is meddling, and Mr. Broun does not omit to say so in this instance. He thinks that some time the church might make a pronouncement in regard to the tariff if its attempt to have the Volstead Act enforced should go unrebuked. Just so long as wrong social practices exist in our civilization the church will have something to say. It may be the twelve-hour day in industry; it may be the abridgment of the right to collective bargaining; whatever it is which affects the moral and economic life of the nation adversely, the church will not remain silent. It is the business of the church to keep the conscience of its members sensitive to wrongdoing of all kinds, both individual and social. It will take more than the churches to wage a successful Dry fight. Few large employers of labor have changed their views on the value of prohibition and production.

Colorado was made constitutionally Dry in 1912 through the efforts of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the Anti-Saloon League, and the churches, aided by the Republican Party. Mr. Broun's effort to classify Catholics as Wet will not be successful. He does well to call attention to the Wet-and-Dry issue as of paramount importance. If the Wets follow Mr. Broun's advice on nullification it will not cease to be an issue in this country for many decades to come.

Princeton, New Jersey, June 19

WILLIAM E. SWEET

## Why Drys Should Support Al

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is the time for all good Drys to brace themselves firmly against the danger of being driven away from the Democratic Party through fear of its Wetness. There is no reason to assume that Governor Smith's personal tastes would obstruct his executive duties, or that a Dry President would mean immediate collapse of bootlegger. With Governor Smith as President Drys would be as free to carry on their fight as before, and time fights with them. The disgruntled toppers must ultimately succumb. If it were merely a choice of driving out by votes rum or "rascals," the latter might perhaps be kept a little longer without irremediable disaster.

But the issue that cannot wait—O Drys, take this to heart—is the protection of natural resources, which when once lost can never be recalled. In comparison to this, with all that it may mean in the spread of power and comfort and enlightenment in the wilderness and the lonely places, how unimportant it seems if a few addicts here and there continue to compass the exhilaration they crave.

Whitman, Mass., June 19

MARGARET A. GAFFNEY

## Not Howard, but Harvard

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article *The Million Dollar Lobby* stated that the gigantic lobby maintained by the Joint Committee of the National Utilities Association, composed of the National Electric Light Association, the American Gas Association, and the American Railway Association, had paid \$33,000 to Howard University.

I am advised by Dr. Emmett J. Scott, secretary-treasurer of the university, that "there is not one word of truth in this statement and our financial records evidence no payments of that character for any department of the university." On behalf of the trustees of the university, I must request, therefore, that you will make a correction of your published statement. I am sure that you will be glad to do this.

Washington, May 23

MORDECAI W. JOHNSON,

President

[We are indeed glad to repair this injustice. We are informed by the *United States Daily*, from whose verbatim report of the testimony we took the statement, that it was due to a typographical error. The testimony was of a payment to Harvard, not Howard, University.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

## Paradise Enow

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That's what I say—"What is this talk about Utopia?" In a country where Villard in *The Nation* and Mencken in the *Mercury* can be bought at news-stands, one for fifteen cents a week and the other for four-bits a month, what more do you want? Isn't that Utopia enough?

Portland, Oregon, June 15

ALBERT JOURDAN

## Contributors to This Issue

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# Books

## Song of the Moderns

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

We more than others have the perfect right  
To see the cities like flambeaux flare along the night.

We more than others have the right to cast away  
Thought like a withered leaf, since it has served its day;

Since for this transient joy which not for long can burn  
Within our hearts, we gave up in return

Ten thousand years of holy magic power  
Drawn from the darkness to transcend death's hour.

For every witch that died an electric lamp shall flare,  
For every wizard drowned, the clear blue air

Shall roar with jazz-bands into listening ears;  
For every alchemist who spent in vain his years

Seeking the stone of truth, a motor-horn  
Shall scare the sheep that wander among the corn.

And there shall be no more the spirits of the deep,  
Nor holy satyrs slumbering upon the steep,

Nor angels at a manger or a cross.  
Life shall go on; to ugly gain or loss;

Yet vaster and more tragic, till at last  
This present too shall make part of the past:—

Till all the joy and tragedy that man knows  
Today, become stiff gravestones in long rows:

Till none dare look on the mountains ranked afar,  
And think "These are the cast-off leavings of some star."

## A Prophetic Book

*Possible Worlds and Other Papers.* By J. B. S. Haldane. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

"**P**OSSIBLE WORLDS" is the name of a point of view concerning science and many other things that has gone with the name of J. B. S. Haldane ever since he wrote a book of winged words called "Daedalus." "Possible Worlds" is also the title of an essay in this book that tells philosophers how to think in step with current science. The other papers are maps of island universes of thought, most of which Mr. Haldane has helped to discover, or for which he is asking a place in the sun of everyman's attention. This is an exciting and prophetic book.

Its style alone would make it exciting. The docile reader soon learns to see a group of diverse facts in somewhat unusual relations as a single pattern, and just when he is feeling a certain warmth of acquaintance with them, Mr. Haldane drops one or two more innocent-looking pieces of information into their midst. Presto! Facts are not what they seemed; they are signs pointing irresistibly to a general and unexpected conclusion. Some solid-looking piece of common sense collapses, and in its place there opens out a new and breath-taking vista. Sometimes this is done in a sentence, sometimes it takes a paragraph, and on review a whole essay reveals such a plot. What

is more, this style is not a trick; it is the outward and visible sign of the inward and evasive essence of laboratory procedure that is Mr. Haldane's subject matter. It seems likely that the logician and student of scientific method could learn more about the inductive and experimental art from this sort of exposition than from a whole library of logical theory. For scientific procedure is an art. Mr. Haldane whispers this secret between the lines of the essay entitled *Science and Theology as Art Forms*, but his style is itself the best exhibition of it.

As one reads on, there arises a suspicion and a question. One is regaled with metaphor and analogy in abundance. The sense of a literary mind with many poetic overtones grows and informs the subject matter. Is this the window-trimming of the ubiquitous popularizer, or do these metaphors and analogies play a necessary part in the intellectual economy of the laboratory? There is an essay relating the fine adjustments of sizes and powers of the parts of living organisms to the functions of transport and communication in the modern political state. There is the essay on *Possible Worlds*, a Chinese puzzle-box of analogies elaborated into allegories; and Mr. Haldane offers this as a sample of the sort of thinking that is necessary if we are to keep up with science. How far, if at all, does such imaginative thinking contribute to what we like to call hard-headed science? One suspects that there is a closer connection than our prophets of science allow us to guess. Perhaps the danger of popularization is a laboratory problem first; perhaps there is an original sin against logic in the scientific mind for which the mind of the man in the street is now being blamed and disciplined. Or the reverse may be true, that the wishful thinking and traditional biases of the popular mind are the only available source of the ideas which the laboratory sorts and tests, especially since revelation is out of fashion. The laboratory, like other institutions, is the vehicle and transformer of culture, not the undefiled source of immaculate conceptions. Mr. Haldane could answer this question in an interesting and uncomfortable essay.

He is a prophet and moralist as well as a scientist. Science ought to be applied and the introduction of scientific techniques should be hastened. The good life depends on the flexibility of mind and habit that would allow this. In this belief he is, like most prophets, only an acute and up-to-date historian. He is no more than on time in accepting the present rapid trend. Already the standards of the good life that are most effective, say, health and happiness, are defined and, one might add, limited by the present state of science. At any rate, in this country schools, courts, churches, restaurants, drug-stores, and worried mothers talk the language of the laboratory and impress upon us the folkways of the scientific society with only the normal degree of dilution for any rapid process of diffusion. The sad part of it is that the laboratory is slow in providing the necessary materials for making its teachings practicable ways of life. It is time that some scientist counseled caution to allow him to catch up with demand.

Mr. Haldane does not do this, but perhaps he does something better. He is a gay prophet, neither preaching nor kicking us into the new folkways. Rather he holds up dramatic moral dilemmas and asks us to bet on them. With a twinkle in his eye he invites us to follow him in the intellectual hand-springs that he does so well. He is a little satanic in his proposals, but it seems that one travels more comfortably and leisurely with a devil than with an angel these days. In this aspect he represents a new type of scientist which it is well for us to watch. There are many of his kind in the laboratories and there will be more. Perhaps Lucifer will again be a light-bringer and his happy intellect will transform science from a black art into a beneficent art, possibly even a fine art. Mr. Haldane is reassuring if you have any fears for the outcome.

SCOTT BUCHANAN



## Heart and Head

*Lafayette.* By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. The Bobbs-Morrill Company. \$5.

*Lafayette.* By Joseph Delteil. Translated by Jacques LeClercq. Minton, Balch and Company. \$3.50.

UNLESS some evidence that is not now available should be discovered, there will be no essential disagreements among the biographers of Lafayette upon the role he played in the American Revolution. Some will insist, more than Mr. Sedgwick, that the laurels the young general won were tributes to his position as a link between France and America rather than to his military ability, but probably all will be inclined to accept him as a capable adolescent, nobly enthusiastic for a cause and commendably ambitious for a career.

There conflict among them will begin, and largely because there conflict began in Lafayette. In his early twenties he found himself at the same time a symbol of republicanism and one of the wealthiest aristocrats in France. He cultivated the pose of republicanism, though never surrendering any of the material advantages of the nobleman. On the one hand he represented the nobility in the Estates General, though he might have chosen to sit in the Third Estate; he refused to join the Third Estate when other liberal nobles were doing so, because his instructions did not give him the power; he shielded the Count of Provence in the famous Favras case, though Favras himself was allowed to suffer the death of a counter-revolutionary; he shot down people who were signing a petition against the king after Louis XVI had repudiated the revolution and attempted flight; he left his army, at a crucial moment, to support a traitorous king against a constitutionally established legislature, and deserted his post because that king was suspended; he helped to overthrow Napoleon, the product of the revolution, to make room for Louis XVIII, the product of the ancient regime; and in 1830, though the leader of the Republicans, he accepted the bourgeois king, because "France was not ready for a republic." On the other hand, he prepared the way for the calling of the Estates General more than any one other man; he gave dignity to the revolution of July 14, 1789, by accepting the position of commander-in-chief of the newly created municipal guard; he failed to make himself dictator when a less scrupulous (or more competent) man might easily have done so; he preferred years of prison and exile to joining the forces allied against France or becoming a henchman of Napoleon; and he led the liberals in their opposition to the reaction under Louis XVIII and Charles X.

There is, of course, no reason why a man who lived for almost eighty years should have been consistent in all the deeds of his long lifetime, particularly when so much of his maturer life was already determined by an impulsive act of his youth. There certainly is no reason, nevertheless, why he should not have felt that his every act conformed to an ideal that he had come to regard with as much habitual and conventional lip-service as a devout Catholic does Christianity. Lafayette's republican creed "took him in." But there is no reason why his probably entirely sincere rationalizations should have taken in his biographer likewise.

But Mr. Sedgwick is taken in. Along with Lafayette he assumes that Lafayette always acted out of motives of the purest democracy. He therefore apologizes for every unrepugnant act of Lafayette; and his apology often takes the form of calling the opponents of Lafayette hard names, which not only begs the question, but is not always deserved (particularly when he hopelessly confuses Girondins and Jacobins and considers all Jacobins *ipso facto* scoundrels). And so Lafayette comes through in the end with the strength of ten because his heart is pure, even if his head is a little thick. One is not surprised that the very last words of the book are "Lafayette, we are here!"

Mr. Sedgwick has done a great deal of work and learned a great deal about Lafayette. With more critical discrimination he might have written a splendid biography. Even so, his work is a paragon compared to M. Delteil's. M. Delteil sees the conflict in Lafayette—between the man of the head and the man of the heart, as he calls it—much more clearly than Mr. Sedgwick. But that is the only merit his book has. Otherwise it is a series of libidinous images, which perhaps to a better-trained mind than mine would represent the Freudian complexes of the faithful husband and respectable citizen that Lafayette was. Certainly there is very little in it that a mere historian would accept as "fact."

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

## A History of British Labor

*A Short History of the British Working-Class Movement.* By G. D. H. Cole. Three volumes in two. The Macmillan Company. \$7.

THE British Labor Movement has, in the last twenty-five years, inspired many historians of its past and chroniclers of its present. Almost every phase and section has been covered, but never the movement as a whole. The Webbs, indeed, almost achieved this, but their mission was to trace the growth of trade unionism and the many excursions they made into other fields were always subordinated to the main theme. Now G. D. H. Cole has endeavored to give a broad survey of the history of the Labor Movement showing its three main sections—the trade unions, the political organizations, and the cooperative societies—growing up side by side, "deriving their strength from a common necessity and a common inspiration, and, though their paths at times diverge, making for a common goal."

This is no easy task, and one for which 600 pages are all too few, but on the whole Mr. Cole has succeeded admirably. His treatment of the economic background in which the movement developed and the chapters at the end of each volume on the condition of the working classes are particularly helpful. He has, perhaps, devoted too much of his attention to industrial struggles and, at times, treated the political side of the movement in rather a perfunctory way. But this was to be expected, for trade unionism has always been his hobby and, for him, an election can never be as exciting as a strike.

Each of the three volumes of this book covers a distinct period in the development of the British Labor Movement. The first, from about 1800 to 1850, was a time of unorganized mass movements, demonstrations of the newly created proletariat against industrialism rather than against capitalism. The new age of coal and iron covered the green fields with a smoky blanket under which the workers struggled blindly against unknown enemies. In the darkness the labor trinity came to life. With the repeal of the anti-combination laws began the molding of the trade union into the main vehicle for working-class expression. Owen and the Rochdale pioneers gave an ideal and a method to the cooperative movement. The Chartist organizations were the forerunners of the Labor Party.

The second half of the nineteenth century was a period of comparative quiet. The prolonged birth-pains of industrialism were over. Prosperity and constant expansion allowed a steady, if slow, improvement in the workers' standard of living. The Labor Movement lost its elements of revolt. It devoted itself to building up efficient organizations and to pulling down one by one the barriers that stood between the workers and economic and political freedom. It was not a period of intense class-consciousness. The organized workers were the skilled men, the aristocracy of labor, who in doctrine were in harmony with the prevailing liberalism. Only toward the end of the century did signs of sharper conflict appear in the struggles of the semi-organized unskilled laborers, encouraged



by the newly risen Socialist groups to make themselves heard.

The period covered by the third volume opened with the turn of the century and the foundation of the Labor Party. This new instrument soon proved its value to the workers. The privileges of the trade unions, attacked at this time by two famous legal decisions, were fully restored by the use of political power. The stimulative effect on the Liberals of the sudden rise of the Labor Party was proved by a mass of important social legislation. The years just prior to the war saw, too, increased activity on the industrial front. Syndicalists and Guild Socialists were endeavoring to transform trade unionism into "a positive instrument for the creation of a socialist society," and their agitation helped bring about a great epidemic of strikes.

The war caused a truce both politically and industrially, but within a few months of the armistice the conflict was renewed. In dealing with these post-war years Mr. Cole directs attention to the coal trade, which, he finds, symbolizes the economic problem with which British labor is faced. Here is an industry, once immensely prosperous, struggling with increased costs and decreased foreign markets. The operators, engaged in desperate competition, have been able to unite only on one point—a determination that the miners should bear the burden of the industry's decay. Two prolonged strikes and innumerable lesser disputes have ended in the defeat and the crippling of the miners' unions. All the other great British industries have been in much the same state of depression.

Under these circumstances the efforts of the workers since the war to defend and improve their standards have encountered increasing resistance. Two events, one political and one industrial, stand out. Mr. Cole hardly does justice to the work of the first Labor Government. He appears to be one of the many who believed that the experiment should not be made. It meant, of course, that labor had to undergo the severe test of adjusting its enthusiasms to the exigencies of the political situation.

When the Labor Government was defeated the labor pendulum swung back to industrial action, a movement which ended in the General Strike. This Mr. Cole describes "as a half-hearted attempt to run a revolution in the spirit of a friendly game of cribbage." Its collapse weakened the Labor Movement sufficiently to allow the Tory Government to pass the reactionary Trade Union Act. Trade unionists have since turned against the General Strike as a weapon. Their half-heartedness in its use arose, perhaps, from a consciousness that while the labor Samson, by exerting his full strength, might pull down the pillars of British society he would undoubtedly be buried in the ruins.

KEITH HUTCHISON

## Repression in Rumania

*Roumania Ten Years After.* By Henry A. Atkinson, R. A. McGowan, John Howland Lathrop, Graham Hunter, and Jules Jezquel. Boston: Beacon Press. \$1.50.

WHEN that garbled version of Woodrow Wilson's idealism which is the Versailles Peace Treaty was put into effect, Queen Marie's Rumania received the generous spoils of some 125 per cent increase in territory and almost 200 per cent increase in population. Since this adjustment, whereby Rumania suddenly became suzerain to more than ten million Russians, Hungarians, Jews, Germans, Austrians, and Bulgarians, rather obviously negated Mr. Wilson's ideas on self-determination, the peace pact provided a minorities treaty which the Rumanian Government signed, pledging "full guarantees of liberty and justice to all inhabitants, both of the old kingdom of Rumania and of the territory added thereto, to whatever race, language, or origin they may belong."

Complaints that Rumania was violating her pledges imme-

diately appeared and were corroborated by several investigations. This book is the report of an American commission composed of representatives of various Christian sects which made the latest investigation there. It is a model of detached study and temperate statement; it grants official Rumania every consideration, gives her the benefit of every doubt, accepts every possible extenuating circumstance. Nevertheless it cannot hide—nor does it try—the flagrant persecution and mailed-fist assimilation with which the government has tortured these newly won minorities. It cites policies as well as instances of civic discrimination and religious intolerance. Baptists, Lutherans, Jews, and Catholics—in fact, members of any faith other than the Greek Orthodox, which is the state church—are victims of constant and violent injustice. The mild temper of the commission and the intolerable conditions of the land are both revealed in the declaration that "There have been excesses, acts of terrorism, and such molestation of peaceful elements of the population as to cause continual fear and unrest and generally to reflect badly upon those who are responsible for the peace and welfare of the country."

J. J. S.

## Two Worlds

*The Seventh Hill.* By Robert Hillyer. The Viking Press. \$1.50.

*Burning Bush.* By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

TO be in the country where the wind itself is moving the grasses, and birds are more actual than anyone's words, is a severe test for a volume that is made up largely of all that exists away from cities. Robert Hillyer's seventh volume of verse achieves the visual reality in such lines as

When fields give up their ebbing green  
And two bats interweave their flight,

and

Autumn advances leaf by leaf,

in a manner somewhat reminiscent of Hodgson.

His poetry, lacking excitement and that internal fire which causes a poem to detach itself from the page, has an uncommon surety and calm, and his poetic level is high and sustained. Being a mature poet, free from self-conscious detail and the sterile striving of inexperience, he can write as perfect a poem as the second one in the book, *When I Say For Ever I Think of the Temple of Zeus*, which surpasses all the short poems and many of the long ones. And he can induce an atmosphere as remarkable as this under *Meditations*:

As I was faring through a wood  
Bewildered as I was,  
I came upon a wayside rood  
That glistered clear as glass.

The poem wanders to a length that breaks the ominous simplicity of the first stanza.

The *Farthest Country* is *Tierra Del Fuego* and *The Stars Came Out But Her Love Came Never* have the characteristic quality of his lyrical ease, in which bitterness and physical frustration find an unrebelling acceptance. But he is by no means repetitive or lacking in versatility. *Prothalamion*, at the end of the volume, contains passages of startling fineness.

Osirius, slender as young grain,  
Comes back to Isis; the shy lad  
Adonis wanders by the stream;  
And Jesus, innocently clad  
In samite, walks beneath the trees,  
Half ill-at-ease  
That Judas and the Cross were but a dream.

In spite of his unfailing technical achievement and traditional integrity, one feels sometimes that one sentence flows a



# BEWARE MY DOG!

## Warning from the Wife of a Friend of Mankind

IN the "American Mercury" for May I read the life-story of Jim Tully, and what a hard time he had, when, as a young and struggling author, he brought a manuscript of his first novel to Upton Sinclair, asking help from "the renowned Socialist." "Mr. Sinclair said politely that he would look at it. Then Tully waited, in a fever of anxiety, for days, weeks, months. At last, in desperation, he sent for the manuscript, and it was returned to him—unread. Mr. Sinclair's yard was filled with fierce watch-dogs," and Mr. Tully's messenger "counted himself lucky to escape."

Upon reading that, I went digging into boxes of old letters, with the result that I produced ten letters from Jim Tully to Upton Sinclair, nine of them written several months before the publication of Mr. Tully's first novel. Several are published in the "Haldeman-Julius Monthly" for August. Here are a few sentences: (1) "Thanking you for your kindness in the past, and assuring you that I'll not soon forget the man who saw the first page of my attempt, and who told me to avoid all exclamations and make short sentences." (2) "You are the one man to keep me true in it." (3) "Thanks." (4) "Many thanks for that fine letter to Julius. You see beyond Jim Tully to the ideal you have followed all your life. Thanks again." (5) "I want to thank you sincerely for that big letter you wrote to Mr. Harcourt." (Alfred Harcourt, the publisher.) "I wish you the best of the season, and I thank you again." (6) "If you are willing to write a review, I will see that Harcourt gets in touch with you. This will mean a great deal to me as I am very anxious to get the book in the hands of all the intellectuals and radicals possible." (7) A 553-word review of Jim Tully's first novel, written by Upton Sinclair and published in the "Appeal to Reason," April 15th, 1922; the concluding sentence being: "So here is good luck to him—and if you have a couple of dollars to buy a novel, buy this one!" (8) Carbon copy of a letter from Upton Sinclair to Jim Tully, dated November 28, 1921, stating, "I owned a dog about fifteen years ago, but I never owned a dog in Pasadena, and if your little boy was scared by a dog when he came to see me, it wasn't my dog, and this is the first I have heard about it." (9) A photograph of Mr. Tully, inscribed: "To General Upton Sinclair. 'Yours for the revolution.' Private Jim Tully. Dec. 1, '21." (10) A letter from Mr. Tully, the successful novelist, writing from the Algonquin Hotel, April 4, 1926: "Horace Liveright told me yesterday how wild you were about young Hennessy." (A tramp writer.) "It brought back memories of how lousy you treated me. . . . You at least cured me of the Brotherhood of Man stuff."

Through the years of married life, I have had one serious trouble: the fact that my husband persists in solving the problems of everybody in the world but himself; that he persists in reading manuscripts and trying to find publishers for endless persons who do not know how to write, or who, knowing how, have nothing to say. I hereby serve notice: from this time on I am going to keep a dog. *Beware my dog!*

### Upton's Brotherhood of Man Stuff

"Boston" will be finished in July. It is to be published August 22nd, Boston's great anniversary. It is running serially in the "New Leader" (London), "Ogonyok" (Moscow), and in Prague. Was running in Warsaw, but the government suppressed the magazine. What about Boston?

"Singing Jailbirds," which I have called "Upton's only work of art," will be produced by the New Playwrights, New York, in October. First produced in Vienna, then in Prague, then by Piscator in Berlin; Universal News Service reports "a phenomenal success." Also produced by the Phalange Artistique in Paris; "l'Humanité" reports "le succès a été grand." To be produced in Tokio, unless the cast is in jail.

"Oil!" continues the best-selling novel in Germany: 55,000 in first six weeks. First part issued in Paris; Romain Rolland writes: "I am seized by the irresistible vitality." The novelist, Henri Poulaille, writes in "Le Peuple": "There has not been since the war a single novel which can be put beside 'Oil!': not a single one, not Russian, not German, not French, not English, not Scandinavian. . . . One of the masterpieces of human literature." Amsterdam is reading "Oil!" in the "Notenkraker," Copenhagen in "Politiken." Polish, Hungarian and Japanese editions under way.

Public libraries of Sweden report the books of Upton Sinclair most in demand of any author, native or foreign. Spanish edition of "Samuel the Seeker" out. "Money Writes" out in Moscow; German translation completed. "Jimmie Higgins" a movie in Hollywood—beg pardon, in Kharkov. After nine years an English publisher dares to risk "The Brass Check." Also "Money Writes!"—but cutting out the paragraphs on Kipling. American editions of all these books exist, and may be ordered from me or my husband.

P.S. I think Mr. Mencken ought to pay for this advertisement, as I have to pay for the dog!

MARY CRAIG SINCLAIR,  
STATION B, LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA.



little too easily, a little too inevitably into another, and desires the shock of a word that would arrest, now and then, by its implication of a raw emotion.

Mr. Hillyer's *In Solemn Pause the Forest Waits* has the theme, brought to a slighter realization, of *Long Feud*, the first poem, and one of the best, in Mr. Untermeyer's volume. There is less hint of calm and little indication of smooth or finished growth in any of his poems; they are too troubled still by "The pitch of loss, the accent of forgetting" that he is adept in describing. His musical sense is strong and his technique varied. The inconsistent and continual stings of emotion that living enforces upon him charge his verse with a frequently upsetting vitality and an undoubted sincerity. He is at his best in this volume, I think, in his elemental pictures, the "shifting rock" "turning on its tireless bones"—

Earth grows skyward; earth grows prouder;  
Earth grows more inclined to mock.  
Then, one day, a fine, thin powder . . .  
And the rock returns to rock.

Positano and Pathetic Fallacy are staccato in thinking as well as in expression. The title poem, *Burning Bush*, and *Unreasoning Heart* have the same nervous urge in back of them, but as a poem *Team of Oxen* succeeds better.

This is earth moving, earth that learned to crawl  
Along the glacial wall;  
Boulders that rose in their deliberate way  
From the raw clay.

Not eagerly, nor yet prepared to know  
Where they are meant to go,  
The damp soil dropping from their sides, they move  
In an uncertain groove.

Thickly, but pressing on as though their bones  
Still feel the push of stones,  
And fear to rest themselves lest they remain  
Dead earth again.

It succeeds so well, in fact, that one would exchange a dozen of the sonnets and Book Reviews for that and Isaac.

HELEN PEARCE

## Literature and Investigation

*Heredity and Human Affairs.* By E. M. East. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

**I**N comparison with best-selling, omniscient *Outlines* and popularizations of science by novelists, newspapermen, and poets, the appearance of a non-technical book by a thoroughly qualified specialist is an event of importance. The number of specialists willing to write a general book is small, and smaller still the number who have the ability to write entertainingly. When such a book takes up numerous social questions in the light of deeply grounded scientific knowledge much interest is certain to be aroused. The gloriously iconoclastic chapter that opens "*Heredity and Human Affairs*" is an essay on religion and life, written with much gusto. There follows a review of the basic principles of heredity, expounded with care and clearness. From the inheritance of specific human traits the discussion follows on through problems of environment versus heredity, the marriage of near kin, sex, race, genius, social scum, immigration, democracy, feminism, mother and child, and, finally and most emphatically, birth control, the main constructive cause toward which the whole book leads.

In general the facts quoted may be relied upon; specific references are frequently given. The opinions presented are based on the findings of experimental breeding, but this does not insure their scientific finality. Mr. East clearly attempts the difficult feat of carrying the calm logic of his laboratory over into human affairs. At times he succeeds. He often

disarms by leading off with entirely fair presentations of opposing views and develops his own opinions from the evidence. But in places there are suspicions that the evidence was developed from his preexisting opinions. As a whole the readability of the book gives it a certain distinction, though it suffers in comparison with its predecessor, "*Mankind at the Crossroads*."

The effect of the great popularity of "*Mankind at the Crossroads*" has been watched with misgiving, for the phenomenal success of a general book by a student often kills him as an investigator. The great pressure is always toward abandoning the thankless search for new truth in favor of the lucrative writing of more books. When the author is a mediocre investigator this may be a real advantage to society. But when he is a brilliant investigator society is in danger of losing, for the chances are strongly against the achievement of equal greatness in the field of letters. The technical contributions of Mr. East hold such a prominent position that general writing of equal importance would have to exhibit extraordinary literary merit. However strong the publisher's pressure may have been for this second book, it was resisted long enough to complete investigations the importance of which surpasses even his previous work. The scientist still held the upper hand, and now, although the existence of this book shows that the external pressure, combined with an internal flair for writing, triumphed temporarily, it seems probable that Mr. East will remain an investigator.

E. C. MACDOWELL

## Fiction Shorts

*Georgie May.* By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

Pre-war Southern pimps and harlots in a badly written novel, adrip with sentimental outpourings about "respectable society"; but worth reading for a few vivid and brutal pictures of small-town coke dens and county jails. They make one sympathize to an extent with Mr. Bodenheim's fine scorn for the big royalty novelists who confine their satire to rotary clubs and hotel-lobby drummers.

*The Old and the Young.* By Luigi Pirandello. Translated from the Italian by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. E. P. Dutton and Company. Two volumes. \$5.

There seems little enough reason for having translated this dull, sprawling, enormous, old-fashioned political novel, dealing in a prose of unexampled stiffness, with the organization of the pre-war Fasci and the roots of the Sicilian labor movement. The general effect is that of a bad chromo lithograph. There is not a trace here of the essential Pirandello who was still to develop, the analyst of personality and the wizard of metaphysical drama. To Italians, of course, the appearance of this novel must have been an event of unquestioned sociological importance; Americans will be little more than puzzled by it.

*Rembrandt.* By Sandor Brody. Globus Press. \$2.50.

During the last three years of his life Rembrandt van Rijn lived much with certain Jews in the Ghetto of Amsterdam; and among them the old outcast died. This series of expressionistic sketches (for it can hardly be termed a novel) occasionally conveys some of the miserable tragedy of the painter's last years; conveys it without any sentimentalizing and indeed with a certain almost cocky irony. It is difficult to understand why this hasty and uneven book should have been hailed as a European masterpiece; yet it is not without its moments of insight.

*The Way of Sacrifice.* By Fritz von Unruh. Translated from the German by T. A. Macartney. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This is the German analogue for "*Le Feu*," an expressionistic notebook of horror with the Verdun offensive as the Moloch-



IN THE ANNIVERSARY ISSUE OF

# THE REFLEX

JUNE, 1928

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villain. Written under the most torturing circumstances, it bears the impress of almost unbearable strain, not all of which is communicated to the reader. Von Unruh's unconcessive style has been rendered with an awkward literalness by the tactless translator; so that at most one sentence out of three becomes thoroughly comprehensible.

*Daisy and Daphne.* By Rose Macaulay. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

An anti-Freudian manifestation. Miss Macaulay has the sure touch that enables her to place firm fingers on the sensitive spot and subsequently to make a correct and clever diagnosis. Occasionally she seems to take her mission too seriously. As for Daisy and Daphne, it is quite a jolt if you have been playing favorite to discover toward the middle of the book that they are one and the same girl. From that time on it is smooth sailing for the reader, but the bipartite heroine goes through a distressing struggle to be something she isn't, only to be defeated at the finish by the combined forces of family and inferiority complex.

*Children and Fools.* By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by Herman George Scheffauer. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Nine short tales by the author of "The Magic Mountain," ranging in date of composition from 1897 to 1926. Interesting in themselves, they fail to fulfil the publisher's promise, for they do not really enable us to trace Mann's artistic evolution as a process. Most of them do not quite come off: in each case an emotional theme appears to have been stated which is so suggestive and far-reaching as to defy adequate resolution by the short-story form. To this generalization the longest and latest tale, Disorder and Early Sorrow, is an exception: it is certainly one of the most beautiful and tender fictional treatments of the eternal clashing-generations theme. The translation leaves much to be desired.

*Wide Fields.* By Paul Green. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.50.

A carefully elaborated sketchbook about the poor white farmers of North Carolina, revealing once more the author's power of creating people through dialogue. The reappearance of familiar characters throughout the book gives this collection of little stories a pleasant sense of unity and reality. Everybody comes out for a final curtain in a sort of index called Little Bethel People which is as good as, if not better than, any story in the book.

*Armance.* By Marie-Henri Beyle (de Stendhal). Translated from the French by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

This magnificent edition of a great French master now includes translations of "The Charterhouse of Parma," "The Red and the Black," "The Abbess of Castro and other Tales," and "On Love." This is the first English version of "Armance," that minor but extremely interesting study in impotence whose authorship was for many years disguised by the fantastic evasions of the born literary farceur, Stendhal. More than any other of his works, it possesses the characteristic crystalline aridity which is the most potent (and most puzzling) element in his style.

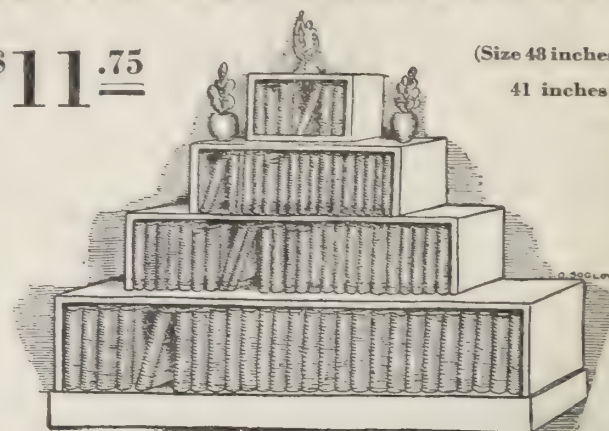
*The Woman Who Rode Away.* By D. H. Lawrence. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Eleven short stories dealing, as usual, with those terrible intensities that arise between men and women and which Mr. Lawrence's characters are alone capable of putting into words. One feels a monotony of subject matter but absolutely none of tone or treatment. The volume seems to have aroused but lukewarm comment; to this reviewer, on the contrary, it appears a decided and powerful improvement over the tortured vagueness of "The Plumed Serpent." The title story is a near master-

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piece; and there is hardly a phrase in the entire book which does not crackle with electrical force.

*Quiet Cities.* By Joseph Hergesheimer. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Reading Mr. Hergesheimer after D. H. Lawrence is an illuminating experience. These gentle re-creations of the pasts of several American cities have a lukewarm charm, due almost entirely to the neatly applied "atmosphere," indicative of some very conscientious historical research on Mr. Hergesheimer's part. As for the stories themselves, it is rather a simple-minded apology to term them purposively artificial: that trick was exhausted once and for all by Charles Lamb. In truth, the substance of this book is the self-same romantic stuff which is at last beginning to be recognized as Mr. Hergesheimer's particular hallmark.

*Thérèse.* By François Mauriac. Translated from the French by Eric Sutton. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

One of the least powerful but certainly the most characteristic of Mauriac's over-praised series of "Landes" novels. It contains in the clearest form his passionate attack on all manifestations of passion (except the Catholic emotion), his disintegrating onslaught on the terrible French institution of the family, and his cold scorn of the provincial male Frenchman. Mauriac, despite his apparently classical form, is really a *tendenz* novelist: he expresses, with greater clarity than most French writers, certain current psychological and sociological obsessions among Gallic intellectuals. It is to be regretted that he should be introduced to American readers by "Thérèse" rather than by his masterpiece, "Genitrix." C. P. F.

## Books in Brief

*The Other Side.* By Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

A series of gently indignant essays, originally published in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Mr. Burt, who loves his country, takes to task Mr. Mencken, supercilious English critics, Bab-bitt-baiters, ex-patriates, the hard-boiled younger generation, and those who are pessimistic about democracy. He believes nations should be more tolerant of each other and that human nature is much the same all over the globe. Almost everything he says is reasonably true and salutary and "gently bred"—to use Mr. Burt's favorite and most-looked-up-to word. It is slightly unfortunate that his sweet humanism should occasionally be a bit irritating, like so much of Matthew Arnold and Anatole France.

*These Changing Times.* By E. R. Eastman. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

This is an interesting account of the development of agriculture and rural life in the United States since 1900. Mr. Eastman, who is editor of the *American Agriculturist*, knows farming at first hand and is familiar with the everyday problems that confront the farmer. He treats these generally with common sense and not too much of professional uplift. At the same time, he has vision enough to see a future for intelligent farming in this country. When, however, he deals with subject matter outside the realm of personal observation, he is neither accurate nor realistic. For instance, he announces that Russia "is densely inhabited." He argues for rural religion in a piece of rationalization such as the veriest amateur in psychology would recognize. He believes that Slavonic immigrants tend to be lawbreakers above other people. Although his office is in New York, it still shocks him to see girls wearing "too short" skirts and smoking cigarettes. Finally, he maintains the Kiwanian premise that "America has built the greatest civilization of all time."

TRIVIAL BREATH, Elinor Wylie's new book of poems, is compact of beauty, tenderness, and wit. It comes as a cool oasis in the arid desert of many books. It is appealing to all who love letters, all who take an interest in modern poetry, all who wish to enter for a moment an enchanted land. Just two quotations, the first stanza from "Innocent Landscape":

Here is no peace, although the air has faded,  
And footfalls die and are buried in deep grass,  
And reverential trees are softly painted  
Like saints upon an oriel of glass.

and this, to show a different manner, from "Miranda's Supper":

A pair of cameos clasp her throat,  
Wherein Psyche, pink and cream,  
Slim-handed slants the candle-beam  
On Cupid, swooning in carnelian;  
Such trifles are antique Italian.

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# International Relations Section

## Labor in the Congo

By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

**T**WENTY years ago the attention of the American people was officially called to conditions in the Congo Free State, then under the personal rule of Leopold II of Belgium, by a resolution of the United States Senate asking the President to assist in bringing to an end alleged atrocities in that territory. Partly as a result of American and British opinion, the Belgian Parliament annexed the Free State in 1908 and terminated the regime under which natives had been obliged to gather rubber for the state and private concessionnaires. Following the adoption of these reforms, the interest of the outside world in Congo affairs began to wane. Nevertheless developments are now going on in this colony which are of interest to all concerned with the government of primitive peoples and with the race problem in general.

In taking over the administration of the Congo the Belgian Government was confronted not only by a tribally disorganized society, but by a people ravaged by disease, probably the most dreadful of which is sleeping sickness. Upon the arrival of the Europeans this disease was restricted to the west coast, but by means of porters and of soldiers who accompanied the Europeans into the interior the disease was spread so that today it is found in nearly every part of the Congo except in Ruanda-Urundi. This disease in some cases results in the decimation of entire villages; in other cases it leads to sterility and to excessive infant mortality. One experienced missionary believes that sleeping sickness has destroyed eight-tenths or nine-tenths of the population of the Middle Congo.

The European occupation has not only extended the scourge of sleeping sickness, but it has introduced new diseases, of which syphilis, tuberculosis, bacillary dysentery, and Spanish influenza are leading examples. At Stanley Pool the death-rate from tuberculosis among natives is more than twice the rate in Belgium. In an effort to combat these diseases the Belgians have organized one of the most effective medical services in Africa. This work, however, has done little toward solving the population problem of the Congo. The dwindling of the native population and its susceptibility to disease are not due primarily to physical causes; they are due largely to the burden imposed upon this population by European industrialism, which has broken down native morale and physical resistance.

The Congo is rich in mineral resources and in the Katanga some of the world's richest copper mines will be found. Altogether about three-fourths of the exports of the Belgian Congo consist of mining products. At the close of the World War, the people of Belgium naturally turned to the Congo as a means of reconstructing a disorganized economic and financial condition at home. In 1921 the Belgian Parliament sanctioned a policy of "industrialization" by authorizing the Congo Government to contract a loan to the extent of three hundred million francs for the purpose of constructing railways and ports so as to open up the whole colony. As a result of this industrialization policy the exports of the Congo have increased from 60,000,000 francs in 1913 to 160,000,000 gold francs in 1925. The value

of the stock in Congo companies also stands at an extremely high figure. Thus the stock of the Compagnie du Katanga, which at par is 200, stands at 39,000, while the stock of a dozen Congo companies having a par value of 100 or 200 ranges from 1,000 to 5,000.

The development of any country in the tropics where the whites decline to perform manual labor is dependent upon the native labor supply. Despite the natural wealth of the Congo, its native population of ten and a half million is extremely sparse, having a density of only 11.5 per square mile. European mines and plantations demand a concentrated labor supply which the localities immediately adjacent to these industries cannot provide. Consequently they are obliged to rely upon recruiters who scour the country for hundreds of miles to induce the natives to leave their villages and, after a march of several weeks, accept European employment.

In the Katanga and the Kasai this recruiting is carried on by organizations called Bourses du Travail, which place recruiters throughout their respective provinces. The Katanga mines also receive part of their labor from Northern Rhodesia, where it is recruited by Robert Williams and Company, an English concern. The Bourse du Travail recruits labor in the mandated territory of Ruanda-Urundi, which it transports nearly a thousand miles to Elizabethville. In the other provinces employers rely upon private recruiters. It is the practice of all these recruiters to obtain men from the native chiefs. In most cases they are assisted by government administrators.

The Colonial Charter of Belgium prohibits forced labor for private purposes, while compulsory labor for public works cannot be imposed except by decree. Nevertheless, a system of administrative aid to recruiting has prevailed in the Congo which in effect has resulted in compulsory labor. This compulsion is openly imposed to obtain the ten thousand men necessary for the widening of the Lower Congo Railway. In the summer of 1926 the government laid before the Colonial Council a decree authorizing the imposition of labor conscription for this purpose. It frankly stated that conscription was already being imposed, which it wished to regularize and control by law. But the Cabinet later withdrew the decree on the ground that the Belgian people were opposed to compulsory labor. Nevertheless, the government continues to conscript labor for railway construction.

As a result of these efforts more than three hundred thousand natives are under employment today. The writer personally saw old men with ropes around their necks shipped down the Lualaba River by an administrator to a rice mill at Stanleyville. Practically every district report in the Congo frankly states that the administrator spends much of his time in procuring labor. Members of the Colonial Council at Brussels have repeatedly called attention to the existence of these practices, which the Minister of Colonies has admitted. In a letter written in September, 1925, an administrator who had been obliged to procure labor for the Lever plantations declared that the official was daily becoming "more and more a veritable merchant of men," and that his "villages become empty upon his approach as at the approach of a slave trader." He asked what would the peasants of Belgium say if they were obliged to go to work in the factories of Bohemia?



The government has been especially active in recruiting men for its own mines at Kilo-Moto. In fact, it is difficult for the government to occupy a neutral position on the labor question since, as a result of a policy adopted by Leopold II, the Congo Government not only owns the Kilo-Moto mines but holds a large number of shares in various enterprises, such as the Comité Spécial and the Forminière, which brought a revenue to the Congo treasury of more than thirty million francs in 1926.

In most cases native laborers are obliged to sign a contract compelling them to work for a period of one year, during which time it is a criminal offense to desert. Thus industry in the Congo rests upon a system of virtual compulsion. While on the mines of Johannesburg the death-rate in 1926 was only 9.2 per thousand the rate on many industries in the Congo ranges from 30 to 80 per thousand. These excessive rates are not due to the ill-treatment of labor while under employment. On the contrary, Congo legislation prescribes requirements in regard to housing, food, and medical care which are the most stringent in Central Africa. The high death-rate in the Congo is due to the fact that such a large proportion of the native population has suddenly been wrenched from a primitive native life, and has not been able to adjust itself to the demands of European industry. The death-rate is also increased by the conditions under which laborers are transported to places of employment. A few years ago 54 per cent of the men recruited in the Kasai for the Katanga never reached their destination because of disease or desertion. Upon reaching the place of employment, the resistance of the native as well as his morale is weakened so that, separated from his family and obliged to live in compounds housing large numbers of men, he falls prey to epidemics and especially to pulmonary disease. He also casts off the old rules of conduct which the authority of the tribe imposed and becomes acquainted with vices unknown in the native village. His disrespect for the white men and for the European authority has been increased by the extent to which Belgians cohabit with native women. Travelers frequently express the opinion that native "indiscipline" is greater in the Congo than in any other part of Africa.

The native families left in the villages also lead an unhappy existence. The women are left to the prey of the men who remain behind; children grow up without proper care; the burden of existence resting on the village becomes excessive, in many cases the inhabitants are under-nourished. It is now believed that sleeping sickness can only be eliminated by building up a stable native village life which will increase resistance to this disease. But this policy can only be carried out if some limits to the demands of European industry are imposed.

The opinion has gradually been growing in Belgium that the fundamental solution of the population question lies in the limitation of industrial development. Animated by this view, the Minister of Colonies in 1924 appointed a commission of business men and officials to study the whole labor question. This commission inquired into the question of how many laborers could be taken from the native villages to European labor centers without seriously disturbing native life. It was the general opinion that 5 per cent of the able-bodied men could be taken without a harmful social effect. An additional 5 per cent might without inconvenience be taken for European enterprises located not more than two days' march from the village.

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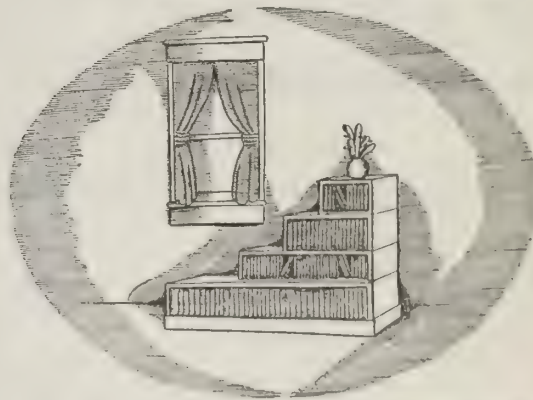
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The commission also believed that an even larger percentage could be employed in the production of foodstuffs and in portage for short distances. Applying these rules, the commission estimated that the available labor supply (10 per cent of the male population) would be about 267,200, but that the labor demand in 1925 would be 416,500.

In many parts of the Colony the 10 per cent limit is already exceeded, particularly in the Katanga, where nearly 23 per cent of the men are under European employment. Nevertheless, in July, 1925, the Governor General issued instructions that in the future no recruiting could take place among native groups where these limits have been exceeded. In 1926 provincial orders were issued prohibiting or restricting recruiting in ten different districts of the Colony. A further step was taken in December, 1925, when the Minister of Colonies issued instructions to administrative officials to stop "direct recruiting of labor for private employers." Nevertheless, the officials were not prohibited from lending "effective aid by preaching the law of labor" to the natives. During a transitional period the government will "indirectly" aid employers who treat labor well to procure labor; but eventually it is hoped that this "intervention" of the government on behalf of private employers will come to an end. In August, 1926, the Belgian Cabinet went still further and decided to suspend the construction of all public works not yet started and the completion of those under way but not strictly indispensable. The Colonial Council now insists that no new concession be granted unless a labor supply is locally available.

In taking these measures which impose brakes upon the rate of industrial development, the Belgian Government has

shown a courage which is unique among the governments of Africa. Nevertheless, the slate will not be clean until government assistance to recruiting is abolished, and until the plantation system of industry which automatically creates new labor needs is subordinated to a system of native production, which has made Uganda and the Gold Coast far more profitable than the Belgian Congo, without striking at the roots of native society. The system of "moral persuasion" and "indirect" assistance to employers in procuring labor is open to even worse evils than those arising out of legalized compulsion—a fact which the government in advocating the decree for compulsory labor for public works in 1926 admitted. While a good case may be made for compulsory labor for essential public works, there is little ethical justification for compulsory recruiting for private employers, and it is a policy which if universally applied will lead to the destruction of the native population. It is prohibited by the League of Nations mandates system and by the League slavery convention drafted in 1926.

While the Belgian Congo has not wholly succeeded in its goal of restricting industrial development to a pace at which it will not ride roughshod over the native peoples, the fact must be remembered that as a legacy from the Free State regime powerful financial interests have become entrenched in the Congo whose interests it would be difficult for any government to impair. In the limitation of recruiting, the partial abolition of government recruiting, and the suspension of public works, the Congo has boldly recognized and attempted to master forces which must be controlled throughout the entire continent of Africa if the native population is to be preserved.

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**SMITH AND ROBINSON!** Well, we now nominate Jesse Jones of Texas for National Democratic Chairman and Brown of California—there must be a Brown in California—as National Treasurer, and then the Democrats will sweep the country. "We the plain people of America in convention assembled. . . ." Down with the plutocrats, down with snobbery in names. There are Smiths, Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons enough to hold the balance of power in any State. Who says this is not an ideal team? Here is Smith, Catholic, Wet, and Tammany, linked in a trial marriage to Robinson, Protestant, Dry, and anti-Negro. The North and the South being thus joined together—hands across the Mississippi—let no man put them asunder, least of all an outlander from the Pacific Coast. All the Drys can happily vote for Robinson, all the Wets for Smith. All the believers in democracy can vote for Smith; all who believe that Americans are not created free and equal if the shades of their skins are darker can vote for Robinson. Tweedledum, Tweedledee; Tweedledee, Tweedledum. Smith, Robinson, Jones, Brown. Both ends against the middle; the middle against both ends. Long live the American republic!

**JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON**, senior Senator from Arkansas, and now Democratic candidate for Vice-President, has been in political life since 1903. After ten years in the lower house of Congress he was elected Governor of

Arkansas only to be elected to the United States Senate thirteen days after he became Governor. He was reelected to the Senate in 1918 and 1924. During the last three Congresses he has been the minority leader of the Senate. As such he has shown some ability, but no approach to statesmanship. He espoused eagerly the doctrines of Woodrow Wilson after the war and has been known as one of the ardent champions of the League of Nations. It cannot, however, be said of him that his has been an aggressive personality, or that he is endowed with originality or inspired by any very potent demand for reform. The Democratic minority in the Senate has shown itself during the period of his leadership infinitely inferior to the group of Progressives in the Republican Party. For this Mr. Robinson must largely bear the responsibility. In other words, he is a typical Southern politician put on the ticket for the purpose of catching some guileless Drys.

**CLAUDE BOWERS** is an interesting phenomenon. A journalistic adventurer come out of the West and finding a lodging place on the *Evening World*—why he should be buried there we have never been able to understand—he promptly did a fine book on Hamilton and Jefferson and last winter made a speech at the Jackson Day banquet of the Democracy, with the result that the good old Democrats there nearly passed away with amazement. They actually found themselves listening to a man who had read some books and had an idea or two, who believed that the party had a background and ought to live up to it. When they recovered from the shock the banqueters nominated him for keynoter at the Democratic Convention. It was a good old-fashioned keynote that he gave the country. There were snappy, sonorous, and ringing phrases in it, and enough references to Jefferson, Jackson, and Hamilton to make old-timers take notice. There was enough lambasting of the Republican corruptionists to satisfy even the editors of *The Nation*. The radio audience enjoyed it immensely, for it was good old-fashioned spellbinding, and it was true. But not even Mr. Bowers's sense of justice and impartiality could survive the heat at Houston. He glossed over the sins of the Democrats with the intrepidity of a circus acrobat. None the less, the attack went home. The proof of this is that the solemn, hide-bound Republican organs have dwelt pityingly upon his "raking over long-forgotten six-year-old scandals," and have pointed out how impossible it is for Al Smith to go on with that sort of thing. They cite the very Democratic newspapers which apologized for Doheny and Sinclair, and threw mud at Walsh and Wheeler, to show that Claude Bowers was quite out of order. All of which merely proves that Mr. Bowers did a valuable job at Houston.

**NOBODY OF THIS GENERATION** will see the end of the World War. But its unreason and its partisanship, its sentimentality and its myths have already been reduced so measurably that one must regret any incident which fans old fires. The rebuilding of the Louvain Library through funds raised in this country was an act of inter-



national good-will, but that purpose will be more than negated if the inscription which it is to bear is the cause of reviving and perpetuating all the old excesses and absurdities of the war years. Whitney Warren, the American architect who has planned the restoration of the library, wants to adorn it with a Latin inscription which in English means: "Destroyed by German fury; restored by American generosity." The words were approved by Cardinal Mercier before his death, Mr. Warren says, and he insists that they be accepted as part of the restoration plan. The head of the university to which the library belongs has refused to allow the inscription to be put up, Mr. Warren has threatened to resort to the courts, and the press and public of Belgium have begun to fight the war over again. On top of this a telegram is made public from Herbert Hoover to the head of the university. Speaking for the Commission for Relief in Belgium Educational Foundation, the chief donor of the rebuilding fund, Mr. Hoover says that the university is in entire control of the new building and counsels that the controversy be settled so as to "eliminate war bitterness" and "be in accord with mature public opinion."

**M**R. HOOVER'S TELEGRAM, sent a month ago, is unimpeachable in its wisdom and no doubt reflects public sentiment in this country, although its intrusion at this time may be resented by some Belgians as American meddling. What an unhappy quarrel it all is and how reminiscent of the woman who had her husband haled into court on a charge that he had struck her over the head with a framed motto reading "God Bless Our Home." Mr. Warren's contention that as the architect of the restored library he is entitled to put on an inscription of his choosing and "even after the completion of the building I have the right to insist that the structure shall be maintained as I built it" is so absurd that it needs only to be stated to be laughed out of court. Mr. Warren belongs to a generation which was too old to fight and is more bitter and obstinate than those which did; he is one of those Americans abroad who are more anti-German than the Allies themselves. He would do well to harp less on what Cardinal Mercier approved just after the war and to reflect more on what he might advocate today. Nor is the truth or falsity of the inscription of any consequence. The aim should be to make the restored library what its donors intended, a contribution toward international good-will rather than international controversy. To this end it would seem best now not to have any inscription whatever, especially as the proposed legend is objectionable not only as perpetuating war hatred but as an unduly bombastic insistence upon American virtue. If an approximation of the truth were to be set forth for future consumption we might suggest: "Destroyed by human madness induced by the folly of nationalism and war; restored out of the easily earned, easily given surplus of citizens of a country to which, by lucky accident, the European catastrophe brought unbounded material prosperity instead of irreparable havoc."

**R**OSIKA SCHWIMMER has won a triple victory. She has obtained a verdict of \$17,000 for libel against Fred R. Marvin and the *New York Commercial*, a daily newspaper now extinct, and the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Chicago has reversed Judge George A. Carpenter and soundly trounced him for denying citizen-

ship to Miss Schwimmer. The Circuit Court of Appeals pointed out that the rights of a petitioner for citizenship "are not to be determined by putting conundrums to her." Judge Carpenter had asked her what attitude she would take if an enemy soldier were about to kill an American soldier, and as her answer did not please his mightiness he denied her citizenship—with especial eagerness because she declared herself a non-resistant. For going after Fred R. Marvin and the *New York Commercial* Miss Schwimmer deserves the thanks of the public. Marvin has been a pest in that he has continually made unfounded and unwarranted attacks upon liberals. He usually so phrased his charges, however, as to make it difficult for those misrepresented to sue.

**T**HE CHICAGO *TRIBUNE* is entitled to the congratulations of all honest men, and especially of those of the citizens of Chicago who are not engaged in politics, machine-gun shooting, or operating vice and gambling rings for its service in compelling Mayor "Bill" Thompson and some of his political associates to disgorge \$1,732,272.79. It was a simple game that the 100 per cent American patriot and his gang worked—patriotism and rascality still can go hand in hand. In an expenditure of \$28,000,000 for public improvements experts were employed by the city to value the land taken for new streets and to estimate damages due to the improvement. Enormous fees, paid to these experts on the excuse that their services were worth so much, were discovered to have been shared by the Mayor and his friends. The scheme was very much like the organization of the Continental Trading Company and its paying off of the Republican campaign deficit to the satisfaction of the honorable Will Hays. Says the court:

The Thompson group, in its quest for control of the city, county, and State offices, required vast sums to maintain its organization, and for campaign purposes. To meet these expenses . . . the plan was conceived and carried out through which nearly \$3,000,000, constituting trust funds of the city, was paid to five experts who contributed a large portion of their fees to help defray these political obligations. More than \$2,500,000 was paid to real-estate and building experts illegally. . . . Thompson and Harding [County Treasurer], by their answers, deny the charges of conspiracy, but no evidence was offered to support their denials.

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**H**ONEST JOURNALISM and honest pedagogy are apparently unwanted at Ohio University, Athens, Ohio. At any rate that seems to be the conclusion from the American Civil Liberties Union's report on the dismissal of Wesley H. Maurer, professor of journalism at the university. Professor Maurer also acted as editor of the *Athens Messenger*, a local newspaper, which he used as a journalistic laboratory for his students. During the past year, it appears, he endeavored to treat the coal strike of that community impartially in his newspaper and thereby aroused the opposition of certain business interests. Again, at a meeting of a local civic association he asked whether that organization favored or opposed organized labor. The result was that a committee was sent to the *Messenger* demanding his discharge and shortly thereafter he was informed by President E. B. Bryan of the university that he



would not be reappointed, despite the fact, he says, that he had been assured of a position for six years when he left the University of Michigan for this post in 1925.

WE HAVE SEEN NO WORDS of praise for a truly remarkable achievement of the members in the New York City engineering department: their organization into a successful labor union, a union of "white-collar" workers. Surely that is no mean accomplishment. Since its organization two years ago, the Union of Technical Men has grown to approximately 1,600 members and has recently won its first fight for salary increases for the engineers and technical men employed by the city. Minimum salaries in the various classes have been increased from \$1,260 to \$2,160; from \$2,160 to \$3,120; and from \$2,760 to \$4,260. There are still certain grievances to be settled as to the distribution of future pay increases, but the engineers are facing them with greater confidence and more optimism than ever before in their independent, highly praised, but lowly paid lives. The *Technical Outlook*, a monthly paper issued by the Union of Technical Men, declares: "A strong union is the only guarantee of permanent gain and we feel that the technical men have learned that lesson by this time." If so, that is a real tribute to engineering intelligence.

ADVOCATES OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT may profitably study the strange case of James Sweeney, a "lifer" in the New Jersey State prison. He was positively identified by two eye-witnesses as wielding a pistol in a sensational mail-truck robbery in Elizabeth, New Jersey, by a gang of seven men who killed the driver of the truck and wounded two others. Accordingly he was convicted of murder in the first degree. It was only the jury's recommendation for mercy that saved him from the electric chair. Now, however, it appears that it was all a mistake and that Sweeney is innocent of the crime—as well as two others who had also been positively identified by eye-witnesses from Rogues' Gallery photographs. Of two other men charged with the murder, one was released only last month after having been held in jail eleven months awaiting trial. Sweeney is to be detained in the State prison for two months—a seemingly unnecessary delay—because his application for pardon was not properly drawn.

ISABEL HAPGOOD, dead at seventy-eight, was valuable not only as a translator, in which capacity she was best known, but as journalist and critic. Her translations from the Italian, the Spanish, and the French and from the Russian of Tolstoi, Gogol, Gorki, and Turgenev were carefully and skilfully done, and distinctly enriched our literature. One of the first to insist upon fidelity to the original Russian of Tolstoi and the rest, she set a new standard for translation at a time when Russian books were stealing to us through the French; and this high standard she pressed upon others, too, so that there was no severer critic of a bad version than she. But as an historian and critic of literature, and not the least as the author of a work on the Russian popular epic, she was equally valuable. For twenty-two years she was foreign correspondent, reviewer, and editorial writer for the New York *Evening Post* and *The Nation*, where she performed less conspicuous but no less useful service as a connecting link between the literatures of America and Europe.

## 'What Do You Call It?'

IT is difficult to define the countryman, and possibly no pure representative of the species exists. Yet the country has its character—a character that one coming from the city immediately feels or sees or somehow knows—and so must the countryman have his. And yet what is it? It is not, as novelists frequently imagine, a slowness of speech, a drawl; many farmers, or at any rate farmers' wives, could outbabble the warmest-tongued landlady of the town that lies over the hills, and in every outlying community there is a mouthy man. It is not, either, an envious curiosity as to what is going on in the city; or a partiality to open skies and reflective sunsets; or an aptitude for breaking into "By hecks" and "Gol darns"; or an earthy philosophy; or a thickness (or a quickness) of wit; or a ruggedness of temper. All these things are found here and there, and occur regularly in fiction, yet are far from universal and therefore characteristic. Is there any habit or quality which always distinguishes the dweller between towns?

Probably not, though we have one to propose. It is the fear of new words. In our experience there is nothing so predicable in a farmer as a tendency to shy away from language he is unused to handling. He will let you use a technical term, but he will be glad that it is you who have to use it, and though he knows perfectly well what it means, and knows indeed that there is no substitute for it in conversation, he himself will get around it somehow. "The mare was mighty sick," he will say, "but I got the vet out here and he gave her some of that—what do you call it?—and she was up in no time." Or: "They say a post will last half again as long in the ground if you paint it with—what do you call it?" He means creosote, but no power on earth would move him to speak the syllables. They do not sound to him like real syllables; it is a word foreign to his brain and mouth, a word bristling with connotations of the stranger with horn-rimmed spectacles, the reader, the specialist. He likes better, and indeed likes only, the short words he grew up with, words that stand for things, not abstract laboratory combinations of things. His language in short is English, not Greek.

Now there are countrymen who do not fit this description. But investigation will prove, we suspect, that they have had contact with the city through their children, their papers, their radios, or their books. They have been contaminated by science; they like to know the newest word for the newest thing, and they employ it as naturally almost as do their cousins from the streets. The distinction is not between the rustic and the urban as such, but between two traditions which have never joined. The countryman of whom we were speaking is the conservative in the case; he stays in his valley and nurses the language in its primitive and homely form, drawing its days out until they become centuries of years, tending it and protecting it each season as he would the seed without which no crop could be perpetual. As such we like him—as also we like the brisk townsman who is not ashamed to pronounce a polysyllable and accept a category. If the countryman keeps language alive, the townsman makes it grow; he grafts it, transplants it, and perfects varieties. As in all things else, it takes two people to make a world.



# Governor Smith the Nominee

**G**OVERNOR SMITH'S capture of the Democratic nomination represents a remarkable achievement in American politics—let no man mistake that! Defeated four years ago, he has had a walkover in 1928 despite all the prejudice against him because of his religion, his "Wetness," his affiliations with Tammany Hall. Nor is this to be wholly explained by the fact that, as in the case of Herbert Hoover, there was no one outstanding figure upon whom all those in opposition to Governor Smith could agree. Everyone knows that the Governor's hold upon the country has grown by leaps and bounds since 1924. He bulks far larger in the national life, he holds a much more impressive place in the regard and the affections of the American people. Yet during those years he has not once swung around the political circle, nor in any way campaigned on his own behalf. More than that, he has during the last twelve months more and more retired within himself. He has granted no inspired interviews; he has made no noteworthy speeches; he has even refused to let his stand on great national issues or foreign questions be known. He has declined to strengthen his hold upon the country by going before Chautauquas or taking to the lecture platform, or by engaging in any theatrical performance whatsoever. He has stayed in Albany and busied himself with his job. He has been more than ever Governor of the State of New York.

These have, in the main, been wise tactics—though, as our readers are aware, we have resented his complete silence upon vital issues in regard to which the people were entitled to know where he stood, even in advance of the nomination. It is a bad precedent which he and his rival, Mr. Hoover, have established by muzzling themselves on these issues; it is an unworthy break with a fine American tradition. Nevertheless, the people of the United States have seen that Governor Smith stuck to his desk; that, much as he desired the Presidency, he would neither essay the role of universal preacher after the manner of Roosevelt, nor neglect his work to further his ambition. He has let the nomination come to him, and it has come—by the logic of events, by the absence of a sharply challenging rival, without the expenditure of a large sum of money. He has earned it by his devotion to the people of the State of New York, by the extraordinary ability, enthusiasm, honesty, and devotion he has displayed as Governor, and by his reputation for progressiveness and for profound devotion to the plain people. The party looked upon this man in the Executive Chamber at Albany and decided that he should lead.

It is in many respects a heartening spectacle. For one thing, the convention was far more united than had been thought possible. The speaking—especially the nominating address of Franklin D. Roosevelt—was on a far higher level of ability, sincerity, and honesty than that in Kansas City. The platform, despite various silences and inconsistencies, and the shameful compromise on the liquor issue, is in the main in accord with Democratic tradition. It gravely weakens the party's position on the tariff when it links tariff reform with the question of high wages. It righteously denounces Republican imperialism in the Caribbean and pledges its honor not to intervene in the private affairs of

other nations, conveniently forgetting that it was that peerless Democrat and savior of democracy, Woodrow Wilson, who invaded the Republic of Haiti and tore down the government of that country; who used the big guns of the battleships at Vera Cruz to kill men, women, and children in one of the most needless crimes of the century. If it meant what it said the platform would not be bad, as party platforms go. Again, if there were plenty of power-trust delegates for Smith, the all-controlling influence of wealth and Big Business was by no means as pervading as at the Kansas City convention. The bosses were at least far less in evidence.

When this is said, the fact remains that it is the same old Democratic Party with which we have to deal—the Democratic Party of glaring inconsistencies, of hateful compromises, made up of hopelessly divergent elements which, should it win the Presidency, would hamstring it as frequently and as fatally as it was hamstrung during the Wilson Administration. It is the party of the Wets in our large cities and of the reactionary South, which bleats at conventions about the democracy of Thomas Jefferson and then makes a mockery of every one of its pretensions by denying fundamental American rights, guaranteed by the Constitution, to Americans whose skins happen to be dark. It has just hypocritically assailed the Republican Party for its failure to enforce the Volstead law and the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, while the violation of two other amendments to the Constitution is its stock-in-trade in the Southern States. With similar hypocrisy, it takes part in the refusal of the Congress to obey the solemn mandate of the Constitution to reapportion regularly the Congressional districts. It pretends to defend the rights of the farmer, but, aside from a very limited measure of tariff reform, has nothing to offer to him except the same glittering generalities that came out of Kansas City. It is the same old Democracy, no more changed by the nomination of Alfred E. Smith than Tammany Hall has been changed by Alfred E. Smith and Judge Olvany. It has chosen a man who has come from the plain people, who has a genuine enthusiasm for ameliorating their lot, who has made an extraordinary record in this connection while Governor. Yet the fact remains, as we have so frequently pointed out, that he is a candidate of whom the great capitalists are not in the least afraid. No tremor went through Wall Street when he was nominated; there was no break in prices, as there would have been had a really great Progressive been chosen to lead the Democratic hosts.

Much, of course, now depends upon Governor Smith. His refusal to accept the platform's prohibition straddle does him great credit. Had he said nothing about it he would have made it clear that his silence of the past winter was merely opportunism. Governor Smith has now brought the Wet and Dry issue to the front, and the country is surely convinced as to his integrity and courage. It is the wisest tactical move that he could possibly have made.

As a sequel to his message to Houston Governor Smith has the opportunity to write his own platform, to make it clear where he stands, and to have it known of all men that he seeks no vote through compromise, or deceit, or conceal-



ment. The only possible hope of his success lies in dominating the situation through his own personality, through the vigor of his campaign, as contrasted with the weakness put upon the Republican Party by the colorless personality of Mr. Hoover and his inability to appear upon any platform. Governor Smith enters the lists tremendously handicapped by his religion—gravely unjust as this is—by his "Wetness" and his association with Tammany Hall; multitudes will everywhere refuse to "turn the White House over to Tammany Hall." He can overcome these handicaps only by convincing the bulk of his fellow-citizens that he is not only a sincere champion of public righteousness, and of the just needs and demands of the plain people, but that he is as brave and downright and fearless as his career at Albany has made him appear to the bulk of the voters of the Empire State. For him compromise will be disaster, for in it the public will read that he is but "another politician," as ready as Herbert Hoover to discard sincerely cherished beliefs in order to win the office for which he has been nominated.

As for this journal, we shall, of course, be influenced, like everybody else, by the events of the next few months. We are ready to go so far today as to declare that if we had to choose between Hoover and Smith, we should be for Smith as the lesser of two evils. But as we said when Mr. Hoover was nominated, and as we shall continue to say even though our readers may be wearied by its iteration and reiteration, we are just as much opposed to the two old parties as we were in 1920 and 1924. We have not one word to withdraw of the indictments of them which we penned during those two campaigns. It is a false, a bogus fight which is being staged by them for the deception of the American people. Neither of them has mentioned the real enemy. Neither of them has joined battle honestly or seriously with the forces that threaten the freedom and the happiness of the individual American, that menace our very institutions. The tremendous forces of our ever-increasing capitalism, of the monopolies which are hourly reaching out more and more to subordinate the means and resources and opportunities of the American people to their greedy materialistic purposes—these are not now challenged by either Republicans or Democrats. Republicans are frankly the mercenaries of those controllers of capital who, as Woodrow Wilson said in his "New Freedom," are the "masters of America." Nothing that took place at Houston allows of the belief that if Alfred Smith enters the White House his party will assume the attitude of radical progressiveness which marked Woodrow Wilson's attainment of the Presidency.

We still do not know whether any new party is to be hoped for or not. It seems less likely than two weeks ago. Yet the opportunity is there. It requires but a leader to marshal the hosts of dissatisfied Americans who will never, never vote for a man who sat for seven years in the Cabinet of Harding and Coolidge and could not lift his voice on any occasion to denounce the swinish corruption in which that body took part; and will never, never vote for Alfred E. Smith of Tammany Hall, the Wet running on a Dry platform. Finally, we would remind our readers, or such of them as are not frightened by names and by epithets, or by fear of "throwing away" their vote when they ballot according to their consciences and not according to compromises, that there is in the field a high-grade, honorable candidate for the Presidency, Norman Thomas, the nominee of the Socialist Party.

## Let's Follow the Horses!

THE ethical code of the race-course seems to be in advance of that of the lawyers. When Harry Sinclair was indicted in Washington the Maryland race-tracks barred his horses from their courses. Apparently they concluded that a man branded by the United States Supreme Court as "fraudulent and corrupt" was not fit company for jockeys wearing the colors of high-bred horses. After his acquittal by a petty jury, to be sure, the moral race-track men rescinded their exclusion, but the first act was none the less significant. Their standards were not applied elsewhere.

Did President Coolidge lose moral prestige when he dined with Will Hays shortly after that Presbyterian elder had uncomfortably wriggled through his cross-examination before the Senate oil committee? Have any Pittsburgh clubs taken cognizance of Andrew Mellon's reticence as to Republican oil bonds—a story unearthed only by a chance pencil note found with the Pratt papers, and in spite of Mellon's unsocial secretiveness? It ought to help toward real honesty in high office if, in the future, personal friendship and club acquaintanceship were modified by public disservice.

The legal profession even prides itself that it will defend any crook. In Boston the State Attorney General resigned in order to avoid the disgrace of impeachment, but this Arthur Reading, who was such a valiant aid to Messrs. Thayer, Fuller, and Lowell in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, is represented by leaders of the Massachusetts bar. Possibly it is proper for lawyers to have no concern with the conscience of even such a client. But have the Boston clubs and the Massachusetts bar turned a cold shoulder to these attorneys, as was done to William M. Thompson when through thick and thin he fought the case of Sacco and Vanzetti? What is the rule of social conduct that results in such topsy-turvy behavior?

Leading members of the New York bar held for many months the keys to three-quarters of a million dollars of the covert Continental oil bonds. Senator Walsh and the federal government were engaged in a vain search for this loot. These lawyers, so-called "officers of the court," knew of the search, but kept mum. Their obligation to the State seemed secondary to their duty to a rich client.

Again, did Martin W. Littleton and others of Harry Sinclair's counsel know of the jury surveillance in that case? If so, they should have been held equally guilty with Burns; and if not, they might well have dropped the case on the ground that their client Sinclair had not treated them with candor and confidence. As Senator Walsh pointed out, Sinclair must have lied to his counsel about the Continental bonds. The only alternative is to believe that his counsel knowingly lied to the court. But, when Senator Walsh suggested a protest, the only answer was to call him a "meddlesome Matty."

But how does the bar treat such behavior? Are such lawyers dropped from the committees on legal ethics or from membership in the bar associations? Have their clubs heard of the rulings of the racing stables?

At what point should public chicanery create new personal relationships? A few years ago every divorced woman was ostracized. In high society many names are still



stricken from the social lists because of the style of the boot or the cut of the tuxedo. Times change and standards. Even drunkenness is not the same social disgrace that it used to be when drinking was legal. Should not the leaders of wealth be measured by stricter standards than the poor, and should not those who hold high public or professional office bear the moral responsibilities of their leadership? Is it unreasonable to assert that the ethics of the bar do not approach the ethics of the turf as long as the leaders, riding with crooked horses, are allowed to remain the leaders of the profession? Even hard-boiled business men might learn from the racing stables. Some ethical bankers might come to the conclusion that a Doheny or a Sinclair—pronounced guilty by the Supreme Court—ought to be doubtful risks in other gentlemanly ventures.

Let's follow the horses!

## On With the Dance!

WE gather from our newspapers that the latest novelty in American amusements is the dance marathon. The New York dailies have been carrying accounts of a dance marathon in Atlantic City, one in Pittsburgh (until stopped by the police), and two in their home town—one for white couples in Madison Square Garden, another for Negroes farther uptown. In addition to these events, which have happened to catch our editorial eye, there are doubtless many others elsewhere in the country that have escaped our notice. In a day of varied and curious championships we do not see why the ability to dance down all rivals is not as worthy of honor and profit as most of our other competitions—including that to be the richest man in the United States or even to be its President.

The usual method of conducting these marathons seems to be to allow fifteen minutes of rest at the end of every hour of dancing, and let the contestants fight it out on that line if it takes all summer. Interest in the affair at Madison Square Garden was mild until it had been going on six or eight days and a majority of the original ninety-one couples had fallen asleep and been put out. Then picturesque incidents began to be reported. Of the ninth day of the marathon the New York *Times* wrote:

Vera Campbell, a girl of powerful build, has for several days been putting new life into her drooping partner, Dave Auerbach, by kicking his feet, ankles, and shins at critical times. Now her own feet are in such condition that they cannot longer be used as revivifiers on her partner, so she has taken to punching him on the chin and the side of the face when she notices him getting into a torpor.

The only girl on the floor who has avoided foot trouble is Hercules Mary Promitis of Pittsburgh. One of her friends told her that the old bare-knuckle prize-fighters used to pickle their hands in brine and vinegar to toughen them for a fight. He believed that what was good for a bare-knuckle fighter's fist would be good for a dance-derbyist's feet. Taking this hint, Hercules pickled her feet in brine and vinegar for three weeks, and vindicated her friend's reasoning.

On the same day it was reported in regard to another couple:

Helen Schmidt landed several rights on the jaw of her partner, Joseph Tartore, early yesterday morning. They

are Couple 16. Tartore's instructions to his partner were to swing on his jaw if he showed signs of grogginess or of trying to quit the derby. The girl loyally did her part and again and again revived the sinking Tartore with sharp rights to the face. . . . In spite of a series of the resuscitating hooks to the jaw, Tartore slipped to the floor yesterday morning at about 4 o'clock. He was pulled to his feet. The girl braced him up temporarily with strong doses of the usual tonic, but he finally became too groggy to move. The sharpest punches did him no good, and the team was eliminated.

But it was not left to the women to practice all the pugilism. For on the tenth day of the marathon we are grieved to read:

Dominick Laperte of Couple 37 blackened the eye of his partner, Charlotte Kush of Johnstown, Pa., in a quick battle yesterday morning. Dominick had developed a stalling technique of his own. He would lean against the bandstand and support himself while pretending to dance. Fearing that he would be disqualified for this, his partner, after arguing and pleading in vain, stamped on his toes and slapped him. Laperte countered with an accurately driven uppercut to the eye. "You're no gentleman," said Miss Kush. "I suspected it before." . . . She kept him apologizing abjectly all through two rest periods, but finally pardoned him on his promise never to forget again while the derby lasted what was due a lady.

On the same day some of the couples, so it was reported, began to grow light in the head—to see visions if not to dream dreams:

Mortimer began to complain that large sums of money were stolen from his tent. He saw a legion of pickpockets and sneak-thieves pursuing him. The girl had dispelled previous hallucinations by short punches to the face and neck. At 4:30 p. m., however, he broke away from her and raced out of the arena in pursuit of a pickpocket. Several men restrained him as he sought to attack an attendant. He was disqualified for leaving the arena.

But the experience of Couple 45 was even more tragic. For this is what happened:

The girl, Olive Goss of 309 East Eighty-ninth Street, after gazing for nearly ten days steadily on the face of Alois Bruhin, began to take exception to it. She tried to push it out of her line of vision. For hours she kept turning it to the right and to the left. Bruhin, a rather nice-looking young man, slowly grew angry at the repeated hints that his face was of the type that sears the eyeballs. The girl grew more vehement. She began to scream with pain every time the countenance recorded itself on her retina. But the girl finally collapsed and the couple were eliminated after covering 206 hours and 25 minutes.

Reading about these stirring incidents roused our editorial curiosity and we decided to have a look. We did. What a cruel disappointment! Nothing exhilarating happened for our benefit. It was as dull as a six-day bicycle race. The couples did not even dance—except occasionally. Mostly they just walked around the floor. And often they stopped to take a drink, to chat with friends among the spectators, to have a facial massage or a shampoo. At such times they merely shifted their weight from one foot to another so as not to be declared out of the contest. Evidently the reporters for the daily newspapers had better luck or better imaginations than we had. How great a debt we owe to the press, which frequently makes the record of life more entertaining than life itself!



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

WILLIAM E. SWEET, who was once Governor of Colorado, wrote to *The Nation* last week to attack my attitude on prohibition. The article which riled him he scarcely can have read. At any rate he missed the point completely. "Whenever a Methodist conference, a Presbyterian assembly, or the Federal Council of Churches strikes a blow at an unsocial practice or industrial evil," writes Mr. Sweet, "someone says the church is meddling and Mr. Broun does not omit to say so in this instance."

But I said nothing of the kind. Any church, including the Catholic, has a right to a political opinion. My objection to the tactics of the militant Protestant sects is that they try to thwart the will of the people in the matter of prohibition by forcing the issue out of the campaign. Having obtained a Dry plank from the Republicans, the Anti-Saloon League and its allies went to Houston and bulldozed the Democrats into a similar declaration. And after this platform had been adopted Josephus Daniels had some reason to boast that prohibition had been eliminated from the election. And so I repeat that in effect the Dry forces are conducting a filibuster. Prohibition ought to be an issue. Possibly the majority wants no modification but surely the minority has a right to vote on the subject.

Again and again the Drys have said that if the Wets wanted any change in Volsteadism they should make their protest at the polls. Nevertheless, the prohibitionists have done their damndest to make this protest impossible. Every referendum has been opposed by the Drys. There is no evidence that the Protestant whips want to have noses counted. Having secured the legislation which they desire, they seem to feel that there should never again be any balloting on this subject. Governor Sweet is addicted to this particular heresy. Speaking of my article, the former Colorado Governor writes: "He says 'one victory does not give permanent possession.' How many victories will?" And this I hold to be a very curious question from a man supposedly experienced in the practices of a republic. Of course the answer is that a public question can never be settled beyond the chance of reconsideration.

For instance, the League of Nations was a major issue in a national campaign. The foes of the League won a sweeping victory, but does Governor Sweet actually think that there is anything in American practice or provision to prevent the question being opened up all over again? He forgets the very history of the prohibition movement. The issue has long been before the people. Repeatedly the Prohibition Party put up candidates and was defeated, but there was no reason why they should not go on trying. Which they did. And likewise the Wets have every right to say "Let's fight this thing out all over again."

It is true that the prohibitionists have one distinct advantage in their present position. They are now intrenched behind an amendment, and the American Constitution is exceedingly faulty in the fact that an extremely small minority can prevent the repeal of any amendment. The frankest way to deal with this situation would be to call a constitutional convention and have a thoroughgoing revision. The founders of this nation were wise but not beyond human limitations. They could not foresee the vast changes which

were bound to occur in the nation with the coming of the years. For instance, the wire-tapping case was an excellent example. This presented a nice point of law. Does listening-in upon a telephone connection constitute a violation of the protection guaranteed the citizen against search and seizure in his home? Some of the justices of the Supreme Court felt that it did while the majority held that the constitutional provision could not be stretched to include a means of communication coming into a house from the outside. But after all we shall never know what the framers would have thought concerning this point. They never knew the telephone.

We have boldly scrapped the Electoral College scheme and in time we may do away with lame-duck sessions devised by a group of men who could not foresee the coming of the railroad. Until such time as the Constitution can be overhauled, nullification is a necessary and time-honored expedient. Whether force bills should be introduced to give the Southern Negro the franchise is a matter open to debate. At the moment it would be impossible to command a majority to contest the right of the Solid South to its nullification. There is no need to argue the precise legal status of the methods employed to override the constitutional provisions. No fair-minded man can possibly deny that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments have been scrapped in spirit. There is something more sacred than the Constitution. Every law must rest finally on the will of the majority. Checks may be placed to enforce a period of deliberation, but any man who thinks that a minority can permanently have its way by virtue even of a constitutional amendment is asking something more than human nature can endure or should endure. Nullification is among the inalienable rights of man.

In a recent speech in New Jersey I was honored by Senator Heflin who mentioned me among the martyrs. I won't have it. Tom-Tom can be for me but I am not for him. Here is the report from the *Newark Ledger*: "Speaking of the 'free press of America' sneeringly, Senator Heflin cited the discharge of Heywood Broun, New York columnist, and said Broun was 'fired because in one of his articles he said that there wasn't an editor in New York who dared to print an article which would offend the powers of the Catholic church.'"

I like the *World* little better than does the gentleman from Alabama, but he misquotes me first and also misinterprets the incident. I said that editors were timid about offending Catholic readers. Right now I might cite the fact that there was no editorial comment hereabouts against the Pope's criticism of women in athletics. Bishop Manning or Dr. Straton would have been laughed at for the promulgation of the same doctrine. Still, several newspapers took an attitude on Mexico which was not to the liking of their Catholic subscribers. It was my intention in *The Nation* article of which Heflin speaks to point out that newspapers such as the liberal *World* are frightened by many shadows. And to the best of my knowledge and belief I lost my job because I said that the *World* in several issues having nothing to do with Catholicism displayed a lack of courage.

HEYWOOD BROUN



# The Big Show at Houston

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

*Houston, Texas, June 30*

THE big show is over. Having nominated a Wet Easterner for President and a Dry Westerner for Vice-President, the Democrats are pouring home like schoolboys from a picnic.

Bryan swept the 1896 convention with unscheduled eloquence; the Wilson and Clark forces fought it out from the floor at Baltimore in 1912. But in the vast spaces of Sam Houston Hall it is impossible for an individual on the floor to catch the eye or the ear. Acoustics are sacrificed to ventilation; everything depends upon the loud-speakers, and even a leather-lunged orator of the old school would be a failure unless he had a previous arrangement to be recognized and escorted to the privileged post in front of the microphones. And there he does not need leather lungs. One man at the microphone is a whole convention in this radio-electric year of 1928. Joe Robinson, permanent chairman, did not have to raise his voice—merely to move six inches nearer the microphones—when he decided to order the Texas cowgirl off the floor at the end of the Jesse Jones demonstration. Then his words, "The lady will please remove the cavalry from the hall," roared out, drowning three brass bands and ten thousand yelling Texans.

Before a speaker can be recognized he must, as a rule, go before a committee, prove himself safe, and be put on the schedule. The program is rehearsed, amended, and censored a dozen times before it is acted. Claude Bowers's keynote speech was judged, probably, by twenty people before it was printed, and between printing and delivery someone—Senator Swanson of Virginia, it is rumored—persuaded him to omit his denunciation of dollar diplomacy.

A national political convention today is primarily a great advertising stunt. Nothing is decided on the floor that has not already been decided in the hotel rooms; and the formal work of the entire week could be done in two hours. But the prolonged big show advertises the party; it advertises the candidates; it puts favored local celebrities into the national spotlight; it forces into display on the front pages of three thousand newspapers speeches which ordinarily would not get two inches next to department-store advertising; and it glues to the radio the ears of ten million listeners-in who at any other time would tune out as soon as they heard the stentorian tone of political oratory.

It was a good show, here at Houston, but it might have been a thousand times better if the ringmasters had admitted its purpose and hired a few professional stage directors, actors, and advertising men to help them. The advertising men would have cut down the copy for the speeches, and the stage directors would have jazzed up the performance where it lagged. As it was, the interests of three audiences were confused—the relatively unimportant fifteen thousand sweltering in Sam Houston Hall, the incalculable mass of newspaper readers, and the still less calculable radio audience. Whenever an important speaker mounted the rostrum the fifteen thousand had to wait while the camera men, representing the newspaper and radio audiences, had their innings. The great Klieg lights glared,

and, in full view of the Houston audience, the photographers gave the speaker his orders. "Lift your right arm," they shouted, and he obeyed. "Now the left." "Throw your head back." And the movie men, demanding action, chimed in with "Shake your fist" and "Move your lips; look as if you was talking."

It is a new age, and it needs a new oratorical technique. Claude Bowers, speaking with his own voice, made a sensation at the Jackson Day dinner in Washington; but at Houston he tried to shout to fifteen thousand people instead of speaking quietly into the microphone, and the result was a strained shriek. Franklin Roosevelt read his eloquent nominating address so slowly and deliberately that he began to bore his Houston audience, but I am told that his voice was perfect for the radio millions. There are other radio problems too. A poor gentleman from Washington came forward at the end of a hot afternoon to second Al Smith's nomination. All the States in the alphabet had preceded him, and all the speeches had been too long, and when he began "I shall be a three-minute man" the hall burst into a pandemonium of impatient cheers. The Washingtonian looked a bit bewildered; then he continued, apologetically, "But in my State thousands are listening in to hear their delegate," and hurriedly read the words which he had prepared for the superheterodynes and crystal sets of the lumber operators and apple-growers of his home State. These conventions need a radio substitute for the "leave to print" of the *Congressional Record*; speakers with messages which they feel must be delivered to their home audiences should be permitted to go off to a private microphone and broadcast to the home-States without boring the national radio audience and the spectators on the spot.

Good showmanship marked some of the demonstrations, but others were painfully wooden, and there was an unimaginative lack of variety. Parades for Reed, Smith, George, and even Jesse Jones of Texas all looked much alike. It was a canny politician who timed the first big demonstration for Claude Bowers's demand that "the hand of privilege shall be taken out of the farmer's pocket and off the farmer's throat." But the bands were a little slow in taking their cue. There were cheers; the audience stood up; then the excitement seemed to die. I had already jotted in my notes "one-minute demonstration" when a belated band struck up Dixie. At that point an ardent old gentleman from North Dakota danced into the aisle, jigging his State standard and calling to his neighbors to come along. Kentucky's standard followed; then, as the band moved into "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," the embattled farmers of Tammany Hall swept into the aisle and the great demonstration that the heart of Democracy was with suffering American agriculture was on. The band-leaders, at their best, had strokes of genius. When Joe Robinson launched his Vice-Presidential boom by inserting a plea for religious freedom into his prepared speech one band played "The Old-Time Religion" and "Far from the Old Folks at Home."

George Olvany handled his Tammany braves well. It was at his request that the Al Smith demonstration was



cut short when it had matched the Hoover picnic at Kansas City. The delegates, behaving like college boys after a football victory, would have been good for another hour despite the sweat pouring down their faces. They always preferred a parade to a speech. Olvany sent emissaries to stop the battles when enthusiastic Smith delegates from other States sought to snatch State banners from unwilling Southerners. It was at his order that the convention bands refrained from playing "East Side, West Side" until Franklin Roosevelt had shouted his climax, "We offer one who has the will to win—who not only deserves success but commands it. Victory is his habit—the happy warrior, Alfred Smith." Even then these unwontedly disciplined sons of Tammany let other States precede them in the Smith parade. George Olvany was a good showman, putting on a play entitled "The New Tammany."

Before the convention opened it was certain that Smith would be nominated, and even the selection of Joe Robinson for Vice-President was sure after the first day. Two days after the platform was submitted an understanding upon all essential planks had been reached. Then for two hot days the members of the Resolutions Committee sat in a furnace-like room in the Public Library and listened to delegates from the farm organizations, the Wets and the Drys, the women and the labor men—but it was stage play. It was rank indiscipline and poor acting when Newton D. Baker showed his indifference by working out cross-word puzzles during the speeches. The Senators were better politicians.

The platform was submitted Thursday evening. On Monday the wording of the contested prohibition plank had leaked out to some of the newspapermen, and it was understood that Governor Dan Moody of Texas, leader of the Drys, had indicated that while, for the benefit of his Texas constituents, he would have to make a fight in the convention for an even Drier plank, it was not to be taken seriously; he would not make trouble. When the hour came Dan lacked the stomach to stage even a sham battle. While the sergeant-at-arms was droning out the text of the platform the tall, sandy-haired Governor wandered about, asking advice of every friend he met. When his moment came he stepped forward uncertainly and announced that he had been in a minority of one on the resolutions committee. Carter Glass of Virginia, he said, had written the plank adopted by the committee, and Josephus Daniels had approved it. Yielding to the superior judgment of his elders, he would not insist upon a vote on his minority resolution.

It was so sudden a shift that Governor Ritchie of Maryland, Wet champion, did not know of it, and set the convention in an uproar by trying to protest against the minority resolution which he thought Moody had introduced. The machinery creaked and the audience could see the wheels go round. Ritchie had not bothered to listen to Moody; he had been told beforehand what Moody would say, and prepared his reply before coming into the hall. Moody upset the play by changing his cue.

The prize play-acting, of course, was the solemn discussion of this Wet-and-Dry issue. The thought of a Tammany delegation supporting a resolution advocating enforcement of the prohibition laws is in itself enough to make Texas's old gray mare laugh; and the Drys were as hypocritical. Honest Drys have been holding prayer meetings in the churches here, but the political leaders on whom they

count have been sipping from tall glasses all around the hotels. Texas boasts that it gives the Wets all the liquor they want, and the Drys all the laws they want. The great Houston millionaires who underwrote the convention are militantly Dry in public, but one provides in his hotel a sawdust-floored bar where authentic beer flows free for all newspapermen, and another rents a room to a bootlegger who dispenses, for a price, six brands of smuggled whiskey, synthetic gin, liqueurs, and champagne, to all comers, with or without introduction.

Something seems to happen to honest prohibitionists when they touch politics; they support any hypocrite who will mouth their phrases. After Al Smith had been nominated I met a Texas politician, one of Dan Moody's supporters who fought Al Smith at the State convention. "Pe'son'ly," he remarked, waving his highball with dangerous enthusiasm, "Ah'm a drippin' Wet, but p'litic'ly, Ah want you to und'stand, Ah'm a mod'rate Dry." The candor of Al Smith's telegram of acceptance, frankly setting his own Wet views in a frame of Maryland Free State doctrine, was a refreshing contrast to the mumbling of his supporters and of his political opponents at the convention. It was, to be sure, easy to be outspoken after the nomination, but at least Smith did not wait until after the election.

Despite Claude Bowers's oratorical omissions the platform includes a strong plank on non-interference with Latin-American nations. But the long and sympathetic section on agriculture reaches a very limping climax. The tariff plank, reflecting the industrialization of the South, shows a new hesitation to speak out against subsidizing industry. Neither Muscle Shoals nor Boulder Dam is mentioned, although the water-power plank vaguely declares that "sovereign title and control must be preserved respectively in the State and federal governments." Only when it comes to the sins of the Republicans does the platform cease the endeavor to please everybody and ring out in unambiguous tones. But, after all, more attention is paid to platforms before they are written than after, and Al Smith is the kind of man who becomes his own platform. Now that his astute and pussyfooting friends have won the nomination for him, he has the opportunity to put an end to this mouthing of meaningless phrases.

At Houston two fundamentally different groups within the Democratic Party met, determined to agree somehow, and that undertow made it easy for the leaders of the South and the bosses of the Northern cities, after a show of fight, to agree. The long, dull speeches were at least a sort of propaganda of harmony. Al Smith was not the favorite of the Texans in the galleries, and there were sour looks in all the Southern delegations whenever a Smith yell rent the air; behind the hullabaloo about a Dry plank lurked a lot of bitter hate of Catholics, Irish, and city men. But Al Smith's habit of victory appealed to the Southerners, and they tried to work out a sugar-coating for the bitter pill. Somehow the lesson of Madison Square has sunk deep. The Democratic Party is a sort of racial church in the South, and heresy is a crime. Hoover has promoted Negroes to minor posts in charge of white clerks in his department, and that is worse than being a Catholic. So the real leaders climbed unostentatiously on the Smith bandwagon before the balloting began, and when the votes are counted in November the Solid South, if Houston is a criterion, will be safely, if a little unhappily, in the Al Smith column.



# British Intrigue at the Panama Canal<sup>1</sup>

By LUDWELL DENNY

COLOMBIA probably will be the scene of the next international oil explosion. Grave consequences are threatened by the efforts of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, a British Government concern, to get a concession with canal rights flanking the Panaman defenses of the United States.

All the elements of danger are there: Alleged British Government defiance of the "Monroe Doctrine Corollary," conflict between Standard Oil and British companies, Nature blocking petroleum exploitation, primitive tribes suspicious of alien invasion, labor trouble, "Mexicanized" laws and regulations restricting foreign control, disputed land and subsoil titles, foreign financial penetration and diplomatic intervention. On top of this explosive well sits Standard Oil, intending by the grace of the State Department to remain there.

The United States looks to Colombia to take Mexico's place as the source of American oil reserves. No one knows the extent of Colombia's petroleum resources. Apparently they stretch hundreds of miles back through tropical jungle to the Andes. But there is no natural outlet. The Magdalena River, running through the oil country, is too shallow even at its mouth for sea-going tankers. This obstacle for several years retarded subsoil development. Then the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey rushed in where only giant capital can follow.

Robert De Mares, a French engineer, later naturalized, obtained in 1905 a fifty-year concession in the heart of the Carare country. The tract lacked definite boundaries. Standard in 1916 purchased his rights, operating through its subsidiaries, Tropical Oil and Andian National Corporation. Tropical started explorations at once. But the annual production in the period of 1922-1925 was held to about 500,000 barrels. In the latter year a young engineer, Mr. M. M. Stuckey, began for Andian the task of laying 360 miles of pipe-line through the jungle to Mamonal on the coast. In eleven months this feat was accomplished. With eight pumping stations in operation, the line carried 30,000 barrels of crude oil every twenty-four hours. In August, 1927, a "loop" was completed and the daily capacity increased to 50,000 barrels. Production for 1927 was 15,000,000 barrels. Tropical, early in 1928, had a larger daily output than any other one operating company in South America. To construct the necessary pipe-line, Standard had acquired in 1923 a special concession from the Government. The company spent the large sum involved in construction only after assuring itself that the Bogota Government would pursue in the future a favorable legislative and administrative policy.

The chief conflict between American and British companies centers in and around the Barco concession area, far back in the interior against the Venezuelan frontier. General Virgilio Barco at the turn of this century happened to command Conservative troops which defeated the rebel army in Colombia's civil war. He sought reward.

In 1905 he received it in the form of 1,250,000 acres of jungle land. The General lacked capital to develop his domain. In 1916 he sold it to an American-British syndicate. The Americans held a majority interest. Dutch-Shell was indirectly represented. But this syndicate could not solve the transport problem. Then the issue of titles arose to plague them. Colombian titles are described by petroleum lawyers as "the most involved titles of any oil country in the world." The Colombian Supreme Court decided the syndicate's titles were invalid. Too many other persons, native and foreign, were interested in the Barco region.

As a result of these complications, in 1926 Mr. Henry L. Doherty, chief American holder in the syndicate, arranged for the Gulf interests to obtain control through the Colombian Petroleum Corporation. Gulf has 75 per cent interest in this new company. The Caribbean Syndicate, with British and American-Doherty capital, retains 25 per cent.

Under Mellon-Gulf management the old barriers raised by the Colombian and Venezuelan governments suddenly seemed to disappear. Mr. Doherty had tried for years to make headway with the Caracas Government without success. Within less than two months after the family of the United States Secretary of the Treasury acquired control of the Barco fields, Venezuela agreed to permit a pipe-line across its territory. Now there are intimations that the Colombian Supreme Court may reverse itself, making the concession titles valid when expediency permits.

Out of this involved situation Dutch-Shell emerges. The Deterding trust is connected with Caribbean Syndicate, holding minority interest in the Barco tract. Through Equatorial Oil, Dutch-Shell is getting another foothold in that region. Other British companies there include Lobitos and Coastal Oilfields.

But the most active is the British Government company, the Anglo-Persian. An Anglo-Persian exploration party recently marched with a miniature army of mercenaries into the district of a hostile Indian tribe. After a battle the British retreated. Whether they got the geological data they sought is not known. But, it is reported, in their retreat they spread the news that they were American oil men. Since then it is not safe for a Yankee to venture within that tribe's territory. Such amenities of competition, however, are not a British monopoly. Dutch-Shell and Anglo-Persian men have worse things to say about the Americans and the Washington Government.

But recently a controversy developed which is apt to influence Anglo-American relations in that country for many years. Henry Irving Frederick Yates landed in Colombia early in 1927. He began at once to make history. This gentleman is a Briton by nationality, a colonel by title, an agent of the British Government's Anglo-Persian Oil Company by vocation. He arrived with a diplomatic passport and the prestige and immunity which that gives. His way had been prepared by the British Legation at Bogota. He negotiated with Colombian officials. The daring Colonel proposed that the Colombian Government grant

<sup>1</sup> This article forms part of a chapter in Ludwell Denny's new book, to be published by Alfred A. Knopf, "We Fight for Oil."



to the British Government company a fifty-year monopoly concession for the vast area of national lands adjoining Panama and dominating the Canal approaches. Minister of Industry Montalvo, the President, and the Cabinet agreed. But certain Americans, whose business it is to know what foreign agents do in the Panama Canal region, promptly learned of the secret agreement.

What was the United States Government to do? Ordinarily its formal protest under the Monroe Doctrine would be quick and sharp. But this situation was not so simple. In the process of protecting that same Monroe Doctrine and its "Coolidge Corollary," the United States at that time was threatening Mexico, allegedly violating Panama's sovereignty with a military treaty rejected by the National Assembly, and "pacifying" Nicaragua with battleships and marines. Washington's exercise of these "duties" had been "misunderstood" throughout Latin America. Anti-Yankee sentiment was running high, especially in the South American republic next to the Panama Canal. President Coolidge had justified his Nicaraguan intervention by a declaration of "special interests." Colombians were asking: "Will our country be next?" Colombian leaders were sending protests to President Mendez, warning against American financial and economic penetration as the first step in the invasion of their country's sovereignty. Clearly it was no time for the State Department to protest to Colombia, even under the Monroe Doctrine.

Open opposition to the British Government's scheme to acquire territory flanking the Panama Canal was left, therefore, to certain Colombians whose own interests were also jeopardized. They protested to their government on the ground that the Colombian constitution and laws prohibited a foreign government from acquiring, directly or indirectly, such rights. Popular sentiment soon forced the Bogota Government, led by the British Colonel, to a strategic retreat. The Colonel belatedly decided he was not an agent of the British Government company after all. He became plain Henry Irving Frederick Yates. He agreed that this was no sort of concession to be given to a foreign government. But that it should be given to Mr. Yates as an individual obviously was an entirely different matter. The Bogota Government was quick to discern the reason of this logic. It thought, however, that others might be less logical. In order to meet any possible objections it reduced the concession area to 6,000,000 acres—along the Panaman border.

But the objections continued. The strategist decided to leave the country. He departed as plain Mr. Yates, but allegedly with a diplomatic passport and with his records and luggage under immunity and seal of the British Government. The British Minister is continuing negotiations for the concession.

The Bogota Government's act in negotiating the Yates-Montalvo concession and its attempt to put the contract into effect over the protest of the Colombian Congress is tremendously significant. Perhaps no more daring gesture against the United States's assumed authority over the Caribbean has ever been made by a South American government. What is behind this, and where will it lead? That is what Washington is wondering.

Perhaps the Colombian Government's share in formulating the Yates contract can be understood, but what about the British Government? This is not a question which Washington officials discuss before the public. Assuming

that some responsible officials in London see the international menace of their Government's ownership of Anglo-Persian, perhaps they were not originally aware of that company's clumsy and provocative acts in Colombia. If that is the explanation, why does the British Legation in Bogota continue its efforts to get the concession in Mr. Yates's name? Admitting—what no one believes—that the British Government and Anglo-Persian have no further stake in the concession, what gain to Mr. Yates or any British citizen can compensate for the cost the London Government must pay in international distrust? These are some of Washington's unanswered questions.

These questions are barbed by reports of some American oil men to Washington that their survey showed no petroleum in the concession area—which may or may not prove true. They believe the concession unimportant to any British company—if oil is the only motive.

The American judgment that there is little or no oil in the proposed British concession area south of the Panaman border coincides with the American judgment that there is no gold in the British "gold" concession between the Colombian border and the Panama Canal. The Panama Corporation, a British syndicate promoted by the Earl of Cavan and Sir Alfred Mond, in 1925 obtained from the Panaman Government a ten-year monopoly gold concession. Mr. Richard O. Marsh, explorer and discoverer of the "white Indians," filed charges with the State Department against Great Britain. Mr. Marsh alleged that the British Government through this concession obtained important naval bases in Panama, the right to police territory near the Canal, and exclusive rights to the potential Panaman rubber desired by Americans to block the British world rubber monopoly. Anti-British sentiment was revived in the United States as a result of these charges and sensational press stories.

The Senate passed a Borah resolution "directing the Secretary of War to advise the Senate of all facts and circumstances relative to concessions secured by the British Government in the Republic of Panama." Investigation failed to substantiate the extreme charges. The concession covers 1,150 square miles in Veraguas province, the El Remance mines in that province, and the Darien tract of 3,400 square miles in south Panama. The area includes harbors but no major ports. The concession lands are in no case closer to the Canal than 100 miles. Though the military guard is paid by the corporation, it is "appointed" by the Government. There are other Panaman lands as well adapted to rubber cultivation. The British Government has no apparent holding in the company.

There remain, however, several questions concerning this concession which trouble some Washington officials. First, there is believed to be not sufficient gold in that region to explain under ordinary circumstances the organization of a \$10,000,000 corporation. Second, the concession promoters are men who are, or have been, British Government officials. Sir Alfred Mond, former Cabinet Minister, is head of the English Chemical Trust. Mr. Andrew Percy Bennett is former British Minister to Costa Rica, Venezuela, and Panama. But the most important person, from the American point of view, is the chairman, Mr. Duncan Elliot Alves. Mr. Alves will be remembered as head of British Controlled Oilfields, organized under British Government control for the avowed purpose of obtaining Latin America's resources to be held for exclusive British Government service in time of need. Mr. Alves's record with the Brit-



ish Controlled Oilfields and his association with the extensive and apparently valueless tract near the Panama Canal increases the mystery in Washington's mind. That mystery deepens when a British Government company attempts to get possession of another large neighboring territory across the border in Colombia.

The United States Government is especially sensitive to any act in Panama or the Canal region which suggests that a foreign Power is interested. Washington has refused repeatedly to permit foreign commercial aircraft corporations to operate in the Canal Zone. Establishment of air bases by Colonel Yates, as permitted by the proposed Colombian concession, would disturb greatly the American military and naval strategists. Washington's suspicion regarding holdings of foreign Powers extends a long distance from the Panama Canal itself. When a Japanese syndicate was reported seeking to acquire the Magdalena concession in Mexico, the State Department announced it would view with grave concern the "actual or potential possession of a harbor or any other place" by any non-American government in an area which might threaten the defenses and communications of the United States. Yates's proposed concession in Colombia would give to the British hundreds of miles nearer the Panama Canal than Magdalena Bay.

The merest hint of such a British interoceanic canal as is permitted by the Yates concession is considered a threat to basic United States commercial and naval policies. Under no conceivable circumstances will Washington permit construction of any canal connecting the Caribbean and Pacific which is not under absolute United States control. This fixed policy resulted in United States acquisition by the Wilson Administration of exclusive perpetual rights to build such a Nicaraguan canal. The amount paid was \$3,000,000. That action was taken because other foreign Powers desired canal rights. Not until several years later was it apparent that the United States could well use for commercial and naval purposes two canals. Protection of these Nicaraguan canal rights, and supplemental naval base rights at Corn Islands and Fonseca Bay, was given by President Coolidge in his special message to Congress as a major reason for military intervention in that country in 1927. Congress in 1928 considered bills for survey and immediate construction of such a canal.

Political conditions in Panama also partly explain Washington's sensitiveness to the Yates contract. While the Colonel and the British Minister in Bogota were trying to obtain territory flanking the Panama Canal, the Panamans themselves were protesting the United States claim to complete sovereignty over the Canal Zone. The Panamans were not only disputing this delicate issue in secret with Washington, they were challenging the United States claims before the League of Nations. Refusal of the Panaman Assembly to ratify the United States treaty, and the prospect of continuance indefinitely of that dispute, heightens Washington's concern over complications or possible foreign intervention in the Canal region as implied in the Yates contract.

This United States policy is well known to the London Foreign Office. Therefore the British expected Washington to protest to the Colombian Government against the concession. In Bogota it was predicted that the United States would protest, and that this would induce the Colombian Congress to ratify the British contract to spite the United States. But Washington for once postponed an opportunity

to flaunt its hated interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine in the face of a Caribbean country. Yates-Montalvo strategy was thus forced back to the local issue. Native opposition from the beginning had been aroused chiefly by the Bogota Government's usurpation of power. The President and Cabinet had tried to give away a right of which Congress alone could legally dispose. There was no way out then for the British and the Government except to put through Congress legislation empowering the Executive to grant such concessions. A measure known as the Sanchez bill was written by Minister Montalvo and introduced in Congress in the summer of 1927. Its passage was blocked.

The British then fell into the trap set for but avoided by Washington. Downing Street intervened, demanding, according to the Bogota press, extension of the session of Congress while discussion of an indemnification of \$12,000,000 for the expropriation of a British company's mines was pending, assuring the Government that the British Foreign Office would compromise for \$6,000,000 provided the Yates contract was approved. *El Tiempo* reported that the Foreign Minister read the British note in a secret session of the Senate, where it caused great indignation, the Senate deciding to protest it and to reject the settlement, which would be arranged by the Government administratively.

From the American point of view Great Britain's resort to strong-arm methods and the consequent anti-British reaction in Colombia has probably prevented for many months any action on the contract by the Colombian Congress. The British and the Bogota governments, unwilling to admit defeat, introduced in place of the Sanchez measure an Emergency Petroleum bill with a rider empowering the Executive to dispose of national lands to concessionnaires. This rider was defeated by Congress. Under the amended Emergency Petroleum law, the Yates contract must be suspended pending its acceptance by Congress or the passage of a new law empowering the Executive to grant the concession. But the new law apparently permits Yates to begin exploration whenever the Executive desires.

Having succeeded through action of the Colombian Congress in blocking the Yates contract temporarily, Washington feels it can afford to act less abruptly in dealing with Colombia's restrictive oil legislation than it did in protesting Mexican laws—unless, of course, it is faced with an "overt act" of property seizure. Washington, in the main, counts on the American economic and financial hold upon Colombia to check that country's tendency to "go Mexican." In 1926-27 Colombia borrowed \$81,500,000 from the United States. At the close of that period Mr. Albert E. Ellis, Assistant Trade Commissioner, cabled the Washington Government from Bogota that the Treasury deficit was over \$8,000,000. There followed in April, 1928, an additional New York loan of \$35,000,000. Colombia probably is in too deep as a debtor to ignore or to defy United States policy successfully.

In reacting against her alleged bondage to the United States, both political and financial, the Colombian Government apparently has decided that the only escape is to play Great Britain against the United States, encouraging the two Powers to weaken each other. During congressional debate on the Emergency Petroleum bill, Representative Uribe Afanador and other opponents of the measure were charged by Minister Montalvo with acting for American companies. The Minister in turn was charged with representing the interests of Colonel Yates and the British.



# My Private Utopia

By UPTON SINCLAIR

**T**WENTY-ONE years ago I made an effort to start a little Utopia for everyday use, and naturally my thinking on the subject is dominated by that experience. I will begin by telling you some of the things I learned at Helicon Hall.

Among the joys we realized was the opportunity of being alone when you wanted to be alone, and of having friends when you wanted friends. We cannot arrange matters that way in our present world, try as hard as we will. Our work and study hours get interrupted by telephone calls and knocks on the door—we can't let everybody know our habits and whims; and when we want company we have to make journeys in taxis and street cars, and we have to stay even though we find we are bored. But in our little Utopia we had our friends close at hand, and any time we felt like playing billiards we could always be sure of finding some one else in the same mood. On the other hand, if we wanted to be alone, we had our own rooms to which we might retire, with the certainty that no one would come there except by special invitation.

In the next place, we made at least a beginning at solving the "servant problem" in our Utopia. Nowadays, as I hear the ladies discussing it, I realize how large the problem bulks. Some of our married friends are doing their own housework and giving up their intellectual lives because they are so tired of trying to adjust themselves to a stream of untrained and untrainable "domestics" in their homes. There is no need to go into details, because all wives know and all husbands hear. And we really started to solve that problem in our Utopia; we got far enough at least to know that we were on the right track.

Just the other day I read a statement in print that I had founded a colony in which everybody took turns at housework. That is the common impression, and it is not true. We had a quota of regular servants at Helicon Hall; the only difference was that we did not treat them as social inferiors, but admitted them on terms of social equality and even gave them a vote as to how the colony should be run. Among many complaints which I heard on many subjects I cannot recall having heard that any one of our "colony workers" ever abused the consideration we showed. They were always quiet and courteous, and possessed by the spirit of jolly and simple democracy that is a feature of my private Utopia.

There was a pretty Irish girl who had been the maid of all work at my Princeton farm before the colony days; it was a great adventure to her to be transported to Utopia and dance on Saturday evenings with a professor of philosophy from Columbia University. It did not do the professor any harm, I am sure, or keep him from becoming a well-known writer. There was an elderly widow who did housework for the board of herself and a little son. There was an Irishman who had done kitchen work in the homes of the rich, a very humble individual and a devout Catholic, and what he made of our bunch of Socialists and Anarchists and assorted libertarians I never inquired, but he recognized kindness and consideration when he met it, exactly as other

humans do. Our little Utopia was big enough so that no one had to tread on any other's toes; and when our "servants" included such individuals as Sinclair Lewis and Allan Updegraff, we could not seriously feel that our intellectual tone was being lowered.

Another problem we were on the way to solving was that of the children. It does not trouble me any more, because my son is grown up; but in those days he was only five years old, and very much determined upon having his share of life. So that made a problem for a young author and wife, and a reason for moving to Utopia. At Helicon Hall the children had a little world of their own, made especially for their convenience, and they led a social life, which is the only kind for gregarious animals. It was a small affair—only fourteen children, and that was too few—we could not afford to employ the experts we wanted, and the mothers had to cooperate. I don't say it was easy, but I do say we made a beginning, and proved that mothers can be educated when they get to the point where they really want to be. It is my belief that community care of children can be lifted to a higher plane than we find nowadays in "institutions," and that with parental supervision it can become something fine and fruitful.

Why didn't my private Utopia last? Well, in the first place, it burned down; we had had only a little money, and had had to take a jerry-built product of the profit system instead of erecting a fireproof structure according to our needs. Also, I had learned that it takes one man to organize such an enterprise and he could not be writing books at the same time. You will claim that as proof of what you call "individualism," but it means no more than this: that the cooperative spirit and technique have not yet been evolved, and that people have not yet learned to be social in their everyday lives. They will learn when they have to—which is when the wage slaves go on strike and refuse to maintain the leisure class and its system of snobbery. Then, very quickly, you will see little Utopias springing up all over the land.

One great trouble with our Utopia was the existence of a set of wolves outside who preyed upon us and left us no peace. I mean, of course, the capitalist press and the reporters they sent out to snoop in our pantry and peer into our bedroom windows. Having lived, before and since then, in leisure-class hotels, I can assert that Helicon Hall was the most "moral" community then existing in America. But the reporters of the capitalist newspapers chose to suspect otherwise and to make their readers suspect it. There was no real harm in the Columbia professor's dancing with the Irish waitress, under his wife's eyes, but the newspaper reports failed to mention the wife, and the professor was worried for his job. So were others—teachers, writers, and professional people. All that is merely repeating the fundamental Socialist thesis, that there can be no peace or safety for any individual or group in our society until there is peace and safety for all.

So you see why I am moved to turn my private Utopia into a public one. I have learned, not merely as a matter of



theory but in practice, that as long as the masses of the people are held in ignorance and slavery, as long as they are at the mercy of predatory groups such as newspapers which fill their minds with filth and garbage and keep them subjected to superstition and prejudice—just so long can there be no real beauty in the world, and no peace for any sensitive and humane man or woman. This mob will be told by their predatory masters that they are the most wonderful and intelligent people that can possibly be imagined, and they will believe it, and will be ready to set to work at any moment to slaughter other people who do not immediately adopt their way of life and submit to being exploited by their predatory masters. It happens that I individually will soon be beyond the age where I am liable to be seized by these slave-drivers and compelled to march out and be slaughtered for them; but my son is right at the age where they will grab him—and am I to stay blissfully in retirement in my private Utopia and pay no attention to that fate which is hovering over the young men of the land?

My Utopia is first of all a spiritual thing. It involves a renunciation of that blissful certainty, which so many people cherish, that they are greatly superior to other human beings and therefore entitled to command them and put them to work. So many brilliant society ladies I have known, absolutely convinced that they were "socially" superior to the masses of women whom they didn't know, and to the servants who were compelled by poverty to wait upon them, and to the millions upon millions of men and women whose skins were colored by nature instead of by art. And yet so many of these women of the superior caste are entirely brainless and entirely useless, except that they are bringing up a child or two as brainless and as useless as the mother. The entrance to my Utopia is a pathway strewn with these superior ladies and gentlemen who

have been dumped off the backs of the workers and have landed, more or less bruised and muddy, in the ditch.

I am sorry if this sounds impolite and inelegant, but the plain truth is that I don't know any way to realize a world in which I care to live while the masses of the people produce wealth for idlers to consume. I have been as patient and polite as I know how to be during the thirty years or so that my eyes have been open to this situation; I have argued and pleaded with the idlers to get off the backs of the workers voluntarily and permit Utopia to be established in an intelligent and polite way. Their answer has been to organize bands of bullies and rowdies, armed with every sort of deadly weapon, and to turn them loose upon those members of the working class who dare to raise their voices in protest against parasitism and exploitation. They have clubbed and beaten and jailed and tortured and shot and hanged the working-class leaders; when they were preparing to electrocute two of them in Massachusetts last summer, out here in Los Angeles we were not even permitted to protest. Friends of mine went to attend a meeting and found there was to be no meeting because a thousand burly fellows armed with shotguns and clubs were lined up along the street, hustling everybody along, and dragging you off to jail if you tried to halt for a moment. All the leaders and organizers of the meeting were thrown into jail under the charge which our police have invented, "suspicion of criminal syndicalism"; and everybody thinks it is all right, and nobody is doing anything about it.

Such is the private Utopia of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association of Los Angeles. And I sit off in a corner and dream about love and justice and beauty and such things, and it is as if I were smoking opium or going to church and singing hymns about heaven.

[This is the fifth of a series of articles in which various persons describe the world they would like to live in.]

## The Season in Moscow

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

### IV. *Mise en Scène*

Moscow, June 7

THE exuberance of the dramatic impulse in Moscow finds expression not only in acting and playwriting, but also of course in those various experiments in stage-craft which have attracted a perhaps disproportionate amount of attention in New York and elsewhere. They are so much the most easily described, photographed, and imitated aspect of the whole dramatic movement that the observer at second-hand is likely to deceive himself into believing that he has caught the essential part of it when he imagines or imitates some of the more eccentric Russian stages. But, as a matter of fact, those forms have very little meaning except when taken in connection with the whole complex of which they are a part, and they are likely to convey a very false impression of the whole when they are imitated in the dilettante fashion not unknown in New York.

In this department of theatrical activity the element of mere futuristic extravagance must be taken into account as

it must in all the others, but the revolution in theatrical methods found its most important *raison d'être* in the effort to devise a means whereby the factory workers might act their own plays in the factories themselves. The platform stage was thus, in part at least, a *faute de mieux*, and the theater of Meyerhold is essentially one of these platform stages moved from the factory into a playhouse, while the theater of the Moscow Trade Unions (which I have already described) has as a stage merely a literal reproduction of a shop like one of those in which the workers first acted their revolutionary plays. Thus it is that even the mechanics of the most typically new Moscow theaters grow out of the conditions which produced those theaters and are justified largely by that fact. Since the Revolution, it is true, nearly every theater experiments more or less with unusual devices, but the more conservative the traditions of the theater the more completely it retains the general method of the old stage-craft while adopting the new devices in a manner that makes it unnecessary actually to destroy the old theatrical form. Thus, for example, though the setting for "The Breaking" (performed at one of the studios of



the Art Theater) employs various ingenious devices like the one in which the floor of a small room is inclined at a high angle in such a way as to give the audience the impression that it is looking down upon it from above, nevertheless the whole production could be transferred to the stage of a New York playhouse without difficulty, and it is only in the playhouses whose origin was quite independent of the old theatrical world that the wholly revolutionary methods prevail. There is, in other words, a rationality and an order in the theatrical world of Moscow which it is difficult to grasp from a distance but which one perceives as soon as one has begun to study it at first-hand and which immediately differentiates that world from the often pathetically muddled attempts to imitate it in foreign lands.

I should not wish to deny that even in Moscow the theatrical world has its lunatic fringe, but it seems, unfortunately, that it is this fringe which is most easily and most frequently imitated elsewhere. I, at least, happened to see nothing in Moscow which was quite so desperately "Russian" as the Piscator Bühne in Berlin. Here the most extravagant experiments of the most extravagant Russian theater are not only imitated but perhaps carried to even more grotesque extremes, while nearly everything which makes the revolutionary theater in Russia interesting is somehow absent. Yet down in the midst of the capital of a contented and prosperous society organized upon the familiar European model, it is little more than an incongruity.

In the first place, its method of expression was not developed there and it is therefore speaking an incomprehensible language, while, in the second place, it is without the very thing which more than any other distinguishes the Russian theaters—roots which go deep into the social and intellectual life of the people. An experimental theater whose experiments are more or less controlled by an audience to which it must speak in a comprehensible language of the things which most deeply concern it is one thing; an experimental theater endowed by a millionaire (the Piscator Bühne in Berlin like the Playwrights Theater in New York has such a patron) is quite another. It may claim to speak for the proletariat, but at best it draws most of its audience from either the intellectuals or, what is far more incongruous, from the sensation-seeking members of what Mr. Wyndham Lewis calls "high Bohemia." Its eccentricities have no meaning and there is in consequence no control upon them, so that they flourish in luxurious impotence and the theater becomes only a parody of the one which it is trying to imitate.

Even if one of the revolutionary theaters of Moscow were itself transferred bodily to New York or one of the European capitals it would itself cease to be what it is at home, for the simple reason that it would cease to have that intimate relation with the life of the community which constitutes the essential characteristic of the Russian theater. Existing in a social void it would become, in spite of itself, merely "art for art's sake," or, in other words, the very antithesis of what it was intended to be; and those who profess themselves disciples of Moscow would be far more consistent if, instead of imitating the outward forms of the Russian theater, they would endeavor to achieve a genuine popularity with the masses by presenting plays written for them in forms which they comprehend and enjoy. I remarked something of this sort to both Eisenstein and Lunacharsky, and though there are not many points upon which they would agree they did agree upon this one.

The first duty of a proletarian theater, said both, is to appeal to the proletariat; and as to the Piscator Bühne, Eisenstein was particularly emphatic. It is, he said, not a communist but merely a "scandal" theater.

And what is true of the mechanics of the Russian theater is true also of the institution as a whole. With the possible exception of New York, Moscow is the most active theatrical center of the world, and there is certainly no other where the visitor from New York will find so much that is new and interesting. Yet it is so much a world apart that he will find comparatively little capable of being adapted to his own stage in its present form. One may borrow a few individual stage devices, and there is an occasional play like "The Armored Train" which might be produced abroad with great success, but the Russian theater as a whole is too deeply rooted in a wholly alien social order to be able to exert any influence short of a complete transformation. Dealing with subjects different from those which occupy our dramatists, organized upon a completely different plan from that of our theater, and intended to perform a different function from that which our dramatic institutions are designed to perform, it constitutes a different world which the world of our theater only touches at a few points. It can exist only in a certain kind of society, and it cannot be imitated apart from that society. It will never be successfully introduced into the rest of the world unless all the other institutions of communistic society are introduced along with it.

In conclusion I should like to make some remarks about the nature of the Russian censorship as it affects the stage, but I was able to learn little beyond the fact that it does, of course, exist and that its authority is final, arbitrary, and absolute. A certain amount of latitude—more perhaps than one might expect—is, however, allowed. The workers' distrust of the bureaucracy sometimes finds expression and there is considerable satire in certain plays like "Mandate," where a young member of the bourgeoisie, having unofficially appointed himself a member of the Communist Party, proceeds to terrify all the neighbors with the might of that organization. Everybody trembles when its name is mentioned, and throughout the play there are many not too good-humored thrusts at the powers that be. One might also cite the case of one of the most-talked-of plays of the moment, "The Days of the Turbines," which treats very sympathetically the downfall of a White family and which reaches its conclusion when one of the members having remarked "It is the beginning of a great era" the other replies, "Yes, or the end of one." At one point in the play the Czarist hymn is played, and I am told that it caused so much excitement at the first performance that the censor insisted that in the future the edge should be taken off the scene by having it played in a slightly ridiculous fashion; but nevertheless the hymn is still played and the piece still has its ambiguous end. Apparently, then, the censor allows some criticism of the bureaucracy in order that the gap between the rulers and the ruled may not become too wide, but it is, of course, not to be forgotten that all expression of dissent takes place only by his permission. A certain amount of heterodoxy may find indulgence, but the privilege of propounding it may never be claimed as a right.

[This is the fourth in a group of articles on the Russian theater. The three preceding this appeared in the issues of June 13, 20, and 27. Mr. Krutch will, in later issues, write on the theater in Budapest, Vienna, and Paris.]



## In the Driftway

A LETTER appeared lately in the *New York Times* from a user of the subway and elevated lines of the metropolis which caught the eye and warmed the heart of the Drifter. The letter is too long to reprint in full, but it read in part as follows:

May I ask space to seek new members of "The Society of Quiet Turnstilers"?

Even to those who are weary of joining things, and have highly resolved to join nothing more, I venture this appeal. Will you not belong to The S. of Q. T.? There are no officers, no dues, and no minutes of the previous meeting.

The origin of this society goes back to a letter in a New York paper which I read a year or more ago, from some one whose name I regret to say I have forgotten. This writer said that he, or she, had begun operating the turnstiles of subway and elevated stations without the crashing noise that nearly all passers-through cause them to make. . . .

By resting one hand on the wooden bar immediately in front of the body as one passes through, and thereby easing the stile from smashing violently against its next stopping place, a quiet operation can with very little trouble be achieved. It does not take an entire second's extra time, and delays nobody. It confers a touch upon one's neighbors' sensibilities (and one's own as well) like a contact of velvet when he was expecting the impact of a harsh hammer blow.

I am hopeful that we members of the society shall be able before many more rush hours actually to change the present barbaric, devastating, and utterly unnecessary uproar of the turnstiles into considerate and neighborly approach to peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE Drifter is not as hopeful of an early reform as the writer of this letter. A good many years' residence in the clangor of New York City has convinced him that 50 per cent of the inhabitants identify noise with pleasure, while the rest look upon it as a harmless and necessary aspect of existence, regarding any one who objects to it as eccentric if not cuckoo. The Drifter himself hopes to organize some day the Society of Angry Turnstilers, which will descend upon the subway and elevated railways in a body, bear off the turnstiles on their backs, and inter them in the Hudson River.

\* \* \* \* \*

A FRIEND of the Drifter ordered a closed bus from a coach company. The latter sent an open one, but followed it with an apology which the Drifter thinks was worth the difference:

We are very sorry to say that we had to disappoint you by sending you a open bus as we had promised you a closed bus but as our closed bus was out on a party the night before and the party was kind of rough whereby they broke three glasses in the doors and also cutting two seats which had to be fixed on Saturday as the next day was Sunday and we could not let a car go out in that kind of a condition. If there was any kind of a way that we could get a closed car on that morning we certainly would have got it as we do not promise one thing and do the other.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Cocktail Presidents

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Shall Dry America," asks Bishop Cannon, "elect a 'cocktail President'?"

Well, the answer is that it has, and it inevitably will. Woodrow Wilson was an avowed Wet, before and after the passage of the Prohibition Amendment. Warren Gamaliel Harding was a dripping Wet in habitual practice, and everyone in Washington knows that he could not carry his liquor as well as Al. Calvin Coolidge is personally Dry, but Washington society does not report that Herbert Hoover turns down his glass when he dines at the Belgian Legation. It is a strange country where bishops oppose men because they preach what they practice.

Washington, D. C., June 30 JONATHAN EDWARDS, JR.

### Not for Silver, Anyway

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the beginning, Borah assumed the leadership in the Norris movement and, with much beating of tom-toms, proclaimed he would battle for progressivism in both Presidency and platform.

In the end, we found him pulling shoulder to shoulder with Vare and Hays and Slep and Smoot to put over Hoover and Curtis and the same old platitudinous twaddle.

Somebody, somewhere, once wrote something about: "Just for a handful of silver he left us; just for a riband to stick in his coat."

Chicago, June 15

FREDERIC BABCOCK

### Robinson and Millay

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial on Literary Prizes you express a fairly definite satisfaction with this year's Pulitzer Prize awards; and that is all very well as far as personal opinion goes. But when you say of "Tristram" that "it had no prominently close rivals during the year," I find myself challenging you. No close rivals? Have you forgotten "The King's Henchman"? Apart even from its greatness as an opera, Millay's work seems to me more than a mere "rival" to Robinson's poem. It has all the earth-power which Robinson lacks. It is broader, harder, clearer, and its roots go deeper. Millay throws herself into the life that surges through her men and women; Robinson prefers to stand aside, watching, speculating, with smiling, patient gestures. He is a good philosopher in homespun, but he has thin veins; he lacks the life-force that makes for great poetry.

Technically, of course, "Tristram" is very fine. It has fine spots. But it has no real qualities of emotion. A love story without emotions—almost entirely a mental thing. You will say that is because it is "modern," but I doubt that we "moderns" are so "mental," after all. It is possible that, now and again, a white-livered attitude may be mistaken for a sign of cerebration.

There is another thing about the awarding of these prizes interesting to observe: the three most important awards went to books which were popular successes. Whether that means that the public taste is looking up or that the judges are powerless before swift currents is another question.

Cannondale, Connecticut, May 28 JOHN HYDE PRESTON



# Books

## Love Coming Late

By MARY AUSTIN

Love came to me late  
    having sent on before him  
    all his great company.  
Young love with his perfumed torch  
    beguiling the senses;  
Passion, whose feet when I kissed them  
    blackened my mouth;  
Duty that galled me worst  
    where the hurt was sorest.

Then with a sound of wings  
    down-edged for silence,  
With a stir as of evening primroses blowing  
    wide apart among orchard grasses  
Secret, contained and aware  
    great Love came walking.  
Came and sat down at the loom  
    where I stooped overwearied,  
Swift were his hands and light on the shuttle;  
And suddenly, as he wrought,  
    duty and passion and youth  
    came back and served him!

## A Masterly Survey

*The Native Problem in Africa.* By Raymond Leslie Buell. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. \$15.

**M**R. BUELL'S book more than satisfies the expectation with which its publication has been awaited. It surveys the "Native Problem" in French, British, and Belgian Africa and in Liberia, abstaining, however, from any account of Portugal's dealings, which, in fact, form an integral and essential part of the matter necessary for illustration and reinforcement of the principal generalizations which impose themselves through a perusal of this otherwise extremely complete and impressive critical survey.

Vast as the book is (it must contain, with its notes and appendices, about a million words), no one with a preliminary acquaintance with the provinces dealt with will find a sentence superfluous. Indeed the enormous subject is handled with real economy. The writing is never tedious. Although in different territories similar fundamentals have repeatedly to be dealt with, there are always local differences of substantial importance. The careful studies of administration in the immense areas controlled by France in Africa will be specially welcome to those whose acquaintance has been principally with British African territories or whom the evil notoriety of Portuguese methods and the scandals of the earlier maladministration of the Congo Free State have caused to pay special attention to subsequent developments there. As to the Congo one is impressed with the seriousness and determination with which the Belgian Government has approached the responsibilities which it undertook when the Free State's rule was transferred to it. Mr. Buell's account justifies an opinion that in liberality and intelligence in her African administration, and in the practical application of the principles of the strength of which the infernal rule of the Congo Company was evicted, Belgium is now the most admirable of imperial Powers in Africa.

The book is valuable not only for its well-balanced histori-

cal summaries and its analyses of contemporary conditions in their salient aspects, but because it reprints the most important international documents and the cardinal administrative memoranda and statistics bearing upon African imperialism.

There is a devastating chapter about Liberia and the Firestone agreement, which as a Briton, more sensible, perhaps, than most of my fellow-countrymen of the large amount of glass in the structure of my country's imperial policy, I prefer to do no more than commend to the digestion of American citizens as a temperate and justified account of the most ominously cynical deal between Western capitalism and an African people that has transpired since the constitution of the Congo Free State.

To anyone who has had special occasion and opportunities for continuously observing the dealings of white enterprise with Africa during the last forty years this scholarly and unprejudiced survey will be immensely corroborative and reinforcing. The partition of Africa was not a humanitarian enterprise. Mr. Chamberlain described it as having provided Britain with undeveloped estates from which it was her duty to extract raw materials for her own people, opening them at the same time as markets for British goods. The purpose of every other European participant in the scramble was precisely the same. France had added the notion of establishing a reservoir and recruiting ground for her armies.

This modern commercial determination of white men, of which the Firestone Agreement is the latest manifestation, to handle the resources of Africa for their own profit, operates of its own natural virtue on quite simple and self-satisfactory principles. For its economy it needs command of the land: it needs labor to mature and extract produce and to build roads for its transportation. Even when it does not need all the land for its own operations it is prone to take it away from the natives in order that they may not use it for purposes desirable only to themselves, or remain indifferent to the wages white enterprise is prepared to offer. Mr. Buell gives a bird's-eye view of the operation of this economy in every part of Africa which he visited. Further, in order to induce the native to labor for the developer various modes of pressure are exercised ranging from poll-taxes to directly compelled service. In order to reinforce its control, European enterprise usurps the nation's government and destroys his own. Mr. Buell historically documents the course of this process in all parts of Africa, and its reactions.

These processes were let loose upon Africa from fifty to forty years ago. Those who engaged in them were not egregious sinners; they argued that civilization would be a boon to the native; they proved that it was better for him to work at wages than at his own affairs, and they believed that it was good for him to be compelled to work, so that he should not waste so much time in dancing and drinking (pastimes recognized by the cinema as the choicest emblems of our own civilization).

The impulse of exploitation, however, has not been the sole force at work: there has all the time been active also that sane appreciation of the essentials of human life and of the rights of African and other weaker peoples which had already repressed the grosser and more palpable forms of Negro slavery. That influence has been principally kept alive in Africa by the missionaries of all Christian denominations. It has also been effectually represented by a minority of intelligent and high-minded governors. National governments, too, have professed to stand for this morality, but in practice they have been consistently humbugged by the moral ideology of the Development school, and where they have not been humbugged the developers have been too smart for them, and have too often stolen the horse before instructed humane intelligence or public opinion could get to the door. There is also, fortunately, a considerable and distinctly increasing power among the natives themselves



of neutralizing, resisting, and reacting against the policies of expropriation, forced labor, and destruction of political freedom which exhibit the crude impulses of the economic school. Nothing is more interesting in Mr. Buell's book than his testimony, in every part of Africa that he deals with, to a distinct turn of the tide. For example, against land expropriation, which the British Government allowed in Rhodesia but is now checking in Kenya, against forced labor, which the International Labor Office is elaborating a convention to control and in time to extinguish, and against the destruction of native self-government, against which some British administrators have from the first set their faces.

Mr. Buell concludes not unhopefully. "Africa is the one continent where by the application of intelligence, knowledge, and good-will it is not too late to adopt policies which will prevent the development of the acute racial difficulties which have elsewhere arisen, and the evils of which have been recognized only after they have come into existence. In the larger part of Africa the white man still has *carte blanche* to avoid the mistakes of the past committed in other parts of the world if he has will and intelligence to do so." No one who reads this book can feel any doubt as to the leading principle on which alone such development can be imagined possible. The African must be recognized as a human being having a soul and rights of his own.

LORD OLIVIER

## Herbert Hoover Again

*Who's Hoover?* By William Hard. Dodd Mead and Company, 1928. \$2.50.

*The Presidency vs. Hoover.* By Samuel Crowther. Doubleday, Doran and Company, 1928. \$2.50.

WILLIAM HARD could not write a dull line if he chose. Usually he writes with an original style and much humor. Hence his campaign biography of Mr. Hoover has a justification—there are now three such in the field, with, we shudder to think, more probably to come. Mr. Hard is an intense admirer of the subject of his book; hence it ought to commend itself to the Republican National Committee. That does not mean, however, that his estimate of the Republican candidate is uncritical. He does not try to conceal some of the obvious weaknesses of his hero, as, for instance, Mr. Hoover's extraordinary sensitiveness to criticism. He "collects the clippings containing them. He broods over them. He sends emissaries to his attackers to explain the righteousness of the event which they have misinterpreted." Mr. Hard contrasts the attitude of Calvin Coolidge who was asked by a friend if he was not disturbed by a Democratic attack upon him in a magazine. "Oh," said Mr. Coolidge, according to Hard, "I remember. The magazine had a green cover. I started reading the article, but it was against me; so I quit."

Mr. Hard admits that that period in 1920 when Mr. Hoover vacillated between being a Democrat and a Republican—because of Woodrow Wilson and the League of Nations—was "an unquiet and inconsistent interlude in his life," from which we are left to deduce that his years in Harding's crooked Cabinet and his service in Mr. Coolidge's represent the quiet and consistent Hoover! Despite one's opposition to the League of Nations one may be pardoned for preferring the unquiet and inconsistent Hoover and dreading the other one who, as Wendell Phillips would have said, is "silent in the presence of sin." As for Mr. Hoover's joining thirty other "magnificently distinguished and magnificently deluded Republicans in issuing a manifesto to the the American people declaring that the best and shortest road to the palace of peace at Geneva was through a White House inhabited by Warren Gamaliel Harding"—why that, says Mr. Hard, was false simply and solely "because Harding at that very moment was irrevocably personally pledged against ever actually taking the United States into the League organism." That

explanation satisfies the ever-kindly Mr. Hard. But it leaves the reader gasping with wonder that this great superman of the world, Herbert Hoover, never stopped to ask Warren Harding whether he, Hoover, was telling a lie or not! As for Mr. Hoover's achievements in the Cabinet, notably in standardizing shoestrings, sealing wax, and sticks, and decreasing for all American fishermen "the time between bites," Mr. Hard tells them all delightfully, more convincingly than are his efforts to cover those black spots which have made millions lose faith in his hero.

Mr. Crowther's tribute is more ambitious. It begins with a study of the Presidency, and there we have the gratifying news that "the great advance has come under the Administration of Calvin Coolidge. For he has conceived of government as an aid to progress and not as an obstacle—or as an end in itself." Shades of William McKinley, Mark Hanna, Warren Harding, and every apostle of protection! Next we learn the profound truth that "the political thought of yesterday will not fit the needs of today. . . . It does matter who is President. It matters mightily." From this we naturally wander, after the inevitable recounting of how Mr. Hoover standardized the bathtub, helped to decrease unemployment, and to increase prosperity, to this inevitable conclusion: "In short, that Herbert Hoover is the one man who can now lead to a fuller life—who can lead to the previously impossible state in which poverty in this country can be put on a *purely voluntary basis* [*italics mine*]. In the succeeding chapters this will be demonstrated." In other words, this book is a useful summary of what Mr. Hoover has achieved, and paints a highly ingenuous and glowing picture of the way we are going to be standardized and mechanized into undreamed-of prosperity. Which is, of course, the end-all of our national aspirations, the final aim of the Republic. What ass was it that said: "Without a vision the people perish"? Here is Hoover to demolish him.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

## The Behavior of Museums

*The Behavior of the Museum Visitor.* By Edward Stevens Robinson. Washington, D. C.: American Association of Museums.

IF museums behaved differently would they have more visitors? There is a question worth trying to answer. The present study of the museum visitor deals with four museums only; it considers the behavior of only 204 visitors; it noted their behavior only in the presence of paintings; it reports that only 23 of the 204 stopped to look at any picture for more than sixteen seconds; and it concludes that museum directors should become experimental psychologists, observe the behavior of their visitors, and from a study of that behavior learn how they may so modify museum management as to make museums more profitable to visitors. The study seems to have been made with care and ingenuity; but the basic question is not answered by the study, as the author seems ready to admit.

The purpose of the inquiry was to discover such facts concerning the reaction of visitors to museums as would enable museum managers so to arrange their exhibits and so to modify their general method as to make their institutions more attractive, more inspiring, and consequently more frequented and more useful than they now are. But the facts selected are not those which most need study. The problem which confronts the open-minded museum manager is not "How does a visitor behave when he comes into a museum?" but "Why does he so rarely come?" It will not be easy to get an answer to the latter question; but it should surely have been possible to get reports from a few thousand educated, intelligent, and cultivated persons on why a museum so rarely persuades them to come within its doors.



*Realism in a Presidential Year*

# THE AMERICAN MERCURY

edited by H. L. MENCKEN

(contributing editor of *The Nation*)

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In the July issue, for example, Mr. Frank R. Kent, author of *The History of the Democratic Party*, tells exactly how and why

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Several of our larger and wealthier cities have, in the last few decades, erected museum buildings at the cost of several million dollars each; then have acquired by gift and purchase rare and expensive objects at a further cost for each of many thousands more; and then have found that the visits paid to these museums are exceedingly few. Quite extravagant claims are made by managers and advocates of museums of rarities. The most perfect and consequently the most beautiful things ever made by man will, we are told, if visited in a museum and gazed upon with the proper spirit of awe, wonder, and admiration, impart to most of those who thus gaze upon them a certain power which will gradually negative their native tendency to love the mean, cheap, and tawdry—true art being of course assumed to be the kinds of things they have seen in the museum. But the prophecy that an artistic regeneration will follow solemn examination of museum pieces is rarely fulfilled. It seems that most visitors go away from a museum with a keen sense of duty done—which, as Joseph Cook used to tell Bostonians, is “the soul’s own fireside”—but with no exaltation of taste. Museums continue to be built and filled with what man has done in preceding centuries; and meanwhile the citizens hasten daily to department stores to admire, desire, and buy what their fellow-citizens are making and beautifying right now.

It is admitted that museums are built primarily to influence people to good ends—in fact, to educate. This they cannot well do unless the people visit them. A study of the cost of museums and of their upkeep and a glance at the total of their annual visitors suggest that they do, in proportion to the money spent on them, less of that which they are chiefly established to do than does any other educational factor which the city supports.

What can be done about it? Well, I repeat my suggestion that an effort be made to discover, not how we behave in a museum, but why we are so rarely in it.

JOHN COTTON DANA

## Russian Women

*Woman in Soviet Russia.* By Jessica Smith. Vanguard Press. Fifty cents.

THIS is a study of one of the most chameleon-like organisms in modern society—the social family. In a short volume of 200 pages the author presents a moving picture of the Russian woman in industry, in education, in public life, on the farm, and in the family. To the individualist who projects his family ideology into the world about him this must indeed be a strange tale of social adjustments. For in Russia all activity focuses upon the group and its welfare. We in America have long been fed on a diet of articles, theories, explanations of the new morality, the changing status of woman, the new education. It is but a ballyhoo of frantic cries against a national background of *laissez faire*.

The trends in Russia which Miss Smith describes are equally at variance with their native background. There is, however, a consistent and sturdy growth of sincere governmental concern, a desire to socialize the individual and minimize the frictions which the old concepts create as they are supplanted by the new. The tremendous advancement which has been made in government regulation of women in industry, in politics, in education, and in sex relationships is noteworthy. It is an amazing tale of what has been accomplished in the rehabilitation of a social order. All the heartaches of doffing old customs and ideas and arraying a nation in new social garments built for the ideal figure are to be found in this book. The mujik and his wife squirm and twist in the new garb, but they do not cast it aside. It promises to fit them or they it.

Thus the laws affecting the two and a half million women workers are the most progressive and socially far-sighted to

be found in any country in the world. In actuality there are variations, but the laws furnish a norm to which industry is adjusting itself. In most capitalistic countries laws are the crystallization of the customs and experiences of the country. In Russia they are a sort of advance guard to which the social group moves. Miss Smith graphically describes Russian women in different walks of life—their sudden awareness that the nation is with them even though their men-folk in the shop or on the farm may not be. Side by side with the new woman, to be sure, lives the Russian peasant woman with her bundle of fears and superstitions. Even she walks a little more firmly when she finds she may not be beaten by her husband every Saturday night. There is a community organization to protect her.

Miss Smith’s little book is replete with vital sociological material and keen observations. It fills the jaded American economist or sociologist with new hopes.

THERESA WOLFSON

## A Pan-American Novel

*La Sombra de la Casa Blanca (The Shadow of the White House).* By Maximo Soto-Hall. Buenos Aires: El Ateneo.

THE Nicaraguan situation has inspired the only historical novel of international scope ever written in Latin America—a fact which makes “The Shadow of the White House” a literary landmark. Dealing with American-Nicaraguan relations, with special reference to the present tragedy, it is a volume of timeliness and interest. The attitude of the Latin-American toward the United States and its policy of armed intervention in Latin-American affairs is presented with force. Dr. Soto-Hall, born in Guatemala, has passed practically his entire life in Central America, and by his writing has achieved a reputation throughout the Spanish-speaking world.

The story tells how Alberto Urzua, a young gentleman prominent in Nicaraguan public life, comes to the United States when the political party under which he holds office is overthrown in a revolution. He and his two sisters settle in New York. Urzua works for an American firm doing business in Central America. He makes friends with an American judge and his daughter, marries an American girl, and learns to admire the good things this country possesses. Finally, however, he sees enough to convince him of the shadow cast across the highway of international justice by the deplorable partnership of the White House and Wall Street. This time the shadow happens to fall upon his country. Crushed in his heart by this and private misfortunes, he sails for Nicaragua to fight the marines. Someone dear to him follows him—neither his sisters nor his wife. It is Virginia Harrison, the judge’s daughter. She and Urzua had become faithful friends. Meanwhile the judge had died and Virginia, from Kentucky, goes to Nicaragua as a nurse in Urzua’s camp. She arrives in time to receive him in her arms when, struck by a shell dropped from an airplane, the hero ceases to be.

Most of the characters are not difficult to recognize, if only because they are types of men commanding high positions in American imperialism. Mr. Stallson, American banker, is depicted as the power behind a coup d’etat government in Nicaragua, recognized and supported by the United States through his influence. As presented by Dr. Soto-Hall, Mr. Stallson is known throughout Latin America with a different name in each country, but his character and perhaps even his appearance remain the same. The American Senator who writhes with indignation at his Government’s bungling policies in Nicaragua also is presented with exactitude.

Through personages who play in the book parts somewhat resembling the chorus in Greek tragedy, Dr. Soto-Hall undertakes digressions into other Pan-American problems with prophetic vision. Mr. Coolidge had just pronounced his decision on the Tacna-Arica question between Chile and Peru. Fernandez,



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—Donald Richberg in the Nation for June 6.

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—Stuart Chase in the L. I. D. Bulletin.

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—Senator Carl Hayden on the floor of the U. S. Senate.



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friend of Urzua, remarks that the President of the United States has chosen to make both Chile and Peru believe they are right without making either nation's position right; and he indicates what is going to happen next:

The United States will submit an arrangement full of equity and justice. . . . Bolivia is anxious to have a harbor on the Pacific. . . . The North Americans are in a position to help her fulfil her aspirations. . . . They will provide Bolivia with the necessary capital that she may buy from Chile and Peru the disputed provinces. . . . But American capitalists are shrewd enough to render Bolivia unable to pay back. For what, then, are factories of revolutions? For what that new, unique industry? . . . Bolivia will not be able to pay. . . . The great republic will come to own the rescued provinces.

During the dispute between Chile and Peru the Secretary of State of the United States did offer a proposal almost exactly like this one.

"The Shadow of the White House" is not a book written for the historian. It is a novel primarily addressed to the man in the street. But it presents with force and romance the present Nicaraguan conflict and the attitude of the Latin-American toward the United States Government's policies.

RODOLFO MAYORGA-RIVAS

## Books in Brief

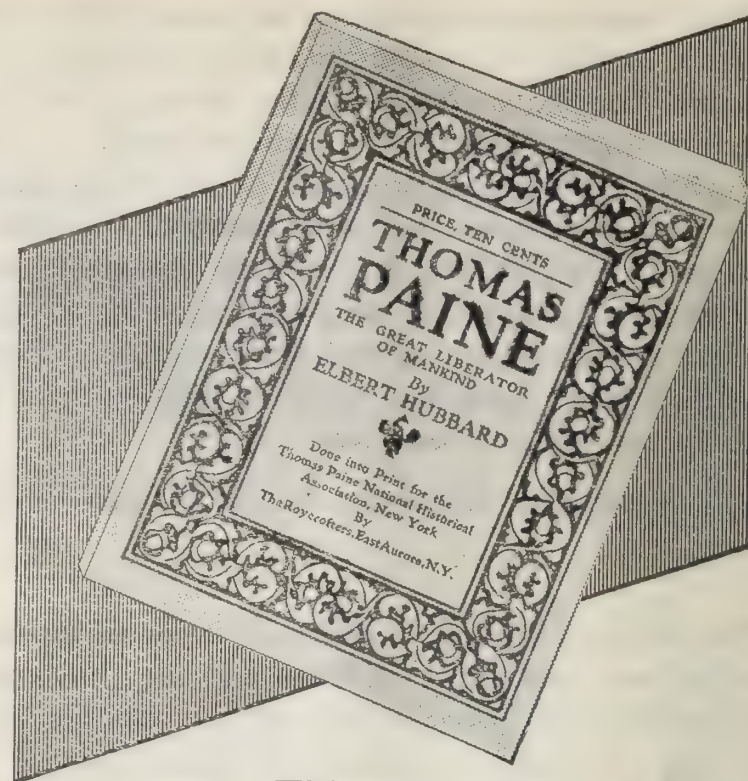
*Reverse English: Some Off-side Observations Upon Our British Cousins.* By J. Frederick Essary. W. E. Rudge, Inc. \$3.

The essays in this book originally appeared in the Baltimore *Sun* while their author was serving as London correspondent. In that setting they formed a readable comment on passing events in England, but they are rather too slight to withstand the rigors of transplantation. Mr. Essary's reactions to the British were very like those of less-trained American observers. He admired the politeness of the London police, was impressed by the royal family (though with a good American twinkle in his eye), marveled at the crooked nonchalance of the London streets, and suffered from the native cooking. All in all he enjoyed his stay immensely and returned home firmly convinced that "there is nothing so vital to mankind, so vital to its peace, its security, and its progress as an enduring friendship between these two mighty English-speaking nations." That is a worthy, if somewhat trite, sentiment. But one could wish that Mr. Essary had found a better example of the kinship of Britain and America than their readiness to cooperate in maintaining Western supremacy in China.

*New Towns for Old.* By John Nolen. With an Introduction by Albert Shaw. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. \$3.

*The Legal Aspects of Zoning.* By Newman F. Baker. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

These two books complement each other admirably, Mr. Nolen's being a completely illustrated account of the most outstanding examples of modern American city planning and Mr. Baker's a scholarly discussion of the law with regard to zoning which is the foundation of much of the American effort in this direction. Without doubt Mr. Nolen's book will have the wider popular appeal and its fascinating photographs of what has already been accomplished should prove stimulating. Particularly valuable is its carefully documented story of Kingsport, Tennessee; Walpole, Massachusetts, and Mariemont, Ohio. Mr. Baker's book, while it lacks these illustrations, is even more important for the student of city planning, and in its own careful, legal manner is exciting as well, for in it can be traced the history of the significant development of the idea that personal property is subsidiary to the common good. The notes of cases appended to each chapter should prove of great value to the real-estate lawyer, the city planner, and the architect.



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Incidentally, he was neither "little" nor "filthy." He stood several inches taller than the man who called him "a filthy little atheist," and his contemporaries testified to the extreme neatness of his person and the simple elegance of his attire.

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*The Reign of Terror, 1793-1794, The Experiment of the Democratic Republic, and the Rise of the Bourgeoisie.* By W. B. Kerr. The University of Toronto Press. \$4.

Here is something to get excited over—a work in English about the climax of the French Revolution that insults neither that much misunderstood movement nor yet the intelligence of the reader. Dr. Kerr's study has its full share of scholarly qualities, but it possesses in addition a freshness and a tart, ironic flavor. Every page bears witness to the researches of Professor Mathiez of the Sorbonne, whose work has thrown so much fresh light upon the economic conditions of revolutionary Paris as well as upon the aims and tactics of the leaders. The dependence is hardly servile; but basically the two scholars stand together in their sympathetic treatment of the great experiment and in their recognition of the loftiness of Robespierre's ideals, against the smug half-truths with which the orthodox historians have piously travestied the sense of the revolutionary movement.

*The Inquiring Mind.* By Zechariah Chafee, Jr. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

Shortly after the war Professor Chafee published his "Freedom of Speech"—a temperate and scholarly exposition of the subject especially for those trying times. He thus aligned himself with sanity and liberalism, and in the following years was frequently called upon by liberal editors for occasional articles treating the various crises in the struggle for civil liberty. It is these resultant examples of scholarly journalism which he now offers in the main—the philosophical discoveries promised by the title are only a small part of the book. On the whole, it is to be doubted if the miscellaneous articles deserved the permanence of book publication. Some of them represent issues that are no longer urgent or alive; and all are easily available in the files of current magazines. In other words, the present collection is not to be regarded so much as a book as a series of Appendices to "Freedom of Speech."

*New England's Outpost. Acadia Before the Conquest of Canada.* By John Bartlett Brebner. Columbia University Press. \$4.50.

Longfellow's rather over-sweet poem "Evangeline" gave the sorrows of the Acadians, expelled from Nova Scotia in 1755, a place among the classic brutalities of war. Mr. Brebner links with New England, rather than with the government of Great Britain, the origins of this episode and, with a careful use of only original authorities and an entire freedom from the passions with which the literature of the subject is tainted, shows how the last dramatic climax came about. He refrains from the details of the expulsion. His is a study of causes; his well-written book removes the episode from the realm of poetry and passion to that of calm and not too prosaic history. The descendants of New England loyalists in Canada may find perhaps grim humor in reflecting that it was their own fathers who made the beginnings of the game of driving the vanquished from their homes.

*The Migration of British Capital to 1876.* By Leland H. Jenks. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

Here is a book of immense industry and fine skill. It traces in detail the making of the invisible empire of finance which Britain established in the half-century that followed the Napoleonic War, a really astounding achievement of profitable adventure. To track out the finesse of the changing money market in these intricate adventures required no ordinary research, and the notes at the end of Professor Jenks's book show a mastery not only of the ordinary sources but of masses of banking and journalistic records which nobody has tapped before. Few students in history were even aware of the great collapse of British export of capital following 1876. The story of the financing of Egypt and the capture of the Suez Canal was falsified by all our general historians until Professor Jenks

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worried out the truth. Though such highly specialized work is not for every man's reading, it should find a lasting place in every good library.

*Political Philosophy from Plato to Jeremy Bentham.* By Dr. Geza Engelmann. Translated by Karl Frederick Geiser. With an Introduction by Oscar Jaszi. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

This book contains terse and direct summaries of most of the classics in political philosophy, from Plato's "Republic" to Bentham's "Constitutional Code." Each summary is preceded by an introduction containing historical and biographical material. Better than other texts in this field does the present one succeed in offering the subject in the form of a symposium on the basic problems of politics. It is, however, difficult to concede the claim of Professors Geiser and Jaszi that as a textbook the present work is immensely superior to the available outlines of the history of political ideas. A mere change in the method of presentation is, after all, not of crucial significance.

*The Conception of Buddhist Nirvana.* By Th. Stcherbatsky. Leningrad: The Academy of Sciences of the USSR.

This bit of close reasoning is meant only for those who are already familiar with the subtleties of Buddhist philosophy and the problems it furnishes modern scholarship. Professor Stcherbatsky, one of the most profound students of Buddhism, makes an attack upon the theory of M. de la Vallée Poussin, another profound student of Buddhism, that "at the beginning Nirvana meant a simple faith in the soul's immortality, its blissful survival in a paradise, a faith emerging from practices of obscure magic." Countering this theory and also, more casually, opinions of A. B. Keith and other distinguished scholars, Professor Stcherbatsky believes that "Buddha . . . proposed, or accepted, a system denying the existence of an eternal soul, and reducing phenomenal existence to a congeries of separate elements evolving gradually toward final extinction." The book is an important, and hence highly technical, study of a major question.

*The Forerunners of Saint Francis and Other Studies.* By Ellen Scott Davison. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

In this posthumous publication Miss Davison's story of the visionaries who preached and practiced evangelical poverty within and without the medieval church carries the weight of scholarly conclusions, derived from the author's careful survey of the more important printed sources. Yet the book is far more intensive and impressive than any mere array of facts, for, as Professor Shotwell says in his foreword, it is "touched with the historic imagination and informed with sympathetic understanding." A large perspective reveals the causes of the seeming success of the reformers who won churchly sanction, like the Cistercians and Carthusians, and the reasons for the apparent failure of other enthusiasts no more or less sincere, like the Albigensians, who forced from reluctant prelates the punishment of curse and crusade. And a deep sense of the futility of sundry spiritual ideals and aspirations, temporarily triumphant, pervades the forecast of the ultimate wreckage of the hopes of austere founders of monastic orders, Bernard, Norbert, the Stephens, through a deadlier ban than papal anathema, worldly prosperity. Even the incomplete sketches near the end of the book are based upon a wealth of documents duly recorded in the spacious bibliography. Notes and index conclude this consecrated labor of love and friendship.

Thomas Gray: *Elegy Wrote in a Country Church Yard.* 1751. Samuel Johnson: *The Vanity of Human Wishes.* 1749. William Collins: *Ode Occasion'd by the Death of Mr. Thomson.* 1749. Matthew Prior: *Occasional Verses.* 1702-1719. Oxford University Press. Respectively \$1.25, \$2, \$1.75, \$2.25.

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# International Relations Section

## A Jewish State in the Soviet Union

By LEON TALMY

OUT in the remote regions of the Russian Far East, in an unpopulated district between the Amur River and the Small Khingan (Bureya) Mountains, some six hundred Jewish pioneers from various parts of the Soviet Union have lately been engaged in clearing tracts of land, plowing virgin soil, laying roads, building barracks and houses, and preparing the country to receive the first few thousand settlers who will follow in the spring of 1929.

Though, at first glance, there seems to be nothing extraordinary in this fact, it is an event which carries with it an historic significance equal to that of the steps of the first pioneers in many a now busy and thriving land. It marks a momentous turning-point in the life of the Jewish population of the Soviet Union and, incidentally, in the story of the particular district which is destined to be linked with the formation of a Jewish state in the system of Soviet republics.

As a matter of fact, this district has not had much of a story. Prior to January, 1928, its very name—Bira-Bidjan—was virtually unknown outside the immediate vicinity. And even there the name has never been used to convey a definite geographical or ethnographical conception. It came into use only recently to denote a part of the Amur country covering an area of some thirty thousand square kilometers traversed by the rivers Bira and Bidjan and bounded on its west, south, and east by the Amur River and on its north by a line running parallel to and north of the railway line connecting the city of Khabarovsk with the Transbaikalian region and Chita. These boundaries have been in force since March 28, 1928, when, by a decision adopted by the Praesidium of the All-Union Central Executive Committee of the Soviets, the district was set apart for Jewish colonization under the supervision of the Comzet, the Government Committee for Jewish Land Settlement, with the view to creating a Jewish national administrative unit.

Within these boundaries lives at present a population of about 27,000, dwelling mainly along the left bank of the Amur across the river from Manchuria and along the railway line which was completed after the war. The interior of the country, a valley covered with luxurious grass, wild roots, bushes, and occasional clusters of trees, as well as the mountainous regions in the western part of the district, has remained practically uninhabited. According to the report brought in by the special scientific expedition of the Comzet, headed by Professor B. L. Brook and under the general supervision and direction of Professor Williams, which had explored the country in the summer of 1927, the prairie lands of the district offer good possibilities for the development of various branches of agriculture, including the cultivation of rice and oil beans. The forest lands extending to the north will permit the development of forestry and the timber industry. The mountainous regions have as yet been little explored, but the data at hand warrant the conclusion that they contain mineral deposits which will

eventually furnish the basis for industrial development. The land suitable for crop cultivation will sustain a farming population of 35,000 families and an additional 15,000 families engaged in various auxiliary industries and occupations; altogether, a population of about 250,000 under conditions of purely agricultural colonization. With the further development of the natural resources the country could absorb a population of 1,000,000 or more.

It was on the basis of the findings of the scientific expedition that the Comzet decided in January, 1928, to propose to the highest Soviet authorities that the district of Bira-Bidjan be set aside for the express purpose of Jewish colonization. The expedition itself was one of a number which had been sponsored by the Comzet in connection with its work of settling Jews on the land. These expeditions conducted explorations in several parts of the Soviet Union in quest of a large tract of land suitable for Jewish mass colonization after it became apparent that the free land available for such purposes in the Ukraine, Crimea, and White Russia would soon be exhausted, while the necessity for Jewish land settlement would continue.

The conditions which created this necessity date back to the economic situation of the Jews during the Czarist regime. In the old empire the Jewish population was confined to the so-called "Pale," a number of provinces in which Jews were permitted to live. Within this Pale there was another "Pale" of economic restrictions: Jews had no access to the large industries and, outside of a few old Jewish agricultural colonies in the Southern Ukraine, they were not permitted to live in villages and engage in agriculture. Thus the mass of the Jewish population of old Russia was confined to such economic pursuits as petty trade and small artisanship. Quite apart from political persecution, the economic circumstances of the Jews were so precarious that tens of thousands were forced to emigrate every year in search of friendlier shores and better economic opportunities. Most of these emigrants settled in the United States and Canada. Some went to Argentina, Brazil, South Africa, Australia. With the beginning of the World War this steady stream of Jewish emigration from Russia was stopped abruptly, leaving no outlet for the surplus population. After the war the quota and other restrictions introduced in the United States and in other countries permitted only a trickle of this stream to filter through, while at the same time conditions at home became much worse owing to the physical destruction wrought by the World War and the civil war following the Revolution.

In the Soviet Union the situation was further aggravated by the introduction of a new economic system to take the place of the old pattern into which the Jews had somehow managed to fit. The new system obviated the necessity for most of the economic functions which of old had been a sort of a "birthright" of the Jewish population. Although private trade has not been completely abolished, the economic basis of its existence is surely disappearing as trade becomes concentrated in the cooperatives and state organizations. So also the basis for petty artisanship is slowly but surely giving way with the rapid development of machine industries.

The Soviet Government has been adopting measures to alleviate the situation and to create such conditions for the



Jewish population as will give them the opportunity to find their place in the new economic scheme of things.

Attention both inside and outside of the Soviet Union has been chiefly centered on the work of Jewish land settlement. This is undoubtedly due to the political significance attached to Jewish colonization in the Soviet Union by both foes and friends of the work; partly, also, to the fact that for the greater success of this phase of Jewish reconstruction work it was necessary to resort to assistance from outside sources, chief among which was the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee which operates in the Soviet Union through the Agrojoint. The work was put on an organized basis in 1924, when by a decree of the Soviet Government, the Comzet, a government committee for Jewish land settlement, was formed. As a result of the efforts of such organizations, with the material assistance of the Soviet Government, a population of upward of 80,000 Jews has been settled on 302,000 dessiatins of land in Southern Ukraine, Northern Crimea, and White Russia during the four years, 1924-1927. The total Jewish agricultural population in the Soviet Union has reached 175,000 as against some 53,000 in 1913, and Jewish landholdings have increased from 75,000 dessiatins in 1920 to 452,000 dessiatins in 1927.

However, the success attained so far in improving the economic conditions of the Jewish masses in the Soviet Union has not been sufficient to offset the burden of their economic heritage. A large number, roughly estimated at from 600,000 to 800,000 out of a Jewish population of about 2,800,000, are still without any apparent means of existence. Although Jews in increasing numbers are finding employment in the Soviet industries, this channel is hardly sufficient to absorb the natural increase of population. The only possibility which offers speedier relief for the mass of the "declassed" Jews in the Soviet Union is colonization and land settlement.

The political significance of Jewish colonization in the Soviet Union arises from the possibility of the ultimate formation of a Jewish autonomous republic. It has been conceded by all concerned that the success of the work and the interests of the settlers require that the colonization be conducted on a large scale and concentrated on continuous stretches of land. Such conditions would naturally bring about the creation of a Jewish majority in a definite area. Under the Soviet system and in accordance with the national policy of the Soviet Government such a majority would enjoy autonomous rights.

It is this result which may be looked forward to as an outcome of the Jewish colonization of Bira-Bidjan. The exploration of this district and of a number of others was undertaken by the Comzet to forestall the problems which would arise with the exhaustion of the free lands available for Jewish colonization in the European parts of the Union. The district having been found suitable for colonization on a large scale, it was decided by the Government to reserve it under the jurisdiction of the Comzet for the purpose expressed. The decision was hailed with enthusiasm at hundreds of mass-meetings and conferences in most of the Jewish cities and towns, and more than 3,000 families have expressed their readiness to proceed to the colony.

The difficulties with which the first settlers will have to contend will be many. But with modern American technical methods and facilities the task can be made much easier, and it is the aim of the Ozet, the public organization conducting the work in Bira-Bidjan, to introduce such methods, as far as possible, in the very first stages of coloni-

zation. In this the Ozet is being assisted by an American Jewish organization, the Icor, with a membership of about 10,000, which has been active since 1925 in the United States and Canada raising funds for the work of Jewish colonization in Soviet Russia. The Icor has arranged with the Ozet to cooperate in the colonization of Bira-Bidjan by introducing American machinery and such American technical experience as it can enlist in order to facilitate the development of a Jewish autonomous settlement on the banks of the far Amur.

## Contributors to This Issue

LUDWELL DENNY, who long covered the State Department for the United Press, is now a special editorial writer for the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

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# The Nation

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**A**L SMITH IS TAKING THE LEAD in the campaign. While Mr. Hoover has been conferring with Boss Vare of Philadelphia, smoothing over the differences between his various campaign directors, and making up his mind whether prohibition is or is not an issue in the campaign, Governor Smith has been explaining how he learned to swim in a turtle scow at the foot of Beekman Street, and returning a wounded fawn to a crippled boy in the Adirondacks. A literal-minded game inspector had taken the fawn from its captor and nurse and presented it to the Governor, who announces on the front page of a thousand newspapers that he will send the fawn back "so quick you won't be able to see him for the dust—and I'll give him another deer and a dog to boot if he wants it." That, we submit, is the kind of politics that swings elections. More than any serious discussion of farm relief or world peace it wins votes. Nor do we grudge the Governor such campaigning. It is as natural to him as trout-fishing is unnatural to Calvin Coolidge. He does it without thinking, and it is in large part because he really is a warm-hearted human being that the newspapermen like him as few public personalities are liked, and that he rolls up such amazing votes whenever he runs for office.

**I**T IS AMUSING to watch the politicians bouncing back into the party folds. There is Jim Watson, who two days before Hoover's nomination was denouncing the Secretary of Commerce as an impossible foreigner; he has seen a new light—or observed a great change in his party's

candidate. There is Brookhart of Iowa; he has contrived to weld his allegiance to the farmers with party regularity. There is Fred Zimmerman, Governor of Wisconsin, who used La Follette's erstwhile indorsement to inveigle voters into his camp at the last election; he is now as regular as they make them. Lowden's lieutenant, Lou Emmerson, too, has come into camp, though the former Governor of Illinois thus far sulks silent in his tent. And on the other side of the party fence Dan Moody of Texas, the great Dry champion, is asking votes for Al; so are Josephus Daniels and Carter Glass; even Tom Heflin, though he is still sniping at Catholics, has dropped the name of Smith from his speeches. These men are politicians before all else; the essence of politics is to get jobs for your supporters, and the essential for jobs is party regularity. We like better the stand of George Norris of Nebraska. He condemns both party platforms for their surrender to the utilities lobbies; he does not mention the candidates who are still mum on all issues but prohibition; but he names men in the Senate, some Democrats, some Republicans, who have kept the Progressive faith, and says he will fight for their reelection regardless of party tags and labels.

**T**HE SHAKHTA TRIAL IN MOSCOW has ended. Fifty-three engineers charged with conspiracy and sabotage in the Donetz coal mines have received their sentence: the three accused Germans were freed, eleven Russians were sentenced to death—six with recommendations of mercy, and most of the other defendants were given prison sentences of varying lengths. Rabinovich, brilliant and powerful head of the mining industry, received a sentence of six years; Kuzma, a young engineer responsible for many technical innovations, received three years. The trial was a drama of desperate intensity, marked here and there by scenes of terror and hysteria. There seems to be no doubt that the conspiracy charged by the Government existed or that many of the accused were guilty. None the less, the trial as it unwound its theatrical length resolved itself into a test of the Government's strength. If Krylenko, the prosecutor, had failed to obtain a conviction, it would have reflected seriously on the capacity of the Soviet authorities to control the great industries under their jurisdiction and to wipe out—if they could not keep out—corruption and conspiracy. In this setting the accused engineers fought for their lives. That so many were let off with moderate sentences is to the credit of the judge and the public defender. If some were unjustly convicted, it is not to be wondered at. No German accused of espionage in America in wartime ever faced a more hostile public or a more bitter prosecution.

**T**HE FACTS OF THE CASE were recited adequately in dispatches sent out of Russia by the press associations. But for a vivid narrative of the high points of the trial the interested reader should go to the stories cabled to the *New York Times* by Walter Duranty. Caught up by the human struggle involved, Mr. Duranty wrote a brilliant drama of moving eloquence. Reading his dispatches con-



secutively, one gets not only a sense of the emotional heat of the trial, but a sharply drawn picture of Soviet justice in action. Courtroom procedure, the conduct of the Russian press, the manners and temper of the crowd, the psychology of judge and prosecutor and defendant—all emerge from a tale which is told at such length that one shudders in contemplation of the cable tolls. The *Times* deserves to share credit with Mr. Duranty for an impressive journalistic achievement.

WHEN OPPONENTS OF IMPERIALISM attempted to denounce the war in Nicaragua before a jeering noon-time crowd in Wall Street, sixteen of them were roughly dragged down from their perch on a sedan-top and put under arrest. A few minutes later the old fundamentalist street preacher, H. J. D. Hall, mounted his soap-box on the same spot and held forth unmolested. It may be that the Reverend Mr. Hall has a permit to thunder against evolution and other iniquities of the present day, while the anti-imperialists staged their raid on Wall Street without sanction of the police. But their arrest for "disorderly conduct" was a sham none the less. The speakers were arrested because they were "red," because they denounced American policies, because they took the name of Wall Street in vain. The three principal speakers were sentenced to an alternative of five days in jail or a \$25 fine; several lesser participants received lighter sentences. Whatever may be the technicalities in the case, this is clear: free speech will be a joke in America until it is extended to take in those who oppose the policies of the government as well as those who denounce modern science.

TO THE STRAINS OF "ALL MY TROUBLES ARE OVER" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" eight hundred Negro convicts marched out of the Aldrich and Flat Top coal mines in Alabama—marking the end of the convict-lease system under which Alabama had leased the services of prisoners to the private owners of the mines. It is to the great credit of Southern public opinion and of Governor Bibb Graves that Alabama has ended this survival of barbarism. The twenty years of its use have been marked by cases of horrible cruelty; one prisoner was beaten and then boiled alive, allegedly by the warden. When this was revealed in 1926—after it had been hidden two years by a false death certificate of suicide—it stirred the Alabamans to action, and the system has now been completely abolished. Along with the campaign against floggings in Alabama and the reduced number of lynchings this strikes the new note of progress in the South.

WHEN JAMES M. COX bought the Springfield (Ohio) *Press-Republican* in 1905 there were four daily newspapers in that city. Last month Mr. Cox bought the Springfield *Sun* which had, meanwhile, gobbled up the other two dailies, the *Gazette* and the *Democrat*. Thus are four independent dailies reduced to two papers under the control of one man in one city—in accordance with the steady march of journalism from a profession for the expression of opinion to the level of the chain-store business. Further interesting figures about the vanishing Ohio dailies are revealed in Ayer's Newspaper Annual, which shows that there were 175 daily newspapers in the State in 1905; since then thirty-two have disappeared, leaving 143 in the field today to serve a larger population. Oh—if the name of Mr.

Cox has a slightly familiar ring it may be because he was a Presidential candidate not so many years ago.

BIGGER AND BIGGER grow the transatlantic liners. When, twenty years ago, the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania* were built, their 30,000 tons gross seemed prodigious and their speed a marvel. The fact that the *Mauretania* is still the fastest ship afloat is due less to the difficulty of surpassing her speed than to the apparent lack of a demand sufficiently large to pay the higher fares necessary for faster ocean traveling. For steamships are not built to make records unless thereby they can also make money. On the other hand, steamships of increased size seem to mean increased earnings, for in the last twenty years new vessels have been getting larger and larger, until in the *Leviathan* and the *Majestic* the tonnage of the *Mauretania* was almost doubled. Just as large units are the most profitable for houses and offices ashore, so big vessels offer the most profitable means for supplying the public with the luxurious and complicated appointments at sea for which there seems to be an ever-increasing demand. The *Leviathan* was completed in 1914 and the *Majestic* went into service seven years later, so that it is not strange that a larger vessel than either has now been begun.

CONSIDERABLE MYSTERY surrounds the building of this vessel, the White Star Line's new *Oceanic*. Dispatches from the other side say that the ship, the keel of which has just been laid in the yards of Harland and Wolff at Belfast, will be 1,000 feet in length and about 60,000 tons gross. Thus the *Oceanic* will be nearly 100 feet longer than the *Majestic* (915 feet) or the *Leviathan* (907 feet). The two new liners of the North German Lloyd, which are expected to go into service next year, are said to be about 1,000 feet long also, but they will not exceed 46,000 tons gross. It is said that the type of engines for the *Oceanic* has not yet been decided upon, but it seems more probable that the information is withheld temporarily so that it may not be known by competitors. For the public at large, one of the chief advantages of the new *Oceanic* will be that it will put a quietus on the quarrel as to which is the larger the *Leviathan* or the *Majestic*. The former was originally about 54,000 tons gross while the *Majestic* is some 2,500 tons in excess of that. But under American ownership the deck houses of the *Leviathan* were enlarged so as to give it a tonnage of over 59,000 gross. To many, especially in England, this seemed too tricky to be worthy of acceptance though "Lloyd's Register of Shipping" has recognized the *Leviathan's* new rating.

TENNIS MUST BE THE INTERNATIONAL SPORT par excellence. Baseball is our own, and cricket is England's; football takes on local color wherever it is played. Golf is at least Anglo-American, but it is not yet a citizen of the world; Briand's fall as Prime Minister in 1922 was laid to the fact that he had so far departed from the Gallie tradition as to play golf with Lloyd George. But tennis. In the men's quarter-finals at Wimbledon five Frenchmen fought each other, two Americans, and one Italian. In the same round two American girls fought against two English women, an Australian, a German, a Spaniard, and a French girl with the Greek name of Nicolopoulo. Argentines and Dutch also played well into the match. And the American Davis Cup team which will soon take up the almost hopeless



struggle against the brilliant young Frenchmen met Mexican, Chinese, and Japanese teams in the earlier rounds. Even the Olympic track meets, where the dogged Finns always surprise a world that has forgotten Finland, can hardly match that for cosmopolitanism.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., has added to his previous notable benefactions a gift of \$5,000,000, for the restoration to its pristine Revolutionary glory of the town of Williamsburg, Virginia. This is an altogether admirable undertaking. The town is a most charming historic relic, now marred in spots by cheap garages and candy shops, but with many beautiful specimens of eighteenth-century architecture, including the Bruton Parish Church—the oldest church in America. No fewer than forty buildings still standing were there when the Declaration of Independence was signed. To them are now to be added reproductions of the old governor's palace, the first American theater, and the House of Burgesses in which Patrick Henry in 1765 made his great speech demanding liberty or death. All of the reconstruction is to be under the direction of the Rev. W. A. R. Goodwin, whose organization, Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., thanks to Mr. Rockefeller, now holds legal title to every public building, every public square, and practically every business building and private home on the three chief streets of the town. Dr. Goodwin has been fortunate enough to find a map drawn by a French officer on General Lafayette's staff, showing the location of every house and street at the time that he was quartered there. At the head of the wide Duke of Gloucester Street, which is Williamsburg, stands William and Mary College, whose first building, designed by Christopher Wren himself, is being restored. It, together with other old buildings now lost, was occupied by British, American, and French troops during the Revolution and by Confederates and Federals during the Civil War. The old town itself, established in 1632, was the capital of Virginia until 1779. When Dr. Goodwin and Mr. Rockefeller have completed their work, we shall have a town to which Americans by the hundred thousand will go as on a holy pilgrimage. It will be an historical and architectural treat without parallel in America.

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON, who is writing the official history of Harvard for the approaching three hundredth anniversary of its founding, has unearthed a memorandum by the late President Eliot, notes for a lecture on what equipment a student should acquire in college for success in after-life. We reprint it from the *Harvard Crimson*:

1. An available body. Not necessarily the muscles of an athlete. Good circulation, digestion, power to sleep, and alert, steady nerves.

2. Power of sustained mental labor.

3. The habit of independent thinking on books, prevailing customs, current events. University training the opposite of military or industrial.

4. The habit of quiet, unobtrusive, self-regulated conduct, not accepted from others or influenced by the vulgar breath.

5. Reticent, reserved, not many acquaintances, but a few intimate friends. Belonging to no societies perhaps. Carrying in his face the character so plainly to be seen there by the most casual observer, that nobody ever makes to him a dishonorable proposal.

What more could be said? And in how few words is put

this guide to what Mr. Eliot himself called the "durable satisfactions" of life! We invite especial attention in this day of herd psychology to his demand for independent thinking and independent living. To those misguided college presidents and professors who believe in military training in colleges and universities we commend this opinion of one of the greatest American educators that university training is the exact opposite of military education. One teaches men to think for themselves; the other to subordinate their religion, morals, conscience, and will to the blind obedience they owe to whoever happens to be their commanding officer.

## Middle-Class Women

THE clubwomen of Pennsylvania have subjected themselves to a sort of polite psychoanalysis in the form of a questionnaire devised and distributed at the last State convention by Fannie Sax Long, Chairman of Education, in order to "gauge roughly the background, interests, and desires" of the members. One hundred and ninety-nine filled out the blanks, which were not signed. Of these, 186 have been married; 13 are widows, but there is no blank for recording divorces—an unfortunate omission. Among the 186 there are 374 children. Only 163 women described their own education: 61 attended college, 51 went to normal school, 25 to a business college, and 26 to a finishing school. The impressive fact in this record is that only 38 graduated from anything!

In spite of this rather alarming lack of education, 97 women have taught school and 71 done other salaried work; 27 have continued some "regular" work since their marriage, although only 14 of these have received a salary. One hundred and ninety-five women keep house and 152 own their homes. Although 160 own cars (60 drive them) only 90 have a servant and just one has as many as three. One hundred and seven belong to "study groups" of almost as many varieties; 105 follow hobbies, while 133 have gardens—the greatest single interest recorded. Seventy-eight women belong to political organizations and 60 to bridge clubs. Only 13 smoke; 129 describe themselves as teetotalers. Of the 158 women who play cards, only 6 play for stakes other than prizes. Although 112 women go to the movies, 146 approve of the Pennsylvania censorship of films. Twenty-seven women hold public office, of whom 13 were elected and the rest appointed; there is no record of the positions which they hold. Fifty-nine believe they could "explain communism clearly."

As to books, in answer to specific questions, 34 say they have read "Leaves of Grass"; 57, "Sorrell and Son"; 30, "Revelry"; and 19, "Oil." Regarding the latter several women express complete distaste. One hundred and sixty-nine women "enjoy new ideas," and 175 "enjoy new methods." Alas, in spite of this, 97 subscribe to the *Saturday Evening Post*, 114 to *Good Housekeeping*, while 6 subscribe to *The Nation*. (Four of the 6 *Nation* readers are numbered among the 40 women under 40 years of age.) Such are the figures. Let those who will, analyze them. We refuse to; yet, as we glance through them, a recognizable picture seems to emerge from this questionnaire. Whether we approve of her or not, we see before us the Typical Middle-Class American Woman.



# Fanny Garrison Villard

BORN into the inspired and happy household of the Liberator, Fanny Garrison had her being in reforms from the beginning to the end of her long and rarely beautiful life. Often enough devotion to a cause creates only dour, intolerant personalities, bent on imposing their will, their mode of living, upon all with whom they come into contact. The home of William Lloyd Garrison was blessed with the saving grace of humor. Within its walls laughter ruled. Therein was unselfish devotion to one another as well as to the cause to which the father gave his life—gave also that astounding Biblical vocabulary of denunciation which his latest biographer declares to have been excelled by no one in history. Therein ruled serenity and unbounded faith, a never-shaken belief in the possibility of erecting standards of personal conduct to make over the world. There fear never entered, though at any hour the mob might have its way. When complete and surpassing triumph came, it turned no head. It was merely the fruition that all knew and felt must arrive; the only blot was that it came in part by means of the accursed sword.

So Fanny Garrison went out from that home imbued with the spirit of happiness, fortified by absolute confidence in the triumph of every principle to which she gave her devotion, and steeped in the belief that it is the duty of all who have time or means or power to give of themselves for the betterment of mankind. She never thought of compromise; to consider shifting her ground or moderating her language for expediency's sake was as impossible for her as for her father, the strongest lines of whose countenance reappeared, with the years, in hers. This was surely moral and mental equipment enough to enable any man or woman to lead a useful and highly beneficent life. But the fairies which stood about Fanny Garrison's cradle touched her with far more generous wands. They gave her rare personal beauty, grace, and charm, overflowing kindness and sympathy. They ordained that her life should be endowed and perpetually enriched by romance. They made the desire to help radiate from her soul. Were one to set down all the natural talents bestowed upon her, her moving voice, her musical gift, and the rest, those who never knew her would consider the catalogue impossible. A host of friends can prove it true.

Fate was not content to have bestowed upon her the boon of being as a child a part of the great struggle for emancipation and to witness the drama and tragedy of the Civil War. That would have been color and action enough for any one person's years. But to it came for Fanny Garrison the incredible romance that linked her life with that of an impecunious and daring war correspondent. A revolutionist in Germany at fourteen, an adventurer across the seas into the political Utopia of his youthful dreams, Henry Villard found himself nowhere as much at home spiritually as under the roof of Garrison. Together Mr. and Mrs. Villard wandered for years according to the erratic course of the journalist. This was the beginning for Mrs. Villard of that acquaintance with Europe which perfected her knowledge that all men are kin; that the aspirations of all peoples are the same; that the rivalries that lead to the abomination of war are those of statesmen, not of the

masses. Seventeen years after their marriage it was given to Mr. Villard to complete a great transcontinental railroad amid a popular acclaim rarely awarded to a hero of peace—only to be cast down from the pinnacle of his fame literally overnight. Tragedy nearly struck hands with drama and romance; but here Fanny Garrison Villard proved that no vicissitudes of fortune could make the slightest change in her or in her point of view. Poor or rich, her nobility met the test.

Always the fact remains that hers was a lovely and inspiring presence. The cause of woman's suffrage gained when, after the death of her husband, she began a new epoch of her life, throwing herself into various reforms. Men who had come to scoff at suffragettes went dumb when this advocate arose who combined in herself every one of the lovely womanly qualities. It is related of her that one rowdy legislative hearing became quiet, respectful, and attentive the moment she began to speak. Here was a great woman, and a great lady; even the coarsest Tammany legislator could see that and sense that hers was a testimony on behalf of her sex not to be denied. Those white hairs above the still youthful face, those flaming eyes, those earnest tones, that noble presence which was the same and at ease in a sweltering children's clinic, or among the most powerful of the earth, commanded immediate respect. And so did her unfailing courage. A turbulent street procession moved her not at all; she was of the few who dared to parade up Fifth Avenue at the outbreak of the war in protest against its folly and its crimes. Throughout American participation in it she bore her testimony against war undaunted, to build up later the only kind of peace society she cared for—one based on the inviolability of human life. It never occurred to her as it did to some of her friends that she might be jeopardizing her social position.

That *The Nation* exists today is due entirely to Mrs. Villard and her husband, to their generosity, their vision, and their public spirit. It was they who purchased this journal in 1881, when it was about to suspend, and then turned it back to its editors and, jointly and singly, for thirty-seven years thereafter, met its deficits and gave to its successive editors absolute freedom of expression and conscience. Whatever the value of *The Nation's* contribution to American life and letters during this period, a large share of the credit is hers. Yet one might have lived with her for years and never have heard from her lips one word to show that she had participated in this experiment in free and independent and honest journalism. Even more remarkable is that fact that when the new editor took hold in 1918 with, in some respects, a new program, he found no more ardent or sympathetic supporter than his mother. To few is it given in great age to have an open mind, much less the readiness to accept modern ideas and novel policies. Yet with her it is perhaps not to be wondered at, for her measuring sticks were those of principle; with them she knew how to meet new situations, the latest problems of an ever more complex civilization. Greatest of all is the fact that her faith and ideals never faltered; not even the greatest of human catastrophes could cast down her spirit, or dim the luster of its radiant light.



## Behind the Power Lobby

THE public-utilities investigation is adjourning until autumn, when the American people will be so excited about their quadrennial circus that the utilities are certain to slip on to the inside pages. The revelations already made are appalling. High-pressure publicity men have been at work systematically bamboozling the public through schools and newspapers all over the country. They have revised the textbooks, taken over control of school and university instruction, and performed miracles in converting recalcitrant newspaper editors. And although at first the metropolitan newspapers gave it scant space, the news at the last reached the front pages.

But what of it? Has the public waked up and demanded that these professional poisoners be kicked out? Not a bit of it. The very same gentlemen who had been caught spending their million dollars annually to pervert American opinion picked up their bags while the investigation was still on and attended the Republican and Democratic national conventions. What is more, they got what they wanted. By the same methods which worked so well in Congress they induced the platform-makers at Kansas City and at Houston to omit all mention of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam.

Obviously, we have a long way to go. No university has, to our knowledge, invited any of the cheap little professors who sold their souls to the power trust to depart; no press association has announced the discharge of the men who permitted power propaganda to be put on the wires; and while the National Education Association has been discussing the question of propaganda in the schools there seems to be no concerted movement to throw the textbooks edited by the utilities men out of the schools and to purify the educational system. We have not heard that Ginn and Co., the great textbook publishing house, has canceled its agreement to let the lobbyists see, before publication, any textbooks touching their field of activity.

One reason, of course, is that the revelations have not had the vigorous publicity which would have been accorded them had Senator Walsh conducted the investigation. The lobbyists were canny when they forced the hearings upon the Federal Trade Commission, well knowing that it would provide no such national sounding-board as a Senate committee. Furthermore, Congress is out of session, and the public is absorbed in the Presidential campaign. There are other ugly rumors. The hard-boiled, old-fashioned leaders in the utilities business are said to be rejoicing at the turn the investigation has taken. They never believed in publicity; they do not care about "educating" the public; they want to do their business quietly and mysteriously. They would gladly drop all the expensive publicity men. And the investigation, turning upon these propaganda methods, has not reached the core of the utilities evil: the pyramiding of utilities stocks. William Z. Ripley touched upon some of this frenzied finance in his "Main Street and Wall Street"; but the full story of the manipulation for the benefit of the insiders has never been dug out. That is the real task before the Federal Trade Commission. Decent men in the industry will welcome such exposure. The antics of the professional publicity men are a mere surface scab covering the disorders within the wound.

## Robert Mantell

HAD Robert Mantell fulfilled the promise of his early prime, he might have been entitled to a leading place among the greatest Shakespearean actors of this and the preceding generation. But, like so many other brilliant beginners in stage history, he failed to justify the expectations of his most sanguine admirers, bringing them in later years little more than a keen sense of disappointment over glorious abilities misapplied and frustrated hopes. When he made his first professional appearances in this country—especially after his startling display of tragic scorn and passion, as Loris Ipanoff in "Fédora," with which he electrified his audience and temporarily extinguished the rising star of Fanny Davenport, many experienced judges thought that a worthy successor of Edwin Booth, E. L. Davenport, Lawrence Barrett, and John McCullough had been found. At that time he seemed to possess the almost perfect equipment of a great tragic actor. His striking figure and carriage, his rich voice and admirable diction—he had profited by excellent training in English stock companies—his artistic repose and stirring emotional eloquence gave assurance of extraordinary gifts and power. And some of these rare qualities he continued to display, almost to the last, in various plays of high romantic coloring.

Unfortunately his fate decreed that the most important formative years of his career should be passed in Far Western theaters where public taste was more easily gratified by sound and fury than by any artistic cunning or subtleties of interpretation. There he learned to act largely to the gallery, and, in winning easy applause by tearing passion into tatters, contracted disastrous habits, which grew stronger with each passing season, and proved fatal obstacles to his artistic development. This was all the more deplorable because his adoption of violent methods, so apt to win the plaudits of the impressionable crowd, and his neglect of the more delicate, truthful, and convincing expedients that charm the intelligent barred him from the histrionic heights once within his reach. When, in his fuller maturity, he returned to New York with his fine repertory of Shakespearean and other standard dramas he still exhibited occasional flashes of former power and an assured grasp of theatrical situation. But the old magic had gone. His acting, still finished in mechanism and vigorous in execution, was often hard and wooden, lacking alike in insight and inspiration.

In a lean and decadent period of the American theater he kept Shakespeare steadily in the foreground, and the lovers of the noble poetic drama stood by him, although in his representations, often sadly inadequate, the essence of it was too often lost. In characters like Othello, Macbeth, Richard III, or Lear, in scenes of tempestuous passion, he was often exceedingly effective, but in such passages as called for deep pathos, fanciful imagery, or the nicer subtleties of intellectual apprehension he rarely rose above the level of respectable mediocrity. In all that he did he showed himself the well-trained actor of the old traditional school. Of originality, deep thought, or comprehensive imagination he revealed few traces. But he knew his craft, which is more than can be truthfully said of most of his junior contemporaries. He owed his success to the genius of Shakespeare rather than his own.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE courage of Al Smith of which we have heard so much might turn out to be, upon close analysis, nothing more than effrontery. But even that is a quality for which voters should be thankful. In the matter of choosing, voters rank just a little below beggars. When the Governor of New York first loomed up as the likely nominee of the Democratic Party three facts stood in his way. He was Wet, Catholic, and a member of Tammany Hall.

The precise gravity of these political disabilities is not known to me. Smith chose to tackle first the charge of Catholicism. In his answer to the Marshall letter he said in effect that he was a member of the church under attack, and instead of maintaining that it might be possible for a communicant under certain conditions to separate his political and his spiritual duties he argued that there was no possible antagonism whatsoever. It has been said by some of the Governor's friends that he is not in reality a particularly ardent son of the church. Walsh, so I have been told, is a far more devout Catholic. Indeed in one popular cabaret song along Broadway the suggestion was made that Al could easily get the Georgia vote if "he'd eat some meat on Friday." Al never touched so much as a lamb chop. Whether he happens to be a good Catholic or an indifferent one he has never dodged this issue in any way. It may be observed, for instance, that all the younger members of his family have gone through Catholic schools. In this respect he might have done himself some political good and violated no canon of his faith by sending a son or a daughter to some non-sectarian school. But in no way whatsoever has he soft-pedaled his Catholicism.

In the matter of prohibition Smith has been less forthright but bold enough as American political standards go. The charge that he deceived the convention at Houston is certainly unfair. Before the straddle plank was adopted the Governor publicly declared in a newspaper conference that he had not changed his opinion that enforcement legislation should be modified. His letter of acceptance came promptly enough to let Dry rebels bolt if they so desired. On the whole Smith's letter was favorably received by press and public. Naturally he could not please the stouter Drys no matter what he said, or failed to say, but many people who did not agree with his attitude toward Volsteadism still had a good word to say for his courage.

It is upon his Tammany affiliations that he will receive the severest censure. Many have said, and more will, that it was an insolent thing for Smith to make his first public utterance after the convention in Tammany Hall. More than that, he took occasion to announce that Tammany was all right. Or to be more exact, he asked how any organization could endure for one hundred and thirty-nine years if it was not all right. In this utterance Smith, by inference, assumed responsibility for every Tiger baron from the beginning. At any rate he went into none of the more recent quibbles about old Tammany and new Tammany and the superior virtue of the present set of sachems. George Olvany has been roundly scored for attempting to present the Society of Tammany as an historical association rather than a political machine. If Mr. Olvany sinned he sinned with Woodrow Wilson. The great Democratic liberal upon

being criticized for sending felicitations to Tammany explained that he was communicating with the society and not the machine. Smith was better than that. He swallowed the entire Tiger. In effect Al Smith has taken occasion to say to the electorate: "Yes, I am Tammany, Wet, and Catholic. Why shouldn't I be?"

These are admirable tactics. It makes little difference as to whether Smith is personally courageous or not. Circumstances have forced him into the position of being candid. He might readily have drawn himself a little aloof from the Hall. There is no truth in the theory that Al is the darling of Tammany. He could have said with all sincerity that a gulf stands between him and the organization. In the eyes of the average district leader Al has turned "high-hat." He has made a number of appointments distressing to the organization. Tammany does not like his kitchen cabinet of highbrows. And yet any such explanations upon the part of Smith would have been hair-splitting. He came up with Tammany, and if defeat lies ahead of him he must go down with it. There is no point in swapping parachutes in mid air.

But after all this has been said there is no reason on earth why Al Smith's candor should disarm criticism. Up till now he has managed to capture the offensive. Some of the Southern Drys explain almost apologetically that they will not support Smith because he has repudiated the platform of his party. They need no such excuse. No alliance could be more ludicrous than one which included sincere and earnest prohibitionists and Alfred E. Smith. For all the talk below the Mason and Dixon line there is still small likelihood of the breaking of the Solid South. Such a contingency seems to fill even the most ardent Drys with fright. They can screw their courage up to the point of staying away from the polls, but voting for a Republican is still an adventure too monstrous to be considered by any great number of Southerners.

And yet the most cleansing thing which could happen in our national politics would be the fracturing of the too, too solid South. This existence of a bloc has rendered convention corruption inevitable. Since the Republican Party is but a shell in the old Confederacy its delegates may be had for the buying, and many a dirty deal of the Republican bosses has been largely bolstered up by the weight of these rotten boroughs. On the other hand the development of Southern statesmen of the first rank has been impaired by the fact that the South is too sure. Even a political genius could hardly capture a nomination from the Democratic Party if he happened to live in Alabama. Even though there has been a Heflin it is only fair to say that the South has sent excellent men to the Senate in spite of the fact that they might as well have been born in Bulgaria so far as the Presidency is concerned.

Naturally Al Smith is not consciously trying to alienate the Solid South, but he must look to the East for victory. Whatever his motives the Governor may well deserve to be canonized in November as a leader who has forced a new line-up. If that happens even the severest critics of the Tiger will be forced to admit that something good has come out of Tammany.

HEYWOOD BROUN



# Arctic Tragedies

By JOHN McCLUSKY

WHILE the papers last week were filled with stirring Arctic news of discovery and of tragedy, there was dedicated in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York, a monument to George Washington De Long, Lieutenant in the United States Navy, who, with two-thirds of the crew of the steamer *Jeannette*, perished tragically on the north coast of Siberia in 1881. Three commanders of Arctic expeditions, Anthony Fiala, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, and Hubert Wilkins, the last fresh from the triumphant first airplane flight across the Arctic, joined in pointing out how the work of De Long is growing in importance as we study the history of exploration more discriminatingly.

The voyages of Columbus were looked upon as failures for a while, because he had not discovered a short route to Asia. De Long was in the same case. In his day there was supposed to be a great Arctic continent stretching from the Atlantic, where Greenland was one corner of it, to Bering Straits, where another supposed corner had been seen and named Kellett Land. De Long's ship was caught in the moving ice north of Bering Straits in September, 1879, and drifted north-westward right across the location of the supposed mainland. De Long himself, as his narrative shows, felt mainly disappointment. In his own eyes, he was failing to discover a continent, and that was the point of view which the world took also. The alternative theory of the time was that of an open Polar Sea, which those believed in who did not believe in the continent. This De Long failed to find also, which was a second disappointment to him and to the learned world.

We understand now that the reality which Columbus discovered was much more important than the theory which he failed to confirm. The scientific world is beginning to take that view of De Long's achievements, too. He was a pioneer in destroying the chief geographical misconceptions of his time. Moreover, by putting his ship into the ice and drifting with it for two years, he opened the road for Nansen to triumph by the same method fifteen years later. For these and other reasons, it happens that the fame of De Long is gradually coming out from eclipse. It seems probable that when a critical history of polar exploration shall eventually be written, the De Long expedition will come to stand second or third among all expeditions commanded by Americans, and among the first ten in the whole field of Arctic discovery.

The monument and the dedication services to De Long were given added significance by the news, appearing day by day, of the difficult plight of the aviators stranded by the wreck of Nobile's dirigible, *Italia*. On previous tragic occasions it has been a rule without exception in polar exploration that criticism has been suspended until long after the event. In the ghastliest of all Northern tragedies, when Sir John Franklin died with every one of his 128 companions, the critical judgment of mankind was so paralyzed by the shock that only now, after more than three-quarters of a century, are scholars beginning to point out the incredible incompetence of Franklin. Without a word of criti-

cism at the time, he was permitted to take a foremost place in the pantheon of British heroism although his past record, as well as the tragedy itself, was enough to discredit him.

Unjustly, with perverse human logic, the situation is being reversed in the present situation. That is because Franklin was among the first of his men to die, while Nobile was the first of all his men to be saved. This circumstance has loosed upon Nobile and his expedition floods of criticism that would have been dammed back had he remained on the ice with his men, and withheld for years had he died with them.

Nobile is blamed for the lost lives of his would-be rescuers. Amundsen and five companions in a French airplane have been given up; it seems certain that they must have come down in the North Atlantic before they reached the comparative safety of the Arctic floes and, therefore, must have died from exposure or drowning within a few hours. Nobile is blamed, too, for the lost lives of his comrades. The Swedish scientist Malmgren and his two Italian companions, who left the party to walk ashore, are supposed to be dead because they are known to have been without firearms or other means of securing food. The six of the *Italia's* crew who drifted off with the crippled dirigible are presumed to be dead or dying. Even if they landed on ice they were inexperienced men unprovided with the gear needed for a reasonably safe walk ashore. It may be long before we know certainly how great a tragedy must be charged against the Nobile expedition.

You need both equipment and skill to walk safely over floes like those north of Spitzbergen, but you need more of the second. De Long, with half a dozen invalids in his party and one man blind, reached land over several hundred miles of that kind of ice in 1881. Nansen in 1896, northeast of the Nobile location, made shore with his one companion, though it was more than 100 miles. Stefansson, in 1914, far from Spitzbergen, but under similar conditions, reached land from a floe also more than 100 miles at sea. Wilkins and Eielson, when their airplane fuel gave out north of Alaska in April, 1927, walked 100 miles to shore. All these trips were made at the same time of year as Nobile's ill-fated expedition.

These were experienced men. Their uniform safety and success on the kind of ice on which Nobile fell raises pertinently the question whether the radio is an unmixed blessing. They had no radio. Accordingly they trained themselves, equipped themselves for emergencies, and saved themselves. The Nobile party had a radio and apparently considered nothing except sitting tight and pounding out S O S calls. Probably they had no other choice; the consensus of opinion among Arctic students seems to be that Nobile was right in thus depending on the radio. Nansen, Stefansson, and Wilkins, all of them still living, probably agree with that. At least they have published no criticism. But like many blessings, the radio has its drawbacks. In the case of the Nobile expedition it may yet sacrifice more lives than it saves.

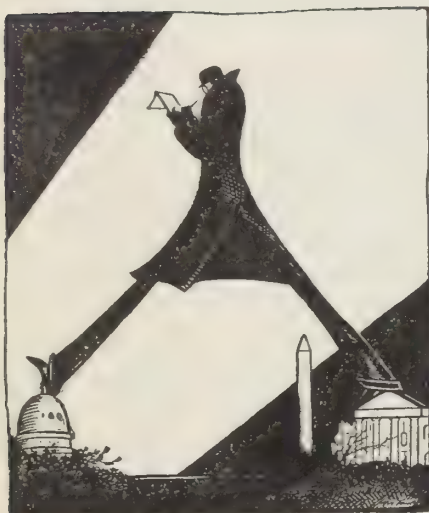


# Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,  
July 7



**I**MAGINE the consternation among the junkers who helped nominate Herbert Hoover when it dawned on them that their candidate was a Quaker. They had given little, if any, thought to his religion prior to his nomination. They simply accepted him as a man of action not much given to churchgoing. Then to their amazement, the

spirit suddenly moved him on the very first Sunday following the convention and he attended services in the modest little Friends meeting-house in I Street, not far from the White House.

Quakers, they recalled with misgivings, are supposed to be against war. During the late war to end all war Quakers were accepted as conscientious objectors and exempted from combatant service. The I Street meeting-house includes in its congregation some of the most dangerous pacifists to be found anywhere in the United States, including Frederick J. Libby, president of the National Council for the Prevention of War. Occasionally, these pacifists gather there and the things they say in opposition to war cause Mrs. Brosseau to tremble violently for the future of the republic. What a place for a man aspiring to the Presidency of a government with the greatest war budget ever enacted by any nation in normal peace times!

Had something been put over on the patrioteers? How could Hoover, a Quaker, ever take the oath as commander-in-chief of the army and navy in case of war during his Administration? With his Quaker principles, how would he regard the gigantic war preparations of the Coolidge Administration for which \$760,000,000 was voted at the last session of Congress? A pretty state of affairs, indeed, just as the boys who fatten on war contracts were smacking their lips in anticipation of the new \$4,000,000,000 naval-building program and \$500,000,000 for the replacement of ammunition in the army!

Their apprehensions, however, were wholly groundless and soon happily allayed. Discreet feelers promptly drew from Mr. Hoover's official spokesman the assurance that the Republican Presidential nominee wasn't that kind of a Quaker. He belongs to the fighting kind, and there is nothing in his religious beliefs to prevent his becoming the commander-in-chief or signing a declaration of war if such an emergency arises. After two Sundays' attendance at the I Street meeting-house, Mr. Hoover changed his place of worship to another Quaker church of a slightly different

sect on Irving Street. Mr. Hoover wanted to avoid the curious crowds which gathered to see him, his spokesman explained. In the Irving Street congregation, we are told, the pacifists are not so numerous and virulent.

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**I**T'S queer how candidates for high office "get religion" and hit the sawdust trail as soon as they are nominated. Calvin Coolidge thought it necessary to join a church soon after he entered the White House. Not to be outdone by Mr. Hoover's example in churchgoing, Charley Curtis, the Vice-Presidential nominee, stepped forward in the somewhat unexpected role of champion of the Puritan Sabbath. To cameramen who sought to photograph him in the Topeka streets on the Sunday following the convention, he held up a protesting hand and exclaimed solemnly: "No! No! boys, remember this is Sunday." Irreverent Washington, remembering Warren Harding's praise of Charley as "the best poker player in the Senate" and Charley's own devotion to the Maryland race-tracks, could not restrain its mirth.

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**F**OR the enlightenment of readers of *The Nation* who fear that Mr. Kellogg's outlawry of war may interfere with Mr. Coolidge's own friendly little war with Sandino in Nicaragua, we hasten to extend the assurance on no less authority than Mr. Kellogg himself that there is no cause for worry. The proposed new multilateral treaty, the State Department assures us, has nothing to do with real war; it applies only to theoretical war, and then not too seriously. The Nicaraguan war, being a real one, naturally is not affected. To the Washington Bureau of the *Baltimore Sun* we are indebted for this light upon the correct meaning of the treaty:

The military operations of the United States in Nicaragua would in no way be affected should the United States become a party to the multilateral treaty for the abolition of war, it was said at the State Department today. The United States is operating in Nicaragua under provisions of the Monroe Doctrine, it is contended, and that doctrine would not be set aside by the proposed treaty. The State Department contends that the military forces chasing Sandino, the Nicaraguan rebel leader, are engaged in the protection of American lives and property, which, it asserts, is a legitimate undertaking.

So, you see, the outlawry of war is meant only in a Pickwickian sense.

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**T**O those who wondered why the power trust was so frantically anxious to escape a Senatorial inquiry last winter the answer ought now to be entirely plain. If the Federal Trade Commission can cause such an astounding outpouring of disclosures what would a Senate committee led by Senator Tom Walsh have done? Already the stench from the Federal Trade Commission's inquiry rises to high heaven, and the end is not in sight. No such impudent and far-flung attempt to debauch the mind of the nation has



ever before been uncovered in the history of America. Each day's grist from the inquiry furnishes a new list of schools propagandized, textbooks doctored, teachers bought.

Perhaps nothing in the whole avalanche of disclosures has so completely let the cat out of the bag for the utilities interests as the correspondence of John B. Sheridan, publicity director of the power trust in Missouri. Mr. Sheridan's conscience frequently bothered him, and in one of his letters to Thorne Brown, managing director of the National Electric Light Association's Middle West Division, he wrote impatiently:

What can we do when the financiers will inflate, over-capitalize, sell securities based on blue sky or hot air, and rates must be kept up to pay returns on said blue sky and hot air? Mr. Brown, the bankers in the electrical industry do not appreciate what a fat thing they have had in the last seven years. Huge profits for the bankers; increase in rates for the customers.

No, Mr. Sheridan hasn't been fired—not yet. We fear, however, that he has just about outlived his usefulness to the power trust and had better be looking about for a new job.

## Hay and Corn

By McALISTER COLEMAN

**B**EFORE ever the floods came down last year to break the levees of the Southland there was a man who had foreseen their coming, and had worked out, to his own satisfaction at any rate, a practical plan for preventing their tragic repetition. It was a flying divot on a little roll on a prairie golf course outside of Chicago that first set the active mind of Arthur J. Mason to work on the problem to which he has since devoted his life. This problem is none other than checking the falling away of America's Corn Belt into the Gulf of Mexico.

Mr. Mason had recently retired from a most lucrative business as contracting engineer on the day fifteen years ago when he chipped off with his golf club that bit of prairie dirt. Much of his work had been done in steel, and he felt that he had come to a time in the industry's development when there was a dearth of the pioneering spirit. Above all things this man is a pioneer with a constant vision before him of a new and orderly society, such as hovers in the rear of every engineer's mind. So when he picked up the prairie earth from the tiny mound and discovered that it was vastly inferior to the rich black soil of the lower lands on the course, he began to speculate. When he got back to his country house twenty-five miles out of Chicago, he took a shovel and went across the fields to the tracks of the Illinois Central railroad. There are some 200 feet of virgin soil on either side of these tracks forming the original grant of land made to the railroad by the State and never touched by plows. Here and there for a distance of thirty-five miles Mr. Mason dug up this black land and then crossed the fence along the right of way and dug in the neighboring fields. The soil from the plowed fields was plainly inferior to that in the right of way. To Mr. Mason this suggested at once that two things had been happening to the formerly rich lands of Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, which form the Corn Belt of the nation. Little by little the seven inches of vegetable mold upon which all our agriculture rests was being worn away by heavy rains that swooped down upon the high places of the prairie and sent the soil away to the South in tawny streams, and this war of attrition on the soil was being aided by mistaken agricultural processes.

He sat down to consider the general agricultural situation which confronts the country today. "In every one of us," he said, "there is a sneaking love for the soil. The pioneering spirit does not die easily, no matter what one's

profession. It was strong in me and I found that it gave me an outlet, a new way of spending such talents as I have."

He studied climate. He began to compare the climate of the Midwest States with European climate. Nowhere in Europe, he discovered, was there a parallel to the heavy rains and severity of weather that hung so continuously over the American Corn Belt. Mr. Mason was born in Australia and spent much time in England. He is a cousin of Robert Browning, the English poet, and a thorough cosmopolitan. He has lived under all sorts of climatic conditions and is convinced that nowhere outside of America, with the possible exception of Asiatic Russia, are there such extremes of heat and cold as we Americans go through every twelve months. As Mr. Mason says,

We think of London as a place of perpetual rain. But as a matter of fact there are twenty-six inches of rainfall in London to forty inches in New York. The point is that London rain is soft and mild. American rain is heroic, bold, and savage. It tears at the soil, sending it away in yellow floods. It swoops down at the most inopportune times for the farmer, often setting at naught an entire year's work. It is hard to make Americans realize the effects of such a severe climate upon agricultural life. While we brought over to this country all the traditions of European agriculture, to most of which we still cling, we have not been willing to modify our viewpoint to meet the altogether different climatic conditions on this side of the Atlantic.

He has sought for something that would give agriculture the continuity of factory production, that would get the greatest possible service out of costly agricultural machinery. He has found what he believes to be the ideal solution of the problems of both the conservation of the soil and the fuller use of agricultural energy in none other than the humble alfalfa. Now, after thirteen years of intensive experiment with alfalfa, he is going up and down the land urging the farmers to replace corn with hay. In the first place, he points out that corn is a soil waster. Corn growing in plowed land not only does not hold soil together but helps the process of erosion because there is no time after the last cultivation of corn for a protective crop of weeds to grow.

As for the plowed land, God help it! [says Mr. Mason]. You see it constantly slipping down hill. The beautiful, fine mold appears more a jelly than solid land. The richer it is, the deeper it is, the worse the sheet erosion in the



spring. One thing is fairly sure: we must abandon the cultivation of corn as it is now carried on. We must shift to a form of culture which keeps the soil bound together and protected by some form of sod. Of all such plants alfalfa stands head and shoulders above the rest. If our corn lands were converted into alfalfa fields, we could support twice the weight of domestic animals we now do; and this is the purpose the Corn Belt lands now serve, namely, the support of domestic animals.

Figures collected by Mr. Mason give a very different view of the function of agriculture from that held by the average man. The figures show that whereas the average wheat crop grown for eating by human beings weighs some 18,000,000 tons, crops grown for consumption by domestic animals, namely, oats, corn, hay, and pasturage, weigh 429,000,000 tons; so that as a matter of fact the chief purpose of agriculture is the feeding of animals and not primarily the feeding of humans.

But a new problem arose when he came to consider the profitable raising of alfalfa. The chief difficulty with the alfalfa crop has always been one of curing it. It is difficult to get rid of the water in the crop in order to save it in a wet climate. It occurred to Mr. Mason that a great number of things which are eaten are still appetizing when smoked. And he began to devise machines which would evaporate the water out of the hay and give a product that would be acceptable to domestic animals.

Today he can start one team cutting hay in the morning and in ten hours have twenty tons of dry hay in the barn. Furthermore, after it is cut, the hay never touches the ground. In fifty minutes it arrives in the barn dry and in fully ground form. Not only does this process yield a concentrate that is palatable to animals, but it opens the way to what is really a revolution in the farm life in this country. It provides that continuity of production for which he was looking. It gives the opportunity for profitable group efforts to the American farmer. Mr. Mason says:

No other process than farming still relies upon the sun for drying. In every other industry of any importance drying is an artificial process. In the steel industry, for example, profits depend upon the number of furnaces in blast. In the making of salt, it would be absurd to suggest that the sun should dry the product. Why cannot we take over into agriculture the new processes of drying that work so successfully in other industries?

On his Illinois farm, over several hundred acres of good soil, Mr. Mason sowed alfalfa. Then he set up a plant consisting of mowers and field wagons which hold 2,500 pounds of green crops and, traveling with the mower, receive their load while moving three miles an hour. Finally comes the drying machinery. The drier itself is 160 feet long. Into this the green crop is unloaded. A machine cards it, much as one cards wool, into a traveling mattress of alfalfa eight feet wide and ten inches thick. Hot gases from coal-burning furnaces are driven twice through this mattress as it moves at a rate of five feet per minute. Finally, the mattress is ground up and blown by hot air into the barn. The new agriculture calls for the work of a farmer and six assistants on units of 600 acres. Mr. Mason believes that it will lengthen the harvesting time of a farm to 210 days a year in place of the present sixty-five days a year. His operations show that seven men using these modern methods can produce a crop with a gross value of \$80,000 per year. Furthermore, he has found that the crop,

because it is possible to cut it much earlier, has a higher protein value and a higher percentage of digestibility.

Here is his working schedule for a modern farm. From April 15 to May 15 he would gather winter rye; from May 15 to October 15 he would work on his alfalfa; from October 15 to November 15 there would be cowpeas and soy beans to attend to. Quite a different schedule from that which is now undertaken by the farmer who depends upon corn alone. Mr. Mason has cut down the operation of harvesting hay from what sometimes takes three months to one hour. And at the same time he has shown a way to lengthen the farmer's productive days enormously. Normal high-grade haymaking involves eight operations: cutting, windrowing, cocking, loading and hauling, stacking, baling, and grinding. Whereas, by the use of Mr. Mason's machine, the operation is completed in one continuous process.

Here, then, is a man with an idea—an idea, incidentally, that has proved itself time and again—which may very well change the entire aspect of life in the great Corn Belt of the United States. Like all engineers, he is distrustful of any sort of farm relief that depends upon political measures. He does not think that the farmer can be saved by flats of any nature. He wants not only to get back to the soil but to keep what soil is left and use it for profits which seem almost incredible in the light of the present poor returns to the American farmer. The implications contained in Mr. Mason's work have a wide range. For one thing, they denote the passing of the individual farmer, the coming in of more and more machinery to agricultural life, the factory process, if you will, as applied to crop raising. But Mr. Mason is not so much interested in farm life generations hence as in the immediate problem, first, of conserving the soil of the Corn Belt, and second, of making farm life at once more interesting and more profitable to those who live it. When one begins to speak of Utopias, this engineer has a way of taking out his pencil and making charts for you full of figures taken from his actual experience. It is this "feet-on-the-ground" attitude that has kept him steadily on his self-appointed job since that distant day when he knocked the divot off the prairie roll.

## In Memory of Fanny Garrison Villard

By WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, Jr.

No conscious art released the mystic gates  
That opened wide to her triumphant way,  
Unless the art of living day by day  
In amity propitiates the Fates.  
Perhaps it was her gentleness and grace,  
Or her high radiance, by courage crowned,  
That made her words of pleading so resound  
When she stood champion of sex or race.  
The daughter of a war-torn, stormy age  
Of rapt reform and fratricidal feud,  
She strove with passionate solicitude  
To make world peace a human heritage.  
She sensed a point of light in dawn's dim skies;  
Her soul, prophetic, saw the high sun rise.



## In the Driftway

**W**HEN the Drifter wrote in the issue of June 27 that his readers had not been generous in offering advice to the man in San Antonio, Texas, in search of a hobby, the announcement was premature. As usual the Drifter failed to realize what a wide world this is and how irresistibly a great journal like *The Nation* penetrates to its every cross-road and gasoline filling-station, including the Scandinavian. The Drifter failed to consider, too, that readers of this magazine think twice, and then ruminate for quite a while, before they speak—a commendable habit. In the last week or so a sheaf of letters has accumulated, coming from as far west as Santa Monica, California, and as far east as Dublin, Ireland. From the latter city Lilian Duncan writes:

Since your correspondent in San Antonio, Texas, agrees with me about croquet and hiking, he must be a person of taste and discernment; and so my sympathy goes out to him in that he hasn't got the Dublin Mountains to hike in. Racking my memory for something else a person so gifted might like, I remember a happy time when I had a garden, and, taking it up at first boredly under stress of circumstances, found it of absorbing interest. Perhaps Texas is one of those places where everything just grows of itself and you lie under the tree and let the fruit drop into your mouth; but, if there is any kind of plant that can be cultivated there, your hobbyless waif should try growing it. Someone else can do the heavy digging, if any.

Failing gardening, what about carpentry? He could torment his wife (again, if any) by making her all sorts of fittings and gadgets she didn't want and wouldn't know where to put.

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**T**HE pleasures of bee-keeping, already urged in this column, are also stressed by Laura Way Mathiesen, who confesses that in addition she is an artist, has a few pedigreed dogs, and has just acquired a goat. Which sounds like quite a hobby. E. D. Abbott of Spokane, Washington, suggests "that fine, old, and fundamentally American pastime, archery." "Or how about whittling?" he adds. "Surely if Cal Coolidge would rather whittle than be President, one could choose no nobler example to emulate." Scientific investigation, already proposed by one correspondent, is advocated by another who suggests this specific problem:

Why does the hydrogen atom have a single proton in the center and a single electron revolving around it? Why does the helium atom, first discovered on the sun through the spectroscope, have four nuclei with two electrons revolving around them, and how does the formation of four grammes helium, from hydrogen, produce energy as great as though eighty tons of coal were burned?

The Drifter gives it up. He never was good at conundrums.

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**M**EANWHILE the editor of the Omaha *World-Herald*, in his pages, takes the Drifter to task for not recommending angling, while the man in San Antonio who started all the shooting writes in to complain of the Drifter's animadversions upon his town:

It is inevitable, following your remarks, that I rise to the defense of my home city. San Antonio, be it known,

and emphatically, is a place to drift to, and not from. Despite the influx of Eastern capital and Iowan farmers, there is still magic in the streets and atmosphere of this semi-Spanish city. A vociferous minority protests against its Americanization, and is holding its own against the Chamber of Commerce slogan "The biggest city in the biggest State" and its concurrent street-widening and skyline-building campaigns. The next ten years will tell the tale—San Antonio will still be among the individual cities of America, with a distinctive old-world milieu, or it will have joined the ranks of standardized cities. Until that time, I'll stick here, and invite you to visit us before progress removes our ancient landmarks, straightens and widens our streets, and changes our pronunciation.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Cooped

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sitting in the Democratic National Convention. Franklin Roosevelt is nominating Smith. Thousands upon thousands of people are listening to him. The vast hall is packed. The white faces of the crowd look like an infinite field of white squashes. In one corner—in the gallery—there is a section of specially reserved seats. These seats are approximately one hundred in number. The section is marked "For Colored People." And it is separated from the rest of the hall by chicken wire.

Houston, Texas, June 27

B. HARD

## Senator Norris on a Third Party

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Democratic Convention was controlled just as the Republican Convention was controlled. The same interests which controlled at Kansas City controlled at Houston. What are the people going to do about it? Are we not up against a stone wall? Have the people any avenue by which they can bring about the defeat of the great political machines that always control our national conventions? The ordinary suggestion is to organize a third party or run an independent candidate for President. This is a beautiful theory, but, for practical purposes, it is a will o' the wisp.

We are confronted with the antiquated and worse-than-useless electoral-college system of electing a President. The two old parties have complete organizations from the township to the White House. The great mass of people outside of these organizations have nothing to do but to choose between two evils.

In order to run an independent candidate for President or to organize a third party it would be necessary to form an organization in practically every congressional district in the United States and to select candidates for Presidential electors. We have neither the time nor the money to do this. It should be as easy to run an independent candidate for President as it is to run an independent candidate for Governor in any of our States.

I have tried several times to interest forward-thinking people in a campaign to abolish, by an amendment to the Constitution, this antiquated electoral-college system and to provide for a direct vote, but people do not seem to see the importance of it, and the machines of our great parties do all they can to conceal the true conditions. As it is, machines control both dominant parties, keep up a sham fight, arouse partisan feel-



ing, and make the people believe the country is being saved when they are only pulling monopoly chestnuts out of the fire. The campaign turns on false issues, and the people always lose.

The fundamental issue in this campaign is not farm relief, although that is very important. It is not the prohibition issue, although that is also important. The real question involved is, Shall the great trusts, particularly the water-power trust, control the destiny of our republic? When this trust is in control it will take care of all subsidiary questions, like prohibition and farm relief, and it will do it so effectively that none of these subsidiary questions will be solved for the benefit of the common folks.

The question comes up again, What are we going to do about it? It seems to me about the only thing we can do is to call the attention of the people to the fundamental difficulty—our electoral college. If this impediment were out of the way there would be no great difficulty in any Presidential campaign for the people to win control of their own government. Moreover, if this reform were brought about, the machines themselves would be more careful about foisting upon the people undesirable platforms and less desirable candidates.

Washington, D. C., July 2

G. W. NORRIS,

United States Senator from Nebraska

## Drunken Car Drivers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial, *The Price of Speed*, in your issue of May 30 states that "considerable progress has been made in reducing accidents by revoking licenses for drunkenness" and that this, together with the publication of these revocations, has subdued the recklessness of hotheads and users of intoxicants.

After considerable time spent in investigating the results of the Massachusetts law which requires the revocation of the license for one year after conviction for "driving under the influence of liquor," on the first offense, I have come to the conclusion that this law in most instances is ineffective in ridding the highways of drunken operators because most people of this type, and in this condition, will drive whether they possess a license or not; in fact, many of the most frightful accidents are caused by those who have never had a license. The evil result of this law, however, is that it is used by a certain number of the police as a means of blackmail, intimidation, and persecution, and has caused a large amount of suffering on the part of some of the most careful drivers.

Most judges here will convict unless it is positively proved that the defendant has partaken of no liquor within five hours previous to arrest, and then only one drink, contending that a person is under the influence of alcohol until it is completely eliminated from the system to the last vestige. The testimony of the arresting officer and his fellow-officers from the station is accepted as sufficient proof of guilt, and as the defendant is held five hours at the very least without being admitted to bail and without any communication with the outside world, it is impossible for him to refute their testimony.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, June 5 CALEB J. BUFFUM

## That D. A. R. Gas Bomb

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The latest D. A. R. gas-bomb has filled the air with smoke, and was indeed carefully calculated to bewilder the public.

Let me say at once that at no time did I make admissions relieving the officers of the onus of blacklisting. Their attempt to clear their honor is a *tour de force* of casuistry. I intro-

duced reliable evidence proving the existence of official D. A. R. blacklists in Kansas, Massachusetts, and Michigan. I also introduced evidence that an Honorary President General had explained to a member of the society that when the chapters were found fault with for inviting certain speakers and requested "advice," national officers promulgated lists for their information. In fact I submitted enough evidence to merit a week's careful consideration. My own testimony was, of course, confined to my personal knowledge of D. A. R. blacklists in Massachusetts (and it was conclusive), but because I had never seen such a list actually in the hands of any officer of the National Board—though I had talked with one who admitted them—Mrs. Brosseau publishes her unwarranted statement that my "admissions" cleared the society of blacklisting!

The verdict and this official statement were given to the press the day following my court martial with a nervous haste that speaks for itself. No amount of quibbling can suppress the truth. The D. A. R. and blacklisting are forever associated in the public mind. The society has been severely injured by the equivocations of its national officers, and will never be more than a laughing-stock while these women steer its course.

Cambridge, Mass., June 27

HELEN TUFTS BAILIE

## Mr. Marshall and Al Smith

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 20 you do me the injustice of referring to what you designate as my "attack upon Governor Smith in the *Atlantic Monthly*," and of implying that the "attack" is continued in the book, "*The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State*."

Neither the letter nor the book is an attack on Governor Smith or intended as such. On the contrary, the letter paid high tribute to his character and services, and the book expressly recognizes his convictions in respect to church and state as "lofty and characteristically generous." In demonstrating that these convictions are irreconcilable with the present *de fide* doctrine of the Roman Catholic church, and that the respective doctrines of that church and the modern state can be reconciled only by the church officially conforming its belief to Governor Smith's notable declaration, my book ought to be relieved of all suspicion of an attack on him.

New York, June 16

CHARLES C. MARSHALL

## Contributors to This Issue

JOHN MCCLUSKY is the pen-name of an authority on the Arctic.

MCALISTER COLEMAN, columnist and writer on labor conditions, is a contributing editor of the *New Leader*.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON is a grandson of the famous Abolitionist and a nephew of Fanny Garrison Villard.

MARY AUSTIN, poet, novelist, and critic, lives at Sante Fe, New Mexico.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS, a frequent contributor to *The Nation* and other periodicals, is the author of "*Woman's Dilemma*."

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY is a literary critic who contributes frequently to current magazines.

ELLEN LA MOTTE is the author of "*The Opium Monopoly*," "*The Ethics of Opium*," and other books.



# Books

## In Papagueria

By MARY AUSTIN

Very far there  
In Papagueria  
Stands ocotillo, the torch flower,  
It is swaying to the wind's song,  
On the tips of its tall stems  
Like a scarlet bird  
It dips and rises;  
Like the bird's mate, dim breasted,  
Its shadow follows  
Delicately over the yellow sands.

Very far there, the bisnaga,  
The great barrel cactus  
Is swelling with the summer rains.  
Leaning always toward the sun,  
Clockwise its shadow goes,  
While the young men gather bisnaga blossoms  
For their maidens to fasten in their hair;  
They are singing, "What are bisnaga spines to me  
Whom love is forever pricking in the side!"

Very far, in Papagueria  
It stands, the sahuaro  
In its arms there, the red hawk's nest,  
The blue lizards and the woodpeckers  
Are running up and down.  
Would I were there now,  
Gathering crimson sahuaro fruit  
For the syrup-making;  
Drinking sahuaro wine with the old men,  
Prayer feathers fluttering.  
Would I might hear again  
The night-singing mocking-bird  
Climbing up and down his ladder of sound.

## America Fights Britain

*We Fight for Oil.* By Ludwell Denny. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

"**A**MERICA Fights Britain," Mr. Denny might have called his book. It is more than a story of oil; it is a story of vast international intrigues which statesmen on neither side of the ocean have dared to discuss openly. It is the story of a conflict hitherto waged by British and American oil companies with the active and hardly disguised support of the two foreign offices—in Russia, in India, in Mesopotamia, in Europe, in Central and South America, in the United States itself. This is the kind of conflict which has made wars in the past; and today, says Mr. Denny, "War is possible. War is probable—unless the two empires seek through mutual sacrifice to reconcile their many conflicting interests." Those who preach that war between Great Britain and the United States is unthinkable, he warns, hinder rather than help. When, in the not distant future, American oil production begins to decline, when the price of gasoline goes up in the United States and Americans discover that Britain controls the great untapped reserves of the world—then the public, unless forewarned, will be easy meat for the Hearsts and Bill Thompsons.

This sounds like sensational jingoism. It seems strange from a man who was once a European correspondent of *The Nation* and is now an expert on foreign affairs for the Scripps-Howard newspapers. But in the interim Mr. Denny covered the State Department and the Washington embassies for the United Press, and his book is heavily documented with official and semi-official papers. Part of the story lay easily at hand. Pierre de la Tramerye and Davenport and Cooke had told the story of the British-American fight for Mesopotamian oil, and Louis Fischer of the struggle for Russian and Persian oil; and the federal Oil Conservation Board had issued sufficiently alarmist statements on the danger of exhausting our own oil reserves. Sir Edward Mackay Edgar boasted nine years ago that America had recklessly run through her oil legacy while Britain had obtained control of all the likely or probable oil-fields outside of this country. But much of the story is new.

Sir Edgar was premature. He did not know how vigorous an offensive the Standard Oil and the State Department could wage. Mr. Denny's book is, for the most part, the story of that offensive. Oil history moves fast, but this 1928 story includes three exceedingly important chapters hitherto untold. There is, first, the romantic story of the leap of Venezuela in six years from thirteenth place among the oil-producing nations of the world to second; and the story of British-American rivalry in Venezuela. There is the amazing tale of British politico-economic penetration in Colombia, close to the Panama Canal, a story almost unbelievably sensational, but told with a studied effort to avoid emphasis upon the alarmist aspects of the intrigue. And there is, finally, the amusing story of the effort of Sir Henri Deterding, the Napoleon of the British oil world, who himself had bid in vain for monopoly control of Russia's oil exports, to convince the world that the Standard Oil Company of New York was a band of sinners because it succeeded in buying Russian oil cheap and undersold Deterding's own oil in the East.

How consistently the State Department has supported the big American oil companies throughout the competition for foreign fields Mr. Denny painstakingly reveals; it will be a surprise to many. The story of Mexico's oil laws takes its place in relation to other struggles waged by the State Department, and the oil companies, with Colombia, Argentina, Spain, and other countries. But our own State Department, vigorous as its support has been, seems rather amateurish in comparison with the businesslike work of the British Foreign Office, which has had decades of experience at empire-building and does not lightly admit a new world rival to terms of equality. Hitherto, Mr. Denny thinks, the youth of the American empire and the stench of the oil scandals have kept the American people dull to the international struggle. But the passion stirred up by Hoover's denunciations of the British rubber monopoly shows what could and would be done if the American people found oil prices rising because of Britain's monopolistic control of foreign oil. The talk of the new American naval program, American capture of British foreign markets, and America's increasing control of world credit, he points out, tend to weaken the Die-Hard opposition to compromise on the other side of the water; and the fact that Britain does hold three-quarters of the world's oil reserves, as well as a near-monopoly of rubber and other essential raw materials, together with the fact that the American empire is based upon peace-time industry, should dull the edge of American aggressiveness. The British, hitherto, have been more militant than we because their needs have thus far been greater than ours, but in motive and method oil companies on both sides have fought alike, and unless some Anglo-American compromise is reached, Mr. Denny thinks, the drift is steadily toward war. Such a compromise, he suggests after years of daily observation in the State Department, would tend to take the following form:



Naval parity and joint control of the seas; a free hand politically for Great Britain in her colonies and spheres of influence in exchange for a free hand for the United States in Latin America, with Great Britain ultimately to get out of British Honduras and Jamaica and immediately stop concession-hunting in Panaman, Colombian, and other territory commanding the Panama Canal; Britain to agree not to encourage dismemberment of China and not to seek special commercial advantages there; the United States to hold the Philippines, and to that extent prevent Japanese expansion or further nationalist revolt in the lower Far East and India; the United States to scale down its high tariff wall to let in British goods, and hasten war-debt cancellation; both governments to practice the Open Door policy in regard to raw materials and markets in their territories and spheres of influence, except in strategic areas such as Panama and Suez; relaxation of restrictions against British shipping in American coastwise trade; freedom for nationals of each country to form international commercial combines; abolition of the British exclusion policy preventing American ownership of petroleum lands, and equitable division of joint exploitation by British and American oil companies of new foreign fields.

A breath-taking program? Yes, and it is a breath-taking book, a sensationally realistic book, boldly facing unpleasant facts. If Mr. Denny's suggestion that the two empires must choose between such an improbable compromise and war seems incredible, then read the book, face the facts yourself, and see if you can do better.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

## Miss Glaspell's New Novel

*Brook Evans.* By Susan Glaspell. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.50.

THESE are writers we like in much the same reasonable and unreasoning way in which we like our friends. We like the way their minds work, and the way they take the world. We are at home with them. Miss Glaspell is one of the writers I like in this way, and the fact that I like her in this way is the most important of the confused mass of impressions which I have about her new book.

This new novel of hers, the first in a number of years, is a wise and tender book that gains both its strength and its weakness from simplification. Like Martin Mills in "The Madeleine Heritage" Miss Glaspell is concerned with the effect of a particularly alive and unconventional individual on several generations. Her method of simplifying the five related episodes of the book to one emotion and its consequences saves her from the genealogical morass in which Mr. Mills eventually mires his reader. Without any abruptness or dry compression, and without losing the invaluable appearance of events taking place before the reader's eyes, Miss Glaspell has contrived to make each of her five episodes tell the maximum of story in a minimum of space.

Yet simplification has other perils than the pluperfect tense and the anemia that she so skilfully avoids. Perhaps the chief of them is naivete. It seems absurd to use the word of any aspect of a book so full of tolerant wisdom as this. Yet there is naivete in Naomi's failure to know in advance how Mrs. Copeland will receive the news that although Joe is dead something of him lives on in her. There is naivete in her failure to know how her father will receive the same news. Even the conception of Naomi as a person suffers from this oversimplification. We see her first as an otherwise unindividualized young girl who has given herself to her lover, who is unable to understand the horror aroused in the neighborhood by the knowledge of the prospective child whose father has been accidentally killed, and who consents to let Caleb Evans make an honest woman of her only to give her child a home and a name, and to buy for herself a photograph of the dead Joe from his angry

mother. We see her again as a work-worn woman in the forties who denies herself everything for her daughter, who is willing to precipitate a situation which will make it impossible for her ever to see her daughter again in order to save her from the ascetic life-denying influence of the pious Caleb, and who has never regretted the supposedly shameful fact that she once knew love. Naomi must of course have been many other things than these. In knowing her only in these aspects we know a profoundly moving story about her, but we do not know her. We would not recognize her on the street. We might live in the same house with her for years and never know that this was the Naomi of the story. We don't even know much about her as a lover, except that she welcomed love. Caleb is more individualized, and yet in the end Caleb is little more than a stock figure, as are all the other characters in the book.

But with these stock figures Miss Glaspell has done extraordinary things. Within their limitations they live with hot intensity, they grow with the years, and they continue until the end to influence each other in ways so unexpected and so contrariwise that we accept them at once for the rough and tumble of reality. It is more than poetic irony that makes the child for whom Naomi has sacrificed her life regard Naomi's enveloping affection coldly and give all her affection to Caleb; it is a profound understanding of those obscure family irritations and repulsions which play the villain in so many lives. Not until years after Naomi's death, when Brook herself was in her forties, did the sacrifice bear its fruit. Yet even here, at the crucial point of the book, it seems to me that naivete is mixed again with its fine understanding.

It is of course after the individual resolves to dare freedom that the real story begins, for freedom is a very large order, and the regulations that hedge it about have sprung rather from many other individuals' inability to cope with it than from perverse piety, perverse piety itself being only one of the countless rebounds from that hard smooth wall. In this book Miss Glaspell, like so many writers of the modern primitive school, works up to freedom laboriously, and then stops as if the goal were gained.

There is fine craftsmanship in the book. Many of the scenes, especially that in which Brook leaves her mother, are beautifully done. But the writing is the shirt-sleeves variety that came in with the generation which shook itself free of Howells and James and which scoffed with Mencken at Johnsenese. Its purpose, that of permitting the new writer to come closer to reality than the litterateurs who preceded him, has been so abundantly served that it seems as if we could now quite safely give up our backwoods fiddle for a real violin.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

## A Pretty Mess

*Music Education in America.* By Archibald T. Davison. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

TAKING appreciation of the best in music as the end of education, and adequate experience of it as the means, Professor Davison claims that actual education does not achieve the end because it does not use the means, preferring tangible results. In private education the tangible objective is the playing of an instrument; and what happens is that the purely mechanical problems of the instrument, with the wretched music invented solely to provide repeated opportunities for their solution, claim attention to the exclusion of real music. The instrument comes, then, to be regarded as the whole of music, and usually with disastrous consequences. For even success with the instrument may leave the student unable to appreciate music; but, more often, the result is failure and distaste, and then in abandoning the instrument he abandons all music. Attempts to make the business more palatable have suc-



ceeded, but only in so far as they have deferred to the principle that experience of music, properly guided, should precede study of its technique or of the technique of an instrument.

In the elementary school, again, instead of the child's having its attention directed entirely to what is attractive in the best music—instead, that is, of his being taught to sing it by sound, or just to listen to it—he is made almost at once to read music. His attention, then, is claimed by problems of technique, and by the exercises invented for technical purposes, "little more than mechanical collections of notes, bearing only the outer semblance of melody." And mere listening is omitted as unproductive.

The secondary school, in which music is frequently omitted altogether, much to the children's relief, is the proper place for training in music appreciation. This requires a well-educated musician with "faith in the capacity of youth to perceive and enjoy beauty without the aid of . . . devices which are calculated to enhance interest, but which, in reality, distract attention from the music itself." Instead, in the absence of these conditions, the children are again given inferior music and distracted from any musical content by irrelevant stories (not to be confused with explanations of form and style, which should follow thorough acquaintance with a composition). And tangible results are achieved by the music memory contest. "Now, if some ten or twelve movements were selected, with the understanding that at the contest sixteen bars drawn from any part of one of these movements would be played, there would at least be some assurance that the children had heard and become acquainted with all the music. If, furthermore, the children were asked to identify the composer and the type of several pieces previously unheard by them, but which were the work of musicians represented on the contest list, we could speculate that the children had been taught something about musical style." But, in fact, "it would be impossible for any class to learn even superficially in the given time all the compositions specified on a contest list; the result is that each teacher undertakes to win the prize by forcibly feeding his charges with perhaps two hundred and forty measures of music (the first eight bars of thirty compositions)."

As a result the college is compelled to supply omissions and remedy defects of previous instruction. It should instead set a real standard for such instruction by means of entrance examinations, and train teachers who can observe this standard. The result would be "a logical and continuous plan of music education" which will "bring our people . . . to a real understanding and love of music."

One important matter Professor Davis leaves undiscussed: instruction in the playing of an instrument. A person, let us say, wishes to master the piano sufficiently for public performance or for private needs. A fair test of instruction is that the alleged means have some demonstrable connection with the desired end; yet, absurd as it may sound, this is the one test most instruction cannot stand: beyond a certain common minimum of essentials the methods are so much hokum. To account for the supposed results of the methods one need only reflect that in the mere doing of something a person acquires the ability to do it, a technique even of an inefficient sort, an efficiency even in this technique; and that it is such a technique which enables a student to overcome the obstacles imposed by a method, e.g., by unnatural hand positions. One should reflect that it is difficult for him to know what he is really doing, and easy, therefore—so long as he succeeds in doing it—to believe he is doing what a method says he should. It tells him to do this or that for pleasant quality of tone, and he produces tone of pleasant quality; he continues, therefore, to do what he must to produce the pleasant quality, and to believe that he is doing what often cannot be done or, if he can do it, what is either useless or dangerous, e.g., the current system of sadistic idiocy linked (wrongly, I am sure) with the name of the pianist Leschetizky. In other words, from considerable instruction one benefits most by ignoring it.

B. H. HAGGIN

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## American Poetry in French

*Anthologie de la nouvelle Poésie Américaine.* Eugène Jolas.  
Paris: Kra. 25 francs.

INTEREST in things American has spread so widely in France since the war that Eugene Jolas, editor of the Franco-American quarterly *transition*, issued in Paris in English, has deemed it timely to present to the French public an American anthology. Choosing to be inclusive rather than representative, he has translated some 126 poems by 124 poets. The younger radicals are numerous, but from E. A. Robinson to Robinson Jeffers, from Eli Siegel to Isidore Schneider, from Leonie Adams (alphabetically) to Elinor Wylie, hardly a known name is omitted.

However accustomed one may be to reading poems in another tongue, one is invariably startled to discover what happens to familiar, favorite verses when they are bent to translation. It is easy to quote from any such anthology many lines that seem awkward, as it would be to draw, from this one, many that seem most fit; both cullings are irrelevant, unless we remember that the new version is intended, not for us who know the original, but for readers to whom the present rendering is probably the first, to whom the present idiom is native and natural. If we approach the volume with this in mind, judgment is likely to give way to curiosity: What are the poetic powers of the two tongues?

"The Oxford English Dictionary" contains almost 415,000 words; the French "Littré" not quite 210,000. It has been said that, in French, one word may mean many things; in English, many words may mean one thing. While this may annoy the English pedant, it fortifies his compatriot artist; for, even where similarity is so great that the second word does not mark a fine distinction, the terms will have gathered, through the history of the language and the race, different connotations. Urquhart out-Gargantuas Rabelais. This word-nimbus (as notably in the Saxon home-words, emotional, with their paired Norman school-and-court-words, intellectual), this halo of poetry, is of course untranslatable: in Edna St. Vincent Millay's "O world, I cannot hold thee close enough," "hold close" becomes "serrer fort"; Ralph Cheyney's "I am sick of circles, barring out, binding in" becomes "Je suis fatigué des cercles qui m'empêchent, qui m'enchaînent." Besides this finer subtlety of suggestion, English has greater power of emphasis: variable word-order permits flexibility and stress the French can attain only by roundabout devices: "Death's dark nipple" (Babette Deutsch) turns into "la mamelle noire de la mort"; T. S. Eliot's "carefully caught regrets" must be "regrets soigneusement gardés." French (regular) poetry, furthermore, enjoys, instead of the thump of the foot along the line, a subtler syllabic rhythm of varied pause and stress; no beat, but a quieter pulsing. In view of this, the proffered translation of Vachel Lindsay's "The Congo" is a remarkable feat; the limitations here indicated being, of course, inherent in translation, and in no respect unique with the present venturer.

For M. Jolas has already established himself as a poet both in French and in English, and comes with sympathy and skill to his difficult task. I find but one questionable interpretation in his volume: in God's World—

Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag  
And all but cry with color—

"cry" is translated as "weep" (pleurer) instead of "cry out." There are, on the other hand, many verbal felicities, especially in rendering concrete images. "The long resounding marble corridors, the shining parlors with shining women in them" (Harriet Monroe) is caught in "Les long couloirs de marbre qui résonnent, les salons luisants avec dedans des femmes resplendissantes." The exact simplicity of Alfred Kreymborg's "Old Manuscript" is all preserved, and the strange intensity of the

close of Jeffers's "Roan Stallion." While there is seldom an effort to retain the form of the English poem, M. Jolas occasionally, as with Robinson's "Richard Corey," deftly renders a regular form. His most frequent successes, however, are with the freer forms; as the brief introductory notices reveal, his heart is with the radicals. Throughout the volume, none the less, he maintains a general faithfulness, and achieves a poetic quality, that make the "Anthologie de la nouvelle poésie américaine" an excellent first view of our poetry for the readers of France.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

## Books in Brief

*Morale Sclorum of John of Garland.* Edited by Louis John Paetow. University of California Press. \$4.25.

Thirteen years ago Professor Paetow edited and translated "The Battle of the Seven Arts." Now he has performed the same service for the "Morality of Students," another thirteenth-century satire on the state of learning of the times, written by a professor of the University of Paris. Five manuscripts, now edited for the first time, together with their glosses, form the basis of the text. As in the earlier volume, the text is accompanied by an excellent translation into English, so that even those who have no interest in Latin texts may share in this illumination.

*Examples of San Bernardino.* Chosen by Ada Harrison. Illuminated by Robert Austin. Oxford University Press. \$4.

A beautiful limited edition of stories drawn from the sermons of a fifteenth-century Franciscan preacher brings with it the shock of incongruity that is associated with so much of our later-day medievalism. This is an excellently presented volume of shrewd, vivid stories, well chosen for interest and illustrated with a fine simplicity. But one recognizes with difficulty the San Bernardino who appears in this guise; he is hardly the evangelist, of canny power to awaken popular meetings and to save himself from the occasional well-directed attacks of enemies, who moved up and down Italy emblazoning it with his famous device of the name of Jesus, conducting public burnings of trinkets and calling in, unhesitatingly, the aid of superstition when other means failed to further his divine mission. These are some of the *exempla* such as all preachers of the period used to simplify the moral issue and to rouse the auditor to interest. What surprises one is that the selections from the works of this man should have dissolved his resolute fanaticism in a gentle sweetness. A fuller translation might have held less of aesthetic possibility, but a more vivid personality would have appeared—and the Middle Ages might have been saved some of the whimsy of our modern reading of it.

*Ireland and the Foundations of Europe.* By Benedict Fitzpatrick. Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$4.

Mr. Fitzpatrick comes nearer exemplifying a tradition than explaining a culture. There survive letters in which Irish scholars of the Middle Ages had to be rebuked for supposing Ireland the center of learning; we are offered here a solemn presentation of just that boast in modern guise. It is regrettable that the author is so swept with enthusiasm that he feels none of the reasonable doubts. Unsolved controversies are resolved, usually with poetically felt conclusions and usually without the statement of facts; that a man was called Scotus seems to be enough to show that he was Irish; if records show he came from England there were Irish colonies in England, and if he was learned, pious, or strong there is already presumption for working him into the tradition. In this fashion the survey proceeds from Colombanus through Scotus Eriugena to the twelfth century. There is glamorous material here; it appears,



however, only as formula permits it—all boasting and praising of Irish is to be taken literally and all Continental depreciation is to be interpreted. There is some correction for these exaggerated tendencies in an excellent bibliography.

*The Last Bohemia.* By Francis Carco. Translated from the French by Madeleine Boyd. Henry Holt. \$3.

A delightful, splendidly sentimental ragbag of reminiscences by one of the most picturesque of the group of pre-war Bohemians who once ruled Montmartre and Montparnasse. What a group! And what amazing stories are told of them—Utrillo, Max Jacob, André Salmon, Roland Dorgelès, the tragic Modigliani, Pierre MacOrlan. Out of that group were born exciting literary and artistic movements—cubism, the *roman d'aventures*, French-wing futurism. But Carco, a born atmospheric writer, avoids all this and gives us instead an unforgettable, mad picture of Bohemian raggedness and splendor, the smell of the *bistros*, the sad trek from Montmartre to Montparnasse which heralded the decline of the last Bohemia.

*Jay Gould: The Story of a Fortune.* By Robert Irving Warshaw. Greenberg, Publisher. \$3.50.

This is a breezy yet convincing biography of the "five-foot consumptive Napoleon of finance" whose utterly unscrupulous genius for turning everything he touched into gold makes King Midas and Aladdin look like third-raters. The book might well be read as a companion-piece to Mr. Asbury's history of New York's gangsters. If this is done, the reader will discover that Mr. Asbury's wharf-rats and cutthroats seem positively virtuous when compared with Mr. Warshaw's suavely fiendish multimillionaire.

*The Empire-Builder.* By Oscar M. Sullivan. The Century Company. \$2.50.

Viewed either as fiction or fact, this "biographical novel" about James J. Hill fails to satisfy. As a work of fiction it is thin and jejune, and as a biography it is highly sentimentalized. Example—Hill is favorably compared with Leonardo da Vinci.

*Urban Land Economics.* By Herbert B. Dorau and Albert G. Hnman. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

This is a pioneer work, covering the many complex land problems that have arisen out of urbanization. Both economic theory and current practice are dealt with. An interesting concluding chapter deals with the future of American cities, which will be, the authors believe, of four types—the generalized city, the specialized industrial city, the specialized commercial city, and the residential city.

*Sir Walter Raleigh.* By Milton Waldman. The Golden Hind Series. Edited by Milton Waldman. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

This is a commendably judicious, temperate, and generally competent book. Mr. Waldman, as editor of a series of biographies on great explorers and adventurers, has set a high standard for his associates.

*Cromwell.* By G. R. Stirling Taylor. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

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## Opium Leaks Through

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

*London, England, June 1*

AT the meeting of the Opium Committee, in September, Signor Cavazzoni, the delegate from Italy, presented his memorandum. This was an elaborate plan for preventing the leakage of drugs into the illicit trade. It was unwelcome, because there is no desire on the part of the drug-making nations to close these leaks—to interfere with their profits, in other words. But Signor Cavazzoni took them up on their often repeated expressions of regret over the illicit traffic, and presented them with a minutely worked-out scheme for controlling drugs after they leave the factory, by which each kilo could be followed to its ultimate destination and it could be discovered at what point and through whose hands the drugs got loose.

A small subcommittee was appointed to study this unpopular plan and to make its report to the eleventh meeting of the Opium Committee, which began on April 12, 1928. The composition of the subcommittee made its decision a foregone conclusion—Great Britain, France, Holland, Switzerland, and Germany, the biggest drug-making nations in the world. With Cavazzoni, of course, thrown in as a sop, just to prevent the thing from being too obvious.

This subcommittee went over the Cavazzoni scheme item by item and point by point, and tossed out each one with such comments as "We do not think it necessary to do this," or "For the present such measures would appear superfluous," and "This proposal was accepted in principle, but with reservations." So on, all the way through. You see, if the Cavazzoni plan had been adopted, it would have ruined the drug trade. The factories could have continued to make drugs by the ton, as they are doing now, but there would have been no way for them to escape. There is no object in intensive manufacture, unless there is an outlet. So the subcommittee leaped on this plan like a mongoose on a snake, and broke its back. As a substitute, just to show their honorable intentions, they brought in a model set of rules, or code, which they hope all nations will adopt. Cavazzoni remarked drily that these "model rules" appear to be those already in existence in most countries, under which the illicit trade is doing so well!

In spite of his defeat, Cavazzoni is not discouraged. The killing of his control scheme at least reveals the state of mind of his enemies. Their position is now well defined: Unlimited raw material, such as opium; unlimited manufacture of drugs; and now, wide-open channels into the illicit markets.

This recent meeting passed off peacefully, but several revelations of great significance occurred. One was as to the manufacture of codein, which came about in this manner. One of the three assessors, Mr. Brenier, has a passion for making graphs. He hung up at one end of the conference room a large graph, about six feet square, done in colors, showing the production of raw materials, the manufacture of drugs, consumption per capita, exports and imports—every phase of the entire opium problem was squeezed into that one crowded chart. At once the British-

India delegate said he did not want it displayed—it was probably wrong. Mr. Brenier insisted that it was based upon the figures sent in by the various governments in their annual reports. Some discussion followed, and in the end a vote was taken as to the fate of this graph—the French delegate wanted it reproduced in small size and distributed to the committee—and the vote turned out in favor of producing it. Those opposed were the two British delegates.

The day came when the little graphs were ready and given out, and then Mr. Brenier, with his fishing-rod, took his place at the end of the room and explained his little graph. He said you could tell at a glance what it was about, but his explanation took two hours. Naturally, no one was much interested. Presumably they all knew the facts, and it was no treat to have Mr. Brenier, in his enthusiasm, call attention to them. But Mr. Brenier went on and on, pausing while the translator turned his remarks into English, and then returned again to the charge, while the delegates got more and more bored and restless. Finally, the German delegate could stand it no longer. He broke in with a remark that the graph was all wrong. The big square showing the manufacture of morphine was too small. It should have been twice the size, and most probably larger still. True, it was based on the figures sent in by the different countries, but the reports were not accurate. They only reported the amount of morphine which remained as morphine; they did not report the morphine which had been turned into codein.

Codein, it should be said, is a drug which does not come under either convention, and hence is not recorded. All the factories of the world are now turning out codein because this drug, not coming under the conventions, can circulate freely in all countries. This immense and intensive manufacture of codein represents the effort being made by all nations to capture the international markets. Germany, which makes 20 tons of morphine a year, turns 70 per cent into codein; England, 50 per cent; Switzerland, 33 per cent. In all, said the German delegate, at least fifty or sixty tons of morphine are made each year and fully half of that amount—probably more than half—is turned into codein.

How the German came to offer this gratuitous bit of information one cannot imagine. Had he kept silent, no one would have given the show away. Was it pure boredom on his part, his irritation getting the upper hand as he sat listening to Mr. Brenier's interminable explanations? Or is it a sign that the heretofore solid opium bloc is disintegrating, and that Germany, the greatest morphine maker in the world, is going to turn over a new leaf?

Cavazzoni at once sprang into the opening thus offered. He asked how the committee could meet year after year and talk about the alarming increase in illicit traffic, knowing all the time that at least thirty tons of morphine (changed into codein) were flowing freely from one country to the other, neither accounted for nor recorded. And, he added, the committee has just thrown out my scheme for stopping illicit traffic, part of which included thorough supervision of the factories. What proof is there that the morphine they say is made into codein is really made into codein? As codein can pass over all frontiers, one wonders if customs officials ever open the boxes labeled codein. And if they do open them, how is a customs official to tell the difference between morphine and codein, which look alike?



Are these boxes of "codein" ever submitted to a laboratory examination? These revelations show why the United States has such a large drug problem; and why smuggling from Canada is so easy.

Another trick of the drug profiteers is the making of morphine-esters. These are made by treating morphine with an acid. An ester is an innocuous drug that can be exported and imported freely. A manufacturer can import a ton of one of these esters, take it to his factory and remove the acid, and at once he is in possession of a quantity of morphine which is not accounted for or recorded, and which can be slipped out into the devious channels so well known to the smuggling fraternity. It is only in the last three or four years that these esters have come to play such an important part. The best known is benzoyl-morphine. The number of esters is unlimited. The only country that has taken any action against them is Japan, which forbids their manufacture and their importation. It was the British delegate who raised this question of the esters—he said the situation was exceedingly serious, and asked that benzoyl-morphine be put on the list of drugs controlled by the conventions. But to ask for but one—benzoyl-morphine—while leaving 99,000 other combinations at liberty, is hardly sufficient.

The truth is, the two opium conventions, the Hague and that of Geneva (not yet in force), have the bottoms left out. These two drugs, codein and the esters, are *morphine* derivatives, not *opium* derivatives, which is where the catch lies. Opium derivatives (morphine and heroin) come within the scope of the conventions, but morphine derivatives (a second remove) do not. And as the Dutch delegate remarked at this meeting, "We left them out on purpose." If the Hague convention and the Geneva convention are thus wide open, the only thing to do is to call another international opium conference and draw up another convention, less like a sieve. But what is the use of that? With bad faith, you can do nothing.

Much valuable publicity has come through the public meetings of the Opium Committee. But now, one fears, even this may be withdrawn. The Geneva convention re-

quires but one ratification before coming into effect; and this means the establishment of the Central Board. The committee has avoided any discussion as to the allotment of work between the Opium Committee and the Central Board, and because of this evasion one fears that to the Central Board (whose first requisite is secrecy) will be submitted all the valuable statistics which have heretofore been discussed by the Opium Committee. It is no wonder that the opium bloc wishes to retire into obscurity, but the tactics of the Opium Committee, which the public could follow, do not inspire much confidence in the Central Board, which the public cannot follow. Its constitution makes no provision for open meetings, and it will dole out whatever information it thinks fit. True, it is to be composed of men who are "impartial" and "independent of their governments." But when you see governments which as governments do not make a penny from the drug trade yet continue to shield it, you begin to wonder. One wonders if "commercial interests" do not dictate the policies of these governments, and whether these same "commercial interests" cannot likewise influence the impartial and independent gentlemen who will compose the Central Board. Bad faith and a convention without a bottom do not seem an ideal foundation for a body whose first requisite is secrecy.

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**T**O NAME J. J. RASKOB chairman of the Democratic National Committee was a characteristic piece of Al Smith strategy. It was surprising—Raskob had listed himself in "Who's Who" as a Republican, and his name had not been prominent among the candidates—and it was bold. Smith has a genius for making headline news. There is no doubt of Raskob's capacity. By sheer ability he has lifted himself from a \$5-a-week clerkship to his present position as millionaire chief of the General Motors Corporation, which has put the Cadillac, the Buick, and the Chevrolet where they are in the automobile world. Presumably the organizing talent which has made history in the motor world can adapt itself to a political campaign. Presumably, too, Raskob has friends who will help to grease the wheels of the Democratic campaign. He is a vice-president of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company—Irénée du Pont, president of the great Delaware munitions firm, has already announced his support of Smith for President. Raskob's appointment should do much to stifle business fear of a Democratic President, and start the flow of campaign contributions.

**R**ASKOB LIKES AL, and Al likes Raskob. But Raskob has hitherto been a Republican; he openly supported Coolidge in 1924, and later came out for his renomination. What brings him to leadership of the Democratic Party? So far as one can discover, only his fondness for Al and his

opposition to prohibition. He is an open, avowed Wet. By selecting him to lead the campaign, Al Smith has again insisted upon prohibition as the dominant issue of his campaign. That means, probably, sacrificing Dry border States in a bid for support in the Wet States of the East. This may be good strategy; the ballots will tell. To a degree we admire Al Smith for such frankness; he makes no bones of defending Tammany, and he is increasingly outspoken on prohibition. In comparison with the pussyfooting politicians who either evade the issue or drink in private and support the Volstead Act in public he shines like a sun of sincerity. But his selection of Raskob is to a considerable degree an abandonment of the progressive elements which have given Governor Smith a large part of his popular backing. Raskob is head of one of the greatest open-shop, anti-union corporations in the country. To name him may prove that Wall Street need no longer fear the Democratic Party; but it seems also to mean that progressives need not look to Smith for support. Since George Norris of Nebraska has refused to lead the Middle Western Farmer-Labor effort to form a third party, more and more liberals who take their economic principles seriously will vote for Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for President.

**M**EANWHILE MR. HOOVER remains magnificently mute. He has announced that he will have nothing to say until he is notified of his nomination on August 11. He will appear on the rear platform of his private train, and he will bow and smile. He will confer in private with his advisers and with President Coolidge. But the public will have to worry along with only the rear-platform smiles, the movie and Sunday-supplement pictures to feed its curiosity. It may be that the public, fed on a diet of tabloids, has been reduced to liking its candidates to be purely ornamental; but we confess that we have an old-fashioned preference for a man who speaks out. We should like to see the Republican candidate for President face a battery of hard-boiled, cynical reporters and tell what he really thinks about farm relief, the "experiment" of prohibition, Nicaragua, Muscle Shoals, and the power-trust propaganda. We should even like to listen in while the tabloid reporters sought his views on the Tunney-Heenan fight, Nobile's rescue, horned toads, the secret of Babe Ruth's hitting, the mystery of Lowenstein's disappearance, and how and where he learned to swim.

**I**NVESTIGATION HAS DISCLOSED what everybody knew: that Southern post-office jobs are regularly sold outright in return for contributions to Republican campaign committees. Bascom Slemph, once a Congressman, later secretary to Calvin Coolidge, and still later official delegate-collector for Herbert Hoover, was one of the post-office brokers in the old days, and his letters insisting upon the contributions were printed in the *Congressional Record*. The practice dates back to the carpet-bagging days just after the Civil War. Little has been done about it in the past, and we suspect that little will be done now. Postmaster General New has served notice that he will dismiss any postmaster or letter carrier who admits having paid for



his job. That seems to us cruel and futile. The postmasters and letter carriers did not implore the Republican committeemen to let them pay for their jobs. They were assessed. They were informed that unless they made "voluntary contributions" they would have no jobs. The responsible sinners are the men who profit by these sales. As the *New York World* points out:

The organization in the South is an important part—sometimes a decisive element—in the mechanism of Republican Party control. The ten Southern States which the Republicans never carry . . . hold, even under the revised representation, 144 delegates in national conventions. These were the delegates who in 1896, bought up by Mark Hanna, swung the St. Louis convention to McKinley instead of Tom Reed. They were the delegates who in 1912 made the Taft-Root steam-roller effective. All but three of them lined up in a solid phalanx at the last convention for Hoover and assured in advance his victory over the combined opposition.

In other words, Mr. Hoover owes his nomination in large part to these petty post-office sales. Has he anything to say about it?

A MAN OF SEA-GREEN HUE, Robespierre, led a revolution in France, and now it is James A. Maxton, the "sea-green incorruptible" of the House of Commons, who leads the Left of the British Labor Party in revolution against the Right. "For some time," states a manifesto signed by Maxton and "Emperor" A. J. Cook, "a number of us have been seriously disturbed as to where the British Labor movement is being led." Events since the general strike of 1926—wherein Cook played a leading role—cause them to fear that it is not heading toward that "socialism in our times" which they feel is the only worth-while goal for Labor. In particular they oppose the peace conference between the Trade Unions Congress and Sir Alfred Mond's group of employers. For Maxton and Cook such attempts at compromise and reform are not only futile but illogical; for them there can be no compromise between capitalism and socialism. If the Labor Party is content with gentle reform policies, they believe, it is but another liberal party with a different name. Their manifesto declares that they "no longer can stand by and see thirty years of devoted work destroyed in making peace with capitalism."

WE COMMENTED recently [June 27] upon the adverse effect upon the political fortunes of Governor Fuller of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. But it would be of more practical value if this blot upon the justice of Massachusetts should lead to a general revulsion in the United States against capital punishment. Such is the effect, we learn from a Berlin dispatch to the *New York Herald Tribune*, of what the correspondent calls Germany's Sacco-Vanzetti affair. Two years ago Joseph Jakubovsky was executed on a charge of having murdered his four-year-old son. Jakubovsky was a Russian, and in spite of the fact that he spoke imperfect German he was not allowed to have an interpreter. The chief evidence against him was that of a neighbor who has since been removed to an insane asylum. Since the execution there has been a growing belief that it was a miscarriage of justice. Baron Kurt von Reibnitz, an aristocrat and the Socialist Premier of the State of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, is leading a movement to clear Jakubovsky's name. Several of the jurors have said that they did not expect the Russian would be executed, as capital

punishment has been on the wane in Germany since the republic. When the Reichstag meets again an effort will be made to do away with the death penalty in the German penal code. The Socialists will use the Jakubovsky case as an argument against judicial murder.

COTTON MANUFACTURERS of New Bedford who opened their mills and summoned their employees back to work after twelve weeks of strike were given a dramatic rebuff when 18,000 strikers appeared at the mill gates but only thirty workers returned to their machines. The victory of the strikers in keeping their ranks virtually intact after three months of hunger is all the more remarkable because the National Guard and special police details were at the mill gates to protect and encourage strike-breakers. The strikers conducted themselves with such scrupulous respect for the law that the National Guard was immediately withdrawn. The left-wing group among the strikers, with two leaders in prison, continues to suffer at the hands of local police, but the morale of the strike is unbroken. Strike relief is meager, but all who apply are given some food. Now it is the manufacturers' turn to crack. Persistent rumors of a split in the owners' ranks give hope for a strike victory in the near future.

ADDRESSING THE MOTION-PICTURE publicity men recently, Mayor Walker intimated that for the coming Presidential campaign "the industry had been delivered into the camp of one of the major political parties." This suggestion was promptly attacked by Louis B. Mayer and other officials of the industry. The news reels, they said, were like newspapers—offering space to all sorts of topics without discrimination. Erce† C. McAteer, Assistant Director of Visual Education in the Los Angeles city schools, seems to disagree. In the *Educational Screen* for June she explains how the movies have counteracted un-Americanism in the past and how they must proceed in the future. Primarily, she says, the movies should carry the message of pride and patriotism. "For such a purpose we have such films as 'The Big Parade,' 'West Point,' and . . . our news reels showing . . . our powerful navy and a hundred and one other objects of pride." Miss McAteer fears that if we do not watch out the "stream of subversive Bolshevik agitation" will sap the foundations of our country. Now "What influence . . . can motion pictures exert on the mind of the growing child to counteract in part such subversive influences?" They can, she suggests, "do much . . . by showing the miserable failure of communism in Russia . . . the starvation, hardships, deprivations, and degradations suffered by that people." With Miss McAteer as director it should not be hard to obtain such a picture on almost any lot in Hollywood. But would it prove that the movies are never used for propaganda?

GOOD-WILL MISSIONS seem to be one of the chief products of American enterprise and business capacity: good-will fliers to South America, Lindbergh in Mexico, Central America, and the islands of the Caribbean, and now an invitation from the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce to aviator Chukhnovsky, Professor Samoilovich, and the rest of the Russian expedition for the relief of Nobile to come to America as the guests of the chamber. Never since the Revolution has Russia stood so high in the estimation of the rest of mankind. All peo-



ple of all classes in every country have waited with breathless eagerness for the news day by day of the sturdy Krasin and the daring aviators who finally succeeded in saving all but five of the 21 explorers and would-be rescuers who have been taken off the ice here and there in the Arctic. Certainly now is the time to crystallize this widespread but rather imponderable "good-will" into a solid sentiment. It is of such stuff, deftly handled, that decent international relations are made. It is from this, too, that trade and profits flow. We congratulate the chamber on its imagination and enterprise; and we await with eager delight the day when the Bolshevik heroes shall ride up Broadway amid showers of ticker-tape to be welcomed on the steps of City Hall by Grover Whalen in his finest top hat.

**A** TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD LAD was struck by a bolt of lightning; a forty-eight-year-old veteran became President of Mexico for the second time—and it is hard to tell which event seemed more important to the Mexicans, or which was. For young Emiliano Carranza symbolized a 1928 Mexico in a flaming, dramatic way; the "Mexican Lindbergh" was living evidence that boys who grew up in an ancient Spanish environment on the ruins of a still more ancient Aztec civilization could play heroic roles in the new mechanical age. He removed that inevitable sense of amazed inferiority which peoples of the richest old cultures feel when faced with the self-assured Anglo-Saxon who has grown up among machines and can almost make a flying machine out of a canvas tent and a junked Ford car. And the thought of a Mexican flying alone over the mountains, deserts, and seas from Mexico City to Washington did much to dispel the cocksure superiority with which Yankees have been wont to regard the land across the Rio Grande. That boy who met death alone in a Jersey thunderstorm did as much to establish mass good-will between two peoples as a dozen diplomats—although perhaps it was Dwight Morrow who saw what Carranza's flight might do and sent him forth. Obregon's return to power as successor to his friend Calles means little change; he has proved himself an able administrator, and presumably he will not break sharply with any of Calles's policies. One can only regret that his campaign for reelection was scarred by the armed revolt, and subsequent execution, of his two chief rivals.

**G**EORGE OTTO TREVELYAN was ninety years old on July 20. It is startling to realize that a man who resigned from one British Cabinet on a point of conscience fifty-eight years ago and from another forty-two years ago is among our contemporaries today. A generation has grown up too young to recall even that one of Sir George's sons resigned from still another Cabinet on another point of conscience only fourteen years ago—Charles Philips Trevelyan, who, with John Morley and John Burns, left the Asquith Cabinet because he would not compromise with war. A younger son, the poet Robert, was a conscientious objector. The third son, George Macaulay Trevelyan, historian of Italy, saw things differently. Statesman, poet, historian—the three sons expressed three sides of their father's rich life. One of the most terrible indictments of British rule in India ever penned is contained in his "Cawnpore," published sixty-three years ago. In that account of the Sepoy Rebellion he wrote that the Indians learned too late

that our soldiers could kill within a year more heathen than our missionaries had converted in the course of a cen-

tury; that our social-science talk about the sacredness of human life and our May-meeting talk concerning our duty toward those benighted souls for whom Christ died meant that we were to forgive most of those who had never injured us and seldom hang an innocent Hindu if we could catch a guilty one; that the great principles of mercy and justice and charity must cease to be eternally true until the injured pride of the mighty nation had been satisfied, its wrath glutted, and its sway restored.

That is the rebel spirit that has made England morally great. We salute Sir George on his birthday, and congratulate him and England that the race and the spirit of the Trevelyan is still strong.

**"PREHISTORIC" DOES NOT MEAN** so much in the Arctic as it does in Mesopotamia. Little was known of the Bering Sea before the Dane whose name it bears explored it in the year 1725, and its barren islands have never been thoroughly studied. The four prehistoric mummies discovered by the Stoll-McCracken expedition may help to solve the mystery of the Indian migrations from Asia, or they may merely add one more chapter to our knowledge of the North Asiatic peoples. They date, the dispatches report, from the "Stone Age." But the Stone Age in the Arctic is recent enough to be historic. The mummies, for all we yet know about them, may be less than two hundred years old. They are not, apparently, even mummies in the ordinary sense of the term. Presumably they were like the other "mummies" hitherto discovered in the same region, at least one of which was preserved in alcohol and sent to a museum. It was the stories of these "mummies" which sent the Stoll-McCracken expedition on its way; it has found precisely what it sought. Arctic soil preserves better than alcohol or formalin or even the mysterious fluids of the Egyptians. A person buried three feet beneath the Arctic sod should reveal even his complexion after 10,000 years; and this is no guess of science, for mammoths at least as ancient have been discovered in the snows of North Siberia with their flesh so perfectly refrigerated as to be edible.

**GIOVANNI GIOLITTI**, who has just died in his eighty-sixth year, was known as the "Old Fox" of Italian politics; he had participated in every conceivable parliamentary combination on every side of every political fence. The first of his five premierships began in 1892, and ended in a scandal that led to his impeachment. Ten years later he came into office again, with the support of the Socialists. His greatest achievement was, probably, the wide extension of the suffrage—but even that has gone by the board under Mussolini's sway. Giolitti vigorously opposed Italy's participation in the World War and was accused of being pro-German. In fact, he merely foresaw that participation in the war could bring Italy nothing, and believed that "sacro egoismo" dictated a watch-and-wait policy. The misfortunes of the peace brought him back into public favor, but his policy of balancing one parliamentary group against another did not supply the necessary vigor. First, he supported the Socialists; then he indorsed Mussolini. Still later, he became the leader of a rather futile parliamentary opposition to the Mussolinian dictatorship, and his last public act was a bold denunciation of the new Fascist electoral law. But, shifting so often, he had forfeited public confidence. Opposition to Mussolini will have to be built around men who have not trimmed their sails to so many political storms.



# What Is This Kellogg Talk About Peace?

## ARTICLE I

The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

## ARTICLE II

The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which shall arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.

THOSE are the magnificent words which form the heart of what is coming to be known as the "Kellogg Peace Pact." Read by themselves, they outlaw war. The Covenant of the League required its members to agree to submit all disputes to arbitration or inquiry, and not to resort to war until three months after the arbitral award or report, but it left the gap that war might then be declared. The Kellogg pact seems to close that gap. Unqualified, it would constitute a new era in international relations.

Unfortunately, it is not unqualified. Mr. Kellogg's note of June 23 substantially accepted the French reserves to his original treaty. We have no quarrel with his acceptance of the French plea that if one nation goes to war in violation of its solemn pledge the others would automatically be released from their obligation toward it. We agree with him that it would have been well to understand this without saying it, rather than to incorporate in the documents an express expectation that some of the Powers may violate their promises. His express acceptance of this principle is, furthermore, an implied indorsement of the League Covenant and the Locarno pacts.

Mr. Kellogg's acceptance of an undefined right of self-defense is another matter, opening the gates to such interpretation of his pact as may leave nothing of it. "There is nothing in the American draft of an anti-war treaty," he says, "which restricts or impairs in any way the right of self-defense. . . . Every nation is free at all times and regardless of treaty provisions to defend its territory from attack or invasion and it alone is competent to decide whether circumstances require recourse to war in self-defense." But what is the use of outlawing war if each nation is left to decide for itself "whether circumstances require recourse to war in self-defense"? Did anyone ever hear of a nation declaring war without insisting that its war was essentially a measure of self-defense? The words are particularly ominous when one recalls President Coolidge's declaration at the United Press dinner on April 26, 1927, that "the person and property of a citizen are a part of the general domain, even when abroad." There is no form of international skulduggery which could not slip safely through the loose net of those words. We need definition of the words "war" and "self-defense" if this pact is to mean anything at all.

Mr. Kellogg's letter of June 23 simply ignored the significant passage in Sir Austen Chamberlain's note of May

19. But it raised questions which, once raised, cannot be forgotten unless explicitly disavowed. Sir Austen said:

There are certain regions of the world the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety.

His Majesty's Government have been at pains to make it clear in the past that interference with these regions cannot be suffered. Their protection against attack is to the British Empire a measure of self-defense. It must be clearly understood that His Majesty's Government in Great Britain accept the new treaty upon the distinct understanding that it does not prejudice their freedom of action in this respect. The Government of the United States has comparable interests, any violation of which by a foreign Power they have declared that they would regard as an unfriendly act. His Majesty's Government believe, therefore, that in defining their position they are expressing the intention and meaning of the United States Government.

Well, are they? Mr. Kellogg has not said, that is, directly. But in explaining that his pact would have no effect upon the Administration's private war in Nicaragua he has by implication agreed with Sir Austen's generous reservations. Presumably Britain, despite his pact, would be left free to adopt similar means to prevent "interference"—whatever that may mean—in "certain regions of the world"—which, while undefined, certainly include Egypt, the Sudan, the Arabian Peninsula, and the Persian Gulf, and perhaps also Afghanistan, Tibet, and the Malay Archipelago. In return the United States is free to use such means as the State Department and the Marine Corps may judge opportune to maintain the "welfare and integrity" of Latin America, and to guard it against "interference" or "attack."

This needs clearing up. As Lord Cecil of Chelwood says in the *London Spectator*: "To renounce war only in cases of minor importance is to refuse to renounce it at all. If Great Britain reserved certain questions in the manner indicated, other nations would undoubtedly do the same, and the renunciation of war would be reduced to an empty and meaningless formula."

Another Englishman, Henry N. Brailsford, has remarked in the *New Republic* that "the extent to which, without the sin of 'war,' one may trespass on one's neighbor's territory, bombard his towns, slaughter his citizens, blockade his coasts, and coerce his government to do that which it would not spontaneously do is one of the most surprising discoveries of our refined civilization." The Western Powers have never been technically at war with Soviet Russia although they have occupied her soil, blockaded her ports, and caused the deaths of some hundreds of thousands of Russians. Our operations in Nicaragua have not been, in Mr. Kellogg's eyes, "war," although they have been conducted by 5,000 men in uniform, equipped with modern ammunition and accompanied by squadrons of bombing planes. It was not "war" when Japan sent 5,000 troops 600 miles inland to Tsinanfu and used three-inch cannon and Stokes mortars to reduce the walls of the old Chinese city to dust, killing several hundred Chinese in the process. Nor was it war when British gunboats bombarded the defenseless city of Wanhhsien, 1,200 miles up the Yangtze River.

We want more light on this Kellogg Pact. We want to



know precisely what it does outlaw. We want a definition of "war" and of "self-defense." If the peoples of the world, told that their governments had signed a treaty that outlawed war forever, should discover that all that had been outlawed was the use of the word "war" and that their governments intended to continue acting precisely as they had always been acting, the disillusionment might be painful for all concerned. Perhaps it would be better to have no peace pact than one of so dubious a character. Analysis of Mr. Kellogg's explanations of his treaty is certainly leading many to a dispiriting suspicion that perhaps the whole affair is intended rather as an election-year gesture to warm the hearts of the American people toward the Republican Party than as a real forward step in international relations.

## The Sacco Record

**W**HATEVER we of this generation and country believe in regard to the guilt or innocence of Nicolo Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, a feeling is crystallizing that their arrest, trial, and execution are going down into history as one of the world's great judicial cases. It is safe to say that never before have so many persons been interested in a judicial proceeding nor so many convinced at its termination that injustice had been done. Unlike the Dreyfus case, there was no final clarification of the facts. Who committed the murders at South Braintree, Massachusetts, in 1920 is still (and probably will remain) a mystery. Thousands of persons today believe that the "good shoemaker" and the "poor peddler" were executed not because of evidence of guilt, but because the ruling class feared their political and economic ideas so greatly as to be unwilling to give them justice, and as the years pass there is reason to believe that the number of persons holding to such belief will grow rather than diminish.

Even among those who are most convinced of the guilt of the two Italian anarchists there is a realization now that the doubts of others will not down. The Boston *Herald* would hardly repeat at this time its fatuous comment, printed just after the execution, that "the time for . . . discussion is over. The chapter is closed." On the contrary, the discussion seems likely to survive the centuries and Sacco and Vanzetti, like Joan of Arc, are destined to become legendary figures. The chief concern of this generation, and its only chance of influence, is to give the legend as authentic a source as possible.

To that end both sides in the controversy should welcome the public spirit of the small group which has undertaken to print in full the record of the case, the first volume of which has just appeared, published by Henry Holt and Company. This first book contains 1,092 pages and there will be five other volumes of about the same size. The set will be sold for \$25. The volumes will contain the complete court record, beginning with the trial in 1921 and including all subsequent proceedings in appeal. The minutes of Governor Fuller's advisory committee are to be included, as also the record of Vanzetti's trial for the robbery which took place in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, in 1919. The six volumes are wholly documentary, containing no expressions of opinion or comment. The original text of the record is followed, even to misspelled words and errors in punctuation. The committee which is sponsor-

ing the publication consists of Newton D. Baker, Emory R. Buckner, Charles C. Burlingham, John W. Davis, Bernard Flexner, Raymond B. Fosdick, Charles P. Howland, Victor Morawetz, Charles Nagel, Walter H. Pollak, and Elihu Root. In a prefatory note to the first volume the committee says:

The Sacco-Vanzetti case is without doubt an historical trial. As such it promises to be the subject of controversy and discussion for many years to come. It is important that the complete record of all the proceedings in the case should be available and accessible to historical students. Very few copies of the record are now in existence, and these practically not within reach of inquirers. Without the record, comment and criticism must be partial, if not partisan; with it, there can be no excuse for misrepresentation through ignorance or design.

Probably few persons will undertake to read the some 2,500,000 words of the six volumes, and not many will care to buy them for their private use. But hundreds of persons now and in subsequent years will have recourse to these volumes for reference purposes and they will be invaluable additions to the collections of public libraries. The publication of the complete record of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is an important contribution toward making the legal proceedings of our generation more understandable to the future than the great trials of the past are to us today.

## Arctic Heroes—and Others

**T**HE Arctic has given the world—and taken from the world—a long list of heroes in these days of slow waiting since the airship Italia stumbled and crashed on the ice off Northeast Land on May 25. It gave us, first, Amundsen the explorer, who with five men set out by plane to the rescue of the stranded Italians, disappeared into an empty and silent sky, and has not since been found or heard from. It gave us Lundborg, who flew to Nobile and his companions, coasted to a stop on the uneven ice, and lifted the Italian general to safety; who then returned to save the others, only to crash and himself wait through fourteen days of hardship until a companion, equally daring, swooped down and saved him. It gave us Sora, leader of a desperate attempt to save Nobile and his men by traveling overland with dog-sled and skis. It gave us the Krassin and her crew, shouldering her slow, indomitable way through the ice, saving the lives, at last, of all five men left behind on a moving, melting piece of ice when Nobile was rescued; and of Mariano and Zappi who had accompanied Malmgren in an effort to reach land on foot. It gave us the two Swedish fliers who, on instructions from the Krassin, rescued in a daring descent Sora and one of his comrades, nearly dead of starvation. It gave us Malmgren who, with a broken hand, led Mariano and Zappi on foot toward land, only to lie down when exhaustion overcame him, give his companions the entire food supply, and bid them leave him to a slow death in the ice. If any greater hero has emerged from the bitter fogs of the North, it is the Russian flier Chukhnovsky who has just been rescued by the Krassin from the shore near Cape Platen where he was stranded with four of his crew. Before he fell, he had flown day after day over the regions where the Italians and their rescuers were wandering; he had sighted Mariano and Zappi



and, even after he himself had been forced to the ice, he had radioed their position to the Krassin and had given directions for their rescue. He had sighted another party and reported its location to the Krassin; probably it was Sora and his companions, for their rescue was effected according to directions radioed from the Russian ice-breaker. Now that its human salvage has been disposed of, the Krassin intends to start with him on another search for the men of the Italia's crew who floated off to almost certain death with the damaged bag of the airship, and for Amundsen and his five followers.

These men are only the more notable among almost 1,500 who have been engaged in the heroic fight to save the lost Italians, and to save those who have vanished in the effort to save them. But sometimes, out of danger and the demands of a desperate crisis, comes something other than courage. There is no use pretending that Nobile and Zappi and Mariano, who left their companions and made for safety, are heroes. In Nobile's behalf it may be said that he probably believed his crew would be saved shortly after he was; but this is poor praise for a leader of an expedition. About the two Italians who abandoned Malmgren the less said the better. Nor do the efforts from Italy to make these acts seem respectable help. No sooner had Nobile taken flight from the piece of ice which held his comrades, than dispatches, dated not from King's Bay but from Rome, explained that the General had allowed himself to be saved in order to organize and direct the rescue work.

It was for this alone that General Nobile was taken off the ice pack by the Swedish airplane before his five companions, it being the general feeling that it would be best for him to sacrifice his natural inclination to remain with his men to the last and go to put his experience at the disposition of the rescue expeditions.

Instead he went to bed and has been ill—genuinely ill, no doubt—ever since.

Italians are as brave as other men, as capable of generous sacrifice. Other Italians have played a daring part in the efforts to save their countrymen. Even now several Italian aviators are scouring the frozen coastline in search of the Amundsen party. Yet Italy must share the blame for the fate of the Nobile expedition. Irrespective of the actions of the men themselves, the trip was a grandiose gesture, comparable to others we have learned to expect from the melodramatic regime in Italy. It was a huge display advertisement intended to blazon on the sky the story of Italy's daring. Its scientific purposes were from the beginning hidden under a fanfare of crosses and flags, of champagne and newspaper publicity. And, as a result, the world has been turned into a rescue mission and, if heroes have been discovered, heroes have also been lost. By an ill-prepared stunt, Nobile seems to have succeeded in killing some fourteen men, including one of the world's greatest explorers and a young scientist of promise. The money and effort that have been spent are not to be counted in the balance of lives wasted and hearts made sore. Nor of reputations lost. Mussolini's flamboyant braggadocio must be held, in part at least, responsible for this tawdry failure. And if Soviet Russia gloats a little over the heroic rescues effected by her ship and her aviators, she can hardly be blamed. It is one of the nice ironies of history that Mussolini's countrymen should have been saved from a death by freezing and starvation by the fliers and seamen of the Socialist Government of Russia.

## Literary Cliques

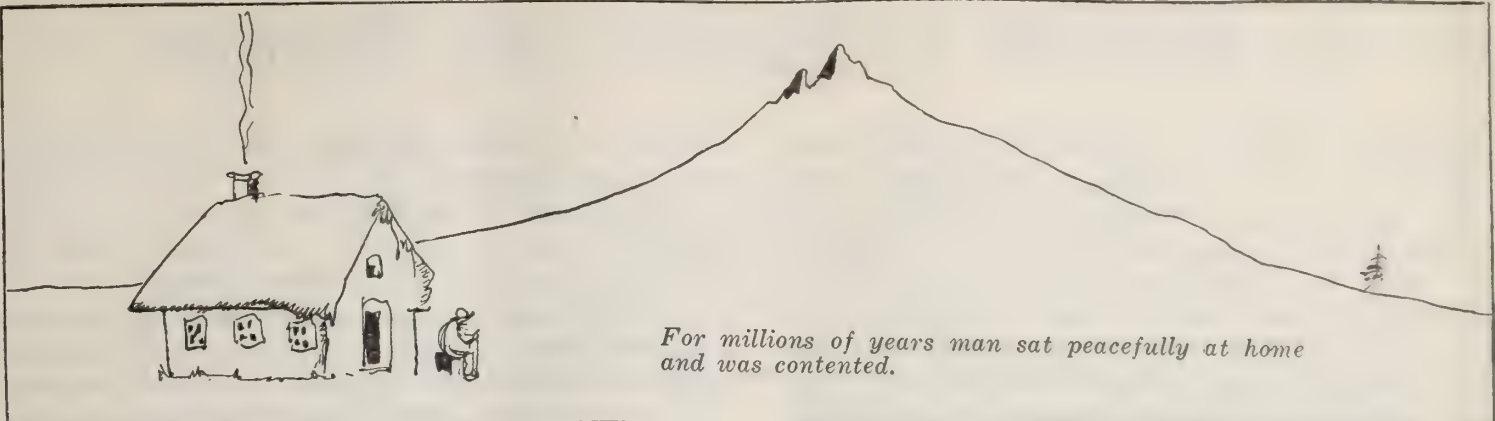
IT is fashionable to reproach literary persons by saying that they flock together, and once a flock has been singled out for notice it is fashionable to imply that deep, dark things are done whenever its members perch on the same bough of the sacred wood. The feeling seems to be that they should seek separate trees and live like owls.

Now a writer is by definition a lonely person. Good work is done in solitude of some sort or other—and Emerson made it clear just how many sorts of solitude there may be, and how populous some of them are. But the writer is also of necessity, we believe, a creature who must have company from time to time; the more regularly the better. Before he writes, and after he writes, he must talk; and what better than a friendly group with whom to talk, a group where he will be understood, where he does not have to parade as perhaps he does before the public, where he can relax and at the same time gather strength? It is out of such a necessity at any rate that cliques—if we must use the reproachful word—have been born from time immemorial. For there was never a time when they did not exist; they are plentiful now and they always will be.

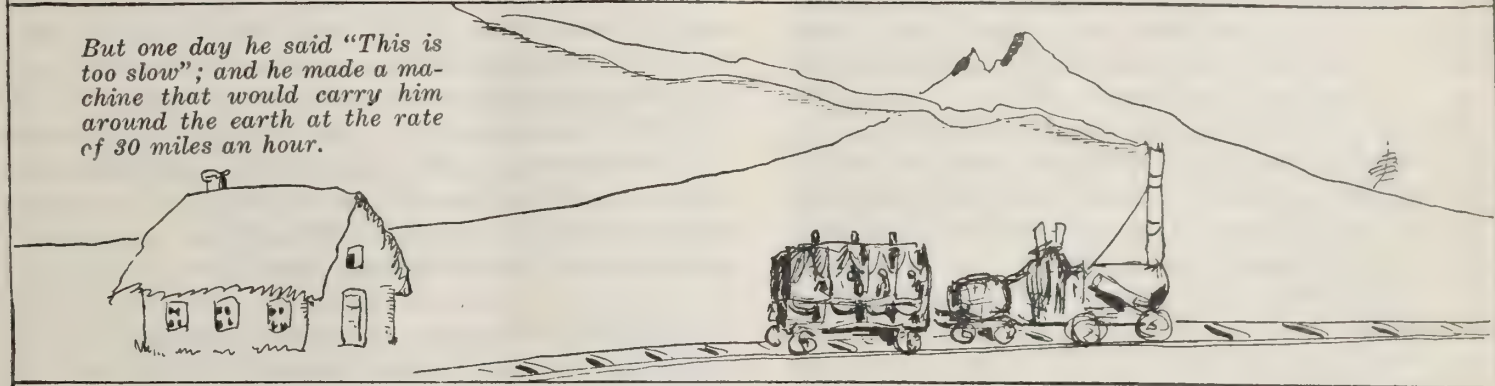
What harm they do it is difficult to see. There are collections of charlatans, to be sure, who meet only to flatter one another and who go forth only to review one another's books not unfavorably. But whom do they harm? If they are charlatans they will never be heard of again; it would be hard to prove that they keep good authors down; and indeed they give themselves a kind of fatuous pleasure of which it would be cruel to deprive them. We are thinking rather of the fruitful association of good minds—of Socrates and his cronies; of Sappho and her school; of Catullus and his young poet-friends; of Horace and Virgil; of the troubadours and the minnesingers; of Dante and those innumerable poets who clung about him and addressed good poems to him—good because of that fact and no other; of Ronsard, Ben Jonson, and their respective camps; of the English Cavaliers; of Swift, Gay, Pope, and the other members of the Scriblerus Club; of Goldsmith and his fond fellows; of Coleridge and all those of whom it has been said by the professor of poetry at Oxford that it was impossible for them in his presence to be ordinary; of Emerson and the other Transcendentalists; of the crowd that collected to produce the *Yellow Book*; of William Butler Yeats, "Æ," and the rest of those Irishmen who made a national literature out of their coming together; of the Georgians; of the anti-Georgians; of the American community who in the last decade revamped American poetry; and of the Fugitives in Tennessee. These were cliques, and so for that matter was the Brontë family a little clique by itself—a trio of girls on the Yorkshire moors who read German novels in communion and then out of that communion produced great novels of their own.

The only distinction between cliques is between those that succeed and those that do not. The latter become stale and ridiculous, and so deserve the opprobrium generally visited upon the word. The former simply produce memorable art—and it is the art that most people remember, rather than the fact that those who created it once consorted in the sacred wood. Indeed this fact is never widely known. Good cliques form by necessity and for work, not by vanity and for advertising.

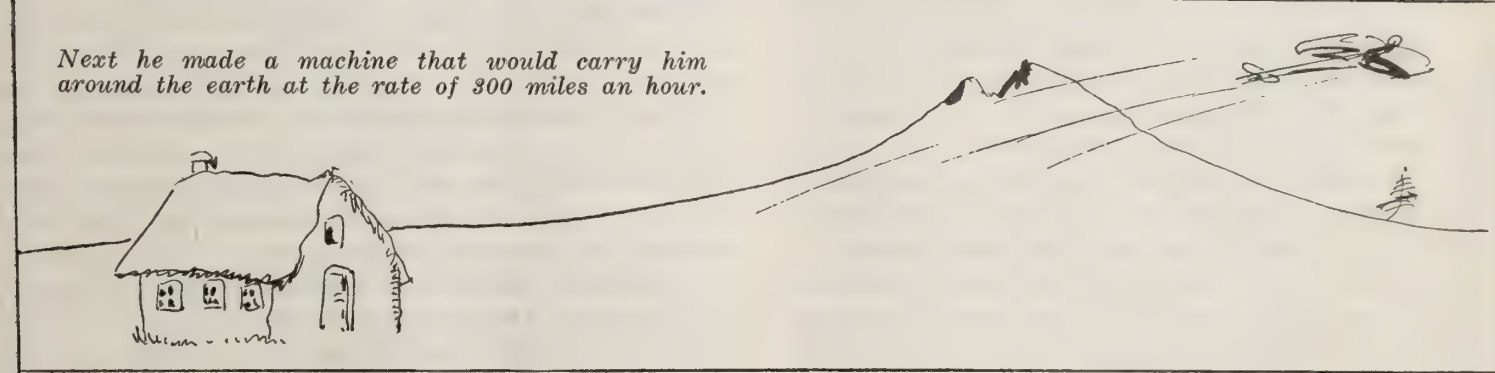




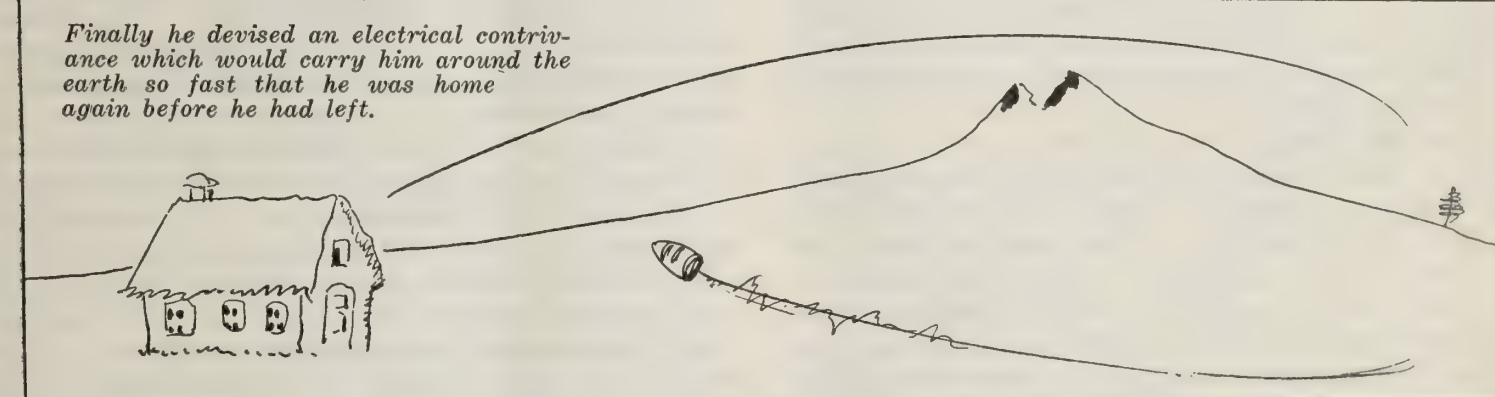
*For millions of years man sat peacefully at home and was contented.*



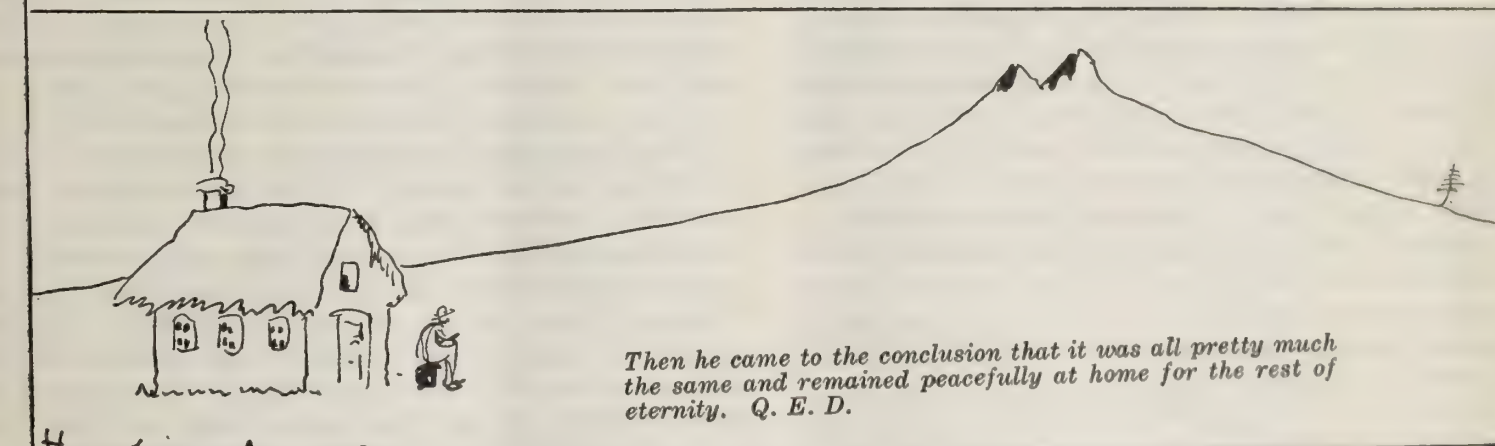
*But one day he said "This is too slow"; and he made a machine that would carry him around the earth at the rate of 30 miles an hour.*



*Next he made a machine that would carry him around the earth at the rate of 300 miles an hour.*



*Finally he devised an electrical contrivance which would carry him around the earth so fast that he was home again before he had left.*



*Then he came to the conclusion that it was all pretty much the same and remained peacefully at home for the rest of eternity. Q. E. D.*

*Handwritten signature: Hans Keller 1928*

Full Circle



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

**A** LONG about this time of year people trail off to England, to Paris, out on Long Island and up into Westchester. They are looking for the glory of the summer, among other things, and I do not know any more striking example of the blue-bird fallacy. Where on the wide earth does summer put on a better show than right here in Manhattan? This is not an attempt to contend that Broadway has better cabarets than the Berkshires. Nor will I pretend that it is always necessary to sleep under blankets here on the upper West Side. But I will boldly declare that a tree in town is worth a dozen to be seen in the forest. The sapling which grows and thrives in a backyard must have character as well as grace. This is a tree of determination. It has an individuality denied to timber all hedged about by fellows. Better a chestnut in Manhattan than a tall oak upon some far New England slope.

I said chestnut because that's what my tree happens to be. As a matter of fact, there are three plainly visible from my back window. Two are the property of neighbors. I merely have the use of such branches as trespass beyond the fence. Our grove behaves in civilized and sophisticated fashion. These backyard trees never go into wild hysterics at night because the wind blows. I think this is sophistication, but the fact that apartments tower all about may have something to do with it. Though at least one hundred windows open out upon them, the trees are not in any way self-conscious. Quite calmly they fulfil the schemes of nature from bud to leaf, no matter how many gaze upon these intimate details of family life. One thing the country possesses is lacking with us. Not many birds come down the canyon to perch upon our tree tops. Sparrows don't count. Still no wood ever rang with such a profusion of melody as that which animates our block. The music studios are all about and each afternoon Butterfly pines and dies and Mimi moves to heaven on a high note.

You might think that all these constant reminders of the tragedy which dogs the steps of opera heroines might grow a little mournful, but I never mark the songs and think only of the singers. It is my guess that these are mostly girls come out of Kansas or the far Dakotas to batter a way into the golden city. When Joshua fought at Jericho he sounded blasts upon the ram's horn and the walls came tumbling down. And just so I hope the barriers will crumble before the assault of these gigantic and big-voiced Butterflies. Surely there was no note ever sounded in the Jericho Expeditionary Force more lusty and sustained.

Of course, I realize that Joshua went into battle with bright eyes and lifted head because he knew the Lord was with him in his adventure. But whether it comes from God or the bracing wind of Kansas the thought of victory is quite obviously within the heart of every member of the singing battalions along this block. In the winter and in the fall doubt may have wormed into some of the solos, but in the summer the golden horseshoe of the Metropolitan seems to glitter on every window sill.

And because of this speculative element I hold it is more fun to live in a lane of sopranis than among the best of thrushes out where the thicker woods begin. A thrush may sing you a good song, but after all he has no future. He

will never be a front-page bird. And that could happen to some of our songsters.

I know that in any given case the odds are tremendous, but this is a city of long shots. Far down the block, just at this minute, someone sings "Chanson Indoue." I don't know much about voices, but as it rackets back and forth among the fences this is a pretty sound. Maybe it will be one of the great voices of America within a year or two years and it is my privilege to listen without benefit of either ticket or complimentary pass. I need do no more than stop pounding the keys of this typewriter, an act of abnegation which I am ready to perform at the drop of any hat.

Still, when I sit back to loaf and listen, remorse assails me. Ambition is blooming epidemically all along the alley. Those who do not sing or paint are writing great American novels. Late into the night the clicking continues. One does not miss the woodpeckers who live in the birches north of Stamford. I prefer the novelists. It is a poor bird who will devour his own nest. Anyhow I don't want to sit here idle while literature is being turned out all around me.

Even at a distance it is possible sometimes to get an inkling of the precise quality of the competition. Not all the work we do along this block is literature. A masterpiece walks across the keys with a bolder tread than any article which is commissioned. One can detect by sound in just which flat there sits an unhappy soul who's working under pressure. The columnist, the essayist, and the novelist each has his own peculiar tempo. Often I detect the fact that there is reluctance and even protest in the touch of the fingers on the keys. I make the guess that the girl up on the ninth floor across the way is not really gunning for posterity this evening. This piece of hers will set no walls to tumbling down. God is not with her and she knows it. She is experimenting with cheap fiction because she owes money to the butcher.

But on the fifth floor everything is very different. In the room behind the drawn blind punishing blows are being struck at a machine no longer new. The carriage of the typewriter is wheezing and panting in an effort to keep up with the thought of the writer. That girl certainly knows her own mind. No part of this monograph will be devoted to an explanation of the difference between the male and female touch on the machine. That is too simple. And so I repeat it is a girl upon the fifth floor and one who seemingly writes without a trace of inhibition. Can this be a document fit to rank with the great confessions of literary history? Is it possible that she is about to tell all?

She has not quit for as much as two seconds to make a search for the right word. In fact all the words in the world seem to be pouring down upon that sheet of paper. Certainly there should be ample emotion in that story. The composing hands create as great a clang as if she were performing with a hammer on an anvil. Possibly she leads attack upon injustice. It could be that the writer is protesting against some mighty wrong. Her back and shoulders contribute to the vehemence of every sentence. Good girl! Hit the knaves and rascals once again!

But all this energy is rather distressing. I have a lot of work to do. I ought to be tuning myself up into some



sort of frenzy of inspiration just like that. Maybe she isn't doing anything of importance. Perhaps it isn't a story at all. Even with the most powerful creative urge in the world the rhythm sounds a little too regular in its beat to be

original composition. Suddenly the solution of the mystery comes to me in a flash of intuition. The thing is clear as any Morse code. She is writing over and over again, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

## Mr. Lorimer and Me

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Utopia: 1. An imaginary island, the seat of an ideally perfect social and political life; described by Sir Thomas More in a romance. 2. Hence any state or place of ideal perfection. (Gr. *ou*, not; *topos*, place.)

ANYWAY, so say Funk & Wagnalls, and, without going into the question as to how an ideally perfect life may differ from one unideally perfect, or three-quarters ideally perfect, it may be interesting to consider that the word "Utopia" has come to mean something totally other than this exact definition. For whereas once Utopia was a place or a state avowedly unattainable, it has come to indicate now a condition of society which may sometime actually exist.

The date of that sometime is vague. Various authorities place it between 1933 and 19935. But it is coming, of course; it is to be heralded by a socialist (or prohibitionist or feminist or fundamentalist or osteopathic) sweep in the American elections, and thereafter all young men and women (the old ones will immediately be killed off) will go about in flowing garments of soft wool, dancing on village greens to be created in the middle of New York, Berlin, and Sauk Center, speaking with melodious eagerness to one another about single tax and sculpture, and loving freely but without jealousy. In that amiable era there will be no arthritis, oratory, trout that break leaders, or persons who snicker: "Lissen! I seen Cal Smith walking with Phrobisha Brown!"

If I believed that such an ideally perfect and innocent time were coming in my lifetime, I should commit suicide at once. I can imagine nothing more horrible than a world in which no one was hard-boiled and mean; in which every one beamed like a Y. M. C. A. secretary, insisted on helping all the brethren who damn well wanted to be left alone, and conversed with mellifluous omniscience about Keats, the quantum theory, S. Parkes Cadman, four-wheel brakes, S. A., and Chateau Yquem. For imperfect humanity, it would be intolerable. It would be like sitting through eternity listening to the Archangel Michael recalling your every foolishness, while the Dominions beside the Throne sang regularly, every seven seconds, like energetic but slightly humorless crows, "Hallelujah."

Matter of fact, I don't believe my Utopia would vastly differ from that of Mr. George Horace Lorimer of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is true that for the last six or seven years George has caused to be printed articles and editorials, also verses by that really charming wit, Mr. Arthur Guiterman, suggesting that my books and myself are the spawn of an unpatriotic would-be high-brow. But—aside from the fact that George may be entirely right—it does not for a moment keep me from remembering that he was the best boss that, as a free lance, I ever had. He read the MSS promptly, he paid promptly and magnificently, and personally he had the kind of splendid charm which

makes one think of him as the prototype of the Big Brother.

Now, Mr. Lorimer's Utopia, I fancy, would consist of a world of delightful and miraculously convenient little homes; of people competent in their jobs; and, for vacation, the Canadian wilds, the South Sea Islands, and dinner in Paris. I don't know that I can in any way improve on this Utopian vision.

It is obvious, of course, that George is not very pleasant to Polish Jews, Italian anti-Fascists, and Scott Nearing. But, good Lord, who among us is not inexcusably unpleasant to certain divisions of mankind—to Mencken, or John Roach Straton, to bridge-players or Communists, to Greeks or Christian Scientists? And he does so superbly know that most men and some women will continue forever—till that day, a few million years from now, when we shall cease to be the planetary fleas—to rejoice quite as much in their jolly ordinariness as in their poetic superiority.

I'm awfully sorry, but I do not believe that mankind will ever be ideally perfect. I am convinced that in the year of Our Lord 19935 there will still be old women who peer out between curtains in the hope of discovering titillating improprieties; there will still be people who serve and people who give orders; there will still be radical *Nations* and conservative *Saturday Evening Posts*, for both of which reasonable people will give equal thanks.

The assumption of Utopianophiles is that most people long for security, perfect justice, wisdom. Yeah? Did Lindbergh have to fly the Atlantic? Does a New York millionaire have to carry a pack and sleep in a tent in the wilderness during his vacation? Did the dying consumptive Guynemer have to wangle himself into the air service? Did the Gene Debs, who knowingly compelled the Right Sort to send him to jail, desire an on-the-green-dancing-and-generally-artistic-and-soft-hearted-William-Morris Utopia?

I am frequently credited with being the worst crab, next to Father Mencken and Father Nathan, in our Beloved States. I am informed by innumerable preachers and editorial writers that I'm all for anarchism and bombing and general hell to pay. Actually, I like the Babbitts, the Dr. Pickerbaughs, the Will Kennicotts, and even the Elmer Gantrys rather better than any one else on earth. They are good fellows. They laugh—really laugh. I have for them only three Utopian ideals: that they should know a little more about history; that they should better comprehend the difference between Irish stew in America and fried mushrooms at Schoener's in Vienna; and that they should talk of the quest of God oftener than of the quest for the best carburetor.

It is perhaps impractical and Utopian to expect them to attain such virtue, but it is my only Utopismus.

[This is the sixth of a series of articles in which various persons describe the world they would like to live in.]



# Chicago Bullets

ANONYMOUS

*[A special grand jury in Chicago is investigating murders, vote frauds, kidnappings, and other crimes incident to the April primary elections in which Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson, State's Attorney Crowe, Governor Len Small, and their henchmen were defeated. The inquiry has met almost insuperable difficulties; witnesses have received anonymous threats and move in constant fear of assassination. Many persons have failed to come forward to testify.]*

*The article which appears below is a fragment of evidence which will not be presented in the inquiry. The writer, whose identity obviously must be protected, was one of 200 University of Chicago students who volunteered to act as watchers at the polls in some of the worst wards. With the backing of all the reform organizations and the Bar Association, they sallied forth to insure an honest election in Chicago. This article bears eloquent testimony to the results in one ward.—EDITOR THE NATION.]*

THE Nth Ward contains many Negroes and some Jews. The result is Jewish management of Negroes, who in many cases are so ignorant that they cannot read or write their own names. In this precinct the Board of Election was composed of three Jewish men, one Jewish woman, and one Negro woman.

About the only thing that was done according to law in this precinct on election day was the opening of the polls at 6 a. m. I arrived at 5:55 a. m. to find a long line of Negro voters outside trying to get in so that they might vote and get to work on time. It was almost impossible to force one's way into the polling place—a room hardly large enough to hold the election board with comfort. Only three voting booths were used, as that was the maximum number that could be crowded into the room.

Imbued with the high ideals preached to us by a member of the Citizens Association at the previous day's meeting, and with the dignity of being a deputy of the County Court with the promise of the court's full protection, three other watchers and I undertook to see that the election board conducted the voting in accordance with the rules of the election commission, whose little book of rules we proudly displayed and consulted.

One of the Republican judges, a shy lawyer by trade, made a practice of taking the ballot of each Negro who came in to vote into the booth and marking it for him without bothering to ask the Negro if he had any preference in the matter. He was warned that the practice was contrary to law. He gave an ugly sneer and wanted to know "who the hell" we were. We showed him our little papers issued by the County Court. At this juncture the Democratic judge, a very loud-mouthed Jewish woman, called me aside and said she was glad we watchers were there as she thought the "Republicans planned to cheat." She insisted that she be allowed to go into the booth with the Republican judge to help mark the ballots. He became furious at this and pulled his gun on her twice, but we watchers took her part and he was helpless for the time being. After this had gone on for some time he became enraged and called one of his party workers, the son of the

precinct captain. I overheard the word "gang" in the whispered conversation they held—and "gang" means only one thing in Chicago.

Being young and foolish, with a strong desire to live, I hastened to the nearest telephone, telling the Negro policeman on the corner to be on the watch for trouble. "Boss," he said, "I ain't taken no sides, I ain't, an' I can handle anything that happens." He looked big enough to handle almost anything, and he proved to be the only honest person about the place, but some one had him removed later in the day. My telephone report to the election commission brought the response that an officer would be sent out immediately.

About half an hour after my return to the polls seven large cars with screaming sirens, drawn curtains, and "America First," "Crowe for State's Attorney" signs plastered over the sides, drew up in front of the polling-place. Men swarmed out of them and surrounded the Negro policeman, who at that moment was having a dispute with the precinct boss and his son about passing out sample ballots and "America First" literature in front of the polling-place. They told the policeman to "lay off." He persisted. They told him what fine shots they were and pointed to machine-guns and shot-guns in the cars. Shooting was avoided by the precinct boss, a likable old Jew, who "never protected no murderer." The leader of the gang elbowed his way into the polling-place and asked his fellow-gangster, the election judge, "What's the matter here?" Before he could be told, the election official, sent by the commission in answer to my call, arrived. I drew him into a back room, explained the situation, and told him that a bunch of gangsters were outside. This information subdued him wonderfully. But he walked back into the polling-place and, pounding on the table, declared "This election must be conducted honestly."

Upon the appearance of this election official with his guard of county police, the Republican judge told his friend the gang boss to take his gang around the corner to the saloon and to wait until called. (I was later informed that this gang leader was the largest bootlegger on the South side of Chicago.) As soon as the election official was gone, the judge came over and took my name and wanted to know "what the hell" I thought I was doing. "If I knew for sure you called that election guy, you son of a —, you'd go for a ride right now," he added.

I was watched from then on. The other watchers were called into the back room by the precinct captain, his son, and the Republican judge, and plied with wine. Levinsky, the Republican judge, could not imagine anyone being such a fool as to want an honest election, so he tried to find out from the other watchers just what my game was, and my price. The precinct boss would not stand for any rough work if things could be arranged in some other manner. The result of this parley was soon evident. Levinsky came toward me, smiling and holding out his hand. When he released my hand he left a crumpled paper in it, which proved to be a \$10 bill. My first thought was "marked money," a trap, so I handed it back so fast that the bill fell



to the floor, and despite his efforts was plainly seen by several bystanders. My fellow-watchers were beginning to think it was time they tried to bring me to my senses; I had not yet been told of the discussions in the back room about my conduct. One of the watchers asked me to go out with him to get breakfast, since it was 10 o'clock and we had not yet had a chance to leave. We started for the nearest cafe, and were carefully followed.

My fellow-watcher began by telling me in what danger I was. He said that he had told Levinsky I was just faking a concern about an honest election so that I might claim to have earned my pay; that only this story had prevented Levinsky from calling his bunch of toughs back to get me. He said further that, if I did not change my attitude and prove to Levinsky and his crowd that I was not a hostile spy, I was sure to be "taken care of," and that neither he nor the other watchers would do anything to help me for fear of what might happen to them and their families.

I began to realize that I was in no position to choose if I wanted to go home whole. On our way back the old precinct boss hailed us and bought us some cigars. Smoking one of these, I returned to the polling-place to find the gang paying another visit. They were standing in line waiting to vote names which the Republican clerk copied from the registration book and handed to the precinct captain, who in turn took them just outside the door and handed one name to each man, who proceeded to vote that name. At this early hour of the day they were taking the names outside before giving them to the gangsters to vote, but as the men returned about every hour they soon did away with this formality and the names were handed to the men openly in the room. Sometimes the same man would vote twice without leaving the room. One amusing incident occurred early in the morning while the Democratic judge still showed signs of being honest. Two of the gangsters got mixed on the names given them to vote, both claiming the same name, and they nearly had a fight when the woman judge refused to give either of them a ballot.

After each visit, Levinsky would go out to the cars with "the boys" and would hand the leader "something." Later in the afternoon, on what proved to be the gang's last trip, a fight occurred between the gang leader and Levinsky in front of the polling-place. The gang leader demanded his money for the boys who had voted. Levinsky said he was broke and that they would have to wait for it. The gang leader declared that the agreement was cash for each time they voted, and he would not go without it. From the tone of the voices I expected something more than a word battle, but again open trouble was avoided by the precinct boss, who smoothed matters over and induced the gang to leave.

What was I doing during these open violations of the law, violations which I was supposed to prevent? I was playing the good fellow to everyone—and doing it with some success, though they were still suspicious of me. The precinct captain's son asked me to go home with him for dinner. I made some lame excuse, whereupon he took me to a cafe for dinner and on the way back insisted that I stop at his house for some wine. While there, he showed me his guns, the little pearl-handled pistol he has carried with him continually since the time a rival gang tried to kidnap him and his father, and finally his girl's picture. He is a law student and expects to get his degree at the University of Illinois within the next year. He told me about

the many battles he and his dad had waged for control of the precinct, and how they had never failed to carry their precinct for the "right" candidates; about the fun and excitement he got out of the scraps; and about the job that was promised him in State's Attorney Crowe's office as soon as he graduated. It never occurred to him that Crowe might be defeated.

It was apparent on my return to the polling-place that the Democratic woman judge had finally surrendered. Levinsky was getting worried, for, in spite of all the ballots he had voted illegally, he was still far short of having the required number of voters on the books. He knew perfectly well that unless he delivered the necessary number the machine would find another man for his place. The Democratic woman judge's husband was the Democratic boss of the precinct, and he likewise knew that he must deliver the goods or be cast aside. What was simpler, this being a primary and therefore no contest, than for the two sides to get together and cooperate in the matter? Levinsky told the Democratic judge that if she would shut up about what he did, he would let her do as she pleased. The bargain was struck while I was gone, but I accidentally stumbled on the results of the scheme. To get to the toilet at the rear of the building one had to walk through the little room behind the election room. There on the table I saw stacked at least two hundred Republican ballots which the precinct captain, his son, and the owner of the building were busily engaged in marking. I understood better then why Negroes were sent to that room to vote and came back so soon with the ballots properly folded. Later that afternoon the ballot box was unlocked and, in plain sight of all, a bushel-basket full of marked ballots was carried in and placed in the box. The Democratic judge and watcher were both conveniently looking out of the window at that moment. I found it desirable to walk out and talk with the officer on duty. Planted in front of the polling-place on the ground was an American flag. As I stood there a little yellow cur came along and mistook the flag for a tree. The officer gave the dog a kick and remarked that even a dog should have more respect for the flag. I thought of the men and women inside.

Not long after this we heard gun shots to the south. We found out shortly afterward that just a few blocks away the Negro, Granady, opponent of Morris Eller, had been shot and killed. On being told of this, Levinsky remarked to the precinct boss, "That's the reason the boys didn't come around again."

The polls finally closed and the ballots were removed from the box. The precinct captain then took charge. The Republican ballots were separated from the Democratic ones. The Democratic boss took charge of the Democratic ballots, the Republican boss doing the same with the Republican ones. Then the party workers systematically went through all the ballots and erased the votes unfavorable to the candidates for whom they were working. The votes were never counted; the total number on hand were cast en bloc for each party's machine candidates and the ballots were to conform. During the time the ballots were being changed an election official came to see if two of the watchers were on the job. Finding the curtains drawn and the doors locked, he knocked. The two watchers went outside to report. One of the clerks glued his ear to the door to hear what was said, while I was covered by a gun from the coat-pocket of Levinsky. The watchers reported that everything was O. K.



Levinsky gave the police officer (who had watched the proceedings complacently) and myself the returns, though he and the precinct captain had some difficulty in agreeing upon the number of votes they would give to a certain judge; one of them liked him and the other did not. In nearly all cases he reported a unanimous vote for the machine candidates and then he copied the figures he had given me so that "they would both be the same." The Negro worker protested that such a unanimous report was likely to cause suspicion, but he was told to mind his own business.

After filling out the required report blanks we watchers shook hands all around and prepared to leave. Levinsky followed us outside. He said, "Boys, be careful what kind of reports you make, and remember, don't report me as being a judge, because I'm not going to sign the returns. And don't forget that our gang never fails to get the guy they're after, even if it takes ten years." With that he slipped \$12 into our hands, "just for a little treat," and was sorry that that was all he had, because there had been "so many expenses today."

## When Races Intermarry

By EARNEST ALBERT HOOTON

**R**ADICALLY different races usually develop quite distinct forms of civilization. The racial hybrid does not inherit a culture; he must cast in his lot with one of the parent civilizations or evolve a mixed form of his own. In the former case he is likely to lose his physical and cultural identity by being reabsorbed into one parental stock; he simply leavens one parental lump. When a few individuals of two radically different races interbreed in an area of isolation and under primitive conditions, their progeny, if left to themselves, will develop not only a hybrid physical type and a bastard culture but possibly also a new race and a new civilization. Such a process has frequently been completed in prehistoric times, but today it is a rarity, largely because the development of transportation has obliterated the geographical barriers which formerly isolated human groups. People prefer to marry their own kind if they can reach them. Modern pioneers bring their women with them or go back and fetch them.

In the middle of Southwest Africa there is a prosperous colony of hybrids descended from Boers and Hottentots. The center of this pasture-land area is a town called Rehoboth in which live more than 3,000 hybrids, together with many of their Hottentot and Negro servants. Dutch immigration into this region began about 1760. Because of a scarcity of Boer women many of the men married Hottentot girls. Those who did so were disowned by the Boers who had kept their stock pure, and the principals of the mixed marriages and their hybrid offspring became segregated from both parent stocks. The hybrid children were brought up to respect their mixed origin, and the only marriages countenanced were with persons of similar descent. Consequently the lack of recent admixtures with European and Hottentot blood has preserved for these hybrids their social integrity. They settled around Rehoboth about 1860, numbering at that time approximately thirty families and 300 souls. They increased rapidly and most of the families have a fairly accurate knowledge of their ancestors for several generations back. There were about forty Boer ancestors of the original colony and a considerable number of other Europeans contributed blood during the early period of the settlement.

Professor Eugen Fischer, a distinguished German anthropologist, has made this Rehoboth colony the subject of a careful study and has embodied the results of his investigations in a book which must be ranked as the classic work on the subject of race mixture.\* The data of the present

article are derived from Fischer's admirable research.

The early Boers preferred to marry Hottentot girls rather than Negro girls because the former belonged to a free people with a good deal of property in cattle. The Kaffirs and Damara were slaves in the service of the Hottentots and Herero. The Hottentots are a primitive pastoral people who migrated into South Africa some time before the arrival of the Europeans. They seem to have originated from an admixture of the pigmy Bushman hunters with dark white Hamites and possibly with some Negroid stocks. Hottentots are not Negroes, but show a peculiar mixture of Negroid and Mongoloid characters which is also to be observed in their Bushman progenitors. They are small, almost dwarfish people, with yellow skins. Their hair is tightly curled in tiny spirals and grows in tufts or "pepper-corns" with bare spaces of scalp between the clumps. Their noses are as broad as those of Negroes and as flat as those of Mongoloids. Their malars or cheek-bones are very prominent and, with their pointed chins, impart a triangular shape to their flat faces. The eyes are narrow-slitted and slanting, and often show at the inner corner an obscuring fold of skin called the "Mongoloid fold." The women tend to develop at maturity huge deposits of fat on the buttocks—a feature known as *steatopygia*. It is not entirely a secondary sexual character because the men also show it to a minor extent. *Steatopygia* is found today only among the Bushmen and Hottentots, but it was prevalent among the prehistoric Europeans of the glacial retreat, as we know from female figurines of ivory and engravings belonging to that period. Possibly this deposit of fat on the buttocks is analogous to the hump of the camel—a sort of reserve larder accumulated in time of plenty and drawn upon when food is scarce. It may be a special adaptation acquired by a race of primitive men at a time when conditions of living made feasts alternate with famines. Perhaps it has been preserved in the Bushmen and Hottentots because of their sojourn in arid areas of Africa. At any rate, their almost pigmy stature, their *steatopygia*, and their mixture of Negroid and Mongoloid features make the Hottentots and Bushmen a sharply defined physical group.

The Boers who married the Hottentot women were probably of mixed European stock—medium to tall in stature, brunette to blond in complexion, with long faces, narrow noses, and straight or wavy hair. Professor Fischer divides the Rehoboth hybrids into three groups: those in whom Dutch and Hottentot blood is present in about equal proportions, those in whom European blood predominates,

\*"Die Rehobother Bastards." Jena: Eugen Fischer. 1913.



and those who have a majority of Hottentot ancestors. The physical characteristics of these hybrids are of great interest.

Hybrid vigor is manifested in the stature of the Rehoboth people, for they are taller than either the Hottentots or the modern Dutch. The men in whom European blood exceeds the Hottentot are taller than the Scotch, who stand at the head of the peoples of Europe in their bodily height. Weight in the males is a little below that of Europeans of the same stature; the women are slender in youth but tend to become fleshy with the onset of middle age. The fatty deposit on the buttocks, which is so striking a feature in Hottentot women, develops in the female hybrids when they reach maturity, but only to a moderate extent. This steatopygia is absent in the men.

In facial features European characteristics tend to dominate, although there are many exceptions to this rule. Particularly marked is an increased length of the face, which in the "European" group of hybrids exceeds the averages of both parental stocks. The projecting cheek-bones of the Hottentots are smoothed down in the hybrids, and the flat Hottentot nose is replaced by one with a more elevated bridge, although the great breadth of the former is often retained. The slitlike Mongoloid eye with its inner fold occurs in the hybrid children, but usually disappears in adult life. Lips are thin, thick, or medium, according to excess of European or Hottentot blood in the hybrids, or equal proportions of each.

The skin color of the Rehoboth people is brunette, white, or "olive," much like that of Southern Europeans. Here again there is a gradation according to blood, the "European" group showing the lightest complexions. Children sometimes have rosy white skins, but occasionally are very dark. In these hybrids the skin darkens with age. Tanning is so pronounced that it often results in the exposed parts of the body being darker in the adult hybrids than in the Hottentots.

All degrees of curly hair occur, but none have absolutely straight hair. Hair form follows the proportions of blood mixture. Occasionally pepper-corn hair may be seen in children—sometimes blond pepper-corn hair. In both sexes body hair is sparse as in Hottentots, and the men have very scanty beards. Hottentots have jet-black hair both in infancy and during maturity. The Rehoboth people usually have light hair or even blond hair in childhood, but it darkens with increasing age. No adults have blond hair, but in the "European" group various shades of brown are common. Eye color is prevaillingly the dark brown invariable among the Hottentots, but blue eyes are frequent among the children and sometimes persist.

In general the presence of pigment in hair, skin, and eyes seems to dominate or prevail over the less colored condition. Curly hair asserts itself at the expense of straight hair. The more highly evolved facial features of the Europeans usually survive in the struggle for existence, but each individual is likely to be a blend of characters from both parental stocks.

North European children mature sexually at a relatively late age, whereas Hottentots, like most tropical peoples, ripen early. The Rehoboth hybrids resemble the Europeans in this respect. As a result the child marriages so common in Negro Africa are unknown here. Men marry between the ages of twenty-five and twenty-seven years and women between the ages of twenty and twenty-three years. The

women are excellent mothers and marriages are very fertile, averaging 7.4 offspring for each union. Fischer says that 276 marriages of pure Dutch in Cape Colony yielded an average of 6.3 children. The fertility of Hottentots is not known, but is probably large.

These Rehoboth people live to a good age and enjoy excellent health. They are not particularly subject to any disease. They are very strong and are said to show greater powers of resistance to hunger, thirst, and disease than either of the parent races. They are greatly inbred, but from consanguine marriages there has resulted no diminution in fertility nor in quality of offspring. Fischer found only five feeble-minded children in the community and these did not come from strongly inbred families. No intelligence tests were undertaken at Rehoboth, but one gathers that the hybrids are by no means stupid. They may have produced no genius, but the output of morons is encouragingly small.

Before the Germans took over the rule of this part of South Africa the Rehoboth hybrids had evolved their own form of government. It consisted of a "captain," *primus inter pares*, and a council of five elders. This council had sweeping executive, legislative, and judicial functions. It seems to have been substantially similiar to the form of tribal government by chiefs and elders common among American Indians and other primitive peoples.

There are two distinct social strata at Rehoboth. Those who call themselves "the good old families" are rich or, at any rate, well-to-do. They look more like Europeans and have more European blood and more energy than the members of the lower class. They monopolize the places in the council and impart tone to the colony. A man of the lower stratum can never marry a girl belonging to one of the aristocratic families. Adhering to the upper crust are families which have a good deal of European blood but not much property. The proletariat has more Hottentot blood, less property, and fewer genealogies. It complains of oppression by the upper class.

These hybrids are a pastoral people. At first all land was held in common, but later a man acquired the land upon which he built his house, together with a garden strip. Ultimately a part of the common land was sold by the council to discharge the public debt and the rest was divided, apparently on the principle that "to him that hath shall be given." The well-to-do have town houses and dwellings on their farms. They own many cattle and employ numerous Hottentots and Herero as herdsmen. Perhaps from the Hottentots they have inherited their great love for cattle and their skill as breeders. They practice very little agriculture. The poorer men are often carters or carriers. Among these are also found the carpenters, shoemakers, and masons.

The rich have rectangular stone houses of the Cape Boer type; the poor have round Hottentot huts made of the original mats and stakes or of modern material such as kerosene tins. But no matter whether it is a stone mansion or a tin hut, the door of the dwelling always faces east (a Hottentot custom), and the houses are not arranged along streets as in Boer towns, but higgledy-piggledy. The rich have imported European furniture, but even the first families squat on the floor when no strangers are present.

European clothing is worn, as a rule, and inordinate modesty prevails. The women wear a cloth tied round their hair like Hottentot women. It is considered shameful



to remove this cloth. Out-of-doors a sunbonnet surmounts the head-cloth.

These hybrids are fairly clean people. On Saturdays the women scrub up in good old Dutch style. They are good needlewomen and efficient housewives. The men are rather lazy and sit about smoking most of the day. Both sexes are considerably addicted to tobacco, alcohol, and coffee.

Sex morality is probably not inferior to that of many rural communities of Europe and America. Formerly the girls were very free with white strangers, hoping for marriage; but now unions with whites are prohibited. Illegitimate children still occur, nevertheless.

The children retain Hottentot traditions and play Hottentot games. They used to learn German in the mission schools, but Hottentot is the primary speech and Cape Dutch is the secondary tongue. The hybrids have no literature,

no folk-lore, and no drama of their own. Most of their remedies are Hottentot, and their burials are a mixture of Hottentot and Christian rites. But they use Dutch names. Like the maternal race they are very fond of nicknames and give names to all of their cattle.

Thus at Rehoboth before the World War the crossings of Boers and Hottentots had given rise to a people physically sound and prolific, which had worked out its own material salvation. When the dregs of two races unite, one can scarcely expect their progeny to tread the heights of human endeavor. But when, as in the present instance, sound representatives, even of diverse races, intermarry, they are likely to have a vigorous and abundant issue whose cultural achievements will be commensurate with the mean of their inherited abilities, individual and racial, and with the possibilities of their physical and social environment.

## Summer School

By LORINE PRUETTE

TEACHERS are unquestionably one of the most repressed groups in a modern world of labor. Theirs is a polite slavery. Teachers must be refined; they must not cry out, even when their toes are trod upon. In fact, they seldom want to cry out. You see, they really are refined. They sink into a spineless dependence upon a system that may cast them forth at any moment, on the flimsiest excuse. Jealous individualists, they will not combine or cooperate with one another to exert the power they undoubtedly possess. The greater number of subordinates are women, the greater number of bosses, men; the women assume and the men foster a semi-paternal relationship in which the teacher is supposed to be a good girl and do as she is told, not bothering her head about anything beyond the present day, leaving all important problems to father, who is omnipotent and omniscient and will give to each of his children according to her deserts. Teacher under principal, principal under superintendent, superintendent under commissioner, commissioner under the group of politicians who gave him his job. Fear everywhere and everywhere opportunity for petty tyranny. One of the most amazing of these tyrannies is the compulsory summer school. I have heard teachers groan over this, much in the manner of the small boy who groans because papa says he must chop the wood for the stove all week; but I have never heard of anyone who actively protested.

Out of the pitiful dole paid to teachers for eight or nine or ten months, a portion must be set aside to take them to summer school. Few industries attempt to specify what the employee shall do with his unoccupied time. Not so the schools. The paternal system appears to justify any invasion of personal rights. And so they come, in increasing, swarming hordes, these pathetic seekers after—what? Knowledge, wisdom, technical information? No, they come to hold their jobs. They come because they dare not stay away. Look at them.

This woman is so old that her progress up the hill to class is a daily marvel, a triumph over inconceivable obstacles. She takes notes with great care. What will become of the notes when she goes back to teaching fractions to the fourth graders?

This girl is not as young as she seems, but her rouge and vivacity make a good disguise. She is teaching tiresome little brats until she finds a man, and the summer school may help her to find one. If she sits quietly through her courses she will probably pass them, since nearly everyone does pass in summer school. She signs up for three dull courses which she hopes will not require any work and then devotes herself to the unofficial campus course. There are quiet nooks upon the campus where a man and a girl may briefly know the authentic satisfactions from such simple things as a moon and a fleeting caress. Chemistry and economics and the principles of pedagogy have no meaning here. Even if she fails in her courses her summer will not have been wasted.

This woman is a triumph of dulness. Under no conceivable circumstances would she be accepted by a reputable college—in the winter. They will all accept her in the summer. By and by she will roll up the credits for a college degree. She teaches penmanship and she is studying recreation, learning all about play activities of primitive tribes and the behavior of young infants.

This man is a school superintendent. He got his job by a combination of rather brutal aggressiveness and the capacity to use soft soap at the proper moments. Twenty years ago he sewed his mind up in its eternal swaddling clothes, but he has suddenly decided to "get educated." He encourages the professors by telling them about cases that have come under his observation.

This man has left his wife at home, very unhappy. During the winter he has been so rushed with teaching and administrative duties that he has scarcely realized he has a wife and family. When summer comes he gives her a perfunctory kiss and goes off to school. He is very ambitious and certain to get on in his world. Of course he believes that everything he does is for his family.

This man is ill, definitely ill. Three months out of doors would put him on his feet, but he cannot have three months. His superintendent knows he is ill, but has ordered him to come to school just the same. The rule must not be broken. It does not matter about the man.

It is not necessary to describe the upper 10 per cent



who are actively reaching out toward something which the summer school may conceivably give them. They will at least hear of new books; now and then their lives may be illuminated by a fresh and startling thought. Some are thirsty for facts. Their winter chores have been arid for them; in the summer school they enjoy what is for a few a genuine cultural oasis. In addition to this small group who may be termed students is the woman's-club group, the persons of either sex who like to feel that they are "keeping up," whose interests are seldom in the subject but rather in the acquisition of names and crucial details which will enable them to decorate their conversation. It was this group that put psychoanalysis over as a language. Then there is the occasional college student who is trying to get through four years in three and the all-too-frequent college student who has flunked his winter courses and is taking them over. All of these may have reason and justification for their coming. Summer school offers another chance; it is designed for the underprivileged and the thwarted; and its development is a natural part of our democratic philosophy. It is not with summer schools in themselves that I am quarreling, but with the theories back of compulsory attendance.

Let us grant for the moment the desirability of universal schooling. As a wealthy society we can afford to extend the non-productive years almost indefinitely. We have pushed up the finishing point from the fifth grade to the eighth grade and are reaching out toward high-school graduation as the norm. Our assumption is that the teachers for all these millions of children have to be "educated," whatever that may mean. Lacking any better standard the college degree is becoming increasingly popular as the trademark of an educated person. This leads us at once into difficulties, for the colleges are almost universally declaring that intelligence of a fairly high order is required of their applicants. It is obvious that if all the persons with the ability required for college graduation deserted all other professions and went into school-teaching there would probably not be enough of them to man the schools. In comes the jerry-built degree from the summer school. It has as fair a sound as any other degree, but it is not as good. It cannot be, despite the best efforts of the authorities in charge of summer schools. All the laws of learning point to the gradual accretion of knowledge. Six weeks of work five days a week give nearly as many hours as eighteen weeks of work twice a week, but the process is not the same. The result is not the same, in actual learning or the beginnings of wisdom, but the degree is the same.

Not only does the summer school tend to pull down the standard of the winter school but, in its complicated aspect as a compulsory institution, it damages the integrity of the professors. Are you going to flunk that nice old lady, who might almost be your grandmother, when you know that she cannot keep her job unless she gets her certificate and that she cannot get her certificate unless she passes your course? She may not have understood what you were driving at, but she will continue to fill her allotted functions in the third grade quite as well as if she did. This man will get his job if he gets his degree. To be sure he has learned little, but who are you to throw a monkey-wrench into his life? Another teacher would grade him differently, of that you can be sure, unless you are so unaware of psychology and of statistical reports that you ascribe some peculiar validity to your own grading system. Perhaps you work out a com-

promise by which if he is young and stupid and lazy you flunk him, and if he is old and very much in earnest you pass him, hoping for scholarship's sake that he may die before he achieves too many degrees.

The summer school is of course a makeshift, but a makeshift that will probably be improved as its administrators and instructors are able to improve it. For 60 per cent, at least, of its students a two-weeks' "inspirational" chautauqua would probably work as well or better than the present system. But for a little group of rebels the summer school of today fulfils a particular function. Here come a few young men and women of ability. They have been thinking all the winter, repressing themselves, fearing to express what they are thinking. They have been held down in their polite slavery and here, suddenly, is comparative freedom and anonymity. Young men, grown old in the restrictions of a principal's job, declare with sudden bitterness that the family and the community cannot expect the schools to be free of sex problems since we are now keeping everybody in school, even the potential prostitutes, to the ages of fourteen or sixteen or eighteen. Young women with a frightened air voice the heresy that in organization there is strength. Rebels find one another in the crowd and the tiny flame of revolt is fanned. The summer school, with its intermingling of people from all parts of the country, contains within it a perilous germ. Slave looks at slave and wonders what will make them free. The omniscient fathers of the school system do not know what their more wayward children may be learning at this compulsory source of inspiration. They will not learn too much biology or too much chemistry, but they may get an idea. Ideas have been known to explode.

## In the Driftway

LOST, strayed, or stolen. Such is the fate of 50,000,000 milk bottles a year in New York City (of 300,000,000 in the United States), so a recent newspaper paragraph stated. That means a mortality of eight bottles a year for every man, woman, and child in the metropolis. The dealers estimate that only a fifth of the loss is due to breakage; the other bottles are sunk without trace. It seems incredible. It is incredible, or would be to one unfamiliar with the incredibly careless, hurried, and wasteful way in which New Yorkers live. But the Drifter, who knows somewhat of life in the great city, is disposed to condole with the milk dealers rather than doubt them. Milk bottles are said to be made of especially good glass, in order to withstand rigorous boiling and rough handling, at a cost of five cents apiece.

\* \* \* \* \*

A CORRESPONDENT of a New York newspaper writes to say that in Boston purchasers of milk are charged four cents for any bottle not returned. He suggests a similar system in New York. It might be worth trying, for a loss of 50,000,000 milk bottles at five cents apiece means an extra charge of \$2,500,000 a year upon users of milk in New York—that is, everybody—for their carelessness. Yet this would stop the holocaust only partially—just how much, the Drifter would not dare to predict. For at present persons who buy milk occasionally at grocery or delicatessen



stores, instead of having it delivered regularly at their doors by the milk companies, have to pay a deposit of five cents on each bottle. And are those bottles returned? Ye-e-es, some of them. But the money lost on those which aren't would send a corps of missionaries to Africa to instruct the benighted heathen how to live the civilized life—as exemplified, let us say, by New Yorkers and their conservation of milk bottles.

\* \* \* \* \*

IN the issue of May 2 the Drifter quoted a decision by a Chicago judge, nullifying a wedding contracted at sea, to suggest that it seemed practically to open the road for legal companionate marriage. But according to Bernhard S. Levey of Syracuse one should not pick New York State as one in which to obtain a dissolution of matrimonial bonds entered into at sea:

Whether or not the courts of Illinois refuse to recognize sea weddings as valid I cannot state, but I do know that other jurisdictions, of which New York is one, recognize them as entirely valid, and neither void nor voidable, unless a marriage between the same parties would have been void or voidable even though contracted in the manner prescribed by their laws, as would occur in the case of incest, infancy, insanity, etcetera.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE letter of Mr. Levey takes issue also with the method of achieving legal companionate marriage in New York State suggested by Steven T. Byington, which the Drifter quoted in *The Nation* of July 4:

Mr. Byington's commentary would be correct if he had limited it to that hectic period between 1902 and 1908 when marriages known as "common-law" marriages were *verboten*. But Mr. Byington, like Mr. Blackstone, has been amended and repealed by subsequent legislation and decisions.

At the present time common-law marriages are perfectly valid, and if man and woman cohabit as man and wife they are irretrievably lost. A common-law marriage does not even require an oral agreement, but is constituted solely by the acts of the parties.

Thus also the sea wedding is valid as a common-law marriage, even if the ceremony were not considered sufficient to constitute them man and wife.

\* \* \* \* \*

OH, well, it looks as if New Yorkers would have to realize their companionate marriages in the same way in which they obtain their liquor.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Asleep About Al?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Concerning the true significance of Al Smith you have been asleep. His nomination is a stirring victory for tolerance and liberalism. His election would promise more for democracy than anything else that could possibly happen at this period. Are you to remain non-constructive, non-influential onlookers while the liberal millions mobilize for Smith?

Asbury Park, June 29

WILLIAM TAYLOR

## In Praise of Hoover

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have known Herbert Hoover well for thirty-seven years, in America, Australia, and Europe, and in him I have the greatest confidence. Hoover, a young Quaker lad, was the first student to reach Stanford University in 1891. He is an idealist in certain ways and the most practical of men in certain others. He never likes to talk or write on theoretical matters, nor to tell beforehand what he will do. In whatever he undertakes to do, no matter how difficult, he has been ultimately successful, and some of these matters, as you know, are the most complicated ever undertaken in the face of indifference or opposition.

I do not feel at liberty to quote the words of a friend as to current matters. I may, however, refer to the matter of feeding Belgium. Lloyd George was opposed to it. "If the Belgians starve, it will be the greatest charge against Germany." Hoover's reply was that if England lets them starve it will be the greatest disgrace to England. And he had his way, though Asquith called him "a very impertinent" young man. At Berlin he won over von Jagow, to whom he said: "I am trying to feed the starving Belgian people. It is as easy as to feed a sick cat with milk, through a forty-foot bamboo pole, in a cage occupied by two roaring lions." His success in diplomacy in France was equally marked, but in a different way. His assistant, our Vernon Kellogg, now of the Research Council, was granted the equivalent of \$50,000,000, each month, to feed the people in the devastated districts.

Hoover is a man without complexities, unselfish, devoted to relieving suffering, and with an uncanny insight into financial matters and the detection of trickery (usually known as politics).

In 1908 I met him in Australia. He was just about to resign a salary of \$100,000—\$5,000, he said, as a mining engineer, and \$95,000 as a financial manager of mines. He was to go back to London to do some literary work (translation and publication of Agricola, "De Re Metallica") and hoped then to return to his home to find some public work which he could do as it ought to be done, the salary being a minor matter. He had run through mining engineering, which had yielded nothing to him save the amassing of money (of which he had all he needed).

I know of no one who ever worked with or under Hoover who does not in a way worship him.

Palo Alto, California, June 15

DAVID STARR JORDAN,

President Emeritus, Leland Stanford, Jr., University

## Norman Thomas for President

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was delighted to read your few words of commendation of Norman Thomas, the candidate of the Socialist Party. *The Nation* should logically be enthusiastically supporting Mr. Thomas, considering his personal qualities and the wholesome platform on which he is running. I have been somewhat disappointed at its timidity along this line and sincerely hope that the hint in your editorial represents a trend toward aggressive and prophetic advocacy of his candidacy. Why should not *The Nation* accept its own challenge and become one of the leaders "to marshal the hosts of dissatisfied Americans who will never, never vote for a man who sat for seven years in the Cabinet of Harding and Coolidge and could not lift his voice on any occasion to denounce the swinish corruption in which that body took part; and will never, never vote for Alfred E. Smith of Tammany Hall, the Wet running on a Dry platform"? Why is not *The Nation* fighting for Thomas for President?

New York, July 7

FRANCIS A. HENSON



## The Anti-Saloon League

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is about William MacDonald's review of Peter Odegard's "Pressure Politics" in *The Nation* for June 13. I like "Pressure Politics" because it is truthful; it tells some things about the Anti-Saloon League which I wish were not true, but the league is a human institution, and I suppose that even the best of us have done things which we would not do again. The review is not truthful in the impression it gives either of the Anti-Saloon League or of "Pressure Politics." Under the title *The Protestant Terror* it gives the impression that "Pressure Politics" tells the story of a malign organization using contemptible methods and skating on thin ice in its compliance with the law. I read of "a record of political scheming, intimidation, misrepresentation, and blackguardly tactics used in behalf of a so-called moral reform"; "the work of Protestant terrorization"; "its ring leadership, its secret funds, its contempt for corrupt practices acts." Finally there is the suggestion that "the prohibition bosses cannot, with full hearts, give thanks to Almighty God . . . that Mr. Odegard should have been permitted to write and publish this notable book."

If I may claim the honor of being a "prohibition boss" this is funny. I read the manuscript and encouraged its publication. The league gave Mr. Odegard free access to its records and files. I hope that freedom of speech is not a mere formula with me and I believe that I reflect the opinion of the Anti-Saloon League in approving the publication of all the truth in which there is any legitimate public interest, including the parts which are painful with those which are pleasant.

Mr. Odegard seems to me to have used an almost obvious method in the development of his subject. In any given subdivision he states the blackest case that has been made or alleged against the league. But before Mr. Odegard gets through he judicially presents the facts in extenuation, or counter-accusation, or refutation. I believe that Mr. Odegard leaves the fair-minded reader with the feeling that a dispassionate and judicial treatment of the league presents it as an efficient organization, manned by officers who are socially minded and without motives of self-interest; that there are revealed remarkably few human derelictions in view of the number of persons concerned, the bitterness of the controversy, and the partisan animus of the inquisitions and attacks upon the league.

Mr. Odegard's preface is to the point. "Political parties," he says, "invariably include adherents whose wills are hopelessly at variance upon all but a very few questions. . . . It is this situation which has engendered the pressure group. . . . Without organization, in the modern state, the individual is lost and his influence is negligible. . . . To deny the churches representation in this latter [corporate] sense is not only to defeat real representative government but to deny our public servants the counsel of an important body of public opinion."

Like many critics of political action by the church, Mr. MacDonald does not differentiate between political action by the church in behalf of the church and such action in behalf of human welfare. It seems to me that the liberals who deplore the participation of the church in political affairs are only putting water on the wheel of the part-time Christians who sit in the pews and want the preacher to stick to the Gospel for fear that his social or political views will conflict with their ethics of industrial exploitation and the like. If the Protestant churches took an effective position in behalf of world peace or an equitable adjustment in the industrial relations in the coal mines, would that constitute another "Protestant Terror"?

New York, June 20

ORVILLE S. POLAND,

Head of legal department, Anti-Saloon League of New York

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer of the history of the Anti-Saloon League argues that the league's was minority rule because

"hardly more than two-fifths of the population of the United States, during the period of the league's greatest activity, could be regarded as church adherents, and Catholics and Jews, representing between them about one-half of the total church membership of the country, have with few exceptions held aloof."

The "World Almanac" for 1914 gives the population of the country for 1913 as 97,028,497, the church members as 36,668,165, of whom the Catholics (twelve kinds, but the Roman Catholics are about 96 per cent) and Jews make up 13,481,684. It adds, "The aggregate of 36,668,165 represents actual church membership, and includes all Catholics (communicants, but not unconfirmed minors). It does not give all persons affiliated by family ties to Protestant bodies. The larger of the Protestant bodies may claim twice the number of their communicants as nominal adherents."

So the Catholics and Jews are nearer a third than a half, and the total of confirmed church members (excluding babies) is about two-fifths of the total population (including babies). If we exclude from the population those who are below the age at which members are commonly received into the church, the church members are about half the people; and everybody who has been concerned in the affairs of a Protestant church knows that the number of adults who are not merely "nominal adherents," but take an active part in the support of the church of which they are not members, is large.

Ballard Vale, Mass., June 12

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I avail myself of the opportunity of commenting on two communications taking exception to statements and alleged implications in my review of Odegard's "Pressure Politics."

On the basis of figures in the "World Almanac," Mr. Byington thinks that the proportion of church members to population should be about one-half, instead of about two-fifths as I stated, and that Catholics and Jews should be reckoned at about one-third instead of one-half. I never quarrel with the "World Almanac," and the case against the league is bad enough without misrepresenting any of its features. I am greatly obliged to Mr. Byington for his correction.

Mr. Poland seems to think that I am opposed to the participation of the churches in politics or other public matters. I am not in the least opposed. What I object to is the activity of the Protestant sects, in contrast to Catholics and Jews, in fastening upon the country, under the leadership of the Anti-Saloon League, a prohibitory regime which I regard as an insult to intelligence, a fatal blow at political and personal liberty, and the greatest corrupter of public and private morals that the country has ever known. Mr. Poland, of course, does not think so. If I interpret aright a passage in his letter, he seems to imagine that unless the churches are free to go in for prohibition as they have done, they will be estopped from expressing themselves, or allowing the preachers to express themselves, on such a matter as industrial exploitation. This seems to me very faulty logic. No church, or any other organization, has a moral right to enslave the minds and befuddle the consciences of a nation, or pray for the success of a program whose consequences, as we see them today, have been unparalleled lawlessness, crime, bribery, and hypocrisy.

Mr. Poland further suggests that I have misrepresented Mr. Odegard's book by making it out a different kind of book from what it was intended to be. I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Odegard, nor do I know what kind of book he intended to write. Judging the book from its contents, I gather that he intended to write a detailed and impartial history of the Anti-Saloon League, and I think he has performed that task with thoroughness and distinction. The main question, however, as I see it, is not what he meant to do, but what the record which he has examined shows about the history and methods of the league. On that point the record of facts appears to me to sustain all the criticisms which I passed upon the league.

New York, June 25

WILLIAM MACDONALD



# Books and Movies

## An Infidelity

By GARRETA BUSEY

I cannot live with it—not every day!—  
The hard unyielding fact that you are dead.  
Always to sit and face it, eat its bread,  
And drink its tears. . . . Oh, I have run away  
And come again to this wood-shadowed strand  
(I think we walked on violets before!)  
Searching for trace of you along the shore.  
But now your feet go printless on the sand.  
And now reality within my door  
Blots up the morning sun and chills my bed  
And mocks at me for every thing I do,  
And I may not escape it any more.  
How strange a thing to find that I am wed  
To iron fact, being in love with you.

## The Radical

By RUTH LECHLITNER

Leap, Sword, red blade from my brown thigh—  
Lean thigh and naked—cut your way:  
Thin scarlet digit to the stars  
Through massed and measured density.

Fall, Sword: this weight is not your own,  
But the blood-heavy, vital chain  
You carved in circles that I must  
Count link by link—and break again.

Back, pit! Back mocking maw of death!  
—Who bent this line I thrust out straight?  
What dark Will bade me loose my sword  
And free myself . . . too late?

## Americans All

*Prophets True and False.* By Oswald Garrison Villard. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

THIS book has a great deal that is new and pungent to say about the twenty-seven men and women it discusses, but it has even more to say about its author. No more singular man breathes the hot, blistering air of this incomparable Republic. Damned high and low for contumacy, heresy, subversion, sedition, even treason, he is actually one of the few Americans left who believe in the traditional American scheme of things, or have any hope for its future. There is a fine indomitability in him, and a breezy touch of the Berserker: he is not to be put off by defeats and disasters. Though his days are chiefly given over, like those of any other libertarian in a society of slaves, to viewing with alarm, he yet manages to preserve a romantic optimism, almost boyish in its innocence. Not long ago I met him on one of the gory battlefields that journalists frequent, and he spoke casually of the near approach of his sixtieth birthday. I confess that I was shocked. Villard near sixty? It is impossible to imagine it. He will always be of the age that dreams of honest politics—i. e., edible cobblestones, white blackbirds—and leaps to the summons of high adventure.

But do not mistake him for a moon-calf. The man is a veteran campaigner, despite his hold on youth, and has seen

many a hero fall. His book is packed with the fruits of his experience. There is no futile speculation or gaudy theorizing in it; it is direct, specific, harsh, realistic. The men and women he discusses, in the main, are men and women he has known intimately and seen with clear eyes. They never appear as the mere embodiments of ideas; they are done in the round, and with due care for the warts. Some of them, indeed—for example, the preposterous Colonel House and the almost fabulous Hearst—turn out to be all wart, but that is not often. In the typical portrait there is a mellow mood, and justice is tempered with compassion. Mr. Villard cannot quite bring himself to sending his liberals to the hulks, even when, as in the case of Robert Lansing, they turn out to be wearing false-faces, or when, as in the cases of Borah and Franklin K. Lane, they desert in the face of the enemy.

The chapter on Borah is one of the best in the book. It was written before Borah's spectacular spiritual suicide at Kansas City, but a premonition of that colossal folly is in it. The man emerges mysterious—but not as mysterious as he was before. Something has been done to clear up the riddle of his baffling vacillations, his long series of treasons to his followers and himself. The statesman recedes into the background, and there appears an actor—an actor of high gifts and one often cast in heroic roles, but still mainly an actor. The big scene is what he is always thinking of. When it has been played out he loses interest in the drama. Borah cut his long hair before he went to Kansas City to embrace Fess and Jim Watson, Smoot and Vare, the Anti-Saloon League and the Ohio Gang, but he remained the scenery-chewer to the end. In some future edition of the present book, I suspect and prophesy, he will move over from the company of Reed and Walsh and take his place with Wilson and Hughes. But meanwhile justice is done to him, and there is a moving evocation of what he might have been.

Revaluations are the sad and principal concern of all liberal historians. Their heroes are forever turning out to be politicians, and hence open to reason behind the door. Even since "Prophets True and False" went to the printer Frank O. Lowden has flitted into the shadows, a mere baffled job-seeker at the end. But a couple of sturdier souls remain, and when I say a couple I probably mean one, to wit, George W. Norris. Mr. Villard's chapter on him is an eloquent tribute to the one Liberal in our politics who has stood fast through thick and thin, and I am inclined to think that it will not have to be changed, no matter how many editions this book runs through. Norris, at least, is safe. There is something archaic and romantic about his steadfastness, and Villard gets him upon paper with great skill.

But the best chapters in the book, I think, are those which deal with frauds. The brief treatise upon Colonel House reduces that erstwhile Machiavelli to a scarecrow clad in ribald rags, and the portrait of Hearst is at once the most revealing and the most devastating ever done. Here is political journalism at its very best. It unearths facts that do not lie upon the surface, and it sets forth their significance with a sure hand. When Villard has had his say about such men there is nothing left to say: they are depicted with such overwhelming vividness that they really live and move. And so through the gallery—La Follette, Leonard Wood, Henry Ford, Henry Cabot Lodge, Bryan, old Charley Curtis, Donahey, Dawes, Hoover, Al Smith—all the flitting figures in the current comedy. There is praise for some and bitter excoriation for others, but all the portraits carry the same conviction. A passionate desire to get at the truth is in them. They constitute a contribution to American political literature whose value is apparent instantly.

Mr. Villard is shy of rhetoric, but he knows very well how to write. He gets his effects simply, but with the quiet assurance of an old journalist. Few men of his time have known American politics and politicians better than he, and none has



dealt with them in a more illuminating manner. He is not impartial, thank God! He detests frauds, and he still searches the highroads, with sixty years upon him, for honest men. Now and then, as in the case of Senator Norris, he finds one. But there is not much good hunting for hopeful liberals in the greatest free republic the sun ever shined on.

H. L. MENCKEN

## "George, Be a King"

*The Correspondence of King George the Third.* Edited by Sir John Fortescue in six volumes. Volumes III-VI. The Macmillan Company. \$8 each.

THE papers contained in these volumes extend over a little more than ten years, from July, 1773, to December, 1783, a period memorable in the history of the British monarchy and empire as witnessing George III's experiment in personal government, its ignominious failure, the loss of the American colonies, and the international humiliation of Great Britain. By far the greater part of the documents, as of those which Sir John Fortescue published in the first two volumes of the "Correspondence" (reviewed in *The Nation* February 29), come from the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle and have not previously been printed. The papers relate almost entirely to political and public matters, but they throw much light upon the King's personality. If some exponent of the "new biography" should decide to try his luck with George III, he would find here a rich harvest of illustrative material.

The King's patriotism, his devotion to what he conceived to be British interests, is apparent throughout. But equally evident is his inability to appreciate other points of view than his own. Those who agreed with him and told him what he wished to hear were men of spirit and intelligence; those who expressed different views were dishonest or ignorant. When General Gage predicted that vigorous measures would bring Boston to terms the King commended him as "an honest determined Man"; when later he urged the suspension of the coercive acts which Parliament had passed his advice was dismissed as "absurd." Like most men George III was not aware of his own prejudices, which were numerous and tenaciously held, and though he was virtually the head of a political party he never grasped the fact that he was a partisan. He saw the Opposition leaders as dangerous demagogues but himself as the father of his people, and when he was forced at last to accept these men as his ministers his mortification was unbounded. He contemplated abdication, and a message announcing his resignation was actually drafted and is preserved among his papers. It never occurred to him that those who sought to diminish the influence of the Crown might be as patriotic and virtuous as himself.

The old unreformed English Constitution, with its rotten boroughs, sinecures, pensions, and secret-service money, was in his eyes "the most beautiful Combination that ever was framed," and those whom history calls reformers were "Faction leaders and Ruined Men." He wrote to Lord North in 1774—with royal disregard of punctuation: "I owne myself a sincere friend to our Constitution both Ecclesiastical and Civil and as such a great enemy to any inovations, for in this mixed Government it is highly necessary to avoid novelties we know that all wise nations have stuck scrupulously to their antient Customs why are we therefore in opposition to them to seem to have no other object but to be altering every rule our Ancestors have left us." It was the least lovely features of the Constitution, however, for which the King reserved his greatest admiration. He always found it easy to believe that his own interests and the nation's were identical, and there is no doubt that the old Constitution treated the royal family handsomely. When an actress with whom the Prince of Wales had become entangled threatened to publish some compromising letters

which His Royal Highness had written to her unless she received the tidy sum of £5,000 as hush money, it was convenient to have this item charged to the account of "Special Service." The King, it should be said, deplored this "shameful scrape" and remarked that he "never was personally engaged in such a transaction," but he saw no impropriety in having the nation pay the high cost of princely indiscretion.

In his introductions to the several volumes of the "Correspondence" Sir John Fortescue looks at men and measures through the King's spectacles. He sees the Whig leaders, especially Chatham, Fox, and Burke, as factious and disloyal demagogues, giving aid and comfort to rebels and paralyzing Great Britain in her hour of trial, and he finds nothing good to say about the rebels. It is no doubt true that American patriots and British Whigs, in their interpretation of the Revolution, have been too hard on George III, and no sensible person would find fault with an attempt to redress the balance. It is likewise true that in our own day well-intentioned advocates of Anglo-American understanding and cooperation have been guilty of a good deal of sentimentality as well as bad history. But can it be said that Sir John is either giving us good history or that he is manifesting good intentions when he writes: "If we can imagine Belgium, in this year 1927, upon a civil inquiry as to the payment of her debt to England, rising in violent indignation and calling Germany to her assistance, we may form some idea of the feeling which the Alliance between France and the revolted Colonies must have raised in England in 1778. Definitely the Americans turned their backs upon the Mother Country, and joined with the old inveterate enemy against her. They committed themselves, in fact, to hostility against England for an indefinite period, a period which is not yet ended?"

We know what to think of those elements in our own country that delight to fan the embers of an ancient animosity, but here is an eminent English scholar, a former president of the Royal Historical Society, enlisting under the same unholy banner.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

## The Innocence of Father Walsh

*The Fall of the Russian Empire.* By Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., Ph.D. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.50.

FATHER WALSH writes of Russia with the flaming innocence and wonder of a tabloid editor handling a Snyder murder or the misadventures of a Peaches Browning. Indeed, he dwells upon scenes of murder and destruction with such voluptuous detail that the news editor of any tabloid might well consider putting his cub reporters to school at Georgetown University, where Father Walsh is Regent of the School of Foreign Service. In "The Fall of the Russian Empire" thirty sanguinary pages, more than one-tenth of the text, are given to a description of the murder of the Czar and his family.

The book purports to cover primarily the rapid dissolution of the Czarist regime and the brief interregnum before the Bolsheviks seized power. The story is broken by long historical discursions and by melodramatic alarms on the perversions of the new regime. Father Walsh's emotional naivete in dealing with personalities and events attached to the rule of the Soviets suggests the attitude of Senator Heflin toward the Roman Catholic church. Ten years of Soviet rule are summed up by him in the airy phrase "the Bolshevik sits grinning in the throne-room of the Kremlin, munching sunflower seeds." Lenin, by implication the Kaiser's agent and leader of a Jewish conspiracy, is introduced as "an undersized, bald-headed Russian exile, of a semi-Mongolian cast of countenance," and this is supplemented a few pages later by a quotation describing him as "one of the most fearless, crafty, and wilful maniacs of our time."



This sort of scholarship may be calculated to split the ears of the groundlings in extremely unsophisticated audiences, but it seems curiously inadequate for a volume described by its publishers as "an authoritative history." For instance, Father Walsh writes: "Dzherzhinsky, chief of the dreaded Cheka, executioner of 1,800,000 victims." This grotesque figure, originally 1,776,118, was casually invented by a Czarist propaganda bureau. It appeared in a dispatch from Riga to the London *Times*, September 1, 1922, as coming from "original Bolshevik sources." In fact, the source was no more official than the name "Gordon" blown in a bottle of bootleg gin.

In describing the attempt of General Kornilov to overthrow the Kerensky Government and set up a military dictatorship, Father Walsh proceeds with a similar naive disregard of his sources. Of the attempt he says: "The inner history remains obscure." In his book, "The Catastrophe," which Father Walsh cites as a source, Kerensky makes it clear that while his British allies in the great crusade for democracy were giving him bland assurances of support, they were actively financing Kornilov's attempt and even printing the propaganda of that military adventurer and distributing it from their diplomatic cars. This delicate attention, wholly ignored in Father Walsh's narrative, is one of the most interesting bits of "inner history" of that troublous time.

One might cite many other examples of Father Walsh's innocence. Leningrad is for him "a decaying, half-deserted city." In fact, its population under the urban census of 1923 was 1,067,328, and under the general census of December, 1926, it was 1,614,008. Even in matters geographical Father Walsh's innocence obtrudes. Writing of Russia's outlets he says: "Both Petrograd (*sic*) and Archangel lead into the narrow straits dominated by Denmark and Sweden." Archangel is, of course, on the White Sea, with its sole outlet on the Arctic Ocean. Aside from these two ports, frozen nearly half the year, Father Walsh states that "the only other hope of free exit is by Vladivostok, five thousand miles distant from the heart of the empire." Apparently the author never heard of the all-year ocean port of Murmansk, 875 miles by rail from Leningrad. Nearly \$50,000,000 worth of American cotton alone passed through the port of Murmansk last year.

One may conclude that emotional innocence is a rickety foundation for "an authoritative history." Father Walsh promises a later volume dealing exclusively with the Bolshevik regime. It should prove of interest.

HAROLD KELLOCK

## Figures of Earth

*Growing into Life. A Magna Charta of Youth.* By David Seabury. Boni and Liveright. \$5.

VARIOUS have been the ceremonies observed throughout the ages to celebrate the attainment of puberty. Quaint customs obtain even today in less inhibited climes—a sort of juvenile saturnalia usually prevails during which a license is permitted which both earlier and later had been bootless. Ordinarily these rites are conducted by the elders of the tribe, under whose disillusioned though mayhap envious eyes the maturing are initiated into the privileges of adulthood.

In America it is far otherwise. For the youth of our era require no extraneous help for their induction into life: their elders fulfil only the role of disapproving chorus. The rites of adolescence are performed in boarding-school dormitories, Ford coupes, cabarets, river boats, dim-lit parlors, and vestibules.

Are the youth of today happier? For a happy childhood really matters, Samuel Butler to the contrary notwithstanding. There is, perhaps, no answer to such a question. But at least there is more of an effort to understand childhood and ado-

lescence. The child is no longer regarded as a miniature adult, but as plastic clay from which are to be molded the figures of earth which shall glorify or malign the species.

In his very ambitious book Mr. Seabury has attempted to cover the whole field of the mental hygiene of youth. He has attacked the subject with characteristic thoroughness. In fact, he has made too good a job of it. For it will indeed be a meticulous parent or teacher who will follow him to page 715. Those who do will be well rewarded, however, by their better insight into the mechanisms of character.

In his appendix Mr. Seabury has placed a number of charts designed to help in the study of the personality. It is doubtful just how much value such methods have in dealing with human problems. The diagram is all very well as a temporary aid to a lecturer, but efforts to reduce psychological problems to geometrical designs have more intellectual interest than pragmatic value.

This is, however, a minor point. Mr. Seabury has shown quite clearly how morbid methods of thinking, unwise parental examples, the formation of unhealthy conditioned reflexes, and other pathological factors can so distort the personality as to result in an intensely unhappy, inefficient adult, while a little attention to these factors in their nascent state can bear fruit in a well-balanced personality.

Throughout, Mr. Seabury's book is illustrated by many examples, drawn from life, mostly of cases actually studied by him. There are several appendices and a glossary. On the whole a book well worth reading, but with its subject matter so presented that it is to be feared that its legitimate audience will forever remain inaccessible.

JOHN E. LIND

## The Canadian Granary

*Pooling Wheat in Canada.* By Walter P. Davisson. Ottawa, Canada: The Graphic Publishers. \$2.50.

THE story of the rapid growth of the Canadian wheat pools which in their third year marketed through a central selling agency over 60 per cent of the Western wheat crop and 30,000,000 bushels of coarse grains is made available to the general public in a book of about 500 pages, abundantly illustrated. The author, a former pool official and for twenty years active in agrarian movements, is frankly a propagandist of the pool plan. He regards the organization of the wheat pools as the greatest achievement in the rather epic story of the conversion, within a space of forty years, of the Canadian prairies into the greatest export granary in the world.

The Canada Wheat Board, a war creation to prevent profiteering, gave the growers an idea of the working of a government-controlled, compulsory system of centralized wheat marketing. When this board was abolished in 1920 some growers protested; others began to agitate for a similar marketing agency, with grower control and voluntary contract. The agitation made little headway until 1923, when a Canadian record wheat crop of 470 million bushels was thrown on the market in a disorderly rush, breaking prices below the cost of production in many cases. An extensive system of cooperative elevators built up through twenty years of effort was of no help in stemming the grain stampede. The growers saw the need of a marketing system to control the movement of grain through the elevators. Aaron Sapiro was brought in, and the "gospel of orderly cooperative marketing and self-help as preached by him ran across the prairies like a flame," writes Mr. Davisson. Organization of pools was undertaken in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, members signing a contract to place the control of the marketing of all their wheat in the pools for five years. A central selling agency was formed with a \$20,000-a-year executive, and connections were



established in the principal grain markets. This agency handled about 50 per cent of the 1924 crop, paying pool members an average of \$1.45 for Northern No. 1, against an average of 98 cents paid by the trade the year before.

The pools deduct two cents a bushel to acquire elevators, and now control a big chain of country elevators, seven terminal elevators at the head of Lake Superior, and other large elevators at Buffalo, Vancouver, and Prince Rupert. Six per cent interest is paid on deductions for elevator purposes.

Mr. Davisson does not think the pool will be tempted to try artificially to inflate prices, as that would first restrict sales and then bring more land under wheat. The pools, he points out, are pledged by the charter of their selling agency to strive to preserve for both growers and consumers their proper economies, and he quotes statistics to show that prices of bread in England were not changed because the pools advanced the growers' price nearly 50 per cent.

The pool way, the author predicts, will prove an instrument to induce a juster balance between town and country and a powerful urge to farm diversification, spreading the risks over many products and energizing the winter months. The author devotes much space to the propaganda and tactics of the opposition forces arrayed against the pool plan, and admits that the cooperative spirit will not have smooth sailing among the polyglot population of the prairies. "The greatest battle in history is joined," he declares.

C. MCKAY

## Books in Brief

*The Spanish-American Frontier: 1783-1795. The Westward Movement and the Spanish Retreat in the Mississippi Valley.* By Arthur Preston Whitaker. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

In this volume Dr. Whitaker furnishes a bird's-eye view of the tangled aftermath of the American Revolution. His story deals with the dramatic struggle between Western frontiersmen and Spanish cavaliers for the control of the region lying west of the Appalachian Mountains, south of the Ohio River, and east of the Mississippi. It will appeal to the reader who knows Western history as well as to the specialist who wishes to become versed in archival explanations of diplomatic maneuvers. Through its pages flit such picturesque figures as Baron de Carondelet, the inept governor of Louisiana, the obtuse Spanish statesman, Count Floridablanca, the enigmatical and intriguing American, General James Wilkinson, the fortunate Carolinian diplomat, James Pinckney, and John Sevier, the typical American frontiersman. This interpretative study of the Old Southwest during a critical period makes plain that the contest for that portion of the Mississippi Valley was largely won by aggressive, opportunistic pioneers whose rude philosopher believed that a fool could sometimes put on his clothes better than a wise man could do it for him.

*Degas: An Intimate Portrait.* By Ambroise Vollard. Sixteen illustrations. Greenberg. \$3.

This study of Degas is built upon the same informal basis of suggestive conversation as underlay the author's preceding studies of Cézanne and Renoir. But it is not equally successful; the method supposed to illuminate the high lights of character falls short of its purpose here and reads too often like pointless gossip. Perhaps the fault lies in the fact that M. Vollard could not bring to a character study of the irascible Degas—for the book is in no sense an evaluation of his art—the same sympathy and admiration that he had for the Master of Aix. The attempt to prove that Degas's nasty temper, which created for him the contemporary picture of an ogre who detested most men and all women, children, dogs, cats, and flowers, was only the result of a defense mechanism to cover an innate good nature is weak and gratuitous. Why bother?

It would have been much wiser to display frankly and proudly his unrelenting attitude toward the world.

*The Harvest of the Year to the Tiller of the Soil.* By L. H. Bailey. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

In Dr. Bailey's philosophy is much of that spiritual apprehension of the soil which in the minds of ancient men must have been responsible for the concept of the Vegetation God. Mankind, Dr. Bailey holds, sustains not merely an economic but an ethical and a spiritual relation to the earth. This point of view, first enunciated in "The Holy Earth," is applied in "The Harvest" to the economic problems of agriculture. These should be solved, he maintains, not on a political basis, but by the scientific method. He advocates a conscious public policy in respect to agriculture, rather than a mere attempt to meet specific difficulties as they arise. Further, he urges urban people to "develop an interest in agriculture as a human and social subject, and not desire its betterment merely to enable the farmers to purchase more goods."

*Spanish Art.* Burlington Magazine Monograph. E. Weyhe. \$15.

This is not a "story of Spanish art." It realizes what almost all of the popularizing outlines hardly ever approach: a readable and interesting introductory study to a complicated subject, sacrificing nothing to dignity and offering the best in scholarly research. There are nine essays on painting, architecture, sculpture, and the minor arts, each written by an authority in his special field. It is cheerful to find that scholars have learned to write so well; the essay on painting, to take only one, is a masterpiece of succinct presentation. One regrets perhaps that as many as six of the nine essays are devoted to the minor arts; but then it is particularly in the field of ceramics and metal works that Spain proves herself superior to the larger countries. This volume, like the earlier monograph on Chinese Art, is exquisitely printed and extravagantly illustrated with fine color and half-tone plates.

*Negro Drawings.* By Miguel Covarrubias. Alfred A. Knopf. \$7.50.

This is the second collection of drawings by Covarrubias to appear in book form. Those who were not convinced by his first book, "The Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans," that a caricaturist of great distinction lives among us will no longer be skeptical. Herein upon an ebony background shuffles the colorful pageant of Harlem life, snapping its fingers, writhing in bawdy and eccentric dances, moaning "blues," shooting craps, getting religion. Covarrubias sets down what he saw with such an unerring feeling for character that one whoops with delight at the sheer shocking truth of his types. The humor resides, as Frank Crowninshield points out in an excellent critical introduction, in the draftsmanship itself, relying on no situation obviously farcical or employing no "clever legend." In other words, the humor of Covarrubias lies in his power to divine the comic intention of the Almighty who fashioned these people in the first place. The drawings aside from their humor have genuine aesthetic value. They are admirable in design, and those which are executed in wash, oil, or tempera are most satisfying in their three-dimensional authority. In addition to the introduction by Mr. Crowninshield is an amusing and enlightening preface by Ralph Barton.

*Human Waste in Education.* By Anna Y. Reed. The Century Company. \$2.50.

Containing some truths and many half-truths, both mixed with a large amount of prejudiced opinion, this volume leads up to the astonishing conclusion that children should not be compulsorily retained in school beyond the age of fourteen years and that, especially for those who are backward in their school work, industrial life is a safer and more educative regime. Work, the argument runs, produces the desirable qualities of thrift, industry, and resourcefulness, while compulsory school



attendance, on the other hand, breeds truancy, idleness, and delinquency. It is the old justification of child labor dressed up in the new clothes of modern psychology and educational research—clothes which do not fit and have the appearance of being borrowed. Educational leaders and psychologists will agree with much that Dr. Reed says regarding the failure of our schools and the need for individual treatment of children. The remedy offered by educators, however, is not to open the doors of industry to such children but to change the schools. Dr. Reed's alternative is not a surprise to those who have followed her child labor pronouncements during the last ten years.

*Yankee Doodle-Do. A Collection of Songs of the Early American Stage.* Compiled with an Introduction and Notes by Grenville Vernon. Payson and Clarke, Ltd. \$5.

Mr. Vernon has no illusions as to the literary value of these lyrics from American plays written between 1760 and 1860. The writer of the book of the early American comic opera was no more a poet than is his modern descendant. To provide rhyming lines on which a tune could be hung was—and still is—the major object of the librettist. Mr. Vernon has reprinted the airs where the music is available, and in some of these rippling melodies one catches far-away echoes of Haydn and Mozart. In general whatever enjoyment the songs gave was owing, as in our day, to the musician rather than the poet.

*Karl Goldmark: Notes from the Life of a Viennese Composer.* Translated by Alice Goldmark Brandeis. A. and C. Boni. \$2.50.

Karl Goldmark has set down elsewhere what he wished to say about music; here the factors in his musical development are described primarily as an integral part of his life-adventure. There is something of the typical hero of romance in this penniless youth, who by a wise mixture of tact and audacity and we presume personal charm, is enabled with comparative promptness to marshal his gifts before an enthusiastic public. An old man of eighty tells the story; we seem to listen at his knees, affectionately and yet in awe; for he lived in a great period and moved as an equal among figures that have begun to assume the appearance of myth.

*Columbus.* By Marius André. Translated by Eloise Parkhurst Huguenin. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

Since Columbus is one of the most romantic of all legendary heroes, some "new" biographer was in duty bound to debunk him: to make him seem common, ordinary, "human," and all that sort of thing. M. André uses almost every trick that typifies the thoroughly conventionalized unconventionality of present-day biography. He takes particular delight in pointing out the many fabrications that Columbus and his worshipers invented—and then he himself calmly fabricates a whole series of spicy dialogues, after the fashion of M. Maurois *et al.*

*The Borgias: Alexander VI, Caesar, Lucrezia.* By Guiseppe Portigliotti. Translated by Bernard Miall. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

Most recent scholarship, both Catholic and Protestant, has been rather favorable toward the Borgias; it has stripped off much of the fresco of romance that once made them alluring and has succeeded only in making them rather dull. This latest biographer attempts to rejuvenate the faded Borgian glamor—the hair-raising tales of poison and unnamable sexual crimes—but he is even duller than his predecessors. Yet he argues so well and his pages bristle with so many authoritative citations that one might accept his deductions if they were not invariably unfavorable to this famous triumvirate of sinners.

*Spring Plowing.* By Charles Malam. Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Rural poetry by a writer of marked skill and subtlety who has not, however, learned yet to conquer the tendency of any rural poet toward rural cant.

## Moving Pictures

### The Russian Contribution

JUDGING by what has been written in America of such Russian films as "Potemkin," "Czar Ivan the Terrible," and "The End of St. Petersburg," the proper way of expressing oneself on the subject of Russian movies is by beating the big drum and shouting at the top of one's voice. Screaming, for those who like it, is also permissible. Perhaps all this is as it should be. Perhaps it is natural that discussion of films, as of everything else connected with Soviet Russia, should be tinged with a certain amount of sensationalism. The enhanced interest in and appreciation of Soviet art—if such is the effect of this sensationalism—is all to the good.

But what is one to do if, like the present critic, one has no talent for beating the drum? Apparently one will have to be content with a dispassionate discussion of the merits of Soviet films irrespective of other considerations.

At the outset let this important point be properly understood. Whatever other qualities or defects Soviet movies may have, the very fact of their Soviet origin is in a sense an artistic quality. This "Soviet origin" has rightly come to be regarded as the emblem of fearless grappling with reality, of tearing down the shams which have been set up by the class-prejudices of the bourgeois world. There is such a thing in art as the pathos of stark truth, and today Soviet films seem to be the chief providers of this rare and hence so invigorating article. Nor is this all. The "Soviet origin" is entitled to credit for another artistic quality of importance: it is responsible for an independence of outlook which refuses to bow before established conventions and is always ready to test new forms, new methods, and new ideas.

How much of the appeal of Soviet films is due to the characteristic difference of this matter and manner, and how much to their intrinsic artistic qualities, is not a question to be easily answered. It would seem that the shouting and screaming should be ascribed in the main to the appreciation of the "difference," while the intrinsic appeal of the films, where it is present, is to be regarded as a contributory factor helping to enhance the very characteristics which make Soviet films so startlingly "different."

For our part, we accept with gratitude the stark truth of Soviet films and the ardor for social justice in the light of which this truth is bared. It is possible that the day will arrive when nakedness of life by reason of its very familiarity will cease to impress in the movies as it has ceased to do so in modern literature, not to mention the nakedness of body in primitive communities. But for the present the Soviet starkness impresses, and we are thankful. There are scenes in "Czar Ivan" and "The End of St. Petersburg," as there were earlier in "Potemkin," which almost stagger one by their undisguised ghastliness and brutality. Yet one welcomes even the brutality when one remembers such Charlotte Russes from Hollywood as John Barrymore's "Tempest" (incidentally, in Hollywood the French Revolution of the popular fiction still passes for the last Russian Revolution. The scenes of tribunals and crowds, and the stock phrases about "aristocrats," seem to come straight from "The Two Orphans" and such popular romances).

Our gratitude to the Russians for the manner in which they present their material is somewhat less fervent, being tempered and conditioned by considerations of intrinsic artistic quality. In "Potemkin" the story of the mutiny as told on the screen catches something of the pulse of drama. Its emotion is conveyed through the physical appeal of various forms of movement direct to our senses. "Potemkin's" tempos as revealed in its suspenses, climaxes, and pauses thread the story



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with a throbbing dramatic unity which is felt as if it were physically alive. It is thus that "Potemkin" achieves cinematic dramatization, albeit in a manner that is still faltering and crude. But the achievement itself is a triumph of art, and this is "Potemkin's" justification for being regarded as a landmark in the progress of the movies.

Nothing approaching this achievement can be claimed either for "Czar Ivan" or "The End of St. Petersburg." The former picture, conventional in its story, is also largely conventional in its form except in one scene—the scene of the Czar's orgy which shows a certain originality in the rhythmic treatment of the dance. For this scene Tarich, who directed the picture, deserves all credit. But the chief honors of the film go to Leonidoff for his extraordinary impersonation of Ivan the Terrible. Nothing so subtle and yet so dynamically expressive had ever before been seen on the screen. Leonidoff does not merely register an expression. He gives it suspense and movement, which make it a part of the whole drama. The screwed-up eye and the concealed smile with which he watches the humiliation of a boyard offender are unforgettable, and represent the high water-mark of cinematic acting. The characterization of other actors is also excellent, but the film as a whole, striking in many ways as it is, lacks cinematic unity and in so far fails in fashioning out of its interesting material a truly cinematic drama.

"The End of St. Petersburg," though less conventional in its story and general treatment than "Czar Ivan the Terrible," is nevertheless even less impressive as a drama. This is rather surprising, as the material is there and the director Pudovkin gives innumerable instances of his ability to see things in an original and revealing light. All the same, the picture seems to be singularly lacking in substance. The story, which begins with a promise of picturing the downfall of the old world, soon resolves itself into a purely schematic and somewhat abstract recounting of the familiar factors which brought about the revolution: the callousness of the masters, the brutality of the war, the starvation of the people, and, finally, the victorious rising. The life of the masters is only hinted at with one or two deftly satirical touches; and the life of the masses is also only barely outlined in purely schematic and needlessly monochrome scenes. The feature that distinguishes "The End of St. Petersburg" and places it considerably above the average product is the passionate fervor of its photography. It is a camera-man's picture with all the camera-man's search for the most characteristic angle and sometimes the most symbolical object. But a motion picture is more than merely a sequence of still views, however quickly they follow one another and however expressive is their arrested symbolism. In "The End of St. Petersburg" there is perhaps more of this literary symbolism than the picture can hold.

"The End of St. Petersburg" is worthy of all the enthusiasm that has been showered on it if only for its striking "difference" from the Hollywood article, which it shows in its fearless and earnest tackling of life and in its mordant penetration into the visual substance of its human world. As a photographic record of the reconstructed events of the Russian Revolution it is superb. As a dynamic narrative—as a cinematic drama—it is loosely connected, jerky, and often flat.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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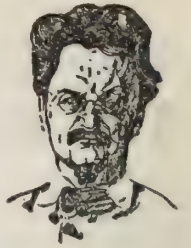
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# THE REAL SITUATION IN RUSSIA

by **LEON TROTSKY**

Translated by MAX EASTMAN

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# International Relations Section

## Communism in China

By PEARL S. BUCK

**F**OREIGN optimists have said that communism could never succeed in China, and the Nationalist Government now has decided against allowing the Communists to continue as a part of the Revolutionary Party. Indeed, they have adopted the most extreme measures against Communists in all sections of the country under their control. But although Russian propagandists and agents have been forcibly ejected from China and although thousands of Chinese Communists have been killed by the Nationalist Government, the Communist cause on the whole continues to prosper, and he is a blind patriot who denies it. The newspapers almost daily carry headlines concerning new Communist uprisings, and the butchery with which Communists were treated in Canton has not served to daunt them in other places. In Hunan and Honan recently whole communities, men, women, and children, have been massacred by bands of peasants calling themselves Communists, and the same has been true in other sections. Shanghai itself is admittedly teeming with Communists, who, except for the rigorous surveillance of the police, Chinese and foreign, would certainly come forth with something more than the placards they usually satisfy themselves with at present. I say "usually," because I have before me a newspaper reporting that, recently, a few blocks away from me five Chinese were killed by a group of Communists, because one of the hapless persons was suspected of giving information to the police concerning one of the Communists.

When one studies the forms which communism is now taking in China one realizes that it is not Russian but Chinese communism. Things are being done as communism which for centuries have gone on under other names. Russian propagandists and agents, as a matter of fact, have taught the Chinese working and idle classes very little beyond the name Communism, or Kung Ts'an T'ang. Funds were undoubtedly furnished from Russia for a time, but there is no guaranty that they are still being furnished. Yet the thing grows and flourishes, and if one dared prophesy in China these days one would prophesy that this "communism" is going to increase, certainly for a time. More certainly, it is the greatest problem ahead of the Nationalist Government.

Were it a foreign thing it could be easily wiped out. Foreign ideas of any sort have taken no deep root in China as yet. But the communistic ideas in China have their roots in something far deeper than Russian propaganda—in the Chinese habit of mind and in the ancient wrongs of the common people, with which foreign treaties and international relations have nothing to do. Indeed, when one reads the handbills and literature of these Communists in China, one finds almost no reference to the presence or oppression of the foreigner. The posters and books are all against the government, the militarists, the rich, and the imperialists of their own country.

These are no new complaints. Class feeling in China has always been strong. China has been a country of notoriously corrupt rulers, but it has been a common thing for the people in a district to rise up suddenly, arm themselves

with knives and farm implements, and, sweeping down upon their local official, to tear up his court or "yamen," kill him and his family, plunder his goods, and go home with a sense of duty done—all because the official had gone beyond the limits of corruption regarded as permissible.

Modern implements of war, however, have enabled the militarists and officials to arm themselves and their retinue, while the people have remained unarmed. The resentment of the people has increased accordingly. Anyone who has traveled through interior China and has talked with people of all classes realizes that every rich man, even long before the days of the present revolution, held his possessions but lightly, and every poor man hoped and expected that at any moment he might become rich. In every period of political or local disturbance the poor rose and plundered the rich and often killed them and their families if any resistance was offered. Many a fortune has changed hands overnight, and many a wealthy man been made a beggar and thankful at that to have his life spared. The average Chinese feels that such changes are to be expected, that there is no redress for them, and that, after all, there is a sort of rough justice in allowing someone else to enjoy the riches for a time.

The secret societies with which China has been permeated from earliest times are another root of communism. It is almost impossible to estimate their number. Certainly the majority of the male population belong to some such society, demanding the highest loyalty of its members and in many cases exacting the death penalty for any defection. The present Communists have a typically Chinese organization and embrace in their ranks many of these secret societies. Within these secret organizations for many centuries possessions have been held in common and the members are sworn to help each other to the utmost. A very ancient society of this kind is the "Ts'ai-ch'ing," made up of men and a few women who have no regular employment but band together to extort money from anyone they can. They do not mind murdering to achieve their ends. This society originated many centuries ago as a self-protective society, but it quickly degenerated into a predatory group, and now is one of the strongest communistic groups in the country. It is closely organized into varying ranks, each having a leader and "students" or apprentices. All money is held in common. The society has its own language, its own book of laws, and its own god. Many of the members are farmers and peasants, but most are idlers about cities and towns. A few rich people join it in order to protect themselves from its depredations, paying a percentage of their income into the general fund. Another such society, even more communistic in that it recognizes no distinction of rank within the group and calls all men "brothers," is the Red Spears, an ancient society now rising with fresh strength in many parts of China.

Thieves and robbers of course have such associations, and the police are often compelled to bicker and make bargains with them rather than to arrest for crimes committed. The safest protection for a private citizen is to pay a retainer to the chief of the thieves rather than to the chief of the police. The Chinese mind accepts such conditions as normal, and allows to robbers, bandits, and criminals the right to live and pursue their calling as recognized, although not honored, parts of society. One finds



almost universal sympathy toward bandits. The tendency is to blame society rather than to condemn the bandits. Particularly are the rich blamed for the crimes of the poor, who may choose to rob rather than to work.

One of the most famous Chinese novels, written some six hundred years ago, gives a very clear picture of what still persists as the bandit situation. The novel deals with a group of robbers—in every case the leaders took to the trade because of the injustice of the rich or of some official, and the author's sympathy is clearly with the robbers. For recent editions of this novel a modern Communist has written a preface, claiming that the book is one of the earliest treatises on communism. It shows, he says, how society, even in those early days, was so organized that the poor had no chance of a share in the goods of life unless they took it by force. The author, Shih Nai-an, in his own preface to the book, stoutly maintained that he wrote only to amuse. But the earnest young Chinese of this generation will not have it so, and the book is enjoying a real renaissance in its new guise.

In spite of rigid class divisions the Chinese have been the most democratic of peoples. There was always a chance for a man to rise in position through scholarship or military skill. The humblest man could compete for high place if he had brains and persistence. People early became accustomed, therefore, to the idea of change of class in society. Indeed, the Chinese have enjoyed such extreme individual freedom that one wonders if they will ever be able to endure the legal restrictions of an ordinary modern republic. The bond between ruler and subject has been of the slightest, many times scarcely going beyond the payment of an annual tribute, and local autonomy has been carried very far. The first reaction of the average Chinese to any new kind of control is to rise up against it in indignation. Toward the end of every dynasty one finds just such an insurrection as is now taking place in so many rural districts in China. Groups of bandits organized, waxed strong, and brooked no control of any kind. Self-protective societies rose to oppose them and grew strong in turn. Many times the emperors themselves came from the ranks of these societies. The first emperor of the East Han dynasty, for instance, was a common man. The first of the Sung emperors was of the lower ranks of society. The first Ming emperor was a cowherd. It is no alien thing to the Chinese mind, therefore, for a man of lowly station to rise to the very throne itself. It is not without reason that every coolie feels himself a potential president.

To this habit of mind which sees no wrong in using force to seek redress for individual grievance against society, or in forcing the rich to give up their possessions on demand, there is added the impetus of years of actual injustice to the poorer classes. It has been the ideal of the rich man in China to spend his entire time in the pursuit of pleasure—perhaps because he has felt keenly his uncertain tenure of goods! The years of continued internal warfare have rendered it almost impossible to make safe investments. But this spectacle of prodigal spending for food and clothing and pleasure has brought the increasing number of the poor to the point of madness.

Class discontent in China has been directed particularly against the unequal division of property, particularly land. The Chinese are not unused to the idea of land held in common. Thousands of years before Christ there was a division of land which allowed for one-ninth of the

total area being worked in common. Since then there have been other similar divisions. The Communists who speak of sharing the land and the profits therefrom appeal to an ancient tradition, and it is quite true that in some parts of China today famine has forced small landholders to sell their land to large owners, and it may be true that a redivision of the land is indeed necessary.

So the Chinese needed no one to teach them how to rebel against organized society, and they needed no one to teach them to kill ruthlessly for what they wanted. One is appalled in reading the novels of China, those true mirrors of the people, to see how carelessly life has always been given and taken. As one Chinese put it, "Our life is but a killing back and forth." It needs no Russian explanation to make one understand how a Communist secret society can sweep into a community and wipe it out overnight without sentiment and without regret. The T'ai-pings of the middle nineteenth century were ultra-Communists before bolshevism had ever been heard of. The one new thing which has been added to the modern communism of China is the denial of the rights of the family over the individual and the virtual breakdown of all family ties. Yet even this can scarcely be considered wholly new, since from ancient times the communistic secret societies set their demands for loyalty in many cases even above the family. But certainly the new freedom in the sex relations is very new, and this innovation may perhaps be attributed to Russian influence.

And because communism, so-called, in China is but a fresh recrudescence of an old form of revolt, it seems improbable that any measures, however severe, can immediately eradicate it. It has become, by long usage, a state of mind habitual to the average poor man of China.

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**T**OM MOONEY AND WARREN K. BILLINGS have rounded out their twelfth year in prison. These years have sped by swiftly for most of us. "Is it possible," we say, "that Mooney and Billings have been shut up so long?" To the two prisoners, victims of perjured testimony and the unbelievable reluctance of those in power to right a wrong, the years behind bars have gone by on slow feet; helpless and baffled, these men have waited and watched their youth drop from them. And still the authorities evade and decline and offer substitutes for freedom. A new drive to release Mooney and Billings is being initiated with an appeal for pardon to Governor Young of California. The appeal is being presented by a delegation headed by Frank P. Walsh, Clarence Darrow, Arthur Garfield Hays, and Fremont Older. It is known in advance that the Governor has no wish to pardon these two victims of California mob rule. He is likely to offer parole, but Tom Mooney is reluctant to accept an incriminating compromise. On this point we take the liberty of quoting from a personal letter he recently wrote to the editor of *The Nation*:

My attitude with respect to parole is that I would rather rot and die in prison than to accept it; that I am absolutely innocent of this crime. To accept parole is tantamount to an admission of guilt and would make of me a conditional prisoner of the State for the remainder of my life. . . . I have asked for a pardon and will accept nothing short of that. The rules governing paroles are unbearable to any self-respecting freeman—they are humiliating and degrading.

Let every person who prizes his own freedom join the appeal to the California Governor. In him alone rests the power of pardon.

**I**F THE POWER ISSUE is not prominent in the campaign yet, there is good reason why it should be. Recently the Public Service Commission of New York State, most of whose members were appointed by Governor Smith, refused to allow any protest from consumers against the joining of the Brooklyn Edison and Consolidated Gas companies into one billion-dollar corporation. In this case, which involves an inflation of assets of over \$100,000,000, the commission took the position that only stockholders were interested and entitled to a hearing. This is the Farthest South to date in the breakdown of the pretense that regulation protects the consumers. Morris L. Ernst, representing the Public Committee on Power in New York State, which includes editors of *The Nation* and *New Republic* as well as prominent Republicans and Democrats, stated that unless in such combinations contractual guaranties could be obtained from the companies that the expected efficiencies would be shared with the public, the whole pretense that regulation protects the consumers should be dropped. It will be remembered that the Federal Trade Commission discovered evidence to show that the utilities were the most active exponents of the efficiency of regulation, and that President Cortelyou of the Consolidated Gas and President Sloan of the Brooklyn Edison had their hands in the peaceful penetration of schools and press with power propaganda. This case is clearly an attempt to "cash in" on the work they have done in that direction. The commission, which seemed at first disposed to aid them entirely, to brush away any opposition and discussion of the issues involved, has now taken under advisement the idea of listening to consumers' objections. Governor Smith will certainly be called upon to answer for the ineffectiveness of regulation of power companies in his own State.

**B**OSTON IS STILL "the poor farm of journalism." On July 17 all its morning newspapers led with the sensational news that more than two hundred factory workers in half a dozen plants had collapsed shortly after the noon hour the day before, violently stricken with some form of poisoning. All the victims had partaken of box lunches supplied by the Waldorf Lunch System, Inc., one of the chain restaurants which operate in greater Boston and other cities. The Ford plant in Somerville was forced to suspend for the rest of the day, so large was the proportion of its employees affected. By a prodigious effort of journalistic side-stepping every Boston newspaper managed to avoid mentioning the name of the concern which supplied the lunches—surely one of the vital and essential facts in the story—referring merely to "a local chain restaurant." The Associated Press story, however, went out without deletion. The United Press dispatches, on the other hand, suppressed the name of the Waldorf chain. Possibly the Boston United Press correspondent had obtained his journalistic training in Boston.

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**E**LEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS seems to be a sort of political cat, with at least nine political lives. He led the uprising against Turkey which made Crete a part of Greece in 1896, and headed a revolt against Prince George of Greece in 1905. But he returned to favor, and he became Prime Minister of all Greece in 1910, holding the post for five years, until his ardor to enter the World War led to a break with King Constantine. Exiled, he remained in politics; and in 1917, aided by the French, he first established a rival government in Saloniki, then ousted the king and, with the aid of French marines, became Greece's first President. He was the strong man of the Balkans at the Paris Peace Conference, and won for his country a paper empire in Asia. But, despite Lloyd George's support, he could not hold Turkey against the Turks; the disastrous defeat of the Greek army and the burning of Smyrna in 1920 seemed to end Venizelos's career with a great smoky smudge. Not at all. In 1924 he returned to a short-lived premiership, only to retire, disgustedly announcing that he was through with politics forever. Yet he is in the premiership again, and has forced the unwilling President, Admiral Koundoriotis, to dissolve Parliament and change the electoral law so that the Cretan may rule untrammelled. It is a far cry from the days when Venizelos was hailed as the builder of a new Greek democracy. His Royalist opponents accuse him of violating the constitution to consolidate his power; the radicals agree, but add that he is acting as the agent of American capital. His first acts in office were to end the strikes among the longshoremen and the workers in the American tobacco factories, and to alter the Diomides plan which gave English bankers a preference over a Franco-American group competing for the new Greek loan. But enemies and friends agree that no man in all Greece has a more passionate desire to see his country great.

**W**ITH THE EXCHANGE OF NOTES between the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Seipel, and Signor Mussolini, the question of South Tyrol is restored to the background as far as official Vienna is concerned. Mussolini has succeeded in getting his formula accepted. Dr. Seipel admits that "he has never ceased to regard the South Tyrol question as a purely internal Italian affair and to recognize that the Italian citizens of German nationality must approach Rome with their requests and petitions." The Chancellor declares that Austria's interest is a purely cultural one. "If any irresponsible persons should indulge in anti-Italian agitation, the Federal Government will proceed against them by every legal means." Mussolini is thus assured that the bullying of the South Tyrolese by Giarrantana and his satellites in Bozen may continue without further protest from the Austrian government. No wonder that the *Lavoro d'Italia* sneers at "cosmopolitan Vienna, this capital without a soul or an ideal." The Austrian Government cuts no very heroic figure.

**I**T IS NOT THE FIRST TIME in history that Vienna has passed indifferently over the amazing loyalty of the Tyrolese, but on this occasion she has the excuse of complete helplessness. Rome, however, cuts no more heroic figure than Vienna. What she has done is something very like what, in ordinary life, is called blackmail. The war-cripples, after a six years' struggle, have just been awarded the pensions which Italy was bound to pay them under the St. Germain Treaty; to obtain their rights, the cripples had

to send a detachment to Rome. Meanwhile Austria is waiting for her creditors, who granted her relief in kind and a little money in the starvation days of 1919, to agree to her seeking a fresh loan in the international markets. Italy alone has been blocking the way. On her purely formal consent a price was fixed—the Austrian Government was called upon to eat humble pie. It has done so, and Italian opposition to the much-desired loan will be withdrawn. Rome celebrates the emptiest triumph imaginable. Not merely is Austria's weakness a byword in Europe; the protests against the bullying of the South Tyrolese have not come from Vienna, but from the capital of Tyrol itself, Innsbruck. It was anything but the wish of Dr. Seipel that the Tyrolese deputies should speak their mind in the Vienna Parliament, but they forced his hand, and will do so again whenever they think it will serve their conationals now ruled by Italy. Furthermore, it is not the protests of Vienna but those of Munich and Berlin which really cause Italy concern. And these capitals are not very good subjects for international blackmail. All that has been achieved positively is a little further loosening of the very slender bond attaching Tyrol to the Austrian Federation. Perhaps Mussolini desired this. He would do well to reflect that if that bond is ever severed, it will profit not Rome but Munich.

**J**OHAN A. HOBSON, our contributing editor, was seventy years old on July 6. Our readers know the rich wisdom of his writing, but we would share with them the appreciation of the *Manchester Guardian*, which ranks him in the great tradition of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Bagehot, and John Stuart Mill:

A student and scientist by nature, he has never relinquished his original interest in the fundamental problems of economics; yet his passion for social justice drew him early into political journalism and dictated a career that could not be pursued in an academic post. Hence his unique influence on his time; in the world of theory he has insisted on the importance of relating study to practice, in the world of practice he has shown the importance of theory. He found economics a little remote and abstracted; he directed its attention to unemployment, economic waste, and urgent problems of poverty. He found reformers empirical, and compelled them to face the theoretical issues that their proposals raised. One of the most provocative and stimulating critics of his generation, he worked out the constructive basis and justification of the practical social legislation of the last generation.

Fortunately, as the *Guardian* says, the time has not come for a final assessment of his position. His is still one of the youngest and most stimulating minds in England.

**E**LLEN TERRY the actress is only a tradition to most of the readers of these lines; she dipped below the horizon many years ago. But Ellen Terry the woman remained to the end a living, glowing personality even to the youngest of the younger generation of newspaper readers. Age finally forced her retirement from the theatrical stage but nothing could or did force her retirement from the larger stage of life until death took her from it on July 21 in her home in England. The vivid, captivating personality that had been the great factor in her success on the stage maintained for her a devoted circle of friends, and flashed forth from time to time to the newspaper-reading world, up to her last illness in her eighty-first year. Of Ellen Terry



the actress we hope to say more later; of Ellen Terry the woman it is enough now to quote the lines she herself penned for her friends when she foresaw the end was near:

No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone,  
Corpse-gazings, tears, black raiment, grave-yard grimness,  
Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness.  
Yours still, you mine,  
Remember all the best of our past moments and forget the  
rest,  
And so to where I wait come gently on.

IT WAS THE LAST of the ninth, with two out and two on bases and the visiting team two runs ahead. Lena Blackburne ordered the White Sox hurler to pitch to Babe Ruth. Ball one—wide. The next one came shoulder high and a white dot flashed through the sunshine far up into the right-field bleachers. Babe Ruth, half mobbed by worshipers, trotted home with the ball game. And why shouldn't he be mobbed by worshipers? What is worship for? This middle-aged ball player, a pitching hero for the old Red Sox thirteen years ago, counted out by sports writers again and again, hit six home runs in six days from July 15 to 20, and on the latter date was twenty-nine games and nine home-runs ahead of his astounding record of 1927. We are glad that the American League has decided to change its rules so that the man who is voted the most valuable player in the league may win the honor a second time. An old hero is as worthy as a new one.

## Life Is Cheap in Mexico

HUMAN life is cheap in Mexico. It always has been cheap. Carleton Beals in his "Mexico: An Interpretation" has given us an unforgettable picture of human sacrifices to the terrible snake-wreathed god, Huitzilopochtli, in Aztec days. For four long days the black-robed priests cut up the victims while a vast crowd watched. The Spanish conquest brought new forms of human cruelty—Cortez's massacres, the Inquisition, murderous slave labor in the mines. And when independence came to Mexico the movement was led by landed aristocrats who objected to crown interference with their prerogatives. Efforts of her peons to release themselves from medieval shackles time and again have been drowned in blood, and the coming of foreign capital meant no change in that. Mexico has a tradition of violence.

It should not occasion surprise that Alvaro Obregon was assassinated. Rather is it surprising that he and Plutarco Elias Calles have so long escaped the assassin's pistol. For these two men have made enemies in remolding their country. For a decade they have fought through one revolution after another, and in the intervals of peace have waged a peaceful war against irresponsible generals, feudal landlords, and the church that was associated with them. Obregon had been in prison under men who did not hesitate to assassinate their political opponents. He and Calles had been jointly responsible for the death of scores of their opponents by more or less thinly disguised military tribunals.

It is little more than half a century since our own country was madly engaged in a larger-scale civil war than Mexico has ever known; and at its end a political assassin

shot down the man who seemed most likely to be able to heal the breach. Twice in the intervening years Presidents have been shot in office. The long story of the United States's relations with Mexico shows no hesitation in resorting to violence to gain our own ends. We should be slow to judge Mexico harshly.

Yet there is no doubt that Obregon's death is a setback for progress in Mexico. *The Nation* is under no illusions as to Mexican political institutions. Elections have never been free; the masses of Mexico have not yet the kind of social freedom and education without which political democracy is mere stage play. But Obregon and Calles had broadened the popular basis of support of the state, and through practice in the stage play of democracy the Mexican people have been progressing toward its realities. It has been a dictatorship only slightly checked by a parliament through which Obregon and Calles have governed Mexico for eight years; but their dictatorship has observed most of the forms of constitutional government and steadfastly aimed to make dictatorship less and less possible. They have reduced the army and subordinated its personal chieftains to the civil officials, sought to develop mass education, to free both agricultural and urban laborers from the grosser forms of economic exploitation, and have relied upon such organized groups from the bottom of the social scale for support in a crisis. And this liberal dictatorship had lived and grown in strength through a series of violent tests wherein foreign capital and munitions aided the dissident groups in Mexico. It has not been a pretty struggle, but looked at in historic perspective many of the mistakes fade out and the outlines of a great liberating movement appear.

It would have been a symbol of progress in Mexico had Calles been able peacefully to transfer the civil power to Obregon. The rancors of past conflicts made that impossible. We do not yet know the precise motivation behind the assassin's act, but that it was rooted in the social struggle is clear. In such a crisis, with Mexico's anarchic potentialities, Calles will have to continue in power. If he leaves the Presidency it can only be to stand behind the authority of some weaker man. It is a tribute to his character that almost no one doubts the sincerity of his desire to give up power, as no one doubts the necessity of his remaining.

It may seem harsh to say it, but there has been no moment in the last ten years when Mexico could as well afford the sacrifice of Obregon. Ambassador Morrow and President Calles have put an end to the mutual suspicions which meant that every difficulty in Mexico was seized upon by interested Yankees for their own profit. There is no hint of American interference today. The difficulties with the oil companies are on the highway to settlement; the financial groups interested in loans to Mexico are sympathetic with her government's problems; the main outlines of her program for agrarian reform are accepted. Even the dispute with the church shows prospects of settlement. One group of diehards among the Mexican Catholics had held out against the moderate majority, hoping that Obregon's advent to power would change the Calles program. That hope has been rudely shattered by the gun of a Catholic fanatic. If the Vatican now accepts the Calles-Ruiz plan and the priests return to legal functioning in Mexico, the assassination may after all herald an era of unprecedented peace.



# The Defeat of the Coal Strike

THE coal strike has been lost. What had been common knowledge for several months was finally admitted by the Policy Committee of the United Mine Workers on July 19 when it allowed separate districts of the union to accept a wage scale below the level of the Jacksonville agreement. This Jacksonville agreement, which called for a wage of \$7.50 a day, was the whole issue of the strike.

A fearful wreckage is left in the wake of the fifteen months' struggle. The once great union of mine workers has lost at least two-thirds of the bituminous miners of the country, and those who are left must accept humiliating conditions in order to return to work. In a few districts the strike will drag on for a time, but only with the object of saving the union, through local agreements, from complete destruction. The Illinois miners may emerge with a fairly powerful district union; in Ohio and Pennsylvania the disaster appears to be quite complete. In the mountains of Pennsylvania are thousands of miners and their families who have been living in tents and barracks for months on a few cents a week. Many are sick but unable to get doctors or medicine.

These starving miners of Pennsylvania are the casualties of one of the most futile strikes in our history. Morally they were right in their contention that men who risk their lives in the black heat of the coal veins are entitled to \$7.50 a day—in any sane society they would be among the most highly paid people. But this is not a sane society and the leaders of the United Mine Workers should have known that. The miners were fighting for justice in an industry which is an insane chaos of over-production, bad management, and pauperizing competition. They were beaten before they began to strike.

They were beaten by non-union coal. Before the strike started two-thirds of the bituminous coal supply of the country was coming from the non-union mines of West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and other States. The union in Pennsylvania had begun to crumble. The big Pittsburgh Coal Company, with fifty-four mines in one district and a Mellon on the board of directors, had adopted an open-shop policy and continued to operate. Scores of union mines were shut down because they could not compete with their low-wage rivals. It was estimated that some 200,000 superfluous miners were working irregularly in the industry—and about 200,000 miners went on strike.

Last spring the left-wing faction of the union tried desperately to spread the strike to the non-union mines through its "save-the-union" movement. It failed and the strike collapsed. Now the left-wing contingent is continuing a drive for a new national union, but its best leaders have left it and the chances of success are slight. The most useful thing it has done in the strike is to teach the miners that an injunction can be defied *en masse* and that no court can keep an entire community in jail.

Was the strike justified? The question cannot be answered by a yes or no. Given the elements of power, demagoguery, and stupidity in the organizations of owners and miners, and the strike seems to have been inevitable. Many mine owners who had agreed in 1924 to pay their

miners the Jacksonville scale of \$7.50 a day connived with their workers to operate on lower wage-scales in order to keep their mines running in competition with the non-union mines. President John L. Lewis bellowed against the practice, but he never faced the issue squarely; perhaps his own members would not allow him to. They had shouted their slogan "No reduction in wages" so often that they had become intoxicated with it.

The economic competition of the non-union mines left Mr. Lewis and his machine only two logical alternatives: to organize those non-union fields or to grant substantial concessions to the owners of union mines. Mr. Lewis did neither effectively—although the miners in Illinois did increase their output without an increase in pay. The mine owners were more unreasonable than Mr. Lewis; in fact, it is doubtful if a perfect labor leader could have prevented the strike in the face of the owners' determination to force it.

It is obvious that some new pattern of control is needed for the bituminous coal industry. *The Nation* has often suggested the necessity of a national reorganization of the industry for the sake of the consumers, the miners, and the owners, but we have entertained no illusions concerning the prospects of such a reform under a Republican or Democratic Party. The most that can be hoped for under the present regime is a set of timid suggestions for regulation—such as the program of the United States Coal Commission.

Meanwhile there is no use in marking time. The repeated disasters in the coal industry give an opportunity to educate public opinion toward an intelligent plan of social control. A significant alternative to the present system of control has been suggested in a book from the Institute of Economics by Walton H. Hamilton and Helen R. Wright, "A Way of Order for Bituminous Coal," just published by Macmillan. The Hamilton and Wright plan proposes a national coordination of the industry under a federal corporation as the first step away from chaos. The plan is not state socialism and it is not private capitalism but a combination of certain elements of both.

Hamilton and Wright would have all the bituminous mines in the country owned by a Federal Bituminous Coal Company, which would be granted exclusive control of the open market by the United States government. The technical ownership of this corporation would be in the hands of the present owners of bituminous mines, who would receive 5 per cent debentures for their investments—but this ownership would not mean control. The miners and consumers would do the controlling through a board of directors chosen by labor unions and trade organizations, with certain representatives of domestic consumers chosen by the President of the United States.

A dream? Yes, but a hard-headed dream by economists who have previously won an enviable reputation as analysts of the coal industry. To the mine owners it will seem like a piece of major surgery performed without anesthetics. To others of us, who believe that minor operations will never cure the sickness of the coal industry, the plan seems full of common sense.



## “Amateur”

Amateur, *n.*, one who cultivates an art or pursues a study from love or attachment, and without reference to gain or emolument.—Webster's Dictionary.

**T**HUS the dictionary. But, according to the officials of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, an amateur is a person who may play tennis six months in the year, supported by his friends and admirers; attract large, paying crowds to stadiums maintained by the officials of the U. S. L. T. A. and their friends; write, for pay, about tennis in general; but who never, never, never writes about a match in which he himself is playing unless at least three days have elapsed between the match and the appearance of the article. And so they have declared Tilden, the greatest tennis player of our generation, a professional, and ruled him out of the Davis Cup matches.

It is ridiculous. “Amateur” sport has become an elaborate stage setting. The rules that hedge it about are as artificial as an eighteenth-century drawing-room conversation, and nowhere are they more artificial than in tennis. Tilden has been writing about tennis for years. If he is a professional today, he was a professional last week and last year. And in one sense, of course, he is, and has been for years, a professional, as all the Davis Cup players are, and must be professionals. Tilden and Hennessey and Lott, like Lacoste and Cochet and Borotra, Baron Morpurgo, and the rest of the international tennis stars, make tennis their major profession. It happens that the talent of tennis-playing does not fall exclusively upon the wealthy. Tennis genius sprouts among boys and girls who have to earn their livings. Sometimes rich friends, and sometimes the promoters of the matches, subsidize them, directly or indirectly. More decently, they set out to support themselves without violating the elaborate codes of professional amateurism. Cochet and Brugnon keep a sporting-goods store; that is permissible. Helen Wills writes books, with the aid of a “ghost,” and draws pictures; and that is permissible. Tilden appeared on the stage with a racket under his arm; and that was permissible. But Tilden also wrote for the papers; and the wealthy patrons of the sport considered that reprehensible, and set out to make life miserable for him. Now Tilden is an artist who lives for his art. So, grumpily, he accepted rules that he despised but came as near violating them as he dared. He may have violated the letter of the rule at Wimbledon; and if he did doubtless the committee was right in suspending him as an amateur, though there is a clear suggestion of personal animus in the fact that they did not do so until his closest friends on the committee had sailed for France.

But what nonsense it all is! The tennis tournaments support commercial ventures like the stadium in Paris and our own tennis bowl at Forest Hills. The Olympic games are managed with just such professional skill and ballyhoo as make money for Tex Rickard in what is frankly known as professional boxing. Only the players are forbidden to make money. Does anyone suppose that the boys who this summer represent the United States in the Olympic games themselves earned the money to pay their passage? By any common-sense standard Tilden is no more professional than they. It would seem sensible to use words that fit the facts.

## Martin and *Life*

**T**HE retirement of Edward S. Martin from the editorial staff of *Life* merits more notice than has been paid to it. In a humorous journal he has for forty-five years maintained a serious editorial page of unvarying stylistic excellence, a page that, save for the war years, grew mellow as time passed. Often it sparkled with humor; usually it was marked by unusual sagacity and understanding, and by criticism which in a few clear sentences went to the heart of questions. Sometimes, though not often, he really lifted the roof of the dwelling of the politicians and let us peep inside. But always his writing was a delight—easy, graceful, remarkably effective. It was an ideal style for an essayist, and when Mr. Martin discovered that he gave us a group of volumes beginning with his “Windfalls of Observation” down to his “Reflections of a Beginning Husband” and “Unrest of Women.” Between these came various volumes of verse which helped to win for Mr. Martin his large and devoted following. That he should finally have come to fill acceptably the Editor's Easy Chair of *Harper's Magazine*, the Easy Chair of George William Curtis and William Dean Howells, was but just and proper.

One of the original founders in 1883 of *Life*, Mr. Martin and his associates decided upon serious leading articles, cutting loose in this respect from the tradition of the Continental humorous weeklies, and of *Punch*, which continues its efforts to mold public opinion by indirection rather than direct editorial comment. It is an interesting fact that the present managers have decided to continue this feature and have engaged Mr. Elmer Davis to do his best to fill Mr. Martin's shoes, interesting because they have changed *Life* in almost every other respect and have so altered the tone that we rather suspect that Mr. Martin found himself out of touch with the new day in the office in which he had outlived his early associates. We cannot but bemoan the change because there was a dignity and charm about the makeup of the old *Life* that set it apart. Never a radical journal, its sense of humor and judgment deserted it in the war years, in which it fell for every one of the conventional lies, Mr. Martin being profoundly influenced by his close personal friendship with him whom H. L. Mencken has dubbed “the preposterous Colonel House.”

This seems to leave the field open to a humorous political weekly. An American *Punch* could, we suppose, not succeed; the original in England maintains its standards of excellence with amazing skill. But it does seem as if, despite the cartoons in the daily papers, there should still be a field in America for a humorous weekly, with a wise and discerning editorial page, with pencils to unveil the shortcomings and the hypocrisy of our present-day politicians, and to celebrate their merits precisely as was done in earlier days by *Puck* and *Harper's Weekly*. We realize that most journalists will shake their heads as they read this. We base our hope upon the belief that personality still counts in journalism. Edward S. Martin's long career, and his host of ardent friends would seem to prove our point, even though his was naturally an old-fashioned liberalism of a type now outworn in this changing world. People read him, whether they agreed with him or not, not merely because they admired his style, but because they believed in his sincerity and honesty and his effort to be detached and judicial.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

UPON the precise letter of its code the Lawn Tennis Association is technically correct in disbarring Tilden from Davis Cup play. It is also fair to point out that Tilden had accepted the regulation against which he offended. In the player-writer controversy of a season or so ago the stipulation was laid down that no amateur might write of a tournament in which he himself participated until three days after the event. He could, however, write freely about *My Favorite Strokes* or delve into the past and do *Memories of Whitman and Larned*.

To me the distinction is not at all clear. Indeed it seems to me a small matter that the association appears to be technically within its rights. The whole thing is silly and for an obvious reason. All amateur organizations are attempting the impossible, and sport unfortunately has been enlisted as a contributor to the vast sum of American hypocrisy. It is the contention of athletic mentors that no man should profit financially by playing any game and remain an amateur. This may be a splendid ideal, but it is no longer feasible in the modern community. First we should have to abolish the radio, the motion picture, and the daily newspaper. To the champion in America comes increasingly a tide of publicity. In this country publicity is a definite medium of exchange. With publicity one can buy both food and lodging. It is the key to the city and also to the suburbs.

With the best intentions in the world a tennis champion cannot avoid making money out of his prowess. If he happens to be a surgeon a certain number of patients will stray in anxious to have their tonsils out by the hand of the man who saved the Davis Cup. As a lawyer he will be visited by clients who would never have heard of him except for his cannon-ball service. The bond business is filled with young men who are capitalizing their previous position in the sport-page headlines. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; in not one of these occupations can the mighty athlete move and divest himself entirely of his glory. Accordingly the question gets down to the amount of direct appeal the champion may employ in cashing in his publicity for money. Obviously the distinctions must be finely drawn. Tilden would not be permitted to stand in the show window of a sporting goods store and demonstrate his back hand. That would be considered very justly too palpable a sale of his tennis talents. Nevertheless, he could write a series of syndicated articles for newspapers on *How to Play Tennis*. A number of amateurs in good standing are doing just that.

Where is the line to be drawn? Various cases come up which are so intricate that eventually lawn tennis must be limited to Washington, D. C., in order to have the Supreme Court handy for decisions. As well as a linesman it will be necessary to assign a lawyer to each match. In the face of these difficulties there is one remedy which never seems to come up. What would happen if no line at all were drawn? To the moguls of amateur sport such a proposition seems as outlandish as electing Trotsky to the United States Senate. And yet I am certain that no skies would fall or any extinct volcanoes spit up lava if the old distinction between amateur and professional were abolished. Surely some change in the general conception is very necessary. When tennis was an infant industry it was simple

enough to limit competition to the few players who appeared in the occasional tournaments just for the fun of it. That was before the days of a tennis season, long trips, and the Davis Cup. No man can be a player of the first rank unless he is prepared to give up three or four months of steady application to perfecting and tightening up his game.

Very possibly a man is a fool to do that unless he has an independent income. But the same authorities who look askance on technical breaches of amateurism are the identical cheer leaders who urge young men to do or die for the Davis Cup. This year America had a training camp in Georgia much after the manner of the big-league baseball teams. Here the expenses were paid for the players invited to participate in the trials. But once tennis is lifted up to such importance the essence of amateurism has departed no matter what the practices of the players may be.

I have no desire to see the game go back to the days when it was a social and a private affair. The community in general gets much more fun out of matches at Forest Hills than if it were forced to read about encounters held in the seclusion of Newport. If there are to be stands large enough to hold all comers, money must be collected and somebody must be paid if it's only the builder. But once tennis has become a public spectacle it seems to me silly to pretend that all this is done in fun. Surely Tilden would not choose of his own free will to play in a large bowl before a crowd which must be constantly reminded that ladies and gentlemen do not applaud errors.

Crack tennis is no longer the pastime of the idle rich. As far as I know not one of the first-class players of the present day is entirely freed from the thrall of making his own living. Now that the competition has grown keener since the last French victory every nation urges its young men to give their all to tennis. That is well enough. Possibly sport may serve a useful purpose as a moral equivalent for war. But if the player is to give all it seems to me no more than reasonable that the country should make some return. And I mean a financial return. Tilden, La Coste, Cochet, and the others are practically drafted for service. If any star in any land said, "I can't compete in big matches anymore because I am too poverty stricken to afford the time," he would be treated as an arch traitor.

I see no possible harm and a great gain in frankness if tennis were administered without regard to amateur or professional distinctions. It may be that in some corner of the land there lurks some low mercenary fellow proficient at the game but so lacking in manners that his presence would pain even the most democratic gallery. In that case let him be barred for just those reasons and not for professionalism. In golf, although the lines are drawn, amateurs and professionals may meet without let or hindrance in all open tournaments. I do not see why this system could not be applied to tennis. A championship should determine the best man and not merely the most proficient within certain financial and artificial limitations. I myself could never see any great distinction between professionalism and living off expense money. According to the present system an amateur tennis player may be best defined as a careful fellow who has not yet been caught.

HEYWOOD BROUN



# Digging Graves in Mexico

By CARLETON BEALS

Mexico City, July 23

EVERY candidate for the Mexican presidency is dead. Francisco Serrano is dead, Arnulfo Gomez is dead, Alvaro Obregon is dead. The regime which came out of Sonora on the crest of the Mexican Revolution and beached on a lonely island of power has torn itself to pieces in a selfish struggle for survival. Only Plutarco Elias Calles remains—Calles and a disciplined army.

And every economic and social organization in Mexico is in a state of disintegration or at least of realignment. For the moment only Calles remains firm—Calles and a disciplined army. Yesterday Obregon was undoubtedly master of the country, and his reappearance at the threshold of power had set in motion many new forces. But today he is dust and ashes and his death has caused a new type of social disintegration. He had used his strength to splinter the labor movement in accordance with the old motto, Divide and rule. The peasant movement had been in a process of integration; this process has been aborted. Today the labor movement is in a state of chaos and the peasant movement is drifting on uncharted seas. Obregonism, the unruly heritage of its founder, has become a hydra-headed creature scarcely able to survive. Obregonism is made up of peasant leaders, regional *caciquismo* or bossism, soup-kitchen bureaucrats, bastard militarism. Its present unity is a unity of chagrin at losing the soup. Its adherents loathe each other and will soon fall apart if, instead of a leader, they have only a common enemy. This enemy is Luis N. Morones, king and symbol of the Mexican Regional Confederation of Labor (CROM) and the Mexican Labor Party. Obregon was easily sweeping Morones and his group aside. Agrarian leaders have launched harsh and wild charges implicating Morones in the assassination. And so Morones, along with his fellow-Laborites, has resigned from the Calles government. This is the immediate result of Obregon's assassination—a sharpening of the bitterness between the followers of Obregon and of Morones.

The CROM swept into its greatest victory with the election of Calles, but during the past two years it has been on the defensive. Above all its leaders have been on the defensive. The leaders have lost prestige with the nation and with the rank and file of the CROM unions, and have been obliged to defend themselves from attack on all quarters. The leaders have lost power because of a wanton abuse of their power—by their kowtowing to the American Federation of Labor, by their looting of public funds, by their luxurious living, by their violent tactics (consider the assassination of Senator Juan Field Jurado), by their strenuous efforts to crush independent unions (consider their breaking of the railway strike, the fight against the Jalisco miners, the sharp clashes in the textile industry), by their use of official boards of conciliation and arbitration to break non-CROM unions and deny justice to non-CROM workers. Disaffection in the CROM ranks grew. Time and again the leaders prevented strong nucleus organizations, such as the Orizaba brewery and the Textile Center, from seceding. But although last year CROM broke the railway strike by an independent con-

federation of workers sixty thousand strong and apparently partially destroyed the old organization, CROM was greatly discredited among all the workers in the country.

From another angle came the political drive against CROM. Strong local governors and regional *caciques* resented the political power and federalizing tendencies of CROM, which interfered with their own rule. Independent unions were promoted. Such governors and *caciques* are Guadalupe Zuno in Jalisco, who promoted the independent Jalisco Federation of Labor; Portes Gil in Tamaulipas, who promoted independent oil unions; Adalberto Tejeda in Vera Cruz, who supported Communists and peasants. Torre Diaz in Yucatan, who kept the Socialist Party of the south-east out of the CROM. Thus the CROM in Jalisco has not been able to maintain its footing and has even resorted to alliances with Catholic unions. But two weeks ago all the CROM unions there seceded, ousted their leaders, joined the State Federation, and turned Communist.

Still another enemy of the CROM has been the peasant movement. The National Agrarian Party, led by Diaz Soto y Gama, an ex-Zapatista, and by Urelío Manrique, the ex-Governor of San Luis Potosi, ever since its foundation in 1920 has been, with the exception of short intervals, bitterly hostile. Soto y Gama and Morones are enemies to the death. The National Peasants' League, launched early in the Calles period largely under the aegis of Secretary of the Interior Adalberto Tejeda, and organized by Uasulo Galvan, is a more radical outfit affiliated with Moscow. For the time being it took the up-grade in opposition to CROM, but, though bidding fair to becoming a national organization, it has not realized its expectations. It has, however, dug deep in the states of Vera Cruz, Tamaulipas, and Jalisco and, to a lesser degree, in Durango, Michoacan, and Morelos. Through the propaganda of these two organizations, little by little the peasant organizations affiliated with CROM have slid away. The Grupo Accion, the inner clique of CROM, does not contain a single peasant leader.

This peasant-labor schism was symbolized two years ago by Calles and Obregon, the laborites building up around Calles, the peasants around Obregon. For a time the policies of Calles and Obregon clashed, until the Obregon tendency gained the upper hand. Also Obregon outmaneuvered Calles at every turn, whereupon Calles hauled down the flag and ceded all of Obregon's demands. This was partly due to the arrival of Ambassador Morrow on the Mexican scene, which drove a slight wedge between Calles and Morones. Calles's prompt accedence to Morrow's wishes was a slap in the face of Morones, who had held a more recalcitrant position.

All these onslaughts against the CROM were skilfully utilized by Obregon. His first campaign announcement promised justice to the railway workers. He gathered round his person the agrarian leaders Soto y Gama, Galvan, and even Manrique, who was strongly anti-Calles. He promoted new CROM secessions. He gathered in Communists and at the same time bureaucrats, symbolized by Aaron Saenz. And by skilful promotion of the Sonora Yaqui campaign and the Jalisco religious campaign he prepared



the military scene for any eventuality. But Obregon is dead and no essential unity exists between railway workers, peasants, bureaucrats, and army generals. They had been Obregonistas not by conviction but by force of circumstances. Similarly the CROM had been an enemy of Obregon not by conviction but by force of circumstances.

There remains an unhappy division between the peasants and the industrial city proletariat. Mexican cities, with the growth of the large-scale, raw-product industries, are modernizing themselves at phenomenal speed; wage scales since the revolution have quadrupled; but the rural areas lag behind. Despite land distribution, temporarily because of land distribution, the peasant sinks rather than rises in the national social scale. He has gained the right to freedom from feudal chains but this freedom is also a freedom to starve or drift to the city.

So in Mexico the natural schism is emphasized. The peasant leaders are out for the blood of their imperialistic

city comrades, participating in the march of modernization at the expense of the peasants, and they are out for the blood of their parasitical leaders. But the result is at present the weakening of both movements. The present agrarian leaders, lacking Obregon's personal support, are lost; they have no standing with Calles. Manrique is close to being an enemy. Thus they destroy Morones but for the moment they gain no political advantage with the peasants they lead, whose power was artificially expanded by Obregon's support. To destroy Morones they have joined hands with those who wish the destruction of the whole labor movement. Tomorrow the peasants will pay the price. So both the labor movement and the peasant movement face a period of disorganization. Were new elections to be called the outcome at this moment would be civil war. So Calles remains—Calles and a disciplined army. Only he can pull the ship from the reefs, but, once off the reefs, where will it sail?

## Alvaro Obregon

By ERNEST GRUENING

WHEN I first came to Mexico early in 1923 I wrote to President Obregon for an appointment. But before a reply had reached me I was invited to the last of the *posadas*, festivals of the Hispanic Christmas-tide, and at a ball, attended chiefly by Mexican officialdom, I met the President. Although he did not dance, it was well known that he enjoyed these functions, and every senora and senorita highly esteemed the privilege of taking Don Alvaro's left arm and listening to the flow of humor, anecdote, and wisdom drawn from experience for which he was justly renowned throughout Mexico. The President invited me to dine at Chapultepec two nights later, and as his English was slight and my Spanish still embryonic, Roberto Pesqueira, fellow-Sonoran, and one of the outstanding younger revolutionists, interpreted. Later I came to know the President well.

Now General Obregon has been assassinated, and it is my desire to give, in this brief compass allotted, my impression of him both as man and as public figure. It is not easy in the immediacy of his tragic end to write with the dispassionateness that history requires, and to dissociate the profound and favorable impressions wrought by repeated personal contacts from the multiplicity of acts which are the sum of Obregon's public service.

For the strength and charm of Obregon's personality had a bearing on his preeminence. They go far to explain not merely the extraordinary rise of the obscure *ranchero*—for many in Mexico have risen meteorically—but his continued ascendancy and supreme popularity for over a decade. So I will confess that he captivated me from the start, and that my feeling that he possessed many elements of greatness grew with each contact. First I was carried away by his gorgeous sense of humor. Most public men lack it; the abler ones are really serious nearly all the time, and the lesser ones are apt to compensate for their inadequacies by a striving for chronic earnestness. I remember that the first time I traveled on his private train and asked him facetiously where the bandits were that I had expected to find in the country, he replied

with a solemnity which only his eyes betrayed: "You see, when I left the country and came into the city, the bandits all came in with me. Confidentially, I have some of them in my Cabinet now."

Next, there was his broad humanitarianism, the universality of his outlook, which would seem predicated on much travel or wide reading, neither of which had been Obregon's—although he had supplemented his own experience by not a little book-learning. At our second meeting he told me that Mexico was about to decline to attend the Fifth Pan-American Congress in Santiago, Chile, and in a few sentences exposed an entire philosophy of international relationship. Said he:

President Harding has not recognized the Mexican government. It is to be recognized for a consideration—that of agreeing in advance to a certain course of conduct. This we cannot and shall not do. It is inconsistent with the dignity and rights of a sovereign people, however much they may need and desire recognition. It would never be asked of a nation of equal strength. The Pan-American congresses are held under the auspices of the Pan-American Union, which has its seat in Washington, and is organized under the patronage of the American State Department. The delegates are diplomatic representatives of Latin-American countries to the United States. But as we have not been recognized, we have no ambassador to the United States. We should consider it highly improper to accept the invitation to attend, which permits us to overlook this fact and name another representative. Only a Pan-American Union based on absolute equality of nations regardless of size or power can adequately serve to bring the nations into a truer and closer friendship. At present it is a relationship dominated by one nation, which fact is in itself the negation of all the objectives claimed for Pan-Americanism.

But he made it plain that he was not, like so many of his countrymen, afflicted with "gringophobia." In his own mind the distinction between the American people and those who occasionally misrepresent them in Washington—or in Mexico City—was unmistakable. I recall the par-



ticular pleasure with which he stressed the opening, two years before, of the University of Mexico Summer School, designed especially for American students of Spanish.

Finally my appreciation of Obregon's personality was strengthened by the conviction that he was without pose, a characteristic—shared, incidentally, by Calles—which I consider rare in Mexico's public men, judged from the many I have met. But, turning aside from his admitted charm, what has been Obregon's contribution to the Mexico which is still reforming in the crucible of revolution?

That contribution will, I think, be increasingly valued as the years go on. Judged over the extremely long period of fifteen years in which Obregon was a power, his humanitarianism was conspicuous. One must measure his acts by Mexican standards and against the background of turmoil and bloodshed, and without losing sight of the pernicious forces at all times ready to plunge the country into chaos. In a country steeped in the tradition that only a ruthless tyrant can maintain himself, Obregon was anything but sanguinary. He repeatedly offered amnesty to his opponents in the field. Indeed the narrowest escapes of his public career—as in the De la Huerta rebellion—were due to the fact that he did not deal drastically and summarily enough with scoundrels and traitors.

Under Obregon the Mexican press was free, as it had been only for brief periods under Juarez and Madero. It is one of Obregon's imperishable monuments that even when the De la Huerta rebellion broke out and his government was in the most imminent peril, Obregon waved aside a perturbed and solemn delegation from the capital's press seeking instructions with: "Write whatever your conscience dictates." And there was no cryptic significance in those words. The newspapers repaid this rare gener-

osity by remaining malevolently neutral (benevolent toward the rebellion) and only subsequently, when Calles, most regrettably in my opinion, departed from this fine example of press freedom, did the newspapers begin retrospectively to appreciate Obregon's attitude.

Obregon's career was cut short in the fulness of its potentialities; he can be judged only on what he did. This was to bring a very large measure of peace out a desperate chaos; to give the long-deferred and urgently needed revolutionary reforms in land, labor, and in cultural self-expression their first opportunity to materialize. Above all he launched the Mexican educational renaissance.

Obregon's mistakes were largely political. He often allowed personal friendship to dictate the use of his influence in state elections. He allowed the army a very free rein to pursue the iniquitous pillage which has characterized Mexican militarism since the birth of the Mexican nation. But even so he did not satisfy the uniformed looters, as the De la Huerta uprising revealed. "Effective suffrage and no reelection"—the first and outstanding revolutionary premise made little progress under Obregon.

For Mexico his death at this moment is an irreparable tragedy. Calles fortunately remains. But the burden of leading the Mexican nation out of bondage is too heavy for any one man. In a very definite way Calles and Obregon were complementary to each other. Calles in his four years showed far more material achievement than did Obregon. The Calles regime was the surgical, the operative period of Mexican reconstruction. Obregon's second term would have proved, much as his first term had been, the post-operative, the curative, the healing period. Both periods were and are essential if Mexico is to recover from the multiplicity and complexity of her social and political diseases.

## Plays in Central Europe

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

*Paris, July 3*

THOSE Americans who still dream of Vienna as the last refuge of the "Continental spirit" and who hope to find an asylum there when the last Frenchman has been lost among the crowd of Middle Western tourists swarming upon the Boulevard des Italiens, will be pained to learn that this year Vienna herself celebrated Mother's Day and that the co-citizens of Anatol have just passed successfully through a National Cheese Week.

They may, however, rest assured that, such signs notwithstanding, the wave of Americanization which has swept over Germany has not yet engulfed her sister republic and that the culture of Vienna was not essentially changed (however much it may have been enfeebled) by the war. Berlin recovered by transforming itself; Vienna seems to have preferred to remain what she was even if to do so means to sink into relative desuetude. The atmosphere is still, as always, more that of a formal garden than of a metropolis; the people still prefer light music to industry; and they still stroll (instead of rush) through the parks, which are still lined with orderly row upon row of flowering horse chestnuts. Moscow is less than forty-eight hours away, but I am as sure that Vienna cannot imagine the existence of a city so frowzily energetic, any more than Mos-

cow can imagine the existence of one where life is so indolently agreeable.

Mr. Sil-Vara, one of whose plays is to be produced in New York next season by the Theater Guild, assures me that though plays are still occasionally written here there is nothing in the country which even the most determined optimism could call a dramatic movement. Indeed it looks as though Vienna, which has already, of course, ceased to be a world capital, would cease to be a theatrical capital as well. The Burg Theater still offers a standard repertory, the Raimond Theater still gives good solid plays for a more popular audience, and Jeritza still sings at the opera during such time as she can spare from more profitable engagements at the Metropolitan; but Reinhardt dominates the scene and Reinhardt—the establishment at Salzburg notwithstanding—now belongs essentially to Berlin, whose taste he follows in the Berlin productions which are later brought on to Vienna.

And if Vienna can no longer be classed among the great theatrical capitals, which are now New York, London, Moscow, and Paris, the same is still more conspicuously true of Budapest, where no one seems to be hopeful or happy except the chauvinist, who is able to exist upon the nourishment contained in two empty words, "Magyar Independence," and



where Molnar is said recently to have refused the offer of the State Theater to put on one of his plays with the remark: "If I want fame I can get it in Berlin; if I want money I can get it in New York." As for Prague, I could discover not a single play by a native author. The last effort of the redoubtable brothers Capek (a failure called "Adam the Creator") had closed before I arrived, and when the director of one of the leading theaters told me, after long thought, that I could not do better there than to see a production of Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" I beat a hasty retreat. It is true that he assured me that the present had been an unusually disappointing season in Prague, but as this remark was the last I had heard before leaving New York and as it had been repeated to me in every city I had visited (except Moscow), I did not attach too much importance to it.

At the present moment, then, Central Europe does not seem to have any distinct theatrical character of its own; the best the visitor can hope for is to find a rare native play possessing some interest or to catch a French or other piece on tour. At the Raimond Theater in Vienna I saw a production of the somber folk-tragedy "Der Judas von Tirol," written many years ago by the locally famous Karl Schönherr, and I heard a new operetta by Lehar (of "The Merry Widow" fame) which has some very pleasant music strictly in the old Viennese tradition; but the two pieces most likely to reach America are "Hocus-Pocus" and the new Molnar comedy, "Olympia."

Though I happened to see "Hocus-Pocus" in Vienna, the play was written by a young German of no great literary pretensions named Kurt Goetz, and in spite of the fact that it is tenuous to the last possible degree it has by now been played with success over a considerable part of Europe. It begins with a prologue in the course of which a theatrical director, driven to desperation by the lack of promising plays, begins to read a manuscript to his company; and the play consists of a presentation of this manuscript which occurs, I presume, in the minds of his hearers. The chief scene takes place in the courtroom, where a beautiful murderess is on trial for her life, and the chief interest, at least from my point of view, lies in the fact that the play is essentially an attempt to imitate those American crime and mystery plays which have been so successful in Europe. The first act is full of the mysterious warnings and unexpected apparitions belonging to the genre; in the second the beautiful murderess flirts decorously with the whole courtroom while the most damning possible evidence is piled mountain-high against her; and in the third she (having been, of course, acquitted) gives a little dinner party, where the judge, the prosecuting attorney, and her own lawyer foregather to do homage to her charm.

The author has endeavored to combine melodrama and satirical extravaganza in a fashion very much like that in which the author of the typical American mystery play combines melodrama and farce, but though his play does succeed in being mildly entertaining I must confess my frank opinion that in general the European attempts to imitate these American plays which they regard with mingled wonder and contempt are not especially successful. They are far too self-conscious and far too lacking in the vulgar force which gives the American prototype such power as they have. Compared, for example, with "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Hocus-Pocus" is essentially feeble in spite of its efforts to be satirical. Its author may very well be wittier, more sophisticated, and, in a word, more "civilized"

than the authors of most American crime plays, but these are not the qualities necessary for this particular kind of writing and are, indeed, perhaps the very things which make it impossible for him to achieve the wholehearted, thoroughgoing absurdity which makes "Mary Dugan" effective.

Molnar's "Olympia" (not yet performed anywhere outside of Budapest) is, it goes without saying, at least thoroughly European. A minor German princess snubs the serious proposal of a humble young army officer with whom she has been flirting. Seeking revenge, he inspires a report that he is in reality an international swindler and when the frightened Princess Olympia and her still more frightened mother ask him how much he demands as the price of a disappearance, he replies that he desires only one thing—to pass the night with Olympia. Next morning—this price having been meanwhile and perhaps not too reluctantly paid—the legend of his criminal reputation is exploded and the Princess intimates that she no longer considers the difference in rank between them an unsurmountable barrier. But the officer, still smarting from the original snub, finds revenge sweeter than love. He assures her that he would not dream of asking such a sacrifice and he disappears.

The combined malice and suavity of the play serve to remind one that Molnar has at least a style, that his rather brutal wit is all of one piece, and that he is sometimes capable, as here, of following out the logic of that wit to its ultimate unromantic conclusion. "Olympia" is contemptuously "theatrical" and completely "unreal," but its expertness demands a certain respect, and one cannot but feel that its author at least knows what he wants to do and does it with complete success. Doubtless the piece will be given in America and doubtless it will have a considerable vogue.

In Budapest I saw also a reigning success called "The Chalk Circle," written by a young German who goes by the pseudonym Klabund, but the play is constructed around a Chinese theme, a bit of artificial naivete not unlike our own once-famous "Yellow Jacket" and hardly likely to reach New York. That is about all that, for the moment, Budapest has to offer except the Hungarian premiere of "Abris Rozsaja," which I considered it my patriotic duty to attend.

Miss Nichols's masterpiece has undergone certain necessary transformations. Since the Irish are as unknown in Hungary as Fiji Islanders they had to disappear and be replaced by ordinary Catholics. Though this would seem to deprive the play of whatever point it might be said to have it shows, nevertheless, every sign of becoming a success and as I watched the familiar action unroll amid shouts of alien laughter I felt constrained to give Miss Nichols her due. "Abie's Irish Rose" must deserve its success. There is a power in it greater than art and greater than that nature which was so rashly said to make all the world kin—the power, of course, of the commonplace.

Many quite ordinary people can achieve a banality sufficient to unite all America or all Germany or all England, but the banality of "Abie" is not merely national. Its author has discovered the lowest common denominator not only of one country but of all countries; she has unearthed jokes so old that they are as pleasantly familiar on the banks of the Danube as on the banks of the Rhine or the Hudson, and she has achieved a general insipidity so perfectly characterless that it makes all people one. Nothing less than genius could accomplish that.

[Mr. Krutch will follow this letter with two more—one on the Paris and one on the London theaters.]



## In the Driftway

**Q**UALIFICATIONS for public office have always puzzled the Drifter. What are they? He does his duty by the daily newspaper and the radio, he listens to what various candidates put forward as reasons why he should vote for them, but he remains puzzled and unconvinced. Why do these aspirants for office make themselves appear so dull and uninspired? As dog-days approach and our various Presidential candidates prepare to present their ideas, principles, and personal charms, if any, to a perspiring public, the Drifter turns with relief to the records of a long-gone campaign in another country.

\* \* \* \* \*

**I**N France in 1848 most of the leading novelists—Victor Hugo, Dumas, Eugene Sue, Alphonse Karr, and Paul de Kock—presented themselves as parliamentary candidates. Dumas was practical and specific in setting forth his particular qualifications—for which the Drifter is indebted to a correspondent. Said Dumas:

Without counting six years of education, four years as a lawyer, seven years of office work, I have worked twenty years for ten hours a day. During these twenty years I have composed 400 books and thirty-five dramas.

The novelist calculated the total income which these volumes had brought to compositors, paper-makers, pamphleteers, literary societies, libraries, commission agents, etc., and the dramas to managers, actors, costumers, supernumeraries, firemen, timber merchants, oil merchants, billstickers, charwomen, agents, mechanics, hair-dressers, etc., and he concluded:

Counting in the year 300 working days, my books have kept 690 people in constant employment, and my dramas have given employment to 347 persons for the past ten years. Multiplying this figure by three for the whole province, there are 1,041 people who have been kept in constant employment. Add the work-women, leaders of the claue, and the cabmen: total 1,485 people. My dramas and books have therefore found work for 2,150 people.

It was a magnificent claim; but his rival put in a greater one. It was known to all France, said Paul de Kock, that he sat at his window on the Boulevard Saint Michel every afternoon. Every visitor to Paris wanted to have a look at him. They all went to the boulevard and returned from it by omnibus. This had been going on for twenty years and had put enormous sums into the pocket of the omnibus company. He continued:

A crowd of women whose names I do not wish to disclose, but whose addresses I will willingly give to anyone who wishes, have asked me for my portrait. I have had about 3,000 photographs taken. Other women, still more in love with my works, have begged for my autograph or a lock of my hair.

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HE Drifter maintains that these are excellent examples of the politician's art. The only fly in the ointment is the fact that both candidates were rejected in favor of more prosaic and conventional nominees. Perhaps the tactics of Herbert Hoover and Al Smith are the ones that win, after all—in spite of

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### A Daughter Is a Daughter

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Great-Aunt Rachel Wilson was a woman of great stability, a daughter of a soldier of the Revolutionary War, who lived for many years in the small village of Quiet Dell. The very active chapter in a near-by town appointed a committee to wait upon her with a view to making her a charter member since she was an "original daughter." "Join?", she exclaimed. "Join? Why should I join? I am one."

Clarksburg, West Virginia, June 25

MARY OGDEN

## Curtis's Indian Blood

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The nomination of Senator Curtis for Vice-President is a striking illustration of the state of racial discrimination in the United States today. In the campaign biography it is frankly told that the Senator is a descendant of a chieftain of a Middle Western tribe of Indians and that during his boyhood he lived for a period in the tribal manner. If anyone is inclined to interpret the acceptance of a candidate with such a background as evidence of racial tolerance, let him reflect upon the chances of being named to a similar post which a man of Negro blood would have. One needs only to recall that during the campaign of the late President Harding the whispers that he had "colored" blood in his veins grew to such a damaging extent that it was finally thought necessary to make a public denial.

Even as a member of the so-called Anglo-Saxon race, it seems to me that the Negroes have cause for much bitterness when they contemplate this situation. For both of these primitive races, the red and the black, contact with the white man has been disastrous. The Indian has been betrayed, conquered, pauperized, and is now facing extinction. Out of the wreck of his old culture but one thing has been saved; there is no social stigma on his race, a fact for which the romantic episode of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith may have more than a little to do. The star of the red man seems to have almost touched its azimuth. The black man, on the other hand, began life on this continent as a slave. A war and an awakening public consciousness gave him his freedom. In the South he still has very doubtful legal rights (witness the latest lynching at Houston, Texas) although in the North he may soon have a member of his race serving as his Representative in the august House of Representatives. Economically, socially, and artistically, his star is proceeding steadily toward its zenith. How galling, then, must be that Anglo-Saxon conceit that a white man's blood is enriched by the addition of one primitive strain (red) but that it is forever polluted by another primitive strain (black).

In the spirit of fairness, may the time be not far distant when the man whose ancestors may have lived in a village of Africa will be eligible to the same political posts as the one whose forebears lived in a teepee.

New York, June 21

ERIC KIEL

## The Candy White List

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page 657 of the June 13 issue of *The Nation* is an editorial about the "White List" being promulgated by the Consumers' League of New York, on which appear the names of fifty-seven candy manufacturers.



The editorial starts out by assuming that it would be a good thing to reduce the amount of candy eaten in the country. In its body it states that the Consumers' League, after making an investigation of factories in New York, did not seek a remedy for conditions "through impossible or probably futile legislation." It also reports the minimum wage of \$14 required by the league with apparent favor, and yet refers to a wage of \$13.75 as woefully low.

It might interest *The Nation* to know that the investigation referred to was started and carried through for exactly the purpose you have said was not intended—that is, to encourage the passage of a definite piece of legislation in New York State, i.e., the Brereton amendment to the Labor law.

Aside from the wage question (intended to be reached through the Brereton amendment, and which is not confined to the candy industry) the so-called standards of the league are neither more nor less than those specified in the laws and regulations of the city and State of New York. If the State did not succeed in enforcing them, how can it be supposed that the league, with a less numerous force of inspectors than the State, can succeed in doing so?

Philadelphia, June 15

EUGENE PHARO,  
Editor, *Confectioners Journal*

## The Carib Syndicate

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my article in your issue of July 11 describing efforts of the Anglo-Persian, a British government company, to obtain through the so-called Yates Concession in Colombia a large tract of land in the neighborhood of the Panama Canal, I mentioned an alleged connection between the British Dutch-Shell oil interests and the (American) Carib Syndicate in the Barco Concession in another part of Colombia. My information was from official sources. I am now informed, however, by a representative of the Carib Syndicate that his organization operates a Venezuelan property jointly with Dutch-Shell but that there is no British interest either in Carib Syndicate or in the Barco Concession of Colombia.

Washington, D. C., July 11

LUDWELL DENNY

## More Pay for Jurors

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to suggest that you start a movement to bring about an increase in the pay of federal jurors, which is now miserably low, only \$3 per day.

When this rate was established \$3 represented the wage of the average skilled union mechanic, but, as you know, this is now about \$8 per day and a juror should not be paid less. No doubt such an increase would not appeal to big-business men, but there are many hundreds of thousands of bright, intelligent, small business men whose income averages more than \$8 per day who would be willing to give up some time to jury service if paid this rate, but to whom it would be a hardship to serve for \$3 per day.

Oak Park, Illinois, June 18

GEORGE SELENINE

## How to Hold Outdoor Meetings

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 18 you compare the treatment accorded to the representatives of the All-America Anti-Imperialism League with that accorded to a fundamentalist preacher, to the discredit of the police.

Representatives of the Women's Peace Society have held

meetings, not only in Wall Street, week after week, but in other parts of the city, and have denounced the Coolidge war in Nicaragua, the sending of battleships to China, and the unsavory part played by Wall Street in the raping of Haiti in no uncertain terms.

It is my custom to notify the Commissioner of Police each spring that the Women's Peace Society plans to resume its outdoor work, thank them for past cooperation, and express confidence in their willingness to cooperate in future. We do not ask for a permit, because "permits" or licenses are granted only to religious organizations.

As loyal coworkers of our late beloved founder and chairman, Fanny Garrison Villard, we practice, to the best of our ability, the non-resistant, uncompromising pacifism of William Lloyd Garrison. And it works. The police are most courteous and helpful. Any act to the contrary needs only to be reported to the commissioner to receive the amende honorable. I regret conflicts between radical groups and the police. They could be avoided. It is all a matter of tactics.

I have held suffrage meetings and Irish republican meetings at Columbus Circle against the protests of Englishmen and of the 104th Regiment recruiting corps, with the precinct captain on my side (he umpired the decision as to priority right to the corner), and the pacifist meetings as well, all of the most amiable description.

A knowledge of one's rights, friendly insistence that they be respected by audience and police alike, and a sense of humor are the only equipment needed to conduct outdoor demonstrations successfully.

New York, July 16

ANNIE E. GRAY,  
Executive Secretary, W. P. S.

### THEATERS

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# Books

## For a Few Hours

By MARIE LUHRS

Swinging our hard chains of living we met—  
Burdened like oxen with care;  
We watched the suns of the days rise and set  
Through drooping, sorrowful hair.

Through drooping hair our eyes kindled together—  
That we might endure pain  
And all the beatings of the changeful weather  
And the solemn swinging chain,

We were given each other. Eyes and eyes  
Fused in flame for a few hours.  
Now weighted and wingless and bowed we rise  
Trailing our loops of light flowers.

## To a Friend

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

This is not love that in your absence finds  
The world so rich in sun, flowers so cool  
And perfect in their pattern, the several kinds  
Of music means to put my heart to school.  
If you could move me, nothing else but you  
Could move me, yet each hour observes me touched  
By an odor or a color or a clue  
To wisdom that is only in torment clutched.  
And there are those whom my obedient veins  
Confess their master—you have not shouldered those  
From my thought's terraces to the blind lanes  
Whose shrunken haws commemorate the rose.  
This is not love that is so empty of need,  
So pulseless, acquiescent, without pain,  
And yet the weather of your mind will feed  
My spirit's root when we can meet again.

## Schoolroom Chaos

*The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy.* By N. Ogynov. Payson and Clarke. \$2.50.

THESE is an old Russian saying which, roughly translated, runs: "Our cottages stand far apart, and I don't know what you are talking about." The educational cottages of Soviet Russia stand very far apart from those of the rest of the world, and to a majority outside its borders the authorized publication of this book must be an enigma. For "The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy" is frankly a picture of schoolroom chaos.

Kostya Riabtsov, aged sixteen, the nominal keeper of the "Diary," reports on September 15 that no one knows when school is to start. "Sechas," he was probably told when he asked—"Within the hour." On September 20 it does start and is "fearfully noisy and rowdy." On September 27 he learns that the Dalton plan has been introduced, "a system under which the skworkers (school-teachers) do nothing and the pupils have to find everything out for themselves." On November 28, in the school paper, *Red Scholar*, he writes: "Once a month tasks are given out on each subject, and we have to work independently.

The teacher only tells you what books to consult, but you can't get the books anywhere, and to buy them is, of course, out of the question. . . . There is no way of working in the labs. because of the noise. . . . Damn, damn, damn Dalton!"

The direct management of the school is divided between a pupils' council and a teachers' council, the former persistently vociferous on the subject of its rights. Should they be seriously violated, the bell is rung to summon a general meeting, with results as follows: "Everybody dropped his books there and then; those answering questions in the labs. dashed off in the middle of a sentence. The skworkers were flabbergasted."

This is all perfectly intelligible to the occupant of a non-Communist cottage, granted one theory—namely, that the Soviet in mood of commendable, if incomprehensible, frankness has at last decided to confess its own inefficiency. The present writer, however, can prove such a theory to be untenable. In 1923, the year this "Diary" begins, on a second visit to School No. 58, Moscow, she found the headmistress almost in tears. The inspector of the Sokolnichy District, in a report published in the *Moscow Pravda*, had said nasty things about her conduct. Her discipline, he complained, was too good! The present writer, who had been saved by a strong-armed janitor from a mob of youngsters interested among other things in her clothes, had got the impression that it was pretty rotten. So far apart were the cottages in which the inspector and herself had been reared!

The explanation of this officially approved "Diary," then, must be sought elsewhere. The truth, however distasteful, is that the Soviets are still unashamed. In fact, as a god with ideas of his own about shaping a world might welcome an inchoate mass of whirling matter, so do the Soviets welcome the chaos which permits them to shape the youth of Russia to their own ends. Opinions may differ about the desirability of those ends, but no unprejudiced reader can deny the value, the interest, even the tangible achievement of the Soviet educational experiment as shown by this "Diary." Apart from the failure to provide books, an economic matter still possibly beyond Soviet control, the rulers of Russia are doing what they set out to do and what many orthodox teachers claim they do. They are *educing* to the best of their ability the native capacities of each girl and boy.

It seems trite to say that Kostya Riabtsov and his companions are learning how rationally to face life and its complex personal and social problems, but it is none the less definitely true. Take the question of sex, the parents' supposed nightmare in this post-war world. The pupils themselves here propound the question. "Can boys and girls in our schools be friends?" asks the *Reel*, a wall-sheet published by the United Collectivity of Junior Groups. Answers are invited. Here is one: "I understand friendship in two ways. First, there must be a collective friendship between boys and girls which, I think, is possible. But there is also another kind of friendship—that between individuals. Such friendship can exist between a special boy and girl but not between any boy and girl." Educated in a non-Communist cottage, that pupil would undoubtedly have written an essay on Platonic Friendship. As it was, he simply worked out the idea from his own experience, and stated his conclusions baldly.

Russia, too, has its petting and hooch parties, "cabbage nights" as they are called, and Kostya Riabtsov, uninstructed in conventional morality, nevertheless feels uneasy about these affairs. He asks himself: "Are they worthy of a young Communist, one marching in the vanguard of a rising generation?" He decides they are not.

He is no better instructed on religion than on morality, and is in fact a worker, a volunteer, on behalf of the Soviet anti-religious propaganda. But not even the revered Soviet, it seems, can teach him always to be rational. Enthusiasm must have its place. He finds it in the "revolutionary passion" with-



out which life, he declares, would be impossible. Naturally, being sixteen, he finds relief, too, in schoolboy humor, football, and other games.

The temptation to quote at length from this book is strong, so arresting is its attitude toward life and so extraordinary the life it shows. It reveals more than the Soviet experiments in education, for there are also quick flashes vivifying the everyday tests to which pet Soviet theories are being subjected. We see the attempt to forge the *smeetchki* (the word echoes in your sleep in Russia), the link so ardently desired between peasant and industrial worker. It makes amusing reading—for the Soviet's critics.

Of course the author of this book says his age is thirty-six and his real name Mikhail Grigoryevich Rozanov. He may by using his imagination and experience as a teacher have invented the whole "Diary." Or he may through good luck or a gift have acquired it. It has been described as a Soviet joke on the outside world. My personal opinion is that it is pure fact, and I base that on an experience of schools and school-children in Moscow, Samara, Kazan, and Leningrad. I could not talk to them in their language, but I could see their work, hear their voices, and feel their hands. They were only emerging then from the shadow of the famine and living often on less than an "eighth of bread." Yet they left on me such an impression of strength, endurance, high spirits, and searching intelligence as confirmed me for life in my preconceived optimism about their country. I have heard a couple of them "sass" a relief-worker even while they were eating a gift of food, explaining that the gift would not have been necessary if the outside world only treated Russia fairly. To the honor of the worker and his friends, I would like to add that his come-back was a valuable concession for the shaving of certain American chins and the shining of certain American shoes. Wherefore his flower vases were filled with lilacs and lily-of-the-valley, probably pinched from somebody's garden.

NORAH MEADE

## Houdini

*Houdini: His Life-Story from the Recollections and Documents of Beatrice Houdini.* By Harold Kellock. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

**T**RUTH is stranger than fiction; at any rate, the fiction of Horatio Alger. For in the life of Harry Houdini the quintessence of all the lives of Alger's heroes was refined and distilled—the obscure origin of little Ehrich Weiss, the poverty-stricken, hard-laboring youth, the innumerable struggles against adversity followed by the sudden leap of Houdini the Magnificent into enduring wealth and fame—save that he had one trait which no Algerian hero even remotely possessed: a genius as incredible as it was inexplicable. In his own peculiar way Houdini was as much of a character, an "original," as was Barnum, John L. Sullivan, Jesse James, Abraham Lincoln, the Black Douglas, Richard the Lion-Hearted, or Saint Francis of Assisi. Indeed, in one important respect Houdini stands above all these rivals. Folk-lore made them largely what they are; but Houdini was, and is, his own folk-lore. He can be explained only in terms of himself—in other words, he cannot be explained. He "just grewed" and that is all.

And yet not quite all. Three fairly distinct elements helped make him the supreme, the incomparable artist that he was. He trained himself to be absolutely fearless; for had fear ever gripped him when he was locked in a three-by-three safe fitted with a combination lock whose numbers stretched to infinity, or when he was placed head downward in a can full of water which in turn was incased in an iron-bound chest whose lid was spiked down and fastened all around with padlocks, his end would have been very speedy. Furthermore, he was probably the most perfect physical specimen of

his day; he was 160 pounds of solid, steely muscle capped by an abnormally quick and fertile brain. And finally, he worked prodigiously. For months at a stretch, several times a day, he inured himself to stay under water in his own bathtub until he was able to live without fresh air for four minutes and sixteen seconds; he also constantly practiced slow-breathing exercises so that he might last within the cramped confines of a safe or an under-water box long enough to free himself; he apprenticed himself to a locksmith, scoured the earth for new handcuffs and all manner of nasty contraptions, and ransacked libraries on the subject until there was no variety of lock with whose intricacies he was not familiar. If, as the saying goes, nature did much for him, he probably did even more for himself.

No prison ever made, and no device conceived by the cleverest of locksmiths or carpenters, ever held him long. After he had succeeded in escaping from almost all the notorious jails of Europe, Scotland Yard foolishly tried its hand on the modern Old Man of the Sea. The superintendent, highly amused at the idea that anyone should attempt to escape from the Yard's manacles, encircled Houdini's arms about a pillar, snapped a pair of handcuffs around his wrists, and, with the laughing remark, "I'm going to leave you here and come back for you in a couple of hours," started toward the exit. "Wait!" Houdini called. "I'll go with you," and he tossed the gyves on the floor and walked away from the pillar. The aghast superintendent extended his hand and paid the highest compliment of which British aplomb was capable. "Scotland Yard won't forget you, young man," he reverently observed. On another occasion a heavy chain was put around Houdini's neck and crossed over his breast, each end was fastened to an arm above the elbow, his hands were handcuffed behind him, and he was tossed overboard from a tug in Aberdeen harbor. A howling gale was blowing, and indeed one man had already been washed overboard and drowned that morning; the men on the tug therefore tried to persuade Houdini to desist, but he refused to listen. In precisely eighteen seconds, after he had been dumped into the raging surf he reappeared with his hands free. Once he was manacled in the triple-safe cell that had formerly held Charles Guiteau. In two minutes he had escaped, and then, seized with a grimly humorous idea, he quickly unlocked the doors of the cell in the corridor and transferred all the dangerous criminals to other cells. On reading of Houdini's various exploits, in fact, one can only repeat the profound ejaculation of an amazed Chinese magician who was watching the greatest of magicians at his work. "That's not a trick, gentlemen," he said in a preternaturally solemn tone. "That's a gift."

Perhaps some idea of Houdini's astounding agility and resourcefulness may be best conveyed by giving his schedule for one week in Boston during February, 1907. On Monday he escaped from an iron boiler that had been bolted and riveted by employees of the Riverside Boiler Works—escaped without leaving any discoverable egress in the boiler. At the Tuesday matinee he was laced inside a giant football and emerged in a brief space of time—the football, seemingly at least, was intact. In the evening he quickly got out of a hamper made of hoop-iron fastened together with padlocks. On Thursday he freed himself from a bed made to hold insane patients, and also popped out of a locked roll-top desk without disturbing the lock or the desk. Next day he was incased in a 24 x 30 x 36 box made of three-eighths-inch glass which was bolted together with strips of steel that in turn were padlocked—when he emerged the glass was unbroken. On Saturday he merely performed some tricks of magic and escaped from a straitjacket. His diary at the end of the week reads thus: "Had easy day, left on the midnight for New York."

His character was a curious compound of childlike oddities. A strenuous fighter against mediums and spiritualists, he yet vainly hoped that some means of communication with the dead might be discovered so that he might speak with his dead mother. After each visit to a new seance had ended in failure, he would visit his mother's grave, lie at full length upon it, and



whisper: "Well, mamma, I have not heard." He always refused to undertake any hazardous stunt on Friday, but his assistants, knowing his weakness for dates, would often rearrange the calendar. Equally generous and stingy, he was always throwing out thousands of dollars to provide for the maintenance of the graves of some obscure magicians, prodigally buying expensive books and pictures, and fretting because he had to pay so much to get his pants pressed. In his personal habits he was as happy-go-lucky as a boy. He never changed his shirts or his socks until he was compelled to do so; at any time a tan sock might be seen adorning one of his ankles while a blue one blossomed on the other; and for thirty-three years Mrs. Houdini regularly scrubbed his ears.

Houdini's head was still buzzing with new schemes when an accidental blow caused the attack of acute appendicitis that killed him in his prime. He was planning to take courses in English to improve his rather too individual idiom; he was devising a trick in which, frozen inside a cake of artificial ice in full view of his audience, he was to escape, also in full view of the audience, leaving the ice intact; he was doing a world of good in exposing the trickery of mediums and the open-mouthed credulity of their followers. Had he lived a few years longer, perhaps he might even have disturbed the charming naivete of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle concerning dear little dancing fairies (animated rag-dolls), and ectoplasm (the lung tissue of animals)—Sir Arthur, whose own Sherlock Holmes Houdini had out-Sherlocked in so many ways. In any case his complete silence since his death, despite the many attempts made to communicate with him, furnishes perhaps the strongest argument against the spiritualists; for certainly if any ghost could escape from the confines of Elysium or Hades or Nirvana or Heaven and bob up somewhere on the earth, that ghost would be Harry Houdini.

R. F. DIBBLE

## The Theory of Liberalism

*The History of European Liberalism.* By Guido de Ruggiero. Translated by R. G. Collingwood. Oxford University Press. \$5.50.

THE democratic ferment inaugurated by the American and French revolutions ushered in a century of release. Indeed, once the ice was broken, there was no obvious conclusion. Thus by the end of the century we find the principles of the French Declaration of the Rights of Man of 1791 translated into the constitutional law of the states of Western Europe. We see the removal of racial and religious barriers from the enjoyment of the full panoply of citizenship. We note the universal recognition of national liberty as it was realized that self-government is incompatible with alien domination. It is true that for the vast masses this emancipation was largely illusory, for in the most significant aspect of their lives they were subject to an authority not answerable to them. Yet the extension of the franchise, the growth of trade unions and co-operative societies, and the emergence of socialist parties trained the masses for a greater penetration subsequently of the sources of power. Thus in significant spheres of human relationship the Liberal reverence for the dignity of personality found concrete expression.

Signor de Ruggiero's volume on "The History of European Liberalism" is hence in essence a history of the time-spirit of the last century. In a lengthy introduction the author presents a review of the political thought of the eighteenth century. It is strange, incidentally, that he does not make a single reference to Locke. During the nineteenth century the stream of Liberalism was divided into various national tributaries. Hence the author gives, in the first part of the book, separate sections to the development of Liberalism in England, France, Germany, and Italy respectively. He stresses frequently the different nature of English Liberalism, based on tradition, from that of

French, derived from speculative doctrines. He surveys the thought of De Tocqueville, Mill, Green, Spencer, Mazzini, and a host of lesser prophets. Signor de Ruggiero is undoubtedly correct in saying that the mantle of Mill rests on Professor Hobhouse. However, his reference to Professor Hobhouse is based on "Liberalism" (1911); a later and more comprehensive statement by Professor Hobhouse may be found in his "Elements of Social Justice" (1921). The discussion of Italian Liberalism is highly informative, for it clearly demonstrates the frail structure of democracy there. As a historian of thought, the author shows wide knowledge and penetrating insight. His is a reflective mind of a high order.

More debatable is his exposition, in the second part of the book, of his own doctrine of Liberalism. To him, Liberalism is both an attitude and a method. Its underlying tenet is liberty, capacity for growth. It culminates in the Liberal state. The chief function of the Liberal state is to synthesize the varied elements in society. In its administration is widely decentralized, certain individual rights are withdrawn from state interference, and the legal responsibility of functionaries is enforced. To Signor de Ruggiero, Liberalism is not congenial to universal suffrage and to socialism, for democracy brings declining faith in individual spontaneity, while socialism has degraded the state into an arena of class selfishness. Liberalism, too, favors the separation of church and state. It encourages national freedom, but not imperialism. With the pulverization of the middle class, which was the mainstay of Liberalism, it now faces an attack both from capitalist imperialism and from proletarian socialism. Yet its spirit, the author concludes, is still vital, and it is now the special function of Liberals to suffuse the entire population with its lasting qualities.

The competence with which Signor de Ruggiero's view is presented does not conceal its inherent limitations. For, indeed, from Liberalism, as he expounds it, we may expect neither an intelligent dissection of the state and of property nor an attempt at solutions. His restatement emphatically reveals that the eclipse of the Liberal parties is inevitable. Indeed, he is still in the intellectual atmosphere of De Tocqueville and Green. He offers generally the attitude of such Liberal publicists and politicians as Nitti, Miliukov, Morley, Bryce, and Asquith, men whose political education was completed half a century ago. To Signor de Ruggiero, England between 1832 and 1867 or France under Louis-Philippe set the ideal. Liberalism, to him, has become a mystic symbol void of critical content. Whatever may be its past and its speculative background, his view is, in the ultimate, indistinguishable from avowedly conservative opinion. To be sure, critical political thought must regard the past of Liberalism not as an impassable limit but as a point for further advance. It must reinterpret the noble Liberal ideal of veneration for the personalities of ordinary men in the perspective of the issues of our day. For such an effort the path to be pursued is well indicated by Hobhouse, Laski, and the Webbs.

LEWIS ROCKOW

## India: Beautiful and Terrifying

*An Indian Journey.* By Waldemar Bonsels. Albert and Charles Boni. \$4.

TO Mr. Bonsels the way to understand India is not through study of her ancient monuments and literature, great and important as these are, nor by observation of her inhabitants in the most developed aspects of their modern culture. These studies come later; they are the finial on the spire. First one must learn to know India's soil and mountains and rivers, her animal life, and come to understand man there as set in his primitive environment. India is more than the human; and we cannot know the human part until we know the rest, from which it has sprung.

He penetrates for us the mystery of the Hindu's return to



nature and the lonely places when he undertakes the religious quest—"let him wander alone" is the admonition of many an ancient text—for in undisturbed meditation in the silences of the jungle or in the cool shelter of the caves of Ellora with the spread of the plains before him he will reach the heart of the universe, comprehend the mystical, which "is not the dark or the obscure . . . not the fantastic portent of incomprehensible or mysterious processes. The mystical, in its profoundest sense, involves rather a certitude of eternal truths operating beyond our ken."

When I lived as a boy in India, played with animals or hunted them, walked through the fields and jungle, had much of my life with the peasants, I had a faint glimmer of the things Mr. Bonsels writes about here with so much power and beauty. Later studies slowly drew me, all unaware, away from this early feeling for India and the Indians as part of nature, turned my attention to human accomplishments, and brought me to look upon the country as one of great cities, splendid literature, brilliant art, noble religions, profound and difficult philosophy. Only the reading of folk-tales carried me back from time to time to the India of my boyhood. But now Mr. Bonsels's description of his wanderings, his philosophizing and prose poetry have recaptured for me these early scarce-realized impressions, brought them to life again, given them a sudden growth, and filled them with meaning.

No such book has ever before been written about India. It is not a travel book, because the journey is of importance only as it inspires thought. Nor is it an exposition of anything. It is the record of impressions made upon a mind of extreme sensitiveness to beauty and to life, of one who is a philosopher, yet not an academician, and a poet who continually passes from sensuousness to pure thought. His India is a land of beautiful and terrifying nature, where life and death easily flow into each other, inhabited by an unlimited and fearful animal kingdom, yet one strangely sympathetic to man. In this environment the Hindu grew up as inevitably as did the palm.

W. NORMAN BROWN

## Books in Brief

*Sex and Repression in Savage Society.* By Bronislaw Malinowski. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

Dr. Malinowski has approached this problem with exceeding breadth of perspective and refreshing clarity. The work will no doubt be welcomed as a unique addition to the science of empirical culture. Sex repression in general, the author holds, is determined very largely by social and cultural factors which center around the family unit as a nucleus. He discovers an interesting difference between the types of repression in two culturally antithetical societies, namely the European and the Melanesian. The former adheres to a patrilineal descendency and the latter to a matrilineal one. Hence in the place of the Oedipus complex, which he grants is prevalent in the European civilization, the author finds a matriarchal family complex among the Melanesians. The latter complex is characterized by unconscious hate fantasies directed toward the eldest maternal uncle, who is invested with the authority to enforce the taboos, and by autistic expressions of brother-sister incest cravings. Every intelligent reader will find many new and stimulating ideas in this book.

*The Capture of Old Vincennes. The Original Narrative of George Rogers Clark and of His Opponent, Governor Henry Hamilton.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Milo M. Quaife. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Opinions have differed as to how much credit is really due to the military genius of Clark, though in the reviewer's opinion the tendency has been rather to overrate than to underestimate the part he played in the conquest of the Northwest. It is always interesting to have the personal narrative of the

participant in any enterprise, though there is too often a tendency for the hero in the drama to enhance his talents. In the present instance we have the narrative of Clark as written more than a decade after the occurrence of the events recorded, and it is a question how far such a record can be trusted. That this record has value there can be no doubt, but it would be interesting to compare it with the one Clark is said to have written to his friend George Mason in 1779, and which appears to have been lost. There is no question that Clark had military genius and that he possessed also daring. There is, however, very little to indicate that the actual retaking of the fort at Vincennes was difficult after he arrived there. Mr. Quaife has included in the volume the narrative of Governor Hamilton, written nearer the time of the happenings. Governor Hamilton is distinctly more modest than Clark, though he attributes his failure to the treachery of those he trusted rather than to any deficiency in himself. Mr. Quaife has carefully edited these two narratives and rightly left the reader to form his own opinion of their respective merits.

*Contemporaries of Marco Polo.* Edited by Manuel Komroff.

The Black and Gold Library. Boni and Liveright. \$3.50.

This is far from being a simple reprint, since research was required for so interesting a collection of little-known works of Eastern travel by the earliest visitors to China. Mr. Komroff, who recently edited Marco Polo for the same library, now presents William of Rubruck, John of Pian de Carpini, Friar Odoric, and Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela. He has done his work as editor carefully and has written an interesting and informing introduction.

*The Art in Painting.* By Albert C. Barnes. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$6.

Mr. Barnes's already established study of the plastic values in plastic art, and of the means whereby they may be taught and appreciated, is enlarged and revised in order to bring the accounts of contemporary painters more directly into line with the purpose of the book and in order to make room for discussion of the early German, Flemish, Dutch, and French painters.

*The Gobbler of God. A Poem of the Southern Appalachians.*

By Percy Mackaye. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Mackaye adds to his now very long list of works inspired by local and popular American materials a narrative poem which, though it is as difficult in its language as some of its predecessors, is richer and stronger in the elements of myth and motive which give it substance. Mr. Mackaye has told a story which would be true of other people than these local ones, and has been at pains to give this story a kind of general poetic power. The result is a distinct improvement over much of what went before.

*Gentlemen, Be Seated! A Parade of the Old-time Minstrels.* By Dailey Paskman and Sigmund Spaeth. With a Foreword by Daniel Frohman. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$4.

The current rage for old-fashioned American songs has brought forth this book, which in a rough-and-ready manner tells the story of the minstrels, their rise and (temporary) fall.

*Anatole France Abroad.* By His Secretary, Jean Jacques Brousson. Translated by John Pollock. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$5.

The brilliant author of "Anatole France Abroad" is still brilliant on the subject of the Master's vagaries of mind and morals, but he is much more malicious now. In fact, he turns against the Master all the resources of his very able pen, making him in the end seem one of the most difficult, if one of the cleverest, of men. The account is of a lecture trip which Anatole France took to the Argentine.



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# International Relations Section

## Germany's Red Front

By AGNES SMEDLEY

*Berlin, June 12*

**T**HE Red Front Fighters come to Berlin once a year to celebrate the future. They are an organization of over 200,000 men, 30,000 women, and some 50,000 youth. Although the leadership is Communist, only one-third of the members belong to the party. The president is Ernst Thälmann, transport worker and Communist Reichstag member from Hamburg, and one of the executives of the party. This is the organization that the Minister of the Interior, von Keudell, tried in vain to declare illegal about two months ago, while leaving the Fascist "Steel Helmets" untouched. These Red Front Fighters are known as the "storm-troops of the proletariat," organized in 1924 to counteract the growth of Fascism, to defend the working class, and, in case of another war, "to turn upon the capitalist class and change the war into a civil war for the destruction of capitalism and the establishment of a workers' and peasants' government." They are organized on a military basis and wear a gray uniform that looks much like the Russian Red Army uniform or the uniform of the Chinese Nationalist soldiers. The coat is half shirt, open at the throat and caught in at the waist and over the shoulder by leather straps. The cap, of the same material, has a solitary red star in front. Practically all men over twenty-five had military training in the last war, and even the Red Youth—young men from the ages of 16 to 21—look as if they had had it when they swing down the street.

Their fourth national gathering has just ended. They meet each year during the Whitsuntide holidays, and on Whitsunday is the great demonstration. This year 100,000 uniformed men and a few thousand women marched, followed by as many more non-uniformed Communist Party members. Seventy-five thousand came from outside Berlin—walking, riding bicycles, traveling in trucks or fourth-class railway carriages. Berlin contributed the other 25,000. For days in advance the working-class sections were busy preparing for their coming. Beds for 68,000 were arranged in the private homes of the workers, and it did not matter if some of these beds were bales of hay. The other men were housed in barracks or tents. The various divisions brought their bands with them, and when they began to arrive the railway stations were a mass of uniformed men waiting to start the music and escort their comrades through the streets. The workers' sections were a blaze of red; red flags and banners, red flowers, red streamers; red flowers or ribbons in the buttonholes or hats.

On Whitsunday the buglers awoke the Red Front Fighters at six. From eight to ten there were concerts and gatherings in the many halls and on the many squares. At ten the marching began, and in the "respectable" parts of the city the comfortable ladies and gentlemen turned uneasily in their beds when they heard the steady marching of thousands of feet and the blare of bands playing the "International" and "Out to the Sun and the Light." If you were in the workers' sections, it seemed that the whole city was marching. Eisenstein could have made a marvelous picture of whole streets marching, seemingly

crossing and recrossing, their red flags caught in the wind and blazing in the brilliant morning sun. The streets were seething with workers in their Sunday best—not only Communists, but all workers turned out for this occasion. Thousands of working women and girls stood along the lines with baskets of sandwiches and fruit, distributing food free to the marching men. Glasses of water and beer appeared by the thousand along the routes—workers' restaurant keepers giving free—and girls ran along beside the marchers waiting to take back the glasses.

The Lustgarten was the goal of the marchers. On one side of the square is the former imperial palace; on another the cathedral; on the third the Museum of Ancient Arts, with a long flight of broad steps leading up to it; on the fourth the canal. Roads and bridges lead to it from six or seven different directions. Rows of police helmets gleamed on the top steps of the cathedral and the museum, and back of the museum hundreds of them were camped, with rifles ready, while across the canal were big police lorries, filled with men. Clear across the front of the cathedral, almost hiding the policemen, was a long, broad slash of red bunting, with the white words "Red Front Fighters, join the Communist Party." Across the face of the imperial palace was another: "Each factory a fortress of the Red Front!" Shades of imperial ancestors!

The Red Front is frightfully punctual. At 2:30, on the scheduled moment, the first columns began to pour into the Lustgarten. Their red banners fluttered beyond the green trees and the bands blared their approach. Within a few minutes the garden was a gray sea of rhythmically marching men, a medley of music, a mass of great red flags and banners, while above the noise came the repeated triple shouts of "Red Front" as each new division received and gave their greeting. Divisions arrived from feudal East Prussia, from the Catholic South, from the great industrial centers of the Rhineland, the Ruhr, and Saxony. Hamburg and Stettin contributed not only industrial sections, but contingents of the "Red Marine" in seamen's uniform, raising their clenched fists and shouting "Red Front." Divisions from the brother Red Front organizations in Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Switzerland, and France marched also; there was a small Chinese group, and now and then the lines threw up the faces of Negroes, Indians, Javanese. There were individual delegates from the Scandinavian countries, England, Australia, Russia, and India. The "Young Pioneers"—boys and girls under sixteen—marched; and the "Young Spartacans"—little chaps under twelve—screamed "Red Front! Hoch!" from their big motor lorries. The Red sport organizations, with their many members training for the Workers' Olympiad in Moscow, marched, both men and women in white shorts with bare arms, heads, and legs. The white-clad Workers' First Aid, which numbers some 80,000 men and women throughout the country, moved through the crowd, carrying stretchers or first-aid kits on their backs, ready to take any person who fainted to one of the many stations where physicians were in charge. On the broad steps of the museum stood a chorus of 300 Communist workingmen who shouted "Red Front" in unison as the columns marched past. With each call of "Red Front" the right fist, clenched, is raised. This is the greeting of all Red Front men and women and their sympathizers and supporters.

Two hours passed, but still the columns kept marching



in and long after the demonstration was at an end they continued coming. The Lustgarten was filled to overflowing. The crowds spilled over into the squares beyond the palace, down Unter den Linden before the opera and the university, and blocked all the streets leading toward the garden. The crowd that gathered to watch and take part in the demonstration was estimated at from five to seven hundred thousand.

At four the bugles sounded a warning from the statue in the center of the Lustgarten—then sounded it again. The audience became silent. From the steps of the museum the chorus of 300 men singers began "Out to the Sun and the Light." The museum served as a sounding-board, the men's voices were strong and well trained. There are some thousand such Communist singers under training in Berlin. You could hear them as they sang, far on the other side of the garden. I doubt if I have ever heard anything so gripping as those strong, deep voices singing the songs of the revolution to a great audience standing in silence, the bright sun streaming upon them and their gleaming banners, the wind catching their flags and moving the green background of trees.

After the second song the bugles called again, and simultaneously from every part of the vast concourse speakers arose—standing on steps, boxes, statues. They had all been given their points to emphasize, and fifteen minutes in which to deliver them. Then the bugles called again and the oath of the Red Front was given. The speakers read each line, with clenched fist raised, and the vast crowds repeated it. The oath was:

I swear:

Never to forget that world imperialism is preparing a war against Soviet Russia.

Never to forget that the destiny of the working class of the whole world is bound up with Soviet Russia.

Never to forget the experience and the suffering of the working class in the imperialist World War. Never to forget the 4th of August, 1914, and the betrayal of the reformists.

Always and forever to fulfil my revolutionary duty to the working class and socialism.

Always and forever to remain a soldier of the revolution.

Always and forever, in all proletarian mass organizations, in industries and factories, to be a pioneer of the irreconcilable class war.

On the front, and in the army of imperialism, to work only for the revolution.

To lead the revolutionary fight for the destruction of class rule and of the German bourgeoisie.

To defend the Chinese revolution and the Soviet Union by any and every means.

I swear:

Always and forever to fight for Soviet Russia and for the World Revolution.

The bugles sounded again when the last rumble of voices had died away. The chorus sang the "International" and the program was at an end.

On Monday there was a great farewell meet. Many of the Red Front men from outside the city remained for a few days to see the sights. Most of them had never seen Berlin before. Some had brought their girls or wives along, simply or very poorly dressed, and for the next few days you could meet them in groups of fifteen or twenty

looking at public buildings or, in curious scorn or amazement, at the fashionably dressed men and women sitting in the cafes on Unter den Linden or Kurfürstendamm. Not one could afford such luxury. For weeks their members had been taxed ten pfennigs a day for this Berlin trip. They carried their sandwiches, wrapped in newspapers, and every extra pfennig spent meant a sacrifice.

The strength of the Red Front Fighters' Federation cannot be judged by its numbers alone. The duties and discipline imposed upon members are so exacting that only the most determined men and women can remain in it. Every spare minute is claimed. There are mass meetings, study groups, organizational work. There are the many proletarian celebrations where propaganda is carried on. There was the work for Sacco and Vanzetti, for the Chinese revolution, for strikes in various parts of the world, for the Vienna uprising. Just now the organization is working against the Fascist sentences in Italy. The man or woman who can meet the rigid discipline imposed by either the Red Front or the Communist Party—and often the workers belong to both—is exceptional. But this keeps the organization down to from two to three hundred thousand. Those who do remain are steeled by the conviction that theirs is an historic mission—that history is with them.

Berlin remains red. In some of the workers' sections the Communist Party stands first. The next four years will be filled with intense and bitter struggle. The Red Front has plans, in the eventuality of war, that will not stop with Parliamentary agitation. They do not hide the fact; they warn the German bourgeoisie, they proclaim their intentions before the entire working class and call for recruits. The Red Front Fighters may one day be suppressed. But to suppress three and a half million voters is not so easy, and if the federation is suppressed, all Communists may be called upon to join them.

## Contributors to This Issue

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**P**POTATOES ARE GOING DOWN; Presidents are going up. Potatoes touched the lowest mark in any July in sixty years when they sold in the New York wholesale market for less than one cent a pound. Presidents reached the zenith of cash value, at least in prospect, when the expenses of the coming Presidential campaign were estimated at ten million dollars. That is the highest figure for campaign expenditures in our history. After careful inspection the potatoes seem to be a better bargain than the Presidents. Potatoes are substantial things that a man can bite his teeth into; the two leading Presidential candidates offer nothing of that sort to the voters. Intelligent citizens will decide that the difference between the two old parties is not worth paying for—and will spend their money for potatoes. The very Wet, the very Dry, and the power interests will contribute heavily to the campaign. Of these the power interests are the ones to fear; the Drys and Wets will cancel each other. The power interests will work with an overflowing treasury under a half-dozen varying disguises. They will buy important men in both parties—and the extent of their success will not be apparent until the vote is taken next winter in Congress on the public development of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam. The one important check upon their purchasing is the revised Federal Corrupt Practices Act. The Republicans and the Democrats are expected to report their gifts and givers every thirty days.

Perhaps the lengthened shadow of Vare, Smith, Fall, and Sinclair will frighten away some likely customers.

**W**HEN THERE WERE RUMORS that Owen D. Young, president of the General Electric Company, might be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York State Mr. Young issued a statement. Mr. Young, it read, "is not and will not be a candidate for Governor of the State of New York." If the author of "I do not choose to run" and other equally cloudy phrases ever wearies of fishing the Brule River we suggest that he retire to his study and ponder the simple clarity of Mr. Young's words. If a man is sure that he does not wish to run for office, the English language provides precise ways of saying so.

**T**HE RELIGION OF BUSINESS, the deepest conviction which most Americans hold, seems to have been responsible for the retirement of John J. Raskob from active connection with the affairs of the General Motors Corporation as the price of his acceptance of the management of the Presidential campaign of Governor Smith. For despite the effort to keep all appearances of a row from the public, the newspaper accounts suggest that Mr. Raskob was forced out through the pressure of Hoover supporters among the company's directors and banking interests which feared injury to the corporation's business because of identification with the Democratic Party. In accepting the resignation the president of General Motors suggests that Mr. Raskob will be welcomed back after the campaign. But there is no good reason why he should have been forced to resign. If his political duties promised to interfere with his business, he might properly have asked for a furlough until after election; nothing further was necessary. But business has so become the religion of modern Americans that they cannot divorce a man from his job or recognize his right to any interests or loyalties outside of it. This is not equally true in other countries and ought not to be so here. It is a false public opinion which does not permit Mr. Raskob to be active both as a Democrat and in the affairs of General Motors without the assumption of any connection between the two. The public opinion which has actuated Mr. Raskob's action is the same which leads a university to dismiss a professor because he makes a few speeches for the Socialists in a political campaign.

**T**HE BRITISH PLAN of governing Egypt is quite simple. Give the natives a show of self-government but keep all the police power in British hands. Create a parliament with permission to talk but with no power to drive out the British invaders, or tax them directly, or take away their extraterritorial rights. Then, if the Parliament becomes obstreperous, suspend it for three years through a king appointed from London who is a creature of the British High Commissioner. That is what the British Government did on July 19—ten years after Egyptian workers had been drafted into a labor corps and compelled to help Britain win a war for the self-determination of subject peoples. For Egypt self-determination has



included complete suppression of freedom of the press, with British control of the Suez Canal, British armies on Egyptian soil, and a British general in command of Egyptian police. The Nationalists, who comprise about nine-tenths of the native population, have lost faith in a government which has promised them "freedom" some sixty-odd times, so they rejected the Sarwat-Chamberlain treaty last spring and their Ministry resigned in a body. Today their "government" consists of King Fuad, who talks like a ventriloquist's dummy and gets his picture in the London papers.

**T**HE OFT-MADE CHARGE by Mexico's revolutionists that the Roman Catholic hierarchy of that country is medieval in character and far from spiritual would seem to derive some substantiation from the statement made public in Rome by Archbishop Ruiz y Flores of the archdiocese of Michoacan, Mexico. Said that prelate in commenting on the assassination of President-elect Obregon, as reported in the *New York World*:

Unhappily it is but natural that the newly elected President should perish by violence. He caused so many people's death that sooner or later the friends of those whose blood he shed would have killed him. . . . I don't think Obregon's assassination will jeopardize the chances of settlement. It may help them. Calles . . . probably desires peace more anxiously than before. He is tired of bloodshed. Besides, the federal finances are in a parlous state. Calles needs money, and it won't be forthcoming until a settlement between the Catholics and Liberals is reached.

These words come pretty close to condoning murder. It is just such an attitude that has caused the Mexican clergy to give its implicit support to the rebellion and the consequent bloodshed of the last two years, which Archbishop Ruiz y Flores declares he believes Calles is now "tired of." Contrast with the Mexican archbishop's statement that of an American Catholic prelate, Archbishop Edward J. Hanna of San Francisco, who quite properly declared:

The assassination of the President-elect of Mexico will be deplored by the whole civilized world. It is an outrage against every law of God and man. My utter condemnation of it and all connected with it cannot be made too emphatic.

**I**N THE MOUNTJOY and Maryboro jails the Irish Free State has put some of its political prisoners. And according to a report by the Women's Prisoners' Defense League on thirty-one men and women now held in Irish and English prisons for their Republican activities, the conditions in the Free State jails are "appalling." In addition to the fact that "none of the prison reforms adopted in civilized countries have been introduced" the report states that

Everything is done to degrade the prisoner, nothing to improve him. Except for illiterates who cannot read or write, there are no classes. There are no lectures, no music, no recreations to vary the hideous monotony of exercise round and round asphalt rings inclosed by high walls.

While some have been imprisoned for distributing literature, carrying firearms, or for crimes of violence, others have been arbitrarily arrested and kept in prison without trial—often for a year or longer. Over long periods they are kept in solitary confinement, locked in their cells twenty-two hours out of twenty-four, with no distinction between the treatment of the Republican prisoners and the ordinary

criminals. Appeals are now being forwarded to Timothy A. Smiddy, Minister of the Irish Free State in Washington, asking his personal investigation into these charges.

**A**FTER EIGHTEEN YEARS in prison Oscar Slater has been set free by the Scottish Court of Appeals on the ground that he is an innocent man. Slater, now fifty-six years of age and looking older because of his long imprisonment, was convicted of the murder and robbery of an aged woman of Glasgow. At the trial Slater was identified by twelve persons as the man seen leaving the premises of the murdered woman, and he was originally sentenced to death. But the testimony of the eye-witnesses—like those in the Sacco-Vanzetti trial—was so specious and unsatisfactory that 20,000 persons signed a petition for clemency for the prisoner and his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Later several prominent Englishmen interested themselves in the case and Slater's innocence was eventually established to the satisfaction of the courts. It is expected that Parliament will make some money compensation to Slater, but what money can compensate a man for eighteen years of wasted life? It seems like an incredible lapse of justice, yet here in America we executed Sacco and Vanzetti, while Tom Mooney and the Centralia prisoners are still in jail.

**M**OST OF THE APPLAUSE for the contestants in the transatlantic yacht race from New York to Spain went to the *Nina*, the winner in the class for small craft. The diminutive *Nina*, in command of her owner, Paul Hammond, made the 3,055 knots from Sandy Hook to Santander in twenty-four days, truly remarkable time for so small a vessel, and according to accounts she behaved splendidly in all kinds of wind and weather. The *Nina* covered more than 200 miles on two days of the passage and at one time logged thirty-seven knots in four hours. Right on the heels of the *Nina* when she made port on the other side was the larger schooner *Elena*, owned by William B. Bell. The *Elena*, starting a week later than the *Nina*, won in the class for larger yachts after a driving race in which she outfooted the veteran schooner *Atlantic*, winner of the German Emperor's cup twenty-three years ago.

**T**HE BUSINESS OF ARCHAEOLOGY has not reached the pinnacles which transatlantic flying and moving-picture acting have attained, but it is looking up. What with signed testimonials to wrist watches, cigarettes, bouillon tablets, socks, hair-ribbons, and automobile tires, theatrical and radio contracts, book royalties and fees for more or less exclusive newspaper articles, flying must—for those who get there—have become a profitable adventure, comparable to starring in the films. But the archaeologists have been slow. Consider, for instance, the farmers who run the Glozel show in France. This is the farm, our readers may recall, where marvelous prehistoric relics were discovered, proving the existence of a ten-thousand-year-old pre-Phoenician alphabet. It was all very thrilling. But the professors began to disagree; some suggested that the relics were not Neolithic but late Roman, and others shouted that they were neo-modern—post-World War, in fact. A committee of international paleontologists solemnly visited the field, dug with their little trowels, and announced their decision that the relics were mid-Victorian. The Glozelians, led by Salomon Reinach, however, still in-



sisted upon their antiquity; while the anti-Glozelians continued to shout that the peasant Fradin manufactured them in his barn. Now those who take the baths at Vichy make regular trips to the Fradin farm. Germaine Fradin sells admission to a dark little museum at four francs each; Emile Fradin, the peasant who "found" the "relics," lectures on their scientific significance; grandfather Fradin sells autographed picture post cards when not working on the new Glozel cafe. It is a good beginning; but the Fradins might do better still with the aid of a Yankee publicity man.

**PROBLEM:** IF 200,000 WORKERS of the General Motors Corporation can get \$2,000 life-insurance policies and \$15-a-week sickness-and-accident insurance benefits for a payment of five cents per worker per day, how much would it cost all the workers of America to get the same insurance through a federal-government social insurance system? Answer: Sh! The big insurance companies do not like that kind of question. Recall their public agony during the campaign for health-insurance laws in the years immediately following the war! Nevertheless, we think that a number of people will ask that question when they read that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has written the largest group insurance policy in history for the General Motors Corporation at an exceedingly low rate—the total payments for this insurance will be about seven cents per worker per day. In itself the plan seems admirable; it distributes the burden of social risk, it demonstrates the economy of large-scale insurance, and it tends to encourage the group practice of medicine. But it gives to a powerful anti-union corporation one more weapon for breaking strikes, the double-edged weapon of discharge and the loss of insurance protection. Probably the General Motors Corporation does not intend to use its social insurance as a class weapon, but the potentialities are there. A government plan of social insurance would be more democratic and more economical; it would not restrict the right of industrial protest and it could reach everybody.

**WE ARE HEARTILY** for the campaign now on in New York and other States to insist upon proper headlights for motor vehicles. At least 364 serious automobile accidents in New York State in 1927 were due directly to the blinding of drivers, and no one can estimate the number of less serious ones. In Schenectady, during the week of June 11, the police stopped 1,638 cars only to find that 427 carried dangerous headlights. Now the interesting thing is that a remarkable headlight has been developed which meets all the tests, but the daily press, either because of ignorance of this fact or fear of giving free advertising, has refrained from mentioning it. We refer to the Ryanlite, the invention of the chief engineer of the General Electric Company, who devoted himself to the problem after having himself twice been sent into ditches owing to the glare of the other fellow's lights. Mr. Ryan's invention floods the road with a soft, non-glaring illumination, which goes much further to the side of the road than any other, makes possible the reading of all road signs without leaving the car, and blinds nobody—not even an approaching pedestrian. It also enables the driver to see the road ahead of him, even when passing another car, thus eliminating that dreadful dark moment which has caused the death of so many pedestrians. We suppose that the several States cannot prescribe a patented article like this, but we commend it to all auto-

mobile clubs and to all the agencies interested in combating the evils of the ordinary headlights. The Automobile Club of Australia has already pronounced the Ryanlite to be the most satisfactory submitted to it for testing.

**OPHTHALMIA NEONATORUM**, commonly known as "babies' sore eyes," has been reduced as a cause of blindness among children admitted to schools for the blind 64 per cent in the last twenty years. This remarkable achievement, according to the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, comes as the result of a nation-wide educational campaign conducted by the society since it was organized in 1908. It has encouraged the adoption of laws, in most States, requiring doctors, nurses, or others in attendance to put prophylactic drops in the eyes of babies at birth. Thus what was once the most prolific of all causes of blindness has been brought under very effective control with its complete eradication now scientifically possible. We have here a demonstration of the tremendous good that can come from the wide use and popularization of new scientific knowledge. Much the same message is conveyed by the announcement of the American Child Health Association that the infant mortality rate in cities of the United States during 1927 was lower than in any previous year. Last year the rate was 64.9 deaths for each 1,000 births, as compared with 100 in 1915. In the 683 cities studied it was found that the larger places—above 250,000 population—had the lower rates. It is, of course, not possible to attribute this reduced death-rate to any single cause, but improved medical knowledge and experience, together with more enlightened social and economic conditions, must be outstanding factors in the result.

**W. C. BROWNELL** was one of the best American critics, though not one of the best known. Wherever good writing and careful judgment were esteemed, "American Prose Masters" and "Victorian Prose Masters" were also valued; but there was nothing in either book to attract the casual or lazy reader. It took a kind of discipline to cope with Mr. Brownell's long, lean, and richly meditated sentences; and it took wisdom to realize how much he knew about literature, and how well fitted he was to judge it. The effort, however, was worth while, for he was an aristocrat of criticism—this in spite of his constant preoccupation with the theme of democratic culture. He was a critic of society, too, as those who know his "French Traits" will remember, or as those who read his last book, "Democratic Distinction in America," will admit even though they may not have agreed with his position there. In "The Genius of Style," published two years ago, Mr. Brownell, while maintaining the grave and witty excellence of his manner, revealed the fact that he had by no means mastered the literature of this generation. His objections to it, just though many of them were, smacked nevertheless of another century and made it clear that he was not to speak in his old age with a valuable voice. Time, indeed, had put him in a curiously paradoxical position: while he continued in polished accents to consider the future of culture in democracies, younger and rougher critics like Mr. Mencken arose to announce in the language of the market-place that democracy was dead, or at least absurd. Mr. Brownell had not written for this journal in recent years, but *The Nation* considers him one of the most distinguished contributors it ever had.



## As Like as Two Peas

**T**HAT is what the two older political parties have become—as like as two peas. They have been tending in this direction for years, as *The Nation* has long been pointing out. But in this campaign we are getting frank admissions of this fact from quarters in which the effort has hitherto been made to convince the voters that there really were radical differences between what the Republicans and Democrats stood for. Walter Lippmann of the *New York World* was quite open about it in his radio debate the other night with Ogden L. Mills, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. The only difference between the two platforms on foreign affairs, Mr. Lippmann admitted, was that while both were voluble and vague the Republican took longer to read. Both mean about the same thing, for, he said, “both were written by men determined to use the largest words with the smallest meaning.” As for William Allen White, he is quite cynical, not to say ribald, about it. The Republicans, he declares, sighed over corruption and “the Democrats yelled about it at the top of their voices.” As for prohibition, the Republicans were for its enforcement “in a gentlemanly way”; the Democrats “evaded as far as they dared the promise to enforce the Volstead Act.” For the rest, according to the doctrine in Emporia:

On farm relief the Republicans heaved a sigh at the sad state of the farmer, and promised him exactly what the Democrats have promised, except that with their promise the Democrats gave the farmer three lusty cheers. On other matters—excepting the tariff, wherein each party was traditional, neither being really excited about it—both parties were explicit without enthusiasm. But speaking broadly, one may say that if the Republican platform is the sublimation of a silent tear, the Democratic platform is a passionate straddle in white pants.

If Mr. Lippmann and Mr. White are not quite fair in some respects—the Democrats abandoned at Houston their historic tariff position, while the Democratic planks on foreign policy are distinctly more liberal and anti-imperialistic than the Republican—a prominent official of the Wilson Administration has admitted privately that, with the surrender of the Democrats on the tariff and their indifference to the League of Nations, there is now no worth-while distinction between the two parties. “It has come down,” he declares, “to the simple decision whether you prefer the man Hoover to the man Smith.” This is more to the point because of the determined effort to make it appear that Smith is no more dangerous to business than is Hoover. Mr. Olvany, the head of Tammany Hall, did not wait to return to New York before issuing a statement from the train that business had nothing whatever to fear from Smith. More than that, for the first time in years a Democratic banner has been hung in Wall Street. It certifies to the support of Alfred E. Smith by the business men’s association of the lower part of that historic thoroughfare. But the thing does not stop there. Governor Smith has himself chosen the chairman of the board of General Motors as his campaign manager, while William H. Woodin, president of the American Car and Foundry Company, has also joined the Democratic forces.

What matters it beside this that a college president from the South, a former Senator from Oklahoma, and a Democratic committee-woman from Maine have joined the Hoover forces? What the Democrats are doing is muzzling the Republican orators who usually assure the country that the Democrats are certain to upset all business if their candidate is elected. Obviously they cannot do that when Judge Olvany, Colonel Herbert H. Lehman, Mr. Raskob, Mr. Woodin, and the Lower Wall Street Business Men’s Association are there to certify that Governor Smith’s election will not injure what is left of Coolidge prosperity. This is certainly a new role for the Democratic Party. It is thus no longer the defender of the small business man, the protagonist of the worker, the sworn protector of the plain people who suffer from the money power and the trusts. It has forgotten that only sixteen years ago that Democratic President who was so highly praised at the Houston convention chose for the keynote of his successful campaign for the White House the fact that “the masters of the government of the United States are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the United States.” In addition he insisted that “the government of the United States at present is a foster-child of the special interests. It is not allowed to have a will of its own,” and he declared that through him and the Democratic Party the government would be taken away from “the big manufacturers, the bankers, and the heads of the great railroad combinations.”

The truth is that this apostasy of the Democratic Party is a sorry business for the voters. There still are vital issues before the American people. What is happening is that both candidates for the Presidency are kowtowing to the business powers that control. When Governor Smith’s backers portray him as safe and sane for all business they picture him as faithless to the soundest tenets of the Democracy. He ought not to be safe and sane for all business. He ought to be as dreaded by lawless business and that portion of the business world which is seeking to acquire certain birthrights of the American people as was Woodrow Wilson when he was putting through his “Seven Sisters” laws against the corporations in New Jersey. For the Democracy of Grover Cleveland to support the tariff and to pretend that the organization is like the Republican Party in all its aims and ambitions is indeed to reduce the whole business to a question of personality, to whether you like Al Smith’s brown derby or prefer Mr. Hoover’s conventional straw hat; whether you prefer to have Mrs. Hoover in the White House rather than Mrs. Smith; whether you think that Smith’s election would or would not turn over the United States government to the Pope. All the vast problems of capitalism and labor are shoved aside; no issues are defined on vital foreign problems.

It is still true, of course, that the candidates may make sharp issues if they will. But on what? Prohibition? Mr. Hoover has spent nearly seven and one-half years in two Administrations neither of which has made the slightest real effort to enforce prohibition. Neither will Mr. Hoover do so if he is elected. In the end the question still is: Do you like Smith better than Hoover? There is no difference whatever between their parties.



## Our Treaty with China

THE United States took the lead in recognizing Nationalist China when John Van A. MacMurray, American Minister at Peking, signed a treaty on July 25 which acknowledged the right of China to tariff autonomy next January. Secretary Kellogg deserves high praise for the promptness with which the treaty was executed; it is a welcome gesture of friendship at a critical moment in the establishment of the new government. Admiral Bristol made a still more welcome gesture when he effected the recall of 1,500 American marines from Tientsin. The two gestures coming simultaneously will help materially to win Chinese friendship and to force a general recognition by other Powers of the Nationalist group as the actual government of China.

Once more, as in the handling of the Nanking incident of March, 1927, the Administration's diplomacy puts us in a strategic position to determine the policy of Great Britain, France, and other nations which share with us in the penetration of China. Will the Government use the advantage of that strategic position effectively to win justice for the Nationalists? The history of the last three years seems to indicate that while we are genuinely friendly to the aspirations of Chinese nationalism, our Government is slow to relinquish any of the conditions of special privilege which exist for Americans in China.

Events have moved so rapidly during recent months that it may be well to ask: Where are we in relation to Chinese sovereignty and treaty rights?

At the Washington Conference we and other Powers agreed to open negotiations for restoring to China the control of her tariff and her courts. After long delay special conferences were called on tariff and extraterritoriality. As to tariff, the Powers agreed to give China autonomy in January, 1929; as to extraterritoriality, they were not so liberal. They laid down an elaborate set of conditions which China must fulfil before her courts could have jurisdiction over foreigners. Before the negotiations were ended, the revolution swept northward and the Peking diplomats were forced to flee for their lives. Finally Chang Tso-lin fell, and a new Nationalist Government is knocking at our door and reminding us of the unequal treaties and our pledges.

We cannot refuse these Nationalists recognition; they are the government of China. We cannot stick by the unequal treaties; we have pledged ourselves again and again to eliminate those treaties. The sole question of importance is: How fast will we move in giving back China to the control of the Chinese?

Mr. Kellogg was swift enough in executing the new treaty with China concerning tariff autonomy to satisfy the most exacting, but there is one clause in that treaty which is so laden with possibilities of delay that it may fairly be described as a joker. The phrase runs:

subject, however, to the condition that each of the high contracting parties shall enjoy in the territories of the other, with respect to the above specified and any related matters, treatment in no way discriminatory as compared with the treatment accorded to any other country.

We do not actually agree to give China tariff autonomy until the other great Powers have granted it. If Britain,

France, and Japan find technical causes of delay in giving tariff autonomy to China, our special privileges will continue with theirs. Moreover, the treaty raises doubts in another direction; it says nothing about extraterritoriality. Why was Mr. Kellogg silent on that subject both in his note and in the treaty?

Three practical measures suggest themselves as natural next steps in American policy, if this new treaty is more than political elocution. Let us recall more of our marines; we still have 2,600 in China even after Admiral Bristol has returned one delegation. Let us volunteer to modify our extraterritorial rights immediately in such a way that Chinese judges can participate in the trial of all American citizens in China. Let us protest against the Japanese usurpation of power in Manchuria.

This last will be most difficult to do for a nation whose hands are not clean, but for the Chinese it is the most important thing we can do. Japan is the greatest obstacle which stands between the Nationalists and Chinese political unification—and Japan is clearly violating in Manchuria the pledge which she gave us at the Washington Conference to respect the sovereignty of China.

## Crystal Eastman

CRYSTAL EASTMAN is dead. And all over the world there are women and men who will feel touched with loss, who will look on a world that seems more sober, more subdued. In her short life Crystal Eastman brushed against many other lives, and wherever she moved she carried with her the breath of courage and a contagious belief in the coming triumph of freedom and decent human relations. These were her religion. She preached it in many places and in many forms. In the struggle for woman's suffrage and for equality between men and women; in her work for peace and the rule of reason among peoples; in the fight for social justice and human liberty—as feminist, pacifist, socialist—she fought for her faith. Her strength, her beauty, her vitality and enthusiasm, her rich and compelling personality—these she threw with reckless vigor into every cause that promised a finer life to the world. She spent herself wholly, and died—too young.

Crystal Eastman was a great leader. Those who knew her, know these words are not too strong. When she spoke to people—whether it was to a small committee or a swarming crowd—hearts beat faster and nerves tightened as she talked. She was simple, direct, dramatic. Force poured from her strong body and her rich voice, and people followed where she led. Her vitality overflowed into thousands of other feebler spirits and made them, for the moment at least, into the likeness of herself. In her personal as in her public life her enthusiasm and strength were spent without thought; she had no pride or sense of her own power. Her capacity for warm and generous friendships seemed unlimited.

Early in her life Crystal Eastman studied law and was admitted to the bar; but she gave up legal work to turn to social studies. She wished to come closer to human beings in their social and industrial lives and to bring a trained understanding to the devious causes of their troubles. She helped make the famous Pittsburgh survey for the Russell Sage Foundation; later she was appointed a member—the



only woman member—of the New York State Employers' Liability Commission. She became its secretary and in 1911 published a masterly report on "Work Accidents and the Law." But Crystal Eastman came honestly by her zeal and her capacity for leadership, and social work could not hold her. Her father and mother, both Congregational ministers, were the center of intellectual vigor and freedom in their up-State town, and her mother particularly was an active advocate of "women's rights" in the days when such a stand took courage and humor and a readiness to endure ridicule and dislike. Crystal Eastman flung her ardent energies into the suffrage fight. She became State leader of the suffrage forces in Wisconsin in 1911 and 1912. From then on until the vote was won, she campaigned and spoke for suffrage. She was always associated with the more militant wing of the movement; and later she joined the Woman's Party and supported it in its fight for the "blanket amendment," although she was opposed to any narrow legal interpretation of women's rights.

As a feminist Crystal Eastman was more than an ardent, militant advocate of votes for her sex. She was to thousands of young women and young men a symbol of what the free woman might be. Unlike some of her contemporaries, embittered by the long and unreasoning struggle, she never lost her sense of balance or her friendly sympathy with men. She fought not for a sterile victory for her sex but for her religion—the triumph of freedom and decent human relations. Since they could be won only through the winning of equality and the vote—those must come first. But she was fair and steady and consistent. Equality worked both ways. It was not a gesture but a simple article of her belief that she should refuse alimony when she was divorced from her first husband. She is quoted as saying:

No self-respecting feminist would accept alimony. It would be her own confession that she could not take care of herself. Alimony has nothing to do with the support of children, which, of course, must always be the mother's and father's joint responsibility whether they live together or not.

This acceptance of the responsibilities of freedom along with its privileges was a solid principle. She believed in absolute equality. She would have abolished, along with the legal discriminations against women, all the laws which favored them. This included every form of protection whether in the form of property, or alimony, or support by a husband, or industrial safeguards. One may question the social wisdom of her position, but no one could doubt its courage or sincerity. She saw in the light of her faith a world in which men and women worked and played and loved as equals; nothing less than this would satisfy her.

Once in New York, before the war broke over the head of a hopeful world, a series of meetings was held to discuss the perennial subject of women's advancement—their right to self-support; their right to every sort of job; their right, even when married, to keep their own names. Crystal Eastman tackled a bold subject. She discussed women's right to physical equality with men. With humor and vivid imagination she pictured a cheerful Utopia of young athletes of both sexes, the girls unhampered by preconceived ideas of what was fit or proper or possible for their sex to achieve. She drew her examples from circus tents and battlefields and the fields of European peasants. She asserted that when women were expected to be agile, they became agile;

when they were expected to be brave, they developed courage; when they had to endure, their endurance broke all records. As she stood there, herself an embodiment of tall, easy strength and valor, her words took on amazing life. Whether science would sustain her theories or reject them made little difference. The fact was that not one woman left that hall but felt a little taller, straighter, stronger, more self-confident; and not one man left without a stir of a new sort of respect for women somewhere beneath his ribs. Crystal Eastman created the thing she preached.

As a pacifist Crystal Eastman was also a militant. She was the vigorous leader of the Woman's Peace Party in New York State during the early years of the Great War, piloting that organization through stormy days when it was denounced as pro-German and when some of its members dropped off to support the war or to roll bandages. She turned the energies of this women's society into dramatic, vigorous protest and caught the attention of a country already sliding into the fatal whirlpool. With equal vigor she shared the labors of the editor of *The Nation* and other pacifists who founded the American Union Against Militarism, a body which stood firm even when the war itself trampled their protest under iron feet.

But pacifism had failed to save the world. In 1917 Crystal Eastman joined her brother Max on the staff of the *Liberator*, successor to the *Masses*. For two years they fought against war and in behalf of social change. They hailed the Soviet Revolution in Russia as the embodiment of their dreams. They watched with high hope the tide of revolutionary sentiment rise in Central Europe, as famine and the devastation of war and the truckling of the peace makers made the workers more and more desperate and conscious of their plight.

The tide of revolution subsided; and in the years which followed Crystal Eastman, living for the most part in England with her two children and her husband, Walter Fuller, devoted herself to a more quiet life of writing and speaking on subjects concerning women. But quiet was not her natural medium. She longed to get to work—and work meant America. It was almost exactly a year ago that she came to New York, determined to find herself again in the world of active affairs. The months which followed bruised her body and spirit; but only her death ended her hopes. She had been in this country less than a month when word came that her husband had died. His loss was an irreparable blow. She was herself ill, but she fought off despair and physical suffering. With a courage that now appears almost incredible she organized and carried through to a brilliant finish *The Nation's* Tenth Anniversary celebration.

Into that campaign she put all her old-time fire and imagination. She concealed even from herself the deadly force of the disease that had assailed her. Only when she had finished her work and gone home to rest did her illness finally overwhelm her. She faced this last fight with the same defiant courage that had carried many a battle in her earlier days. But the flesh was less strong than the spirit, and the deadly effect of nephritis could not be stood off by any courage.

Mingled with our sorrow and deep sense of loss, we shall always feel pride and gratitude that it was to *The Nation* that Crystal Eastman turned when she came back to America. Her spirit and her steady faith in peace and freedom and justice lent strength to our own purpose, and they will remain with us.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE laborer is worthy of his hire and yet nobody likes him. Gene Tunney, deprived of love, purposes to seek consolation in philosophy. It is perhaps unfair to speak of this champion as one rejected by all men. As a matter of fact, he is a critics' pet. All professional commentators applaud his high talent, if not his genius, and W. O. McGeehan, most cynical of sporting writers, never mentions the Fighting Marine without paying him the tribute of tearful admiration. In other words, Tunney is an enormous hit with that wise public which comes to boxing matches on passes. As yet he has not touched the heart of America.

The reasons for this are not difficult to find. The heavyweight king possesses in a high degree that commodity which never yet drew sighs of delight from any save collectors. He has technique. It was an actress in a play by Jimmy Forbes who said, "Technique is what you work all your life to get and when you have it nobody likes it."

But Gene Tunney is entirely justified in his amazement at the lack of warmth which greets his greatest efforts. Can it be that such friends as Billy Phelps and Thornton Wilder have played him false? These teachers have impressed him with the worth of form. Indeed, the fighter would not set down "The Winter's Tale" until he had perused it ten times. Always he found new contours in the play, and he was not content to stop until he had plowed down beneath the surface. At night in bed the restless champion might well inquire of himself, And why was it that "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" sold better than my fight with Thomas Heeney?

This is a fair question because both achievements have been hailed by many as masterpieces. The "Bridge" and the fight both depended upon a certain unity of conception. Mr. Wilder undoubtedly knew before he set pen to paper the precise point at which his tale would end and the manner of its conclusion. But the same thing may be said for Mr. Tunney. He predicted in advance the way in which the contest would end, and the first left jab he laid upon the nose of the Hard Rock from down under was a piece of exposition. And even so, no Fight-of-the-Month Club or Pugilistic Guild has cared to send Tunney out to all its members.

Possibly Billy Phelps or Thornton Wilder might reveal to him in strictest confidence that the vast importance and popularity of sheer style are just a trifle exaggerated. Backed into a neutral corner Phelps might say that Shakespeare could have been only three-eighths as much the poet and still have swept the imagination of the world with tumultuous tales of duels, rapine, and murder. And Thornton Wilder, who tucks the lads of Lawrenceville into their cots at night, could give away the sham of Stevenson. When the smaller pupils ask for a bedtime story it is a custom among house masters to read them something like "Treasure Island" and to pretend that the book is being put forward as a masterpiece of English prose. Prose be damned! The teacher knows full well that the tale goes over because it deals with pirates.

Though the manners and the morals of the time might

well have shocked him Tunney would have done better by very much had he lived in the days of the Restoration. His touch is that of Congreve and he functions in a world which likes the broad effects of Cohan. Nor would Gene have been wholly out of line with popular sentiment in the days of Queen Victoria. He remains unhonored and unsung because he is a belated classicist in a world gone modern and experimental. That is not the Tunney way. A right-hand swing by Dempsey is very like a poem of Carl Sandburg's. The author plays for all or nothing. He is content to miss and fall upon his face if only now and then he can drive home a poetic or a fistic knockout. If I were Tunney's pugilistic mentor I would take away his Pater and his Herrick. Indeed, Billy Gibson might have been wiser to have discouraged the friendship with Thornton Wilder. If a fighting man must have writing chaps about him Zane Grey should have been drafted and a hurry call sent out for Robert Service.

In a sense the civilized world should have applauded the downfall of Thomas Heeney. He was not a constructive force in the aesthetic movement. All that could ever be said for the New Zealander was that he could take it. And for this reason the sporting writers called him Hard Rock and, later on, the Anvil and the Landing Field. Spiritually he belongs among the martyrs. Professor Phelps might expand upon this theme to Tunney. Or better yet, let Gene seek out old Doctor Freud and learn why it is that one touch of masochism makes the whole world kin.

Freud being in Vienna I will venture the assertion that the whole thing is very puzzling. According to popular psychologists men go to fights because there resides in each of us a primitive lust for cruelty. Gentleman Gene in his performances is not incapable of satisfying this public need. Although he is not the lion of the ring nor the black panther he has earned the right to be known as the Fighting Woodpecker. A single blow from his fist carries with it less than annihilation, but these punches are punishing enough and each one stings and cuts and wounds the adversary. The Tunney way of felling a foe bit by bit should please the sadists more than the swift, sweeping doom imposed by a Dempsey or a Firpo.

The catch lies in the fact that every unconscious is built around a deep ravine. The man in the ringside seat begins by identifying himself with the winning fighter. The blow which lands becomes through the spectator's imagination something he himself has accomplished against a relative or rival. But this cannot continue for ten rounds or more. Suddenly this same savage in a forty-dollar seat begins to recognize the beaten one as a blood brother. These jabs in fantasy pound upon the jaws of those who watch. When Heeney fell our hearts and hopes went with him. The salvation of success for Tunney depends not on further and even more flashing triumphs. In order to be loved he must go down and stay there. He had his chance. Dempsey sent him to the floor before the thousands in Chicago. Gene was a fool to come up. Wilder should have told him that. What is the "Bridge" but a story close to the heart of man because it details a history of frustration?

HEYWOOD BROWN



# Can Al Smith Carry New Jersey?

By FREDERICK L. FERRIS

**N**EW JERSEY likes Al Smith. Separated from the sidewalks of New York only by the breadth of the many-tunneled Hudson, Jerseymen, too, have come under the spell of the hero of Oliver Street. They are familiar with the Governor's administrative record. They know his personal appeal. Predominantly urban, they relish his "brown derby" philosophy. From Port Jervis to Cape May, from Camden to Jersey City, thousands of Republicans and most of the Democrats are friendly toward Al.

For one thing, New Jersey is Wet, even, one might say, militantly Wet. Here is a State that has always been a thorn in the side of the Anti-Saloon League. In its leading cities, speak-easies are ten times as numerous as the old-fashioned licensed saloons. Al Smith, Jerseymen believe, is a man who if elected President will give them not more liquor but better liquor, a Messiah capable of leading them out of the Volstead wilderness with its contaminated oases into the promised land of real Bourbon and Pilsner.

For another thing, New Jersey's affairs have been linked, in recent years, more and more closely with those of the Empire State. The Port of New York Authority, that inter-State agency for the development of metropolitan commerce, is largely responsible for this increasingly intimate relationship. And Governor Smith's intelligent interest in bridge and tunnel construction, as well as in other of the Port Authority's major schemes, has impressed Jerseymen with his capacity, his far-sightedness, and his square dealing. Then, too, New Jersey has a big commuter vote that follows Wall Street. And Wall Street likes Al.

Such considerations might lead one to believe that New Jersey will break its rule next November and go Democratic. In Presidential years, the State is overwhelmingly Republican. Witness the pluralities of more than 350,000 which were given to Harding in 1920 and to Coolidge in 1924. Yet, Smith might seem capable of doing the impossible, of actually overwhelming the G. O. P.

But on second thought, and after careful investigation, it is evident that this is an over-optimistic forecast. And the reason is not Al's Catholicism. Nor is it his Fourteenth Street associations. The reason is Boss Hague. Mayor of Jersey City, overlord of Hudson County, and vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Frank Hague has the New Jersey Democracy in the palm of his hand. In party affairs, his word is law. He has developed an organization which, in some respects, makes Tammany look amateurish by comparison. Three years ago, Clinton W. Gilbert, author of "The Mirrors of Washington," made a survey of Hague's methods. Gilbert concluded: "The Tammany side [of Hague] is twice as efficient as Tammany ever was."

Now, Boss Hague, much to the consternation of ardent Smith supporters, is under fire. He is under the fire, moreover, of powerful agencies—two legislative investigating committees, leading citizens of Hudson County, and the independent press of the State. A good many competent observers are of the opinion that, before this campaign is over, Smith will consider the Jersey boss more of a liability than an asset. Independent Democrats contrast the Smith-Hague alliance, emphasized by the appointment of Hague as

one of Al's Eastern campaign managers, with the aggressive fight Woodrow Wilson waged on the old New Jersey bosses. Many Wilson supporters are frankly declaring that Al Smith is a disappointment. They say that if Wilson had surrendered to the Jim Smith forces the way Al is bowing before the Hague group, he never would have won the independent vote. And Al, they point out, must get the independent vote to carry the State.

The fight against Hague and his political methods is no new thing. It has been going on, intermittently, for a number of years. But now it has developed an organized vigor which promises to result in a wholesale exposure of Hagueism and may even lead to criminal proceedings. Former Judge Robert Carey of Jersey City is largely responsible for the force of this 1928 onslaught. In the primary election last May, Carey was a candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. He based his campaign upon the elimination of "commercialized politics." His chief target was Mayor Hague.

Carey fired the opening volley on March 15 in an address before the Union County Republican Committee. Among other things, he said:

Let me tell you people of the rest of the State what this system [the Hague machine] really is. It has been built up by the liberal distribution of patronage and the granting of special privileges in almost every walk of life. The Hague machine is made up of office-holders, many of whom should have no place whatever on the public pay roll. Literally hundreds, yes, thousands of unnecessary jobs have been created and filled. Every principal official is given a deputy, a deputy gets a secretary, and so it runs down the line, and nobody walks. This organization is operated by its bosses solely to perpetuate political control so that the bosses may get their hands not only into the public treasury but also into the private business of the community. . . . Bosses grow fabulously rich, buy fine summer homes, own large apartment houses, live like princes without any visible means of substantial support.

Carey then sketched a picture of a community literally terrorized by political machinations. Police captains, he said, are sent out to collect from business houses, industrial organizations, and professional men. Office-holders must pay annual tribute, 3 per cent of their incomes, upon demand. Gambling thrives; industry is throttled; labor conditions are intolerable; taxes, unbearable. "Men lose their liberty," said Carey. "This is what is happening in Hudson County today." This explosion had repercussions in every independent newspaper in the State. With the legislature in session, the air buzzed with political gossip. Carey stumped the State, presenting his case against boss rule in every big city and many small communities. Without organized support—the G. O. P. bosses were backing State Senator Morgan F. Larson—Carey continued his crusade. People called him "Fighting Bob."

Meantime, the Davis committee's investigation into the State Department of Banking and Insurance was begun. This had been in progress but a short time when the Hague machine received another powerful blow.

Hague had passed the word along to give John Milton,



then prosecutor of Hudson County, another term. As with other bosses, Hague feels he must control the court machinery in order to maintain full dominance. But it developed in the course of testimony before the Davis committee, that bank charters had been obtained by the payment of liberal fees, ranging from \$5,000 to \$10,000, to henchmen of Boss Hague. The name of John Milton came out in this connection, as did that of John Fallon, Jr., son of a vice-chancellor. To make matters worse, Milton admitted, on the witness stand, profiting from his law practice at the rate of approximately \$300,000 annually. This sum, it was generally felt, represented the cash value, to Milton, of Hague's influence. These things looked so bad that, after the State Senate had refused confirmation, Milton's name was withdrawn and the Attorney General took charge of the Hudson County office, finally designating a deputy.

It was to be expected that Carey, playing a lone hand, would fail to land the Republican nomination for Governor. But he received, nevertheless, more than 140,000 votes. Had the progressive vote not been split among three candidates, Hague's foe doubtless would have defeated Larson, the G. O. P. organization favorite. But even the holding of the primary election did not silence Carey. He at once claimed that thousands of Hudson County Democrats had voted in the Republican ballot boxes, throwing their influence to Larson who, if not friendly to Hague, at least had neglected to fight him tooth and nail. Hague's county chairman, Leo Sullivan, had voted in the Republican primary box; so had other henchmen of the boss.

The State Legislature responded by creating another investigating committee with powers broad enough to permit a thorough investigation of alleged election frauds and other forms of political depravity in Hudson County. This body was headed by State Senator Clarence E. Case, who figured prominently among defense counsel in the Hall-Mills murder trial. Its sessions were recently adjourned until September. When it resumes work, the Presidential campaigns will be in full swing.

At the same time, Attorney General Katzenbach instituted a grand-jury probe of the Carey charges regarding primary frauds. But the Case committee unearthed the fact that two members of the panel themselves were Democrats who had voted as Republicans. Consequently, the grand-jury investigation was called off. It was then suggested that an outside jury be brought into Hudson County, but it is unlikely that this will be done until the legislative investigations have been completed.

In addition to uncovering numerous violations of the spirit, if not the letter, of the New Jersey election laws, the Case committee has written a sordid story of political sinecures into the annals of the State. The case of Sheriff John J. Coppinger, of Hague's county of Hudson, is illustrative. He is one of the Hague gang, having occupied the sheriff's office for almost two years. Questioned as to his duties and those of his subordinates, Coppinger showed amazing ignorance of the requirements of his \$11,000-a-year job. He knew that James Hague, index clerk at a \$3,500 salary and brother of the boss, "indexes different bills, whatever they give him." Beyond that, the Sheriff knew nothing at all.

Alfred H. Mansfield, who receives \$4,000 yearly as a County Health and Sanitary Inspector, admitted to the Case committee that he has never made an arrest during his 25-year occupancy of the office. It turned out that Mansfield is a Democratic district committeeman and president of the

Seminole Club, where the "boys" gather, after passing an outer guard who peers at them through a peep-hole, to play cards and eat sandwiches which, Mansfield said, are kept in the club ice-box.

The awarding by the Hoboken City Commission of a \$470,000 municipal garbage-removal contract, \$100,000 in excess of previous awards, also occupied the attention of the investigators. James J. McFeely and Mary McFeely are the supposed proprietors of the firm whose bid was accepted. They are brother and sister of "Barney" McFeely, Democratic sub-boss and Director of Public Safety in Hoboken. The McFeelys, Mary and James, were exceedingly vague about the company's operations, so vague, in fact, that charges of perjury are to be lodged against them by the Case committee. It did develop, however, that they are taxed on the basis of a \$300 valuation, though they own nine Mack trucks, two Cadillac trucks, and one Ford truck. It has been charged by an unsuccessful bidder that the award of the huge contract to the McFeely outfit was prearranged.

Jersey City's purchase of Split Rock Pond, Morris County, in 1922 was another matter that interested the Case committee. These 2,500 acres were bought by a corporation, according to witnesses, for \$124,000 and sold to the city, a few months later, for \$323,000. "Who got the profit?" Hague was asked. But the Mayor, though in office at the time, said he knew nothing of the transaction.

The Davis commission, conducting the bank investigation, is about to turn its attention to surety bonding. During his primary campaign, Judge Carey also attacked alleged scandalous activities of a bi-partisan nature in this fruitful field. "Teddy" Brandle's Branleygran Company in Hudson County and the Liberty Surety Bond Insurance Company, of Trenton, are the leading organizations which, it is said, are profiting in the bonding business.

Behind all these various enterprises, the legislative investigators, Judge Carey, and the New Jersey newspapers think they see the hand of Frank Hague. In consequence, Democrats who believe in the old ideals of the party see in Governor Smith's selection of Hague as one of his Eastern campaign managers not a trace of idealism but simply a sharp political move. From the standpoint of vote-getting, there is no denying Hague's ability. He is a professional Catholic and has enormous power with the church authorities in New Jersey. He knows how to line up the church vote, especially in the industrial centers with a large foreign population. Already he is organizing the foreign colonies in behalf of the Smith cause.

Hague is playing for big stakes. In 1907 he was an assistant sergeant-at-arms in the State House at Trenton. Since then he has been court constable, janitor in the City Hall in Jersey City, and, finally, Mayor of that municipality. He is not particularly keen about going before the voters of his own city for reelection next year. But if Al Smith is elected, he need not worry. His cohorts already see Hague as Postmaster General or Secretary of Labor in the Smith Cabinet.

Fortune has smiled upon Hague quite miraculously. Never having held a big-salaried job he is, nevertheless, part owner of a million-dollar apartment house in Jersey City and of a half-million-dollar estate on the shore at Deal. He has several Rolls-Royce cars and makes frequent pilgrimages to Europe and Palm Beach. National eminence, on the Smith bandwagon, would be a splendid way of top-



ping off so successful a career. And that, say the "boys," is Frank Hague's game.

These are a few of the chief reasons why independent Democrats and "Smith Republicans" in New Jersey are so keenly disappointed in Governor Smith. It would have been bad enough to retain Hague as vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. But for Al to place a fond arm around his shoulders and murmur, "Hello, Francesco," and, quite needlessly, to make him an Eastern campaign manager—such things are bitter pills for thinking men and women.

Can Al Smith carry New Jersey? Well, in order to do so, it will be necessary for him to overcome a normal Re-

publican plurality of more than 300,000. Perhaps Boss Hague will be able to secure a sufficiently large foreign vote; perhaps he will find it possible to swing an unheard-of number of Smith ballots in Hudson County, where it is said they don't count the votes but weigh them. Even then, it is hard to see how Smith can win without making great inroads upon the Republican strength and without keeping in line the independent Democrats, many of whom are thoroughly disgusted with the Hague regime.

To sum it up, Hague will get many Jersey votes for the "happy warrior." But he will be responsible for the loss of many others. And the ones he loses will be those of progressives who love Smith but hate his company.

## Norman Thomas

By McALISTER COLEMAN

**A**LANKY six-feet-two of Ohio-born bone and muscle unlimbers itself above the speaker's platform at the corner of Avenue B and Houston Street, on New York's East Side. Flare-lights throw the long shadow of Norman Thomas across the heads of his audience, squat little tailors, for the most part, with here and there smudged mechanics, truck-drivers, and a sprinkling of women and children.

The speaker holds up a huge enlargement of a photograph of a working-class apartment erected by the Socialists of Vienna and then proceeds to wonder loudly and vehemently how it comes that in a comparatively poverty-stricken city like Vienna folks pay around two dollars a room a month for such splendid quarters, whereas in "prosperous" New York a worker is hard put to it to find decent housing at fifteen dollars. His audience begins to wonder with him. And then Thomas goes on to talk of things as they are and things as they might be; simple things like gas bills and rents and pay envelopes and the youngsters' schooling and the prices the women pay in the stores round about Avenue B.

One night last year toward the end of a hot campaign in the Eighth Aldermanic District a truck loaded with a Tammany band and a collection of children armed with rattlers and other noise-making horrors drove through the crowd in front of the platform where Thomas was speaking. The chieftain in charge of the invasion raised a pudgy hand as a signal to his youthful braves to cut loose and drown out Thomas. To his consternation, the kids, after one look at the speaker, piped with shrill gusto, "Yeaa! Norman Thomas!" That's a familiar enough war-cry on the East Side whenever he goes campaigning. The children, as yet unterrified by Tammany's elaborate and subtle machinery of fear, suspicion, and greed, have no hesitancy in voicing their love for Norman Thomas. Battalions trudge trustingly after him as he goes from one meeting-place to another, hang on the running-board of his campaign car, and besiege his headquarters the minute school is out. And at least three or four times when Thomas was running for alderman, mothers appeared with amazingly vocal infants whose last names ended in "ski" or "baum" but whose first two names were Norman Thomas.

Sometimes a former classmate of Thomas's at Princeton or a "respectable" hangover from the old Brick Church

days, passing by a street meeting at which Thomas is wondering aloud, stops to do some wondering of his own. How does it happen that a man of such obvious ability, magnetism, and fiery force can stoop to conquer the imaginations and hearts of the city's most submerged—the workers on the East Side, in the Bronx, and in Brownsville?

If Thomas is interested in the labor movement, all well and good. Ever so many intellectuals are "taking up the movement," writing pieces about it for magazines and newspapers, evincing an intelligently alert awareness of its existence. But here is Thomas running his good head off at the beck and call of every little union organizer, every Socialist who is getting up a meeting in some remote hall, every rank-and-filer who has a crowd to reach and a cause to preach. In last autumn's campaign Thomas made more than sixty speeches in two months, most of them out-of-doors, and he wrote enough words to fill a double-decker novel—all because he had been nominated for alderman by a small local of the Socialist Party in a strong Tammany district. When the votes were counted, an ignorant Tammany optometrist, whose boast was "I never go outdoors during a campaign," was sent back to the aldermanic chamber with a big majority. And now Thomas is running for President of the United States, as the leader of a party whose death has been officially announced time and again these past few years by conservatives and liberals and extreme radicals alike.

No one need feel sorry for Norman Thomas. There is little glory in what he is doing. Long nights in stuffy sleepers, long days filled with speech-making in labor halls, at farmers' picnics, at Socialist rallies; party conferences; newspaper interviews; pamphlet-writing; handshaking (at which, by the way, in spite of long practice Thomas is still singularly inept)—this is not most people's idea of a good time. But Thomas is having a magnificent time. He is doing what he wants to do and doing it well.

It is in the Thomas blood from the days when the Welsh preacher-men Thomases expounded their vigorous doctrines in the old country—this business of articulating ideas and ideals. The first of the Thomases to arrive in this country came from Wales in 1824. He was Thomas Thomas, a parson with a hill hunger on him which took him to the mountains of Pennsylvania, where he preached the forbidding doctrines of Calvin with a certain mellow touch



that made him the most beloved man of all the country round. He had found time to work his way through Lafayette College. His son, Welling Evan Thomas, followed in his footsteps and found himself, of all places, in charge of the Presbyterian Church in the late Mr. Harding's home town of Marion, Ohio, where Norman was born on November 20, 1884.

The two-story brick parsonage was on Prospect Street, a home sheltered by huge old maples, with a grape arbor in the rear, and woods and pasture-land right outside the door. Even when they moved further into town, and added a cow and a bathtub to the establishment, life at the Thomases' was still largely rural. Norman, the eldest of six children, soon learned what hard work meant. A ministerial income of \$1,200 a year for the clothing and feeding of four boys and two girls, especially such upshooting children as the Thomases, was in sad need of supplement. Everybody worked in that family, and mingled a keen respect for the father with a deep love for the mother, who before her marriage was Emma Matoon, a descendant of the French Huguenots who came to this country in 1650. Her father was a missionary to Siam and later became American consul. On his return to this country, immediately after the Civil War, he started one of the first schools for Negroes, near Charlotte, North Carolina. Starting schools for Negroes in the South in the turbulent days of reconstruction was no light undertaking.

Norman was obviously predestined for the ministry. He took the Marion High School in his long stride, being one of the youngest ever to be graduated from that institution. And then, when the family moved to Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, he entered Bucknell. He was a long, gangling freshman, sticking out of his clothes, and out of his class as well, for he had read greedily all sorts and varieties of books back in the Marion parsonage and easily led his fellows in classroom work. Bucknell in those days was about as rigidly orthodox a place as one could find, but already the youngster was beginning to doubt and question the validity of creeds and dogmas. An unexpectedly beneficent relative gave him the chance to enter Princeton.

He left the small Pennsylvania college in a mood approaching exaltation. Princeton, to him, had been a place to dream about. "I was so afraid I would flunk out," he says, "that I worked like a trooper, tutoring at nights, working in a chair factory in summer, and selling aluminum-ware." So he stuck in the first group of his class for the next three years, and he was valedictorian of that class of 1905, and one of the most popular men in college. He was on the debating team, took all the courses in economics and politics which Princeton offered, and was moved, as were so many of the young men of those days, by the Princetonian Walter Wyckoff's pioneer labor book, "The Workers," and by the great strike of the anthracite miners led by John Mitchell. He was caught in the Thomas tradition, and he made the best compromise with it that he could by taking a job in the Spring Street Settlement, in New York's slums.

A trip around the world with the director of the settlement laid the foundations for his international outlook, but it was the World War which finally took him clear out of church circles into the heart of the labor and Socialist movement. He was in a church in East Harlem, working among the foreign-born of a tenement district, when the war brought its challenge to him as it did to every Christian minister. He answered that challenge by flatly refusing to

have anything to do with the bloody mess. Instantly "patriotic" pressures were brought to bear on him from all sides. Contributions to his social work stopped. There were attempts, mainly futile, at social ostracism. Then Morris Hillquit started his crusading campaign for mayor of New York City, and Thomas, to the utter consternation of all his respectable flag-waving associates, stood up with Hillquit in that historic struggle. At the close of the campaign Thomas found himself a full-fledged card-carrying, dues-paying member of the Socialist Party, with no church and only the slender editorial salary from his paper, the *World Tomorrow*, for the support of a large and husky family. His brother Evan was lugged off to jail as a conscientious objector. Snoopers and spies, official and self-appointed, dogged Norman night and day. Postmaster General Burleson paid him the compliment of saying that Thomas was a more dangerous man than Debs. He was dangerous—for those who were attempting to make a clean sweep of civil liberties; who used the war to exploit labor; dangerous for the peace of mind of every militarist minister.

With Roger Baldwin and Hollingsworth Wood he helped form the American Civil Liberties Bureau. What a hated institution that was! After the headquarters of the bureau had been raided, and the magnificently defiant Baldwin had been sent to jail, much of the pioneering work fell on Thomas's shoulders. And when he was not busy with editorial and civil-liberties affairs, he was going among the colleges, speaking for the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, the predecessor of the League for Industrial Democracy.

To these two organizations, the one with its program of freedom of speech, press, and assemblage, and the other with its goal of production for use rather than profit, and to the political expression of these ideals through the medium of the Socialist Party, Thomas has devoted his surprisingly varied and rich talents.

I have said that Thomas's empirical philosophy has unity and consistency, and this despite the fact that his usual activities in the course of a day cover what seem to be a bewildering range of subjects. When the Chinese Nationalists cable for funds, Thomas is on the Committee for Justice to China. When the Pullman porters organize a pioneer Negro industrial union, Thomas is called on for counsel. When the textile strikers in Passaic are prohibited from meeting, Thomas is the man who goes over to New Jersey and speaks under the menace of high-powered rifles in the hands of the operators' gunmen, and goes to jail with his head up, so that from then on the strikers may meet unmolested. When some adequate reply to the propaganda of the power lobby becomes a public necessity, Thomas is the driving spirit of the Committee on Coal and Giant Power which makes that ringing answer.

Always in the back of Thomas's mind is the fundamental necessity for the organization in this country of a political party representing the hopes and aspirations of those who produce the country's wealth by work of hand or brain. He was one of those who were instrumental in swinging his party's forces into the La Follette campaign, despite the opposition of many party Socialists. I have heard Thomas speak under all sorts of circumstances, and to all sorts of people, but I cannot remember his ever having used the credal Marxian dialectic "proletariat," "bourgeoisie," "the economic interpretation of history"—these are not in his vocabulary when he goes out to talk to workers and farmers, college students, and professional men and women.



Still he remains an internationalist, passionately following the poignant dream of bread, peace, and freedom for all people. Whether his speech or pamphlet or statement to the press begins with a discussion of the intricacies of municipal government, to which he brings expert knowledge, or a headlong attack upon the corruption of both old parties, or the deep damnation of imperialism, he generally concludes with a compelling plea for a peaceful world.

When Thomas told the convention which nominated him in New York that he did not expect to be elected President this year, many veteran hands were raised in horror. That

was not the sort of thing that a candidate says to his constituents. A sense of proportion, a richly mellowed understanding of reality, is not found in the arsenals of most campaigners. It is to the credit of the old-timers in the movement that, knowing very well Norman Thomas's frequent departures from the faith of the fathers, they chose him for their leader, and are giving liberally to make his campaign a success. And a success it will be, if there is found in this country by next November a collective intelligence powerful enough to present to the united front of the two old parties an opposition worthy of the name.

## The Truth About Tsinanfu

By H. J. TIMPERLEY

*Peking, June 16*

JAPAN'S statement to the League of Nations concerning the Tsinanfu affair, we are told in Geneva dispatches published here, has created a favorable impression. This may well be so, for the Chinese side of the argument was badly bungled. It is improbable, however, that this impression would be long sustained if the League took a notion to investigate thoroughly the whole circumstances surrounding the case.

One aspect which such an inquiry could hardly fail to reveal would be the provocative attitude of the Japanese military all through the affair. Neutral eye-witnesses, in which category I take the liberty of including myself, agree that the Nationalist occupation of Tsinanfu was as peaceful as could be wished for. The leading Nationalist columns which entered the city on the morning of May 1 halted quietly a block away from the Japanese barriers and displayed very little excitement about it. Senseless truculence, on the other hand, was shown from the beginning by the Japanese soldiery. Not content merely to remain quietly watchful behind their sandbags, as American or British troops would have done, they often were to be seen standing on top of the barricades with their bayonets thrust almost under the noses of the Nationalist troops that went marching by. "Here we are, come along and hit us," they almost said. Except for a perceptible lift of the eyebrow, the Southerners made no response to these demonstrations.

It became increasingly evident during the first two days of the Nationalist occupation, however, that a highly explosive situation gradually was working up. Foreign as well as Chinese civilians were handled on occasion with unnecessary roughness by the Japanese sentries on post. One such episode in which I was personally involved occurred within an hour or so of the Southerners' entry. I had gone across to the Tientsin-Pukow station just in time to see the last of the White Russian armored cars guarding the Northern retreat pull out slowly as the Nationalist troops appeared along the railway embankment. Chatting with a group of the newcomers, I found them peaceably disposed and friendly. Stein's Hotel, where I was staying, had a Japanese barricade around it. The sentries stationed there had let me go across to the station and return through the barricade without question, but when I returned from a second sortie, to the telegraph office, a Japanese soldier clubbed me viciously in the small of the back with the butt-end of his rifle. It was a most uncalled-for exhibition of

ill-tempered violence, and within a very short space of time I was telling the Japanese Consul so. Subsequent negotiations, during which it was explained that my name inadvertently had been omitted from the list of foreigners to whom permits to pass through the barriers had been supplied, ended in a verbal apology being offered by a Japanese staff officer to the British Consul, as well as to myself. In fairness it ought to be mentioned that the Japanese Consul was visibly distressed by the incident and spared no effort to see that proper amends were made.

I was around the city a good deal on the morning of May 2 and took special interest in the activities of the Nationalist propagandists. Little squads of them were going quietly about the business of plastering the town with posters setting forth the aims of the Nationalist campaign and denouncing the Northern "militarists." One poster showed Chang Tso-lin whispering sweet nothings into the ear of a coyly smiling Japanese geisha, while another depicted him and Japan tugging at opposite ends of a chain and strangling China between them. How the walls of Peking would totter when the Nationalists got there was demonstrated by another sheet. Pictures of Sun Yat-sen and Chiang Kai-shek were displayed side by side and propaganda leaflets were broadcast in the streets. Interested groups of Chinese coolies gazed at the posters or listened open-mouthed to the street lecturers. Some of the latter were arrested by the Japanese during the morning. Nobody seemed to know why. I saw them being marched along the street in custody. They went along quite good-humoredly with their unsmiling guards and even saluted a Japanese officer who cantered up on a horse. Some were released afterward, but the majority were detained and no information could be obtained about them. This aroused a good deal of resentment among the Nationalists, though, so Chiang Kai-shek's staff officers told me, news of it was suppressed in order not to excite the troops. Chiang's staff also told me that on this day a Nationalist officer, described by them as being the Chief of Transportation, was shot by Japanese troops in front of the *Tsinan Pao* newspaper office. They were not able to tell me anything of the circumstances and I could get no confirmation of it from any other source.

By the night of May 2 the Japanese apparently felt the situation tranquil enough to justify the withdrawal of the barricades, and these were removed toward midnight. My understanding as a result of inquiries made at the time was that this step was taken purely on the initiative of the



Japanese themselves. The next day opened as calmly as the May morning of tradition. Everybody was congratulating everybody else that things had gone off so smoothly. Then came the clash. What started it and who fired the first shot are questions that may never be decided with any certainty, but there seems no doubt that it was the veriest spark that set off the tremendous explosion which followed.

I did not myself witness the initial outbreak, though I was in the neighborhood at the time, but I gathered every possible version directly afterward and each story agreed that the hostilities began with a single isolated incident and then spread with amazing rapidity. That rapidity ceases to be amazing if one takes into account the circumstance that within a few minutes of the initial clash the Japanese began to clear the streets in the protected areas with bursts of machine-gun fire preparatory to replacing the barricades, and also sent around armored cars which dropped small patrols here and there beyond the area limits. They then started systematically to mop up the territory thus inclosed and a general free-for-all developed. Groups of Nationalists took refuge in houses here and there and replied with rifle fire, throwing a grenade or two when the chance offered. Large numbers of them who had entered the foreign settlement on one innocent errand or another found themselves entrapped behind the Japanese barricades and endeavored to fight their way out.

Nobody on the Chinese side could tell what was happening, except that a clash had occurred somehow and that the Japanese were in action. Wild rumors flew from mouth to mouth and newly arrived Nationalist detachments joined in the fray without having any clear notion what it was all about. The battle royal raged till evening, when Chiang Kai-shek, who quite early had ordered a complete withdrawal from the Japanese protected areas, succeeded in getting the bulk of his troops on the move. This still left pockets of snipers within and on the fringes of the protected areas and the Japanese were engaged in street warfare with these remnants for the next couple of days. No organized attack on the part of the Nationalists was discernible at any time. Blood was up on both sides, but to suggest that it was a case of a handful of Japanese defending themselves against a Chinese army is to distort what actually did occur. It was a one-sided affair in which a well-knit, well-equipped, and fearless fighting unit demonstrated its relentless efficiency to an out-of-hand rabble.

The Nationalist army as such never was involved. The whole effort of Chiang Kai-shek's staff was concentrated upon preventing the conflict from spreading. Very little assistance to this end seems to have been forthcoming from the Japanese. There is no evidence whatever that they made the slightest attempt to isolate the incident which led to the first clash. On the contrary, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that when they withdrew their barricades on the night of May 2 they did so with the idea at the back of their minds that if anything untoward happened afterward they would be in a fine position to wade in and justify their presence in Shantung. Accepting as accurate the Japanese story that the trouble began with the looting of a Japanese house, it is certain that if the Japanese had reported the matter to Chiang Kai-shek and had requested him to quell the disturbance the Nationalist Generalissimo would have taken immediate action. Instead they sent a platoon of men charging down a crowded street

with fixed bayonets and within a few minutes afterward put the whole city in a panic by raking the main thoroughfares with machine-gun fire. It seems scarcely reasonable to expect that the Nationalist soldiers, perceiving that Chinese civilians as well as their own comrades were being shot down for no apparent reason, should not have felt an overwhelming desire to retaliate.

This they did and there is no doubt that fairly soon after the trouble started a considerable section of the Nationalist forces got completely out of hand. It also is well established that some time between May 3 and May 5 certain Japanese civilians, including women, were terribly mutilated. By whom and under what circumstances is not yet clear. The American, British, and German consuls were taken along in a Japanese armored car to view these bodies on the night of May 5. There also is a good deal of evidence to convict the Japanese troops of extreme ruthlessness during the days that followed the initial clash. Witness this statement, made to me on May 20 by a spokesman of the Japanese Consulate General at Tsingtao in response to my request for specific information regarding the alleged Japanese massacre of patients at the Shantung Hospital:

On May 10, during the Japanese attack on the inner city wall, Japanese troops approaching from the west had first of all to pass through the outer wall. As they came through the outer gate leading into the west suburb and were advancing along the main street they were heavily engaged from the upper story of a large building known as the Shantung Hospital. After five or six of their number had been killed the Japanese tried to force their way in at the front door. This resisted their efforts and they then entered by a side door. The building was split up into a series of courtyards and when they got inside they were fired at from all directions. They returned the fire into each window and, when the firing from inside had been silenced, they went in and as they were still being shot at *killed everyone they saw*.

The spokesman estimated that there were about sixty-eight patients at the hospital, mostly soldiers. There were also a number of civilian refugees. Only the Chinese doctor in charge of the hospital is believed to have escaped.

I had left for Tsingtao before the Japanese bombardment of the native city at Tsinanfu on May 8, but foreigners who witnessed it appeared to be unanimous in agreeing that no sign of any organized provocation on the part of the Nationalist forces remaining within the walled area could be detected. Any doubts that this was intended to be a punitive expedition are disposed of by General Fukuda's belligerent announcement beforehand that in order to maintain the prestige of the Japanese Empire he intended to take drastic measures against the Southerners and to punish the troops who committed outrages against the Japanese.

Once the trouble started at Tsinanfu on May 3 the Japanese military authorities took the thing completely out of the hands of the consular authorities, giving the latter only such information as they thought it might be good for them to know and to pass on to their foreign colleagues. It presented to the military group in Tokio an opportunity to get back into the saddle, which they appear to have grabbed with both hands. To what extent this is the case may be gathered from the answer given me by the spokesman of the Japanese Legation here today when questioned as to the status of the negotiations, if any, for the settlement of the Tsinanfu incident. "It is a military matter," he declared, "and we have been forbidden to interfere."

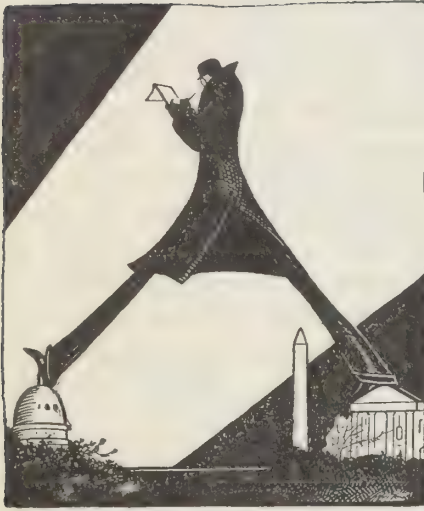


# Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,  
July 21



ONE of these days the Honorable Bill Vare is going to discover that there ain't no gratitude in this Hoover outfit. If the discovery comes just before election day, look out for an exhibition of plain and fancy double-crossing unsurpassed in the annals of practical politics. It may shove rock-ribbed Republican Pennsylvania into the

Democratic column and throw the election to Smith. Philadelphia is ripe for it. There the omnipotent Vare machine is dripping wet and Catholic. A mere nod from the boss would be enough. In fact, just a slight air of indifference on the part of Mr. Vare probably would turn the trick.

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ANYONE who supposes practical-minded Bill Vare threw his support to Herbert Hoover at the critical juncture of the Kansas City convention and thus annihilated the stop-Hoover movement, somewhat to the discomfiture of the Greatest Secretary of the Treasury Since Alexander Hamilton—anyone who supposes Bill did all this out of lofty altruism is capable of believing Grimms' fairy tales. Bill had a very definite purpose in mind, as he always has. He never goes floundering about pursuing will-o'-the-wisps. What he wanted and what he expects to get is the support of the Hoover forces in his fight to crash the gate of the Senate. Nothing else counts seriously with Bill just now. Nothing else is so near and dear to Bill's heart. Nothing in all the ups and downs of his turbulent political career has been so bitter a disappointment to Bill as his failure to get himself seated in the Senate. He is willing to make almost any kind of compromise or deal to reach the goal of his life's greatest ambition, namely, his now padlocked desk in the Senate chamber.

Having unhorsed Uncle Andy as President-maker at Kansas City, Bill hurried back to Washington as fast as wheels could carry him to be among the first of the party chiefs to confer with the newly chosen standard-bearer. A photograph of impeccable Herbert greeting the heavy-jowled Philadelphia boss to whom he owes so much would be worth publishing, but unfortunately it is not available. Every once in a while Bill drops in at Hoover headquarters. What for is not revealed. Possibly to give Mr. Hoover and Dr. Work the benefit of his extensive, practical political experience. It is known, however, that these visits of Bill cause shudders among all the nice, clean, efficient boys at the G. O. P. G. H. Q. After he goes out they feel it neces-

sary thoroughly to disinfect themselves. The last time Bill called no one at headquarters recognized him and he was forced to twiddle his thumbs for fifteen minutes before Dr. Work could see him. Just let this sort of thing happen another time or two and the tally sheets from some of the Philadelphia zero districts will be a shock to all loyal Republicans. There is a limit to Mr. Vare's complacency, especially if he gets the idea that preelection slights are a forerunner of post-election ingratitude.

\* \* \* \* \*

HOW the ward heelers and the precinct henchmen must be licking their chops over the bullish news from both campaign headquarters concerning finances this year! Nothing but the blue sky is to be the limit on contributions. Word went out from Republican headquarters soon after the Kansas City convention intimating a desire to hold the fund down to about \$3,000,000. Wily Mr. Raskob, head of the world's largest corporation, was not to be caught in any such trap, not when the Democrats for the first time in their lives are assured of almost unlimited money. He and Colonel Lehman, the Democratic finance director, let it be known they would accept all the money they could get. This was something entirely new and it caused no little apprehension among the Republicans, long accustomed to having the fattest boodle bags. So they, too, announced there would be "no fixed limit" on contributions. Colonel Nutt, the Republican collector-in-chief, explained that it was unfair to judge a contribution by its size. The character of the donor and his ability to pay will be the measure, hereafter, according to Colonel Nutt. There are glorious days ahead on both sides for the "watchers at the polls" and the patriotic boys who "get out the vote." It is quite possible that we shall see Mark Hanna's famous war chest of the free-silver campaign of ninety-six outdone at last.

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FOR sheer ineptitude in political management we used to be committed to William M. Butler. But Dr. Work already has given abundant evidence that he will outrank his predecessor in this respect. Nothing Mr. Hoover has ever done has so chilled the ardor of Republican chieftains as the selection of Dr. Work as the national campaign manager. Hoover has enjoyed an enormous reputation for being able to surround himself with able subordinates, but his choice of Dr. Work does not speak so well of his ability to judge brains. The most authentic explanation available is that Dr. Work ardently desired the chairmanship and in view of the fact that he was the original Hoover man in the Coolidge Cabinet Mr. Hoover felt that it would be an act of ingratitude for him to turn the doctor down. Work's extraordinary lack of tact, his dictatorial manner upon assuming the chairmanship, and his blundering loquacity held Republican statesmen aghast. Small wonder that one of them, emerging from the doctor's office after a conference, exclaimed ruefully: "At last we have found someone who can stop Hoover."



# Ellen Terry

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

ELLEN TERRY, though not the greatest actress—she had her very definite limitations—was the most illustrious female figure upon the English-speaking stage for the greater part of the Victorian era. She achieved this preeminence partly by a personal fascination which may be called, without exaggeration, extraordinary, partly by her consummate artistry. This artistry she acquired in the course of a long and arduous training in good stock companies, and in all kinds of drama, an experience from which modern players, under the system prevailing in our commercial theater, are hopelessly barred. That is why we have so few really competent actors, perhaps none of her class. Herein lies the chief and deplorable significance of her death. She was probably the last survivor of a great histrionic school and has left no recognizable successor. The theater is not the poorer for her death, for she was lost to it years ago, but the long line of queens of high comedy is broken and there appears to be small prospect of its renewal.

It might almost be said of her that she was born upon the stage. The child of professional actors—respected but not particularly distinguished—she was put upon it as soon as she could toddle. She first faced the footlights as a little mite in various grotesque shapes of extravaganza. Thus she gained confidence and precocious rudimentary knowledge. Space will not permit report of her career in detail—nor is anything of the kind now necessary. But by the time she was eight years old she was sufficiently advanced to be engaged for childish parts by Charles Kean, one of the ablest and most scholarly stage managers of his day. With him she played the boy Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale"; Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Arthur in "King John," and Fleance in "Macbeth," attracting critical attention by her natural grace, vivacity, and intelligence. Then followed a brief period of acting in juvenile characters in farce and comedy, and of dancing in the ballets of fairy pantomime. In 1863, when barely sixteen, she was playing Desdemona, with Kean at the Princess' Theater, with rare tenderness, sweetness, and charm, if with no profound depths of emotion. Three years later she made a popular hit as Mrs. Mildmay in Tom Taylor's "Still Waters Run Deep," a character in which she could display some of her most attractive qualities. Then she first acted with Henry Irving.

It was at this time that the great painter, G. F. Watts—elderly, dignified, and famous—met her, was bewitched, and induced her to marry him. It was a strange match between this grand seigneur and the wisp of a girl already noted for her animal spirits, her wilfulness, and her volatility. What wonder that it was speedily dissolved, no matter how or why! Soon she was acting again. But before she was 21 she was married once more, now to Charles Kelly, an actor, and passed six years in retirement in the country, nurturing two children, hereafter to be known as Gordon and Ailsa Craig. It was Charles Reade, an old and ardent admirer, who lured her back to the stage and for a season or two she appeared successfully under his direction, in several of his own plays. In him, too, she found an able guide and instructor. Her education was

almost finished when she joined the Bancrofts, to play Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" and to win a triumph which placed her on almost the top rung of the ladder. Next, under the management of John Hare, one of the most finished artists the theater has ever produced, she made her first appearance as Olivia in Wills's version of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and, at a bound, established herself as the most popular comedian of the day.

As yet, however, she was but in the early dawn of her true career, which began with her memorable alliance with Henry Irving at the Lyceum, which was to be maintained for nearly a quarter of a century and to confirm her permanently in the position she had won. She was then in her full prime, physically and artistically. Tall, lithe, lissome, graceful, she seemed to realize, in every gesture, the poetry of motion. Her carriage was perfect, her face mobile, expressive, alight with keen intelligence and radiant with indefinable charm, if of no special type of classical beauty. Her voice was rich, sweet, and mellow, her diction admirable. A kind nature had invested her with the most winning attributes and her training had made her mistress of all stage cunning. And now, with all her faculties matured, she was to profit by constant association with as clever, ambitious, and masterful a manager as ever lived. No marvel that the pair proceeded from victory to victory; never was a happier theatrical combination of brains and charm.

To rehearse the story of the brilliant dramatic campaigns waged by these allies, in Great Britain and the United States, is not the object of this article. The chief purpose is to summarize the actual dramatic achievement of Ellen Terry, and to determine, as nearly as may be, her final position in the ranks of the theatrical hierarchy. The probable truth is that her popular renown was due rather to her irresistible personal charm than to any actual histrionic genius. A great artist she undoubtedly was, but a great actress, measuring her by the demonstrated scope of her creative or interpretative powers, she was not. She was no Modjeska, Duse, Charlotte Cushman, or Clara Morris, not to mention others. The heights and depths of the profounder human emotions were beyond her reach, perhaps beyond her conception. Grace, innocence, humor, gaiety, pathos (of the gentler kind), tenderness, a provocative archness, mischievous raillery, fine manners, and every variety of feminine artifice constituted her artistic armament. Her power of tragic utterance was insignificant and her command of versatility was small. In all her impersonations her technical execution was beautifully finished, but in none of them was there any suppression, or indeed much disguise of her own individual personality. As her nature was joyous, sparkling, whimsical, and irresponsible, she found herself most at home in the brighter regions of comedy and overburdened in the gloomier atmosphere of tragedy.

Irving, indeed, led her through the whole dramatic gamut, and the glamor of her irresistible personal charm often blinded observers both to her deficiencies and his own. This was the case, for instance, in such tragedies as "Macbeth" and "Romeo and Juliet." Her Lady Macbeth,



to be sure, suggested the power of a lovely temptress, but had none of the force of the dominant partner or of the tortured spirit of the remorseful murderess. In the Balcony Scene her Juliet was an entrancing vision of youthful ardor and virginal modesty, but in the potion and other tragic scenes there was no throb of tragic passion. Her Queen Katharine, in "Henry VIII," had queen-like dignity and was touchingly pathetic, but in the critical speech "Lord Cardinal, to you I speak," the authentic note of outraged majesty was lacking. Some old playgoers will yet remember the fire with which Cushman delivered the lines. Even as Beatrice, one of her most brilliant and fascinating embodiments, Terry's "Kill Claudio" failed of its true dramatic effect. And in her Madame Sans-Gêne, despite its charm, humorous as it was and hoydenish, the needed coarseness and dash of masculinity were altogether wanting. But her Portia, perhaps her masterpiece, was almost ideal, at least the equal of Modjeska's. Her Viola, in its sweetness, charm, and humor, was almost on a par with it, while her Olivia, in which her personality had fullest play, was nearly flawless. She furnished another delightful impersonation in "The Amber Heart" in a part written specially to fit her. Many other instances of similar purport might easily be cited did space allow. It was in comedy, in characters with which her own was sympathetic, that she was supreme. In tragedy she was appealing, but not highly effective. Always she was a glorious creature. The stage will not soon look upon her like again.

## In the Driftway

"THERE was a time when cream was cream," says a writer in the *New York World* tantalizingly. "You put it in your coffee and it produced a mixture that was rich yellow-brown in color, with thick, rich streaks in it that eddied and curled and remained visible after a full minute of stirring, and with, here and there, floating on the top, a friendly, buttery lump."

YES, there was indeed a time when cream was cream. It was about the same era as that when men were men and has as irretrievably disappeared. Cream now, at least in our great cities, is, as the writer in the *World* regretfully concludes, only "another name for milk."

You put in into your coffee, and it produces a mixture that is not yellow-brown at all but a dull gray-brown. The streaks are thin, and they disappear as soon as you jiggle the spoon, if not sooner. As for lumps let us not be facetious with a serious subject. It has been so long since the average citizen saw a lump that if one did accidentally get into his cup he would fish it out under the impression that it was an impurity, probably a piece of soap.

A sad picture. But one from which we cannot truthfully dissent. So let us read further:

It is still possible, of course, to obtain cream. It is possible, that is, if you are privy to the fact that the cream language has undergone the same kind of changes that the egg language has undergone. Even a schoolboy knows nowadays that you do not get a fresh egg by asking for a "fresh egg." You do not get it even by asking for a "strictly fresh egg." You do not get it even by asking for a "guaranteed fresh egg." You do not get it even by asking for a "select egg." What you do is ask for a "strickly fresh guaranteed

extra fancy jumbo select egg." Then you get a plain fresh egg.

In the case of cream, what you ask for is double cream. That means cream. But it is obvious that double cream is a luxury reserved for the man who eats his meals at home. He can request his wife to have the milkman leave it, and then drink his coffee with complete enjoyment. But the man who eats in restaurants is not so fortunately situated. He is, in fact, quite helpless.

\* \* \* \* \*

YES, and so is the man who eats at home, despite the writer in the *World*. For the trouble with modern cream extracted with a separator and thus of uniform thinness—is not just its texture. The trouble is deeper, more poignantly sad, than that. The aching truth is that pasteurization—practiced on the supply of most of our cities—takes the flavor out of cream. It doesn't improve the taste of milk, but with cream—which at its best is the gods' surpassing gift to this poor, gray world—its havoc is harrowing. Pasteurization takes the joy out of cream just as most things that are healthful—like prohibition and spinach—take the fun out of living.

\* \* \* \* \*

NO, with all apologies to the writer in the *World*, the Drifter contends that it is necessary to do more than speak to the milkman in order to get cream that is cream. It is necessary to go back to the farm of one's childhood where the milk was put in a spring-house in shallow pans and the cream was skimmed off—not too closely—by hand. Such cream was almost pumpkin-yellow in hue, gurgling and splashing from the pitcher in what a modern advertising man might call "lumps of lusciousness." Such cream was cream.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence We Apologize

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial on the restoration of Williamsburg you mention the "House of Burgesses in which Patrick Henry in 1765 made his great speech demanding liberty or death." In Richmond such a remark would be likely to result in death or at least the loss of liberty, for there they point out the exact spot in "Old St. John's" Church where the orator stood when he uttered those memorable words in 1775.

Chicago, Illinois, July 17

E. W. SHAW

## Governor Sweet and Mr. Broun

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Heywood Broun says in *The Nation* for July 11 that when replying to his article on Protestantism and prohibition in *The Nation* for June 20, I could not have read his article, or if I did I missed his point completely. It was obviously impossible in the short space at my command to reply to all the points made by Mr. Broun. He denies that he said the church was "meddling." I stand corrected. He said that the church was "terrorizing both parties."

In referring to the church's activity in regard to prohibition Mr. Broun said:

The question is broader than prohibition. We are told that the whole structure of American government is



tottering because of lax enforcement. This may be so, but it is even more easy to undermine our institutions by the practice which the Protestant churches have brought into popularity. The members of these bodies constitute a minority, but through bipartisan activities and pressure politics it has been possible for them to terrorize both parties. Their concern has been largely confined to the liquor issue, but the same system may be used in regard to the tariff, the League of Nations, or any other public problem.

I submit that in this statement it is fair to say that Mr. Broun accuses the church of meddling and he regards its activities as undermining our institutions. To this accusation I answered:

Clarence True Wilson's call to the churches to mobilize for an effective Dry campaign would be just about as effective in bringing about a union of church and state in this country as the Senate chaplain's prayers are in evangelizing the members of the United States Senate. The church has always been a bitter and unrelenting foe of the liquor traffic. The saloon has been abolished by the effective work of the organized church. Not all Protestant church members are Dry, but the vast majority are. These are the backbone of the Dry forces, the shock troops of the whole campaign. It was perfectly natural, logical, and proper for Mr. Wilson to call upon the church to get ready for the impending conflict.

In this instance, at least, I did not miss Mr. Broun's point. Whether I made an effective answer is for the reader to decide.

But Mr. Broun's most serious objection as set forth in his article of July 11 is to my question, "How many Dry victories will give permanent possession?" He says what is perfectly true: "A public question can never be settled beyond the chance of reconsideration." But Mr. Broun has taken my question entirely out of its context. Mr. Broun had said that "a flaw in the Constitution may be attended to by the practice of nullification." My question had no reference whatever as to whether or not prohibition is still debatable. Again I ask Mr. Broun, Is there any limit to the number of times which a constitutional amendment must be affirmed before he will obey the law? This is a fair question to ask any patriotic American.

I have always granted the anti-prohibitionists the right of debate and do so now, and I do not agree with Mr. McBride of the Anti-Saloon League that prohibition cannot now be argued because it has become a part of the Constitution. I do insist, however, that pending the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment the law should be obeyed by every right-minded patriotic citizen, and in this sense "possession," as used by Mr. Broun, is now with prohibition.

Since the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment cannot be accomplished soon, Mr. Broun and his following fall back upon nullification. "Until such time as the Constitution can be overhauled," he says, "nullification is a necessary and time-honored expedient. . . . Nullification is among the inalienable rights of man." To Mr. Broun's unpatriotic and un-American assertion I would simply say that if nullification were ever universally practiced by a powerful minority who did not like any given law, it would bring an end to this government quicker than any other method that could be devised. The policy of nullification is a closed issue in America and cannot be reopened to bolster up the liquor business.

Again Mr. Broun cites the "scrapping in spirit" of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments in the South as a precedent for scrapping the Eighteenth Amendment nation-wide. Technically he may be right, but the consequences of the scrapping of these two amendments in the Southern States would be much less dangerous than would be the nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment in all of the States of the Union. To argue that this is not so is absurd.

A fair interpretation of Mr. Broun's position on prohibition from his articles which have appeared in *The Nation* and elsewhere seems to be this:

Prohibition is a mistake. It is immoral, wrong. All sumptuary laws effecting prohibition should be repealed; if they are not repealed they should be disobeyed.

If the law is enforced and obedience practiced by our citizens, prohibition might in time prove to be a good thing, and possibly its immoral aspects might not be so apparent. Therefore, if you are opposed to prohibition you should excuse lawbreaking, discourage obedience to law, and practice and preach nullification, for if the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are enforced prohibition will never be repealed. Besides, in this way the country can be delivered from the hands of a "terrorizing church."

If this is not Mr. Broun's doctrine, I should be glad to have him set me right. If it is his theory, he should not be afraid to affirm it.

Denver, Colorado, July 14

WILLIAM E. SWEET

## G. B. S. on America

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On June 5 I wrote G. B. Shaw, telling him that I proposed to organize The Shavian Society, An Asylum for the Sane. I asked him to be its honorary president, saying:

I have observed it to be the custom of the world to devote a good deal of its spare time, money, and energy to the welfare of the lame, the blind, the ill, the poor, and the insane. While these are meritorious occupations, it seems to me that too much time is being devoted to the making of crutches and too little to the making of torches to light and arrows to point the way for the able. By all means build a shelter for the insane, but why not do something for the sane? It is on them the race depends for improvement.

And here is the reply, sent by Shaw's secretary, Miss Blanche Patch:

In reply to your letter of the 5th June, Mr. Bernard Shaw desires me to say that an Asylum for the Sane would be empty in America.

New York, July 1

DANIEL ARCHER

## He Is Through

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I see that the Republicans are not to make religion an issue in this campaign, according to a statement of one of the managers.

It hasn't been officially announced, but some say they will not mention oil either. By leaving out oil and religion there isn't much left for them to stand on in their drive for the Presidency. It has been proved that the oil deal was a patriotic move involving men who were likened to Jesus the Christ at the trial. So there's patriotism and religion, both being ignored by the Republican Party.

I'm a Republican whose ancestors came to this country in 1600, and fought to establish a free country in the Western World for those who believe in religious liberty and real patriotism.

But I cannot afford to stand by my party this year when it discards all reference to the principal ideals of life—that is, when they discard patriotism and do not even mention religious liberty, I'm through.

Los Angeles, California, July 15

E. C. BARNEY

## The "Peace Bridge"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I visited Niagara Falls and they would not let me cross the bridge to see from the Canadian side.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 12

KARL SPITZER, Yugoslav



## Some Grass

By THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

I will not name this grass,  
I did not know its name when I was younger,  
Then there was more than summer for a boy  
Who walked in it with fingers and with hunger.

It is not meadow grass,  
But prairie city where the flagstone courses  
Along a place where no one built his house  
And I remember seeing tethered horses.

It is not grass alone:  
Between the flagstone and the curb there grows  
Thistle and lambsquarter and some wild thing  
That was and is like mint against my nose.

I will not pull this grass,  
I have too many dollars in my pocket,  
Or not enough, there is no way of telling;  
I dare not pull a green beard from its socket.

It is not grass alone,  
Or I would cross the street less often than  
I do to see it, yet it may have been  
Much more like grass before I was a man.

## Francis Joseph

*Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria—King of Hungary.* By Eugene Bagger. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.

IT would be hard to find a more fascinating topic in recent European history than the life of Francis Joseph. Mr. Bagger, realizing the possibility of his subject, gives his readers a narrative which is as interesting as fiction and yet contains a large amount of useful information.

The Francis Joseph whom Mr. Bagger portrays is the emperor known to history lacking imagination, an enemy of innovation, conscious of his own type of duty, and punctilious to the most trivial details. Francis Joseph was not devoid of a high ethical standard, not even when he indulged in cruelty. He was convinced that it was his duty to shed blood in order to uphold authority. Although Austria was incomparably more constitutional than Russia, yet he was more autocratic than were the Czars. Mr. Bagger calls him the last of the Caesars. While most of his predecessors were tools of hidden Powers, he was their leader, a fact which establishes his undivided responsibility for the downfall of the monarchy. During his reign he had, as Mr. Bagger suggests, numerous opportunities to place the government on a basis satisfactory to all the races composing Austria-Hungary. Francis Joseph died ignorant of the true meaning of nationalism. He was a feudal lord and he demanded fealty, not affection.

Conscious that tradition meant much more in the monarchy than the forces of progress, Mr. Bagger begins his story with the epoch of Joseph II, the only crowned exponent of radicalism in the House of Hapsburg. The reign of Francis I was a reaction against the jacobinism of the bourgeois emperor. When Francis Joseph ascended the throne, not yet twenty, he was heir

to the crown of an autocrat, a condition which exactly harmonized with his own proclivities.

The problems which the young emperor encountered were solved—if this word may be applied—in an autocratic manner. Francis Joseph treated every political innovation as an incipient rebellion. His was the policy of the iron hand which prevented the antiquated institutions of his realm from adjusting themselves to the new conditions.

Francis Joseph rose at four in the morning, Mr. Bagger says, and sat at his desk till eight in the evening. Sophisticated propagandists and naive subjects spoke of his self-sacrificing devotion to duty. "In the depths of psychic reality he spent those sixteen or eighteen hours in performing a rite at the altar of Divus Caesar—omniscient, omnipotent—Himself. Performing that rite, year in, year out, lest the world, his world, collapse. Governing wearily, yet ceaselessly, governing, governing, weary monarch governing a weary empire, looking toward his sleep in the night, a sleep made restful by consciousness of duty done."

The life of Francis Joseph is full of dramatic episodes which have been properly exploited by Mr. Bagger. Our only cause for complaint is that he places, perhaps, too much emphasis on incidents which are more dramatic than important for the historian. He tells at considerable length the story of the Mexican expedition of Emperor Maximilian, the brother of Francis Joseph, of the Meyerling tragedy, and of the eccentric vagaries of Empress Elizabeth. The redeeming quality of these diversions is that often they underline the essential traits of the character of Francis Joseph.

EMIL LENGYEL

## Tom-toms and Rotarians

*La Agonía Antillana: El Imperialismo Yanqui en el Mar Caribe.*

Por Luis Araquistain. Espassa-Calpe, S. A., Madrid, 1928.

HERE, moving to a tragic tempo, the agony of the West Indies is depicted, analyzed, and pigeonholed by a man who may safely be considered Spain's foremost journalist. The erstwhile Spanish territories of Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Porto Rico are parading toward their undoing in a fanfare of millions, aqueducts, good roads, and schoolhouses; capital, and particularly the ownership of land, is passing to the control of American interests at a rate that must be gratifying to Wall Street, whatever that may be, and this spells death to the culture and essential well-being of the nationalities involved—that is Señor Araquistain's view of what is happening under the rays of the hot sun south of Florida and north of God knows where. In this book, he limits himself to the former island possessions of Spain in the Caribbean. The other West Indies are no longer in agony, but dead; and further south, the situation lacks the African element to which Araquistain, a liberal and egalitarian, points with embarrassed alarm.

Economic exploitation is not, according to Araquistain, the consummation of the tragedy. The ultimate result, as he sees it, is the Africanization of the last remaining bulwarks of white culture in the West Indies. Porto Rico, on account of the density of its population, stands the best chance of escaping this end.

Certainly the history of Jamaica, Barbados, and dozens of minor West Indies buttresses Araquistain's argument and lends it an ominous plausibility. It is a fact that in no island of the American Mediterranean colonized by non-Spaniards has the white race been able to maintain a numerical predominance or, except in economics, a cultural supremacy. The much-maligned Spaniards, it seems, knew how to colonize, even if their government did not know how to administer colonies. White predominance in the West Indies has been maintained only where



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the land is divided into small holdings; Africanization has regularly followed upon the concentration of the land into large sugar estates. The white immigrant holds his own only under conditions of economic independence, however meager its basis. When the vast hordes of wage labor are set loose upon the land, the Negro's capacity as a tropical machine asserts itself, and soon the tom-toms beat and the red bandanas flash in the sun.

The Spaniards, Araquistain reminds us, "copiously" distributed the lands reconquered from the Moors, and the king transplanted to America the same system. This talent for keeping agrarian property well divided was seconded even by such reactionary policies as the monopoly market and the expulsion of the Jews, which kept away foreigners and the most capitalistically minded of the king's own subjects. The United States, the latest arrival on the Caribbean, lacks this talent, at least where justice, the survival of a Jeffersonian yeomanry, and the integrity of a culture do not matter to them so much as profits and markets—and property becomes conveniently concentrated in a few hands. As Araquistain sees it, the engineer who follows the financier into the West Indies has a witch-doctor camping on his trail.

Araquistain defends the Spaniard as a biological imperialist. And in biology imperialism and democracy are curiously alike. Accepting the West Indies as a valid experiment, Araquistain notes where the so-called Nordic's greater reluctance to interbreeding leads to, and where the Spaniard's way with a maid of a less successful race. The other fellows Africanize their colonies; on the other hand, they claim that the Spaniards Africanized themselves. This is not quite true. They invented the mulatto, but in doing so they merely created a Spaniard of a different color. For Spain contributes to the world a sense that culture is nationality, and it makes an unscientific but politically sound association between the ideas of culture and race. Araquistain heard a coal-black Negro in Porto Rico give three cheers for the Latin race when Uzcudún beat Harry Wills.

The burden of Araquistain's counsel is a closer, though never uncritical, relationship between the Spanish lion and its American whelps. He advocates a freer immigration from the old country to offset the tendency to import Negro labor from neighboring islands and also to revive the traditional urge toward a wide distribution of the land. However doubtful the economic possibilities of this remedy, its cultural properties are evident. Havana, with its enormous Spanish proletariat and middle class, holds its own culturally not only against Jamaica, W. I., but also against Jamaica, L. I., and Toledo, O.

And here is a point that Araquistain has failed to consider properly. Americanization is far more imminent than Africanization; and, despite all our political shortcomings and all your aggressive virtues, Americanization is a pretty bad thing for us Latin Americans because we have something, in the way of intelligent, skeptical living and easy social democracy from which you would bribe us away. Of course there is always a possibility that we shall be Africanized first and Americanized afterward. That would be hell.

LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN

## A Jewish Banking Firm

*The Rise of the House of Rothschilds.* By Count Egon Caesar Corti. Translated from the German by Brian and Beatrix Lunn. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$5.

**I**N 1770 an obscure Jew by the name of Meyer Amschel Rothschild lived in the Frankfort Ghetto carrying on the business of a small trader and dealing on the side in rare coins and curiosities. His father before him had been a pious Jewish peddler who had intended his son for the rabbinate. But the son had a more practical bent of mind, and when he died in

1812 he left a modest fortune to his five sons. By 1830 these were at the head of the greatest international banking concern in Europe, directing branches respectively in Frankfort, Vienna, London, Paris, and Naples. The Rothschilds no longer had need to regard money as a means to secure economic goods. Their success was attested by the fact that they regarded money in terms of power.

The phenomenal rise of the house of Rothschild was an enigma to the Europeans of the early decades of the nineteenth century. There were, of course, other powerful banking firms, but there was none that attracted the same attention or inspired a comparable hatred and envy. Two periods must be taken into account in the attitude toward the Rothschilds. The contemporaries of the early house lived in innocent, pre-Marxian days when the sinister aspects of international banking and finance were generally little realized. If the Rothschilds had not been Jewish bankers they would have been able to carry on their operations without arousing the attacks they did. But while racial prejudice thus singled them out, the main fascination their story had for the minds of early nineteenth-century Europeans was implicit in the myth of Midas. They wanted to know the secret of the success of this family which made all they touched turn to gold. The explanations invented were characteristically no less mythological than Midas. A successful move in a game of chess which old Meyer Amschel was able to suggest to the wealthy Landgrave of Hesse during the simultaneous progress of his first audience is said to have so impressed the prince that he appointed the clever Jew crown agent at once. A Rothschild is supposed to have been present personally at the battle of Waterloo, and to have used the advance information of the victory for profitable speculation on the London stock exchange, thus netting the family its first millions. This myth-making as to the origin of great fortunes continues in our own period if the "success" magazines may be taken as an indication; the modern reader still wants to know the methods the Rothschilds used to get rich so quickly. But speaking generally he is far less mystified as to the ultimate forces which produce wealth. He is accustomed to think along the lines of economic determinism, and lives in the age of Mellons, Morgans, and Rockefellers. Indeed, the intelligent American reader will be far more interested in the story of the Rothschilds than the German, and he can be relied upon to make pretty shrewd guesses as to the main outlines of their story.

Quite a number of works in French, German, and English have been devoted to the Rothschilds, but they represent for the most part the first and unsophisticated period. Count Corti's book is the first which is entirely accurate, documented, and impartial. The present volume relates the history of the house from 1770 to 1830; a second volume is promised to cover the remainder of the nineteenth century. Count Corti's leading purpose is modernistic: he wishes to gauge the influence in the Rothschilds upon the general course of European history in the nineteenth century. In doing so he naturally tells the true story of that success which led them from the Frankfort Ghetto to the chancelleries of Europe.

The strict truth turns out to be often less fascinating than the fictions. The only general maxims which can be educed from the rise of the Rothschilds are such eminently pious ones as Pay Strict Attention to Business, Keep Trust, Take Advantage of Every Opportunity, and Know Not Everything but Everybody. Their Jewishness, far from being a hindrance, was an advantage. Belonging to a suppressed race, having no social position to lose, they were able to accomplish a great deal simply by their abject servility. Jewish family solidarity also helped a lot. For the rest, their fortune was due to their taking advantage of the wars and disasters of the Napoleonic period. We who know how millions were made in the late war need not be surprised. The strangeness which the story has for us is contributed largely by its period.

Count Corti is an historian's historian, and he confines his



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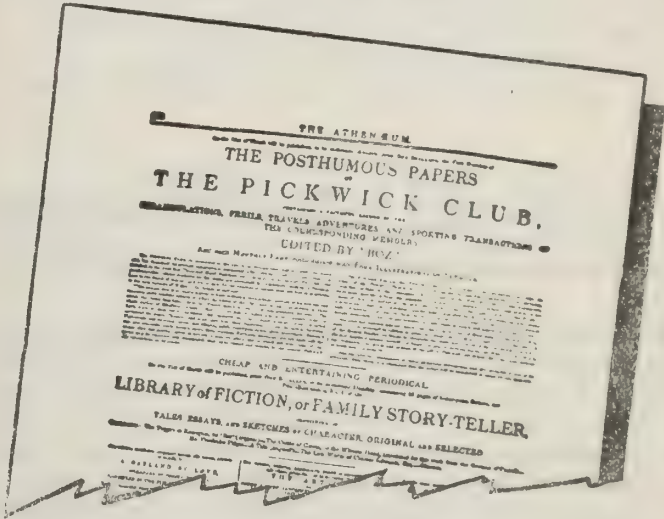
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book almost entirely to a marshaling of documents. From the point of view of historical research it is without doubt a monument and of incalculable importance. But as it is offered to the general reader one must regret that a greater effort was not made to give it color and emphasis. As the account of one international loan follows upon another, a wearisome sense of repetition is produced. There are some sidelights upon general European history which give the reader fascinating moments, but they are on the whole few. No doubt it was Count Corti's desire to be absolutely impartial which led him to adopt so objective and impersonal a manner. To avoid the dangers of anti-Semitism, he has preferred to remain entirely unopinionated. This is one of those cases where the facts have been allowed to speak too much for themselves. One is not even quite sure that Count Corti is free of the popular superstition that Jews have a special and innate talent for making money. The documentary method has also kept him from such a tell-tale course as attempting real personality portraits of any of the Rothschilds. Perhaps, however, engrossment in success is not conducive to the development of personality, and all financiers are alike. It surely required no great courage to assume that the Rothschilds profited by riding the waves of conservatism and reaction. They were honest—as financiers go; and if not worse were certainly no better than other international bankers before and since. Count Corti has erred as much from philo-Semitism as preceding commentators from anti-Semitism. In this he has followed a modern liberal convention.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

## The Faith of a Liberal Historian

*National Character.* By Ernest Barker. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

THE two great pests of our age are an exaggerated nationalism and that soporific talk about character which dulls our sense of the urgent need for the application of intelligence to the problems of our day. A study of national character, and especially one which in effect limits itself to a study, not psychological and critical but historical, literary, and descriptive, of one people, the English, might well be expected to justify our worst fears. Since the days of Edmund Burke and of Savigny the laudation of this ghostly somewhat has been the worst enemy of the international spirit of *éclaircissement*. Dr. Barker, professor of political science in the University of Cambridge, says that nations "may now have moved to a stage at which they make themselves freshly of their own free choice of ideals (ideals consciously framed and consciously pursued) in the fields both of social organization and of national education. If it be so, it is a great and solemn thing." With Abelard and Diderot we cannot help feeling that the beginning of philosophy, and still more of the scientific spirit, is in doubt. References to the area of "the working of man's unconscious mind" or to the embryonic condition of social intelligence moves us not to awe but to more Voltairean emotions. The trouble with statements about the unconscious mind is that only the unconscious mind knows whether they are true, and it will not say. It will not yield to analysis its secret of whether there even is such a thing as a "national character."

A further perusal of "National Character" will show that such a judgment as that above, provoked by a title instinct with doctrines of group personality, race Pecksniffianism, and what is often miscalled by the good name of mysticism, would be quite premature. The book is no jingo broadside in praise of the English. "The idea of a nation or group of kinsfolk, united by an intimate consanguinity within their gates, but divided from the stranger without by an impassable barrier of difference. That is false nationalism." Through careful and scholarly chapters, written with the pen of an historian and a love of

good English, on the genetic, the geographic, the economic factors, the political, the religious, the literary, the educational factors in the making of a people, that intuitionism which is the mother of conservatism and a puritan-born Liberalism strive for the soul of Dr. Barker. At the end, rather disconnectedly, abruptly, briefly, he declares his faith, the faith of Mazzini, and leaves the reader looking for the unwritten pages. The conservative in Dr. Barker has prevented him from being more explicit. The precious things of the spirit are not to be set forth like jewels in an auction show. Through pages here and there on English history, on its music, its education, even its agriculture ("a balanced national character requires a ballast of agriculture"), this elusive quality called English national character is hinted at, its rays of ruby and topaz glint and wink at us behind a curtain. Sometimes (so emphatically does Dr. Barker insist, with obvious personal puritan pleasure, on the individuality and idiosyncracies of the English) that national character seems lost in a nation of "characters." But, we are reassured, "there is a rock on which we stand and from which we are hewn; but we keep it shyly secret in mists of reserve, and it is only in some destined hour of national crisis, such as came to us in the midsummer of 1914, that we can see ourselves, and show to others, the stuff of which we are made."

This book embodies a course of lectures in citizenship. Whether "civics is best handled not as an abstract subject but as something involved and immersed in the stream of historical processes" is a statement which, in these days of national social reorganization, will arouse discussion. To those who prefer to political science, to which your reviewer confesses a bigoted and impenitent attachment, the more leisured stream of the literary, historical, and descriptive method few more pleasing expositions of the method could be commended. The book is important because it is itself so thoroughly English and by its tone, its moral stress, its quality of common sense, its half-humorous preference of cumulative narrative to logical generalization, is even more an example of English national character than a disquisition about it. Dr. Barker prefers the imponderables to the ponderables, but all who appreciate the difficulty of conveying in prose the subtle nature of the bond of tradition and of like-mindedness which unites communities will perceive in his work that of a great educationalist.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

## The Body of This Paris

*In and About Paris.* By Sisley Huddleston. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

ON a discarded proof-sheet, suppressing a fulsome dedication, a great French poet of the nineteenth century scrawled: "... a dedication should not be a profession of faith." The danger is twofold: a writer may express too much or he may express too little, and no book endowed with living qualities really needs an apologetic prolegomena. This *requisitoire* practice was but lately reintroduced, we believe, by Mr. Ford Madox Ford, to whom the present book is dedicated. In his prefatory dedication Mr. Huddleston errs a bit on the side of amplitude; he has packed too much of himself into it and too little into the corpus of the book itself, which possesses the merit—to say the least—of being one of the best-documented *vade-mecums* in print.

With Mr. Huddleston we are moved to ask: What does Paris mean to the sensitive man or woman coming from another country? What did it mean, for example, to that phantom host that rises before us when we merely conjure the name: Heine, Turgenev, Chopin, Henry Adams, Matthew Arnold, Rainer Maria Rilke, Ady, Whistler, and Wilde? And what has it meant, coming down to our own day, to Curtius, Santayana, Joyce, Unamuno, Eliot, and Panait Istrati? The roll is legion. You recall—do you not?—what intellectual magic it



held out to Thomas Mann in 1925 when he revisited the city for the first time since the war.

Should not a man's encounter with such a node produce something of an inward happening? If we turn, for example, to the pages of Stendhal and Balzac we note to what extent (and the fiction writer is here closer to the root of the matter than the impressively documented cicerone) it contrived to shift the focal center of such characters as Rastignac, Rubempré, and Leuwen. Yet Mr. Huddleston does give us with his unflinching precision the clue to the immense fascination of Paris for imaginative men and women. He says: "The vices and virtues, the labors and amusements of Paris are open and unashamed. It is because men and things are sincere and individual, highly conscious of themselves but not, as we say, self-conscious, that Paris—and France—are so vital. . . ."

If Mr. Huddleston deplores that he has been forced to cover well-trodden ground, his apology strikes us as unnecessary. He covers the ground remarkably well, revealing in the wealth of detail and wise running comment his wide and thorough knowledge of the city. Perhaps the normal exigencies of the task made the author choose the humbler role of guide, through the fetching mazes of the "town of light," waving his stick, as it were, at its coquetties, its history, its monuments, its fetes—at the whole lovely body of his favorite Paris.

"White Paris has been generally pictured, in our tongue, from the outside," continues Mr. Huddleston, "my ambition has been to picture it from the inside." The ambition is, to be sure, laudable, but it hasn't been quite achieved. Has a city a soul save that which is felt and seen and transmuted by the creative writer or artist? The soul of Paris (the well-made body, we repeat, is most persuasively given) somehow escapes us in this attractive book because, at a hazard, Mr. Huddleston himself is but timidly committed in its pages.

PIERRE LOVING

## Essays in Architecture

*The A B C of Architecture.* By Matlock Price. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

*The Essence of Architecture.* By W. R. Greely. D. Van Nostrand Company. \$2.50.

*Mudejar.* By Georgiana Goddard King. Bryn Mawr Notes and Monographs. Longmans Green and Company. \$2.50.

*Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain.* By R. A. Cram. Marshall Jones Company. \$5.

THE first two of these books are excellent examples of how two different lines of attack on the same problem, the popularization of architecture, can give two contrasting results. "The A B C of Architecture" attempts in the space of 230 pages to include not only a sketch of the history of architecture, with a brief analysis of American development, but also a section on the study of architecture and architecture as a profession. This is a manifest impossibility, and the book, full of random technicalities, and carelessly but profusely illustrated by heterogeneous drawings and photographs, taken from all sorts of sources without credit, is superficial and valueless either to layman or student. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the modern trend to furnish painless knowledge by outlines of everything.

By contrast "The Essence of Architecture," though even briefer, seems profound. It is a carefully organized and well-presented analysis of the art of architecture—its aims, its methods, its achievements. It is clearly written, and despite an occasional labored epigram and some sentimentality it should prove a valuable book for any one who seeks knowledge of what architecture is all about.

The other two books are scholarly and authoritative historical analyses, one of a style, the other of a great cultural

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movement. The new edition of "The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain," first published in 1905, has little new material. Mr. Cram's rather querulous and strident medievalism appears most powerfully in his love for monasticism; the new edition is welcome for again making available this well-known and trenchant expression of that love. Mr. Cram is a skilful propagandist, and though the beauty and the clarity of his writing well express the intensity of his passion, they can not blind one to his one-sided and prejudiced view of life.

Miss King's "Mudejar" is a welcome addition to our knowledge of Spanish art. Its differentiation between the Moorish, the Mudejar, and the Gothic clarifies the whole history of medieval architecture in Spain, and its tracing of Mudejar influences into Renaissance and baroque art helps to account for the peculiarly vivid character of Spanish baroque. The book is well illustrated and thoroughly documented, with a complete bibliography, yet the whole is presented simply, concisely, and with personal charm—something quite different from the usual archaeological contribution. It sets a standard for the Bryn Mawr monographs which will be hard to uphold.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

## Critical Political Thought

*Political Pluralism.* By Kung Chuan Hsiao. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

THE doctrine of political monism assumes that in every state there is a single center of ultimate authority. On the other hand, political pluralism predicates that discoverable authority in society is manifold and that the monistic assumption is both unreal and dangerous. Professor Hsiao's volume is an analysis of that theory from the standpoint of an attenuated monism. The author devotes separate chapters to the legal, administrative, political, philosophical, and ethical aspects of pluralism and thus surveys the views of Duguit, Krabbe, the Webbs, Laski, and Cole. He offers lengthy criticism of the views discussed and penetrating comparisons with the relevant theories of the major prophets of the past. To Professor Hsiao the essence of pluralism is the advocacy of a division of the state and sovereignty into political and economic functions. He rightly concludes that its chief contribution is the broadening of the base of the state by stressing social and economic factors. The book presents the most critical and comprehensive study of the subject and is, in fact, a competent contribution.

However, Professor Hsiao's admirable aim at reconciling conflicting doctrines entices him to exaggerate slightly the extent of agreement reached. Thus, for example, Hobbes was less concerned in limiting sovereignty by "laws of nature" and "laws of God," and Cole's theory of a functionally coordinated society is more remote from the Hegelian God-State than the author supposes. Nor does Cole's view that the individual is to judge any function from the standpoint of social welfare approach the doctrine of the "general will." The omission, too, of any reference to Fascism is perhaps because Fascist theory is yet incomplete. Again, more than a little doubtful is the author's view that the gist of pluralism is an emphasis on a duality of politics and economics. The crux of pluralism is rather a defense of the individual against the "Great State." Cole does not offer the most typical pluralistic theory, as the author suggests, but the most extreme. It is true that present-day writers stress economic functions, but this concentration does not necessarily involve pluralism as the traditional Fabians and Marx have shown. Figgis—whom the author curiously dismisses with bare footnotes—has offered the pluralistic thesis on behalf of religious bodies and not economic. The varied administrative proposals offered by Cole, Laski, and the Webbs are merely different administrative structures of the pluralistic state.

LEWIS ROCKOW

## Bravo!

*To the Foot of the Rainbow.* By Clyde Kluckhohn. The Century Company. \$3.50.

WITH one comrade, another college youth sent on a mission like his own, Clyde Kluckhohn packed through the region of northern New Mexico and Arizona, southern Colorado and Utah, just to set eyes on the country and its people, and for the sake of high emprise determined to find and view the Rainbow Bridge of southern Utah, one of the many natural wonders of an unexampled land. The story—from the hand of an undergraduate, mind you—is told with modesty, vigor, humor, and the keen enlightenment of a mind that was as vividly on the job as limbs and wits had to be if the voyage were to be rounded into a return.

There is a start from Gallup, New Mexico, where the fable of the Rainbow is broached—for it is, here, half fabulous. There is a journey of try-out and inspection up to Santa Fe and Taos, with stops for Pueblo dances and a loafing in the Jemez Mountains; there is the wandering on into the country of the Navaho and out into the region of the Black Mesa, where the Indian children were to see in the wanderers their first glimpse of the white race. Finally there is the adventure into the sheer wilderness, beyond even Indian habit, and the attainment of the Rainbow itself! Perils by the way—thirst, hunger, storm, accident, and, too, pleasant stops at remote trading stations, in native hogans, around chance campfires, with a Navaho dance here, a Paiute sun-ceremony there, a by-excursion into cliff-dwellers ruins, or down into the Painted Desert—for there is time for all things.

The whole adventure is in the true spirit of your errant sir knight, and if the tilts are with cameras rather than lances and the jousts are horse-tradings, none the less the spirit is there, and it is eternal! Surely it is one of the most precious of the possessions of these United States that in the very core of our continent great regions defy the hand of the human spoiler. The desert—mesa and canyon, sand-plain and rock-cliff—this is the matrix of the jewels of nature, most glorious where most they are difficult of access and jealous of their solitude.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER

## Books in Brief

*The Song of Solomon. King James Version.* Illustrated with Woodcuts on every page by Wharton Esherick. Published by the Centaur Press, Philadelphia, and distributed by Random House. \$15.

*Midsummer Eve.* By Æ. Published by Crosby Gaige and distributed by Random House. \$7.50.

Random House in New York is a clearing-house in America for finely printed books issued, as these two are, in limited editions. "The Song of Solomon" is given here a most beautiful and interesting dress, Mr. Esherick's woodcuts adding distinction to a volume already distinguished for its paper, press-work, and incidental decoration. Æ does not at all alter his stature in "Midsummer Eve," a very slender collection of new poems; as always he shows himself to be a pure, rather severely limited poet. The edition is decidedly worthy of praise, achieving appropriately simple ends through the most fastidious means.

*Elements of Rural Sociology.* By Newell Leroy Sims. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$3.75.

This is by far the most scholarly and comprehensive of the numerous recent textbooks on rural sociology—and the only one of marked value for reference purposes. The author has brought together from innumerable sources a mass of pertinent



ata, which he interprets with accuracy. He sketches also a significant background of rural history and contemporary European practice. The work is largely free from the sentimental junk and the uncritical assumptions characteristic of most contemporary writings on rural life. Unfortunately, the book is badly written, but not worse than other books in its field.

*The Book in Italy During the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, Shown in Facsimile Reproductions from the Most Famous Printed Volumes Collected under the Auspices of the Royal Italian Minister of Instruction, together with an Introduction by Guido Baggi.* Explanatory Text and Comment by William Dana Orcutt. Harper and Brothers. \$15.

This is much the most ambitious and beautiful of the three books on fine printing which Mr. Orcutt has published to date. It contains reproductions of 132 out of the 199 pages displayed in the album of the Italian Government at the Paris Exhibition in 1900, and amounts to a survey of the whole art of printing during perhaps its finest period and at its most significant place—Italy, the mother of the Renaissance. Guido Baggi, late librarian of the Laurentian Library in Florence, who secured for Mr. Orcutt the permission to reproduce these specimen pages from magnificent Italian books, closes his introduction with some interesting remarks on the distinction between printing as an art and printing as an industry. The distinction seems to be coming clear to more and more people today; if it is not clear to any one he is advised to turn over these handsome pages—pages in which there is no monotony and on which there is always something to engage the exacting eye. The specimens are grouped according to the cities which produced them; and at the beginning there are reproductions of three miniatures—a Petrarch, a Laura, and an Annunciation—such as used to appear in printed books in order to recommend them among those readers who had known and loved decorated manuscripts. The miniatures are given here in exquisite colors, and alone make the book worth while.

*Selected Poems of Amy Lowell.* Edited by John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

Mr. Lowes faced a difficult task here—the task not only of pleasing Miss Lowell's widely scattered audience but of selecting from her eleven volumes the really and permanently best poems, the number of which is admitted by many even of her admirers to be somewhat less than great. He seems to have come through the ordeal quite satisfactorily. This will undoubtedly be the source henceforth for most persons' knowledge of Amy Lowell.

*The Adventures of Thomas Jefferson Snodgrass.* By Mark Twain. Edited by Charles Honce, with a Foreword by Vincent Starrett, and a Note on "A Celebrated Village Idiot" by James O'Donnell Bennett. Pascal Covici. \$5.

Interesting as being virtually the first professional efforts of Samuel Clemens, these three "letters" reprinted from the Keokuk (Iowa) *Saturday Post* of 1856-1857 are still very lame stuff—merely museum pieces, as Mr. Starrett warns the reader beforehand. They were worth putting on record, and that is about all there is to say.

*Gongorism and the Golden Age. A Study of Exuberance and Unrestraint in the Arts.* By Elisha K. Kane. University North Carolina Press. \$3.50.

Mr. Kane makes the most thorough study to date of the literary phenomenon known as Gongorism which made itself felt in Europe during the seventeenth century. He relieves Gongora, the reputed father of this highly affected movement, of the full charge for its blame by showing how it antedated him and how it was in a sense inevitable in such a day—branching off to show the same forces at work at various times, including today, and to discover analogous tendencies in the other arts of Gongora's century. The book is marred by occasional profes-

sorial smartness and by a complete lack of sympathy on the author's part with exuberance and grotesqueness in art; but it is a valuable study, and indeed a contribution to current literary and aesthetic criticism.

*Spain from the South.* By J. B. Trend. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

An expert in the subject writes a glorified guide-book to historical Spain, commencing at Algeciras, Ronda, and Cadiz and going on through Seville, Cordoba, and Granada to Toledo. Mr. Trend knows his Old Spain richly and well, and furnishes among other things a group of valuable translations from the Moorish poets.

*Mystic Italy.* By Michael I. Rostovtzeff. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

The three lectures comprising this slender volume, *Mystic Italy*, *Mystic Pompeii*, *Mystic Rome*, are as expert as authority can make them at the same time that they are fascinating in detail and extraordinarily rich in suggestion. Professor Rostovtzeff studies the evidences that survive in the excavations at Pompeii and Rome of the vogue of certain mystic cults, notably the Dionysian, which took hold of the Italian peninsula as soon as its people, to use the phrase of Gilbert Murray, lost its intellectual nerve. The evidences are sculptures and mural paintings, and the author, true to his characteristic method, confines himself almost entirely to a running commentary on these remains, many of which he reproduces as illustrations of the text.

*The King of Spain and Other Poems.* By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Mr. Bodenheim's new volume has all of his old merits and a proportionate share of his only defect—monotony. For a poet who makes so much, in footnotes and elsewhere, of his sardonic and even savage character, he is singularly lacking in the capacity for emphasis, and hence the capacity for giving the reader relief.

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# International Relations Section

## C. P. Scott on Disarmament

**A**T the conference which opened in London on July 6 composed of delegates representing an international entente of Liberal, Democratic, and Radical parties in twelve European countries, Mr. C. P. Scott, editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, made the following address:

I suppose every man in this room is an ardent advocate of international peace. We all desire it with our whole hearts; it is partly in order to testify to that desire and to do something toward its fulfilment that we are here. And in this we do but represent the common feeling. The whole world today seeks peace, and yet, perhaps, there never was a time when it was so haunted by the specter of war; and it is not to its aspirations that it responds, but to its fears. It is armed to the teeth. How shall we account for this grotesque contradiction? No doubt it is the very existence of these armaments which is the chief cause of these fears, and the obvious remedy for the one would therefore seem to be to remove or vastly to reduce the other. That is recognized, and there exists actually a commission of the League of Nations established for this very purpose. It would be interesting therefore to know of the progress this committee is making. I regret to say that no news of such progress is forthcoming. At least it has not reached me. If other members of this assembly have been more fortunate they will no doubt let us know. The committee, it is true, sits, but unfortunately it does not progress. There have even been signs that such movement as can be detected in this great matter has of late been in an opposite direction.

Disarmament for this country means naval disarmament. Some years ago there was a conference on this subject at Washington between the five principal naval Powers. It did an extraordinary thing; it not only stopped the competition in armament of these Powers as regards the largest and most expensive kind of warships, but it actually caused certain of these tremendous structures either built or building to be destroyed. Think of that! The latest and most perfect of the engines of destruction thrown half-built on to the scrap-heap. It might almost seem as though the millennium of peace, if not arrived, were close in the offing. But the vision did not last, and when last year the United States tried to go a step farther on the same road and to come to an agreement with this country in regard to the next size of great ships, the cruisers, the proposal was coldly received. War between the two countries was indeed declared to be unthinkable, but at the same time it appeared that our Admiralty thought enough about it to be entirely unwilling to make any change which would place the next strongest naval Power in a position of advantage. And, if truth must be told, the United States Admiralty acted in exactly the same spirit.

I have referred first to this matter not because it is in itself of the first importance, but partly because it touches our impeccable selves and partly because it is so typical. Professions abound; it is performance which, unfortunately, is lacking. There are fine words in plenty, but then fine words butter no parsnips. And so it happens that in the larger European field there is found the same contradiction, unlimited professions of peace and equally unlimited preparations for war. So that it now comes to this, that instead of having, as in the old unregenerate days, armaments for war, we now have armaments for peace. But the mischief of it is that peace armaments are still armaments, that where there are guns loaded they are apt to go off, and that the absurdity of making enormous preparations and spending enormous sums for an event which it is agreed on all hands is never to take place is so glaring and the anomaly so great that in the end, if only

for reason's sake, it is likely to be quite simply resolved; the agreement will vanish and the guns will go off.

And the strange thing is that alongside of this great organization for war there is an equally imposing organization for peace, and in the League of Nations we have the expression of man's hopes as in the fleets and armies we have the expression of his fears. It is a struggle to the death between the two, between a power resting on reason and humanity and one which draws its strength from some of the deepest and most primitive instincts of mankind. We know where we here stand, every man of us in this room: how shall we help to tip the balance, how bring such aid as we may to the right side in this perennial and fateful contest?

We are friends of peace; what do we mean by peace? It is possible to think of peace as a passive state, as a state in which people do not go to war because there is, for the time being, no particular reason for doing so. Obviously peace under such conditions is insecure and war lurks in the background waiting only for its occasion and its opportunity. Yet that is the only kind of peace which hitherto the world has known and the only kind which it is likely to know so long as our thoughts and our dispositions remain exactly what they are. The League of Nations, it is true, represents another principle. It prepares actively and systematically for peace among the nations of the whole world, and has created an elaborate machinery by which nations may be prevented from rushing hastily into war. But this, after all, is machinery only and, like every other kind of machinery, it demands, if it is to operate, a motive power. And it is such motive power, active, alert, persistent, which alone can save us, which alone in the end can save civilization. What does that mean? It means that our whole idea of peace must be changed. It must become active instead of passive, dynamic instead of static.

Those, it may be, are just words. We must try to clothe them and make them alive. Why do nations arm? They arm because they are afraid. Why are they afraid? They are afraid because they take a narrow and impoverished view of their neighbors, regarding them almost wholly in the light of possible adversaries, of possible assailants. So rooted is this view, so deeply does it dominate men's spirits, that the greatest military Power in the world, faced by a neighbor totally and permanently disarmed, continually speaks, dreams, and prepares for what it calls an "unprovoked attack" from that prostrate neighbor. And not only so, but when that neighbor, by an act of great wisdom and generosity, voluntarily and spontaneously renounced for all time its claim on certain disputed territory which for generations had been the prime cause of quarrel between the two peoples, this act, which should once for all have released the tension between them, had no such effect and was regarded by the other side only as an occasion for the demand of fresh guaranties of quite another sort.

I call attention specifically to this incident not with any intention of throwing special blame upon our great neighbor, who is also our great friend, but because it helps to drive home my point. If there is ever to be a real peace in Europe, in the world, our neighbors must be something more to us than possible adversaries. We must understand them, enter into their life. Why not even care for them? That would indeed be the dictate of religion, but who in these days cares for religion, even the religion of humanity, when it is a question of the relations of states? Yet none the less the affairs of our neighbors, the home affairs of every distinctive European state, are, one might suppose, not without interest, not without instruction, not without help and comfort for ourselves if we will approach them with understanding and intelligence and in the spirit of friendship. And that is what I mean by the active conception of peace—that is, a peace resting on comprehension, intelligence, and a natural and lively good feeling—such a feeling as may naturally exist between neighbors in private life. . . .



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## A Report to Stockholders

AT the dinner to Mr. Villard on March 13, the Tenth Anniversary Committee of *Nation* Readers made him a birthday present of 2,300 new subscriptions to the paper that he edits—1,304 *Nation* readers had joined in the gift. So many others wanted to join that the period was extended to July 1, the Tenth Anniversary of Oswald Garrison Villard's editorship. And on that date the birthday present had grown to 4,000 new subscriptions—from 2,017 readers.

Those subscriptions are not only a gift to Mr. Villard but a gift to the cause of liberal thinking in America. We congratulate you and ourselves—and America—on the result. *The Nation* has never been stronger or more needed than today. The anniversary is past; but some of us intend to continue making *The Nation* and its liberal gospel known to our friends.

The Tenth Anniversary Committee  
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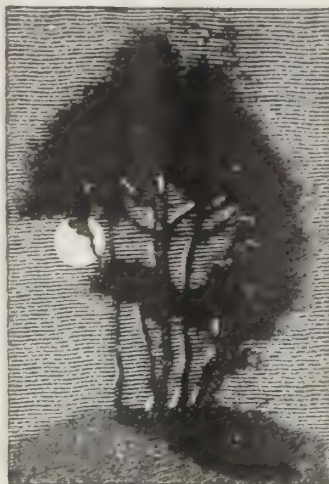
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# The Nation

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**P**EACE, FREEDOM, AND PLENTY are the three major issues of the national political campaign as set forth by Norman Thomas in opening his contest for the Presidency on the Socialist Party's ticket. They are good issues, a hundred times more meaningful than the mumbo-jumbo of trite or equivocal phrases in the Republican and Democratic platforms. Mr. Thomas spoke of them as follows:

1. The issue of peace. Every party sings its praise. Only the Socialists understand that to be for peace is to be against imperialism, of which Coolidge's infamous war in Nicaragua like Wilson's infamous wars in Haiti and Santo Domingo are illustrations.

2. The issue of freedom. Both parties talk pious nonsense about injunctions. Neither party discusses civil liberty or what is the matter with our courts or the tragic failure of our country to give justice to the poor, especially if the poor are also workers, strikers, radicals, aliens, or Negroes.

3. The issue of plenty. It is part of our shame that we do not even know how many men and women in this country of stock-market prosperity know that most bitter and heart-breaking sort of toil: the hunt for a job. Probably there are at least 4,000,000, or one in every five or six of the workers. In what we call normal times one in every nine or ten is in the sorrowful army of the unemployed. Beyond advocating public works in dull times the old parties say nothing. We propose specific remedies, immediate remedies, among them: A proper record of the unemployed, a nation-wide system of public non-profit-making employment exchanges, a proper and carefully planned pro-

gram of public works in dull times, unemployment insurance, and the five-day week.

We wish Mr. Thomas every success in his effort to persuade people that the man who most surely throws away his vote is the one who sacrifices principles in order to win some doubtful and temporary advantage by a ballot for one of two parties both of which live through exploiting him.

**T**HIS IS THE SEASON of straw—straw hats, straws in lemonade, straws which show which way the wind blows, straw men, and straw votes. Straw votes do not amount to much. They are chaff. But so is politics, and straw votes are no more unsubstantial than the most of it. Already a straw vote on the Presidential election has been taken at the summer session of the University of California, in which Hoover beat Smith by eight votes, 386 to 378. We note, though, that the son of California was beaten by the students from his own State, receiving 248 votes to Smith's 265. To offset this the New York students repudiated their Governor, giving him 3 ballots and Hoover 5. New Jersey voted for Hoover 4 to 1; Massachusetts, 4 to 3; Ohio, 6 to 4; Indiana, 8 to 2; and the Solid South was disrupted to the extent that the entire Mississippi delegation, consisting of one student, and the total Florida block, numbering two persons, were unanimous for Hoover. On the other hand, Smith carried Illinois 7 to 4; Michigan, 5 to 2; Colorado, 4 to 2; Wyoming, 5 to 1. Five-sevenths of the entire student vote was from California. Exclusive of that, the ballots from the other States favored Hoover by 138 to 113. All voters were asked to set down also their preferences as between Coolidge and Davis in 1924. Coolidge had 508 supporters to 126 for Davis. Compared with this year's vote, this discloses a formidable shrinkage in Republicanism.

**H**ERBERT HOOVER'S tortuous policy in regard to Mississippi flood relief has been publicly shown up by Colonel Robert Ewing, the publisher of the *New Orleans States*. There is no denying the truth of Colonel Ewing's charge, because too many men in Mississippi and Louisiana are familiar with the facts. Mr. Hoover repeatedly declared, both in public and in private, while he was in the flooded district, as Colonel Ewing states, that the Federal Government should assume the entire financial responsibility for relieving the wrecked States. When it was suggested that there be immediate action looking to the organization of public opinion to this end, Mr. Hoover privately asked all who came to him to do nothing, to leave it to him, and he would attend to it and put it through. Then he returned to Washington. Did he thereupon state to the press how he felt about the matter? He did not. Did he rush to the hearings before the Senate committee which was taking testimony as to the flood situation and ask to be heard? He did not. On the contrary, he dodged the committee, and left Washington for ten days. Finally, when Senator Willis insisted that he should come before it and publicly demanded him, Mr. Hoover appeared, a most taciturn and reluctant witness. He thought that the policy to be followed in preventing future floods should be determined by the Army engineers and ventured no opinion of his own. Then it was discovered



that he had completely forgotten his promises and thought the financial responsibility should be shared by the States in the flood district. It is a most unhappy chapter in Mr. Hoover's political record, but unfortunately it is not a unique one.

**W**ILLIAM ALLEN WHITE stubbed his toe badly during his recent visit to New York City, in the course of which he made a violent attack upon Governor Smith. We are sorry to have to criticize so old and valued a friend, but Mr. White's utterances can only have shocked all who read them. He was, of course, well within his rights in digging up the Governor's early record in the New York Legislature. It is vulnerable. Al did take orders, like every other Tammany Assemblyman, and he voted against bills to improve moral conditions in New York City and to tighten control of the liquor traffic. That has been known of all men these many years, and Mr. White was quite justified in calling this record to public attention. But Mr. White's comments on this were nothing less than amazing. In one breath he disclosed that Smith was "compelled" by Tammany to do this and also that he acted "out of conviction." Next he said that it was unfair to judge the Smith of today by the Smith of twenty years ago, but that this record showed what he would do if elected President! He was quite different today; nevertheless, if elected, Tammany would compel him to repeat his early record! Then, when Walter Lippmann called upon him and explained that his attack had hurt Governor Smith, Mr. White withdrew his charges in so far as they related to prostitution and gambling, but stood pat on saloons. Saying that he would fight Smith on this line until the election, Mr. White announced that he had a "pocketful of money" and would stay in Europe until he spent it, which would probably keep him there until after the election!

**I**N THE FACE OF THIS, what Mr. White plainly needs is a rest cure in some Swiss resort, until he recovers his ordinary political judgment, not to say sanity. His position in regard to Charles Curtis, the Vice-Presidential candidate, is even more extraordinary. Some years ago he called Curtis a "nit-wit"; declared he "served the great interests" in the Senate; demanded his defeat for reelection by Kansas in order to punish him for his iniquity in voting in Congress with Aldrich, Lorimer, Cannon, Guggenheim, and Smoot. This was in 1912 when Curtis went with Taft instead of supporting Roosevelt. This year Mr. White appeared at the Kansas City convention demanding Curtis's nomination for President and lauding him to the skies. Charley, the ex-archtraitor, had suddenly become the ideal man to head this country, and Mr. White backed his fellow Kansan's candidacy by editorials praising him highly. Yet just before his sailing, when a reporter asked him if he still believed that Curtis was a "nit-wit," Mr. White said Yes, that he stood by this description of him! Mr. White being a sincere teetotaler, this mystery is beyond us. We pass it on to the psychoanalysts.

**T**HE SENATE STANDS BETWEEN Roy O. West, counsel for the Insull power companies, and the place to which President Coolidge has named him, the head of the Department of the Interior. The Senate which twice flung back the name of Charles Beecher Warren of the sugar trust, when Coolidge appointed him Attorney Gen-

eral, will doubtless fling back the name of West with equal gusto. Roy O. West as Secretary of the Interior would be head of the Reclamation Service and the Geological Survey, ex-officio member of the Federal Power Commission, and director of the commission to investigate Boulder Dam. Such a guardian of our natural resources should come to the task from an experience of disinterested public service. West comes from thirty years of manipulation as attorney and adviser to Samuel Insull, whose tainted money kept Frank L. Smith out of the United States Senate and whose propaganda against Boulder Dam and public ownership have become a national scandal. Does President Coolidge remember what happened to certain of our natural resources during the Harding Administration when this same post of Secretary of the Interior was given to a gentleman from New Mexico? Friends of Coolidge absolved him from blame for the oil scandals because Harding was responsible for his own Cabinet appointees. When the record is finally completed, and the minor selections are included with the Cabinet leaders, we doubt if the appointees of President Coolidge will come nearer to distinction and probity in public service than the appointees of President Harding.

**W**HAT IS A RIOT? Evidently there are riots and riots. The jolliest riot that has come to our attention is that of the New Bedford strikers when 240 pickets were arrested on July 30. They were peacefully picketing in large numbers before the cotton mills where they used to work. Then—but let the New Bedford *Evening Standard* describe the riot:

Toward mid-afternoon a big police truck drove around to the Kilburn [cotton mill], loaded in half a hundred willing pickets, and carried them to the central station.

At 5 p. m. two more trucks rattled around to the Whiteman, loaded up with men and women, fought off an eager crowd that begged the disgusted patrolmen to take them too, and jogged off to headquarters. A fourth truck, requisitioned for the occasion, took care of an after-line that formed by backing up to the mill gate so all the patrolmen had to do was to keep back the rush that ensued as the picketers clambered aboard.

When the "rioters" got to court, the atmosphere was not so jolly; they were sentenced to prison for rioting for terms ranging from two to six months. Fortunately the sentences do not mean much for the immediate future. In practically all cases a jury trial has been demanded, the strikers have been freed on bail, and the strike goes on. Some 28,000 strikers have fought for sixteen weeks against a 10 per cent wage cut, and still there are almost no strike-breakers in the mills.

**J**UDGE FRANK MILLIKEN of the Third District Court does not reflect credit upon Massachusetts justice by his handling the New Bedford strike cases. One of the simplest rights of a citizen under the law is the right to know what is a crime and what is not. No striker in New Bedford can tell whether he is committing a crime or not when he walks on the picket line. "Picketing in New Bedford must stop," shouted Judge Milliken on one occasion. "It is a nuisance." But the Massachusetts law allows picketing, although the statute is very vague and leaves the methods of peaceful persuasion entirely to the interpretation of local police officers. In some of the cases Judge Milliken has ruled that picketing in large numbers is "parading without a permit," in other cases he has



called such picketing common-law rioting. His rulings are all the more remarkable because the strikers were not molested in forming large picket lines in the first three months of the strike. Perhaps the police were too lenient at the beginning of the strike in the face of the reckless defiance of left-wing leaders, but that cannot justify Judge Milliken in depriving the workers of recognized legal rights.

**F**OR HEROISM in the face of an overwhelming catastrophe commend to us Paul Wittgenstein. Drawn into the maelstrom of the World War, this rising young pianist lost an arm on the field of battle. A wave of sympathy swept over European musical circles—so gifted a youth and so suddenly deprived of the results of years of artistic labor! For him it was plainly a living death, this extinction of all his professional ambitions. But Paul Wittgenstein was not one to accept defeat even where his loss seemed irretrievable. He determined to go on with his music despite his deprivation of five fingers. In the first place, he found a number of compositions written for the left hand only. In the second, many composers, including Richard Strauss, on hearing of his plan wrote for him and dedicated their compositions to him. Friends and admirers rallied to him and leaders of orchestras engaged him to play with them, not because he was a freak, not because he posed as a war-hero, but because of his solid artistic achievements. So it is that nearly ten years after his catastrophe, Paul Wittgenstein will make his American debut with the new Beethoven Symphony Orchestra in New York next winter, playing a new Strauss concerto—"Panathenaenzug"—which will, we trust, sound better than its name. We believe that the American public will be proud to give to Mr. Wittgenstein the warm reception his fortitude and ability entitle him to receive.

## The Southern Bishops

**T**HE war of Southern bishops over the wetness of Governor Smith is more than a side-show or a fight between Dry and ultra-Dry Democrats. It is a serious challenge to that trinity of social attitudes which rules the South, loyalty to the Protestant church, allegiance to the Democratic Party, and "keeping the nigger in his place." These three things have gone together so consistently in Southern life that a "nigger lover," a Catholic, or a Republican has, in many sections, had no chance whatever of success.

Now come a number of ultra-respectable leaders of Southern Protestantism who say frankly that they are going to bolt the Democratic ticket and vote for Hoover. They take this unprecedented step in the name of their hatred for the liquor traffic. Whatever may be the justice of their cause, we rejoice that they are smashing the political prejudices which made the Solid South solid. One of those prejudices was given a painful blow when the Democrats nominated a Catholic. Now another is threatened when a large number of native Southerners announce their intention of voting for a Republican. There is hope that a new wind of reality will blow through Southern political life.

The main question concerning the challenge of the ultra-Dry bishops is still to be answered. Will they dare to permit the Negroes to vote with them for the Republican

ticket? Clearly they need the Negro vote to win, and many of the Negroes would like to give that vote. If a fair and free election were taken in the South, the Negro vote might be the deciding factor. Our guess is that the ultra-Dry bishops will never open their mouths about the Negro vote. To doubt the justice of white supremacy as it is now practiced in the South is a greater sin in the eyes of most Southern people than anything mentioned in the Decalogue. If the Hoover Democrats should venture to suggest the possibility of Negro support for their cause, the resulting tidal wave of racial fear would undoubtedly swamp them.

Bishop Warren Candler of the Methodist Church South and the Coca Cola family does not mention the Negro vote in discussing this subject. He chides his brethren for using the church openly to fight against Governor Smith. "Do not preach politics," he says, in quoting an old episcopal letter. "You have no commission to preach politics. The divinity of the church is never more strikingly displayed than when it holds on its ever straightforward way in the midst of worldly commotions."

With the bishop's attitude toward Governor Smith we are not concerned here, but since when has the Methodist Church South held to a straightforward way in the midst of worldly commotions? In the Civil War the Southern Methodists stood for the South and slavery; in the World War they stood for Wilson and the Allies; in the present controversy in the South over the eleven-hour day and twelve-hour night in cotton mills at least one church conference has espoused the cause of the mill-owners.

Bishop Candler, who leads the regular Democratic section of the Methodist Church South against Bishop James Cannon and his pro-Hoover associates, is quite willing to mix in economic and political controversies when he is on the dominant, conservative side. He favored compulsory military training at Emory University when he was chancellor, and he kept Debs from speaking on the campus of that institution in 1920 by charging that students who petitioned for the right to hear Debs "had tried to take the escutcheon of honor of this institution into their hands and stain it in dishonor by having a jailbird enter our midst." When the leaders of the American (Southern) Cotton Manufacturers' Association met recently in Richmond they were treated to a splendid eulogy from Bishop Candler, who praised them for giving their workers every educational, social, and spiritual advantage. The fact was not mentioned that these manufacturers pay their workers the lowest wages and work them the longest hours of any large manufacturing industry in the United States.

As between Bishop Candler, who appears to be wholly consumed with Pentecostal yearning, and Bishop Cannon, who says he is out to demolish Al Smith, we prefer Bishop Cannon, though he ought not to be so shocked at the thought of Roman Catholics likewise seeking their ends through politics. Why shouldn't a bishop go into politics if a moral issue is involved? And where can a political situation be found in which there is not a moral issue of some sort? Almost every aspect of moral life is conditioned by political habits and institutions, and the preacher who is interested in the moral life of the community cannot stay out of politics. He may take the plunge into politics as a non-partisan, or he may indorse one party as against another. In either case he is to be judged, as any other citizen is judged, by his knowledge of facts and the reasoned truth of his utterance.



# Power Mergers and the Public

**A**N issue of far-reaching importance has been raised in New York City by the Public Committee on Power, a group of citizens who came together to support Governor Smith's policies on water-power and others of like import. The committee has sought through its attorney, Morris L. Ernst, to intervene in the proposed consolidation of the Brooklyn Edison Company and the Consolidated Gas Company of New York to the extent of asking the Public Service Commission, in whom is vested the authority to approve such a merger, to insist that some of the great savings to be made by the combination shall be passed on to the consumer, so that all the profit from the transaction shall not go to the stockholders. The chief officials of the two companies have said that the combination would lead to savings in management and operation, one declaring these economies to run between two and three millions of dollars and the other stating that they could not even be estimated; for this reason they have asked the commission to approve the amalgamation. But the commission has refused to let Mr. Ernst make an oral argument and has declined to the same extent to hear ex-Mayor Hylan representing the People's Civic League of Brooklyn, on the ground that neither of these organizations can show what is necessary, "a property interest or some duty or right devolving upon or belonging to the party to be brought in." It has, moreover, indicated that it may approve the merger at an early meeting without asking in return for the privilege of amalgamation one single concession to the consuming public, although the representative of the City of New York at the hearing asked for a five-cent rate in place of the existing one and objected to the terms of the combination. The commission persistently declares that it is not a merger which is being sought. For its attitude in denying additional hearings the chairman, William A. Prendergast, assumes full responsibility. "In drawing distinctions," he says, "between those who appear and claim the right to take part in a case, the commission has exercised what it believes to be its best judgment, and continued consideration of the question between the time of the first hearing and the second confirms the commission in its judgment."

Naturally this situation presented a political opportunity and Governor Smith was not slow to seize upon it. The Public Committee on Power includes within its membership at least one of his most trusted advisers, and as has been said, it was formed partly with a view to supporting him. He therefore telegraphed to the Public Service Commission asking that Mr. Ernst and other critics be given a prompt hearing. By a vote of two to two, dividing on strict party lines, the effort to throw open the hearings was lost. A fifth member of the commission, a Democrat, was ill at his home and unable to vote. There, at this writing, the situation stands.

The commission has stated to the antagonists of the merger that they are to be restricted merely to filing briefs in support of their contention. That this is satisfactory no one will suggest. Much as we regret having to differ with Mr. Prendergast, his position that such a body of public-spirited citizens shall not be heard at length in so momentous a case as this indicates to us that the commission has an

entirely wrong idea of its functions and duties. The commission should not only be willing to listen to every argument presented by reputable citizens; it should certainly deem itself the public defender and should therefore inquire into the contention of the Committee on Power that if this merger proposal is accepted it will set the stamp of official approval upon a capitalization of both companies which the committee claims is at least 120 millions too high.

But the question that has been raised by Mr. Ernst's brilliant appeals to the commission and to the Governor is one that cannot be downed by any hasty action on the part of one public regulating body. Already Norman Thomas, speaking for the Socialist Party, has taken his stand, and has demanded that the merger, to which per se he is not opposed, shall lead, if granted, to a five-cent rate per kilowatt hour instead of the nine cents now charged in the Borough of the Bronx, the eight cents demanded in Queens, and the seven cents exacted in Brooklyn and Manhattan.

All over the country mergers of electric and power companies are going on. New holding companies arise overnight. Many of them are showing enormous profits, yet their officers do nothing but cut the coupons and receive the dividend checks of the lesser companies which constitute the aggregation over which they preside. It is plain that if this tendency is not checked it will only be a few years before the whole of the public utilities of this country will be controlled by two or three enormous corporations with a capitalization running into the billions, whose operations will not be restricted to the United States alone, but, as in the case of one of the growing combinations, be concerned also with power companies situated outside of the United States. Now these combinations may be inevitable and may perhaps, as Norman Thomas thinks, often be demanded by technical and economic progress. Yet the fact remains that in all of these cases the public, and not merely the stockholders, should also profit by the new combinations. If the regulatory commissions are merely to approve every merger suggested by the managers of the merging companies, their function becomes that of the rubber stamp. If the managers of the public service corporations are to be allowed to believe that those whom they represent are to get all the advantages that arise from combinations, we shall see the latter taking place with even greater frequency.

The truth is that this constitutes another serious test of the regulatory principle. The corporation managers who at first were so bitterly opposed to the Interstate Commerce Commission and the several State commissions are now the foremost defenders of them. How can any one suggest public ownership, they ask, when the consumers have such perfect control of the companies through commissions? But this Brooklyn-New York case proves that the interests of the people are not being protected. If Governor Smith had not jumped in, the Democrats would have voted with the Republicans and the whole thing would have slipped through. If the public is to receive the benefit of amalgamations in large units, some different system will have to be devised. The fact that the City of New York is now moving to take over its street and subway transportation companies points the way.



## Navies and Peace

**P**ERHAPS the most hopeful aspect of the agreement into which France and Great Britain have entered for the limitation of naval vessels lies in the character of the men who have reached the accord. Such arrangements usually involve technicalities which technicians alone can thresh out—conditions which may be twisted to suit almost any propaganda. But in an accord between two premiers as generally disposed toward international peace as Aristide Briand and Sir Austen Chamberlain there is fair assurance of a mutual effort to reduce the hazards of war, even though the details of the agreement are obscure and their reception by the rest of the world is still in doubt.

It is significant that although the agreement was first announced in London, most of the details have come from Paris. This apparent interest in the plan in France is a good sign, for recent efforts toward the limitation of armaments have been resisted by the French. The effect of the agreement will not be clear until it comes up as a basis for discussion at the next session at Geneva of the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament of the League of Nations. If it proves then to be merely a prearrangement whereby France and England can dominate the meeting in their own interests, nothing will be gained. If, on the other hand, it turns out to be a practical basis for further international limitation of navies, it will be a genuine contribution toward peace.

As first announced in London the agreement was not set forth as a limitation upon naval armament but as an agreement to make all building programs public some time in advance. This would prevent secret preparations and thus militate against some naval construction, but it would not limit specifically the competitive armament race. As set forth in Paris the arrangement goes further and is said to limit war vessels according to classification in four categories: (1) All fighting ships of more than 10,000 tons; (2) airplane carriers of more than 10,000 tons; (3) surface ships of less than 10,000 tons carrying guns of six to eight inches; (4) submarines of more than 600 tons. Limitation of the last two categories is of the most importance because such vessels were not touched in the restrictions imposed by the Washington Conference.

If preliminary reports are correct, France and Great Britain have compromised on an essential point in naval strategy. Heretofore, France has stood out for a limitation based upon the total tonnage of a nation's navy, whereas England has wanted to divide its fleet into numerous classifications, treating each individually in the matter of restriction. The present agreement seems to be a mean between the two points of view.

Peace, of course, means more than disarmament. To achieve it we must get rid of the *causes* of war as well as the means. For the means of war can be purchased or produced upon comparatively short notice. But experience has proved that the means of war are among its causes and that unpreparedness is usually an aid toward peaceful and reasonable diplomacy. We may add that nothing leads the mind of a nation so successfully toward a policy of peace as a progressive limitation and reduction of its war-making machinery.

## The "Friendly" Olympics

**M**ANY Americans picture the Olympic Games as a great festival of innocent play for happy, young athletes, a training-ground for clean sportsmanship, and a promoter of international good-will. In the background of this conventional picture there is usually a vision of the Star Spangled Banner waving serenely over the admiring (and defeated) nations of the earth.

How fatuous that picture is can be seen by reading the current news dispatches from Amsterdam. The Olympic athletes upon examination look more like quarreling semi-professionals than happy amateurs. They are disciplined like trained seals and guarded like murderers in a death-house. They enter the games with the sport-loving abandon of a Georgia road gang on an August afternoon. The whole proceeding is characterized by a hair-trigger sensitivity to any possible foreign insult.

On the opening day of the present Olympic Games the French declined to march in the parade because a Dutch gatekeeper had refused to allow them practice-time in the stadium. Our American contingent had been heartily booed by the French in 1924, and this time the Amsterdam audience was decidedly cool. In the wrestling contest shouts of delight greeted any athlete who could score a point against an American, and, according to the American coach, our wrestlers were defeated by illegal methods. Perhaps the crowd remembered the confession of Charles Paddock that four Americans had agreed to "jump the gun" on an English sprinter in the last Olympics—although the plan was never carried out. Perhaps—but let a paragraph of Wythe Williams in the *New York Times* tell part of the story. The scene is the passage of the athletes' parade before the Prince Consort of Holland on the opening day of the Olympic games.

All flags except one were dipped when the various delegations passed the royal stand. The Stars and Stripes carried by Clarence Houser, true to the tradition that the national emblem shall never be lowered to man or nation, was borne aloft. As has been the case at past Olympics, this caused some criticism, on the ground that at a purely sporting event the Americans might follow the same procedure as the other nations. Also, instead of saluting when passing the reviewing stand, the Americans, headed by Major General MacArthur, merely gave right dress.

Although the crowd was loyal in applause to all visiting teams, there was considerable comment after the ceremony to the effect that, apart from the vociferous applause from compatriots in the stands, the general reception of the American team was somewhat lukewarm.

What a love feast! We laughed at the French when they pouted so conspicuously over the bad manners of a Dutch gatekeeper, but our own provincial etiquette of flag-waving will be remembered long after the gatekeeper's row has been forgotten. Is there not some military Emily Post at Washington who can quietly change the rules about flag-dipping—without mentioning the fact to the American Legion?

Amateurism at the Olympic Games has become a farce and international friendship a stiff formality. No lover of true sportsmanship could grieve very deeply if the games were suspended a while until we human beings learn to play together in a civilized manner.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

**I**F I had a fortune I should build a house. It would not stand upon a hill or by a river's brim. This house of which I dream is situated very near the center of the city. Indeed some betterment association of the town might well endow me, since the plan calls for the purchase of a brownstone front and its immediate demolition. Once the walls were down there could be speculation about a substitute. It would be my own desire to have something in light green or purple. There will be no other house in all the world like my house. It should be so.

Uniformity of architecture is among the most destructive forces in city and suburban life. Somebody should keep statistics upon the careers of a group of persons living in one of those regimented blocks of little houses. Brick for brick the family resemblance holds them fast. They might be, these houses, so many still-born kittens in the litter of an unimaginative cat.

It is my assumption that no one very useful will ever grow up from out of these surroundings. The emergence of the great from shack and hovel probably has truth as well as tradition behind it, but there the controlling factor is something quite different. Abject poverty can give a boy a house more mean and ramshackle than any round about and then, at least, he does escape the blight of sameness. Lincoln had more chance in a log cabin than he would have possessed if his formative years had been passed in one unit of a row of villas. It would be better by far to be cradled in a sampan than to grow up with a Long Island home development. Even the tenements of New York are less depressing than many apartment houses, for they run less to strict conformity in architecture.

Yes, I think I shall build. Most of us are too casual about second-hand houses. The floor plan and the condition of the furnace would not be enough for me. I should like to know something about the history of any building where I was prepared to light. I'd like to know who lived there and for how long and whether they were happy. People adopt a baby and make careful inquiry about heredity influences. In this I take small interest. Babies can be remodeled from the ground up. But it surprises me to find these same people who haggle over a baby's past walking boldly into a residence without knowing a single item of its inheritance. A purchaser might fight shy of a house if more than a few murders had been committed on the premises and there is still some prejudice against haunted dwellings. Of course no person with any pretense to rationality actually believes that any house is haunted. It simply happens that he doesn't like the approach or maybe it is just the plumbing.

I have never seen any ghostly figure or heard the clanking of the chains and yet I am more or less addicted to the belief that emanations do subtly persist in houses. I would rather live in a humble cottage where there had been a nice clean murder, an agreeably rapid and impulsive murder, than take up my abode within walls where one or two had haggled over a span of years. One summer for a brief time I rented a cottage in the country and made no inquiries as to its antecedents. The view was fine and out of the well came excellent water, but every one who stayed in that house for even a day was more than characteristically surly.

And if any guest accepted an invitation for a week-end he went away no more than coldly cordial, while I knew in my heart that I hated him.

During a hot spell of ten days I lost a dozen friends in this fashion. Of course there always seemed a good and apparent reason. There would be quarrels about dice or cards or the principle of prohibition. As I remember, another man and I came almost to blows about the right of secession and whether the South had a constitutional leg upon which to stand in the Civil War. It seemed to me curious that so great a passion could be engendered from an academic matter. Again there was great bitterness between two of the guests because one undertook to tell the other that there was no such word as "arbitrator" and that the proper term was "arbiter." That was the time when I was compelled to step between the disputants saying, "Ladies, ladies, do you want to get your pictures in the *Graphic*?"

Throughout that summer the premises rang with expressions such as "Shut your yap," "Is that so?," and "When you say that, smile." So curious was the constant bickering that I sought an explanation. I am myself a person of infinite good nature and exquisite manners.

It seemed to me extraordinary that I should ever have been led, even under provocation, to call a girl a blockhead simply because she failed to bid the slam which she so obviously held. It was only a matter of a few thousand points and amounted to very little in money. Under ordinary circumstances I should have expected to find myself passing the whole matter off with a cheery "It really doesn't matter. I honestly don't think you're the worst bridge partner I've ever had. I know several who play much more stupidly."

But in this haunted house no flash of tact ever came to the lips of anyone. Hatred, bitterness, and sarcastic comments seemed almost to cling under the rafters. I found that a farmer and his wife had quarreled in that house for almost thirty years. She finally moved out to a barn across the road. During the last year of the marriage (they both died of a January) neither one spoke to the other. But often she came to the door of the barn and glared across the road at him. It was a narrow road. I am not prepared to defend in any logical or scientific way my belief that this long-protracted venom had impaired that house just as much as if a beam had sagged. All I know is that I had not a civil word for man or woman during an entire summer. And that is enough to convince me that there must have been something malignly miraculous about the cottage.

For fear of being laughed at I will not mention the fact that it was only in the rear of the house that flowers grew. The soil in front seemed much the same and there was even more sun. Big husky rose bushes were all about the front door, but never so much as a bud. Incidentally, I might remark that this was the doorway in which the farmer stood to send back glare for glare to his wife across the road. Still, the apple tree a few yards away bore prodigiously. They were not regular apples but those small, bright red sour ones. I do not know the name they go by, but I believe that they are used for making jelly.

HEYWOOD BROUN



# The Poincaré Legend

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, July 8

**R**AYMOND POINCARÉ should be a proud and happy man. For sixteen years he has been the master of France; his authority underwent a brief eclipse only to issue from it more potent than ever, and for the last two years it has been undisputed. He has been supported by the French people at a general election in which he was the only issue, he has been given a vote of confidence by all parties in the Chamber except the Socialists and Communists, and he has crowned the financial reconstruction of the last two years by giving France a new currency firmly established on a gold basis.

Yet he seems depressed and almost humiliated. The speech in which he announced the legal stabilization of the franc left on its hearers an impression of melancholy. Since stabilization was decided on he has shown more than once a nervousness not at all habitual and, according to some of his colleagues in the Cabinet, he seriously contemplated resignation, at any rate for a moment, immediately after the passing of the stabilization law. And in his last important speech in the Chamber he was no longer the cold, almost inhuman Poincaré with the blunt authoritative manner, to whom we are accustomed, but a softened and persuasive Poincaré who seemed to feel the need of apologizing for himself.

He had reason to be melancholy, for his apparent triumph was in fact a defeat. He has mastered his fellow-countrymen, but economic realities have mastered him. The world imagines that the restoration of a stable currency—the *de facto* stabilization eighteen months ago and its recent legal consecration—has been the work of Poincaré. Poincaré himself knows better. When he reluctantly and after a strenuous but vain resistance asked the French Parliament to pass the law that made final the repudiation of four-fifths of the French national debt and the imposition on rentiers of a capital levy of 80 per cent, he registered the failure of his ambition to be the “savior of the franc.” His view was that of the French rentier class, of which he is so typical a representative, that the stabilization of the franc at any rate below the pre-war value would be an act of national bankruptcy by which France would be eternally dishonored. That he, the highly respectable bourgeois, should have been obliged to act as liquidator was a bitter humiliation, and the bitterness was no doubt intensified by his consciousness of the fact that his own financial policy before 1924 was one of the causes that had made national bankruptcy inevitable.

When Poincaré took office again two years ago, his currency policy was complete revalorization. His intention was gradually to bring back the franc to its par value, either by a continuous rise or by stages. It was only with great difficulty that he was persuaded at the beginning of last year to allow the Bank of France to peg the franc at about twenty-five to the dollar, and perhaps he would not have yielded had there not been the beginnings of an industrial crisis. Even then he did not abandon the idea of revalorization by stages—a disastrous method, for it would have meant periodic crises each time that the value of the franc

was increased. Even after the last general election he said that France was like a patient requiring a prolonged treatment whose cure would not be hastened by “surgical operations.” It is extremely probable that Poincaré himself inspired the campaign against legal stabilization in the *Temps* and other papers after the election, for the purpose of organizing public opinion to support him against the Bank of France and the industrial interests.

Only the threat of Moreau, the governor of the Bank of France, to resign if legal stabilization were longer delayed at last obliged Poincaré to yield, and it is not surprising that he should have resented his forced surrender. When he had consented to legal stabilization there was another fight on the question of the convertibility of banknotes into gold. Poincaré wished gold at once to be obtainable by anybody asking for it and to circulate as freely as before the war. He was with difficulty persuaded to abandon this policy.

Thus the stabilization of the franc, far from being the work of Poincaré, has been forced upon him, not so much by men as by facts. He was obliged at last to recognize the impossibility of a policy that would have trebled the French budget, have made the service of the national debt alone cost about \$5,000,000,000 a year, and ruined French industry into the bargain; but it took a great deal of trouble to make him recognize it. This is to say that the conception of Poincaré as a great finance minister is absurd. He has in fact done nothing, and the policy of which he has been the executor has not been his policy. All that has been done has been done by the Bank of France and the staff of the Finance Department, often in the teeth of Poincaré's opposition. The only reason why Poincaré has succeeded where his predecessors failed is that he has had a majority in Parliament, whereas his predecessors were turned out one after the other as soon as they tried to do anything.

The extraordinary hold of Poincaré on his fellow-countrymen is a remarkable phenomenon, not easy to explain. For he is not and never has been popular in the true sense of the term. Popular heroes in France have usually been southerners, often of foreign origin like Napoleon and Gambetta, nearly always flamboyant orators. Napoleon was not an orator, it is true, but he was decidedly flamboyant, not to say *cabotin*, in spite of his undoubted, although limited, genius. Clemenceau is cynical rather than flamboyant, but he is a chauvinist of the romantic type and he owed his once great popularity to that fact and to his wit. Poincaré, too, is a chauvinist, but not of the romantic type; he is the opposite of flamboyant and is not a great orator. In some respects he is not typically French—no Lorrainer is typically French. He is as methodical as a German and there is something of the English politician in his clear and businesslike statements. Poincaré is one of the very few French politicians able to set out facts and figures methodically and make his case clear. It may be that he inspires confidence on this account—just because he is unlike the rest. But in some respects Poincaré is typical of the French bourgeoisie, or of the French peasant—which comes to much the same thing, for the French bourgeoisie betrays its peasant origin.



He has the narrowly juridical mentality, the meticulous regard for formulas, the respect for the letter of written documents, the limited shrewdness of outlook. He is in fact very much like a notary, and the French are always ready to intrust their interests to a notary. And he inspires confidence because he knows his own mind, has definite aims, and pursues them with dogged persistence.

Yet this is by no means the first time that Poincaré has been vanquished by circumstances and failed in his policy. One reason no doubt is that he lacks perception and cannot see far enough ahead. When Clemenceau said of him that he knew everything and understood nothing, it was of course a *boutade* in which there was deliberate exaggeration, but there was a great deal of truth in it. When one looks back on the last sixteen years, during which Poincaré has been a dominant influence in French politics, it is hard to say where his policy has succeeded. No doubt his policy in 1912-1914 was one of the most important factors in bringing about the war. When he was elected President of the Republic in January, 1913, Anatole France said at once that it meant war, so did Michel Corday, so did some others of us in Paris. But, although I have no doubt at all as to Poincaré's responsibility for the war, I am not sure that he deliberately willed it. I am rather inclined to think the contrary. Certainly he wished to recover Alsace-Lorraine—he himself has said that its recovery was the only thing that his generation of Frenchmen had to live for; certainly he intended to pursue a spirited foreign policy, “une politique fière,” to show that France, as again he himself said in 1912, was not afraid of war; but I doubt whether he had enough perception to realize that his policy was leading to war inevitably. When the war came, it became his persistent aim, not merely to recover Alsace-Lor-

raine, but to annex the whole of the Rhineland, or at any rate to separate it from Germany. He had not abandoned that aim in 1923, as the Dariac report showed, but he has not attained it and never will. He, with Millerand, destroyed the agreement made by Briand with Lloyd George at Cannes and forced Briand to resign, but a few years later he was obliged to accept Locarno, which was the outcome of the Cannes failure and much to be preferred from every point of view, except that of the French chauvinist. He invaded the Ruhr, refusing Bonar Law's offer to cancel the French debt to England if he would refrain, in order to force Germany to pay grotesque sums in reparations, and the only result was that he was obliged to accept the Dawes Plan, which was an admission that she could not pay them. For, although Herriot had become Prime Minister when the Dawes Plan actually went through, Poincaré had accepted it in principle before he went out of office in 1924. Since Poincaré became Prime Minister again in 1926, it is true that he has wrecked the Thoiry agreement, as he previously wrecked that of Cannes, but, although he has postponed a Franco-German understanding and may postpone it further, I do not think that he will be able permanently to prevent it. It is even possible that Poincaré may be the Prime Minister to evacuate the Rhineland, if he remains in office longer than Austen Chamberlain.

In short, Poincaré's career has been a failure. He has done those things that he would not have done and left undone those things that he would have done. But, as J. M. Keynes said the other day in the *London Nation*, politicians “are the interpreters, not the masters, of our fate. It is their job, in short, to register the *fait accompli*.” So we may say that, in the matter of stabilization, as in the other matters mentioned, Poincaré has done his job.

## Brokers and “Suckers”

By ROBERT RYAN

**D**URING the spring months of this year the customers' rooms of Wall Street's brokerage houses were overflowing with a new type of speculator. In these broad rooms you could see feverish young men and heated elders, eyes intent upon the ticker tape. The ranks of the inexperienced—the “suckers”—were swelled by numbers of men who had been attracted by newspaper stories of the big, easy profits to be made in a tremendous bull market, of millions captured overnight by the Fisher Brothers, Arthur Cutten, and Durant. At first these newcomers risked a few hundred dollars with some broker they knew, discovered that it was easy to make money this way, and finally made their headquarters in the broker's large customers' room, bringing with them their entire checking and savings accounts.

These amateurs were not schooled in markets that had seen stringent, panicky drops in prices. They came in on a rising tide. They speculated on tips, on hunches, on “follow-the-leader” principles. When a stock rose sharply they all jumped for it—and frequently were left holding the bag of higher prices. They would sell or buy on the slightest notice, usually obeying implicitly the advice of their broker.

Out of this combustible desire to trade in and out of

the market, abuses have arisen. Some brokers, none too scrupulous, have taken advantage of the helplessness of the small customer. The broker can make more commissions by rapid trading than by holding stocks for real appreciation in value, and he knows that this particular type of customer is here today and gone tomorrow. He must make commissions while the money shines.

Sometime ago I spent about two months in a busy broker's office. I had been offered a position as customer's man (to get new accounts and keep them posted on the market's doings). As I wanted to see whether I would like this work, I asked for a two months' period in which to learn the business. The broker with whom I became associated is considered reliable and honest, and the offer was supposedly an attractive one. I sat in the private office of the president and was thus able to follow quite minutely the methods by which he conducted his business. Years of experience with ordinary business had given me no hint of the practices I saw occur as everyday procedure—in the main practices highly prejudicial to the average customer's interest. So astonished was I that I questioned several other Wall Street brokers, only to find that the practices I saw were common enough on the Street, indulged in more or less generally by large and small firms.



There are two ways in which stock may be bought through a broker. One is to limit the price by stipulating exactly what the broker may pay. For instance, if you wished to buy General Motors stock, you would see on the ticker tape that the last quoted sale was at \$194 a share. If you were willing to pay that price or less you would order your broker to buy 50 shares at \$194. In this way, if the price had jumped a point or so after the quotation you saw, you would not buy the stock, but your order would stand at \$194 until you got the stock at that price or canceled the order. It might also happen that if the stock had a temporary recession, you would get it at less than \$194 a share.

The other method of buying is to give a "market order." Thus, in the same circumstances as those above, if General Motors had a sudden rise in price you would pay the current rate being quoted on the Stock Exchange floor. It might be \$194.50, \$196, or more, as the stock responded to buying. Or if the stock were selling for less, you would also pay the current quotation. When placing a market order you cannot tell what price you will pay for your stock.

I shall list here a few of the incidents I witnessed while in the office. On Thursday the partner of Mr. X, whose name I shall conceal, had bought some shares of Arabian bank stock at \$440 a share. This stock was not listed on the Stock Exchange but was dealt in by over-the-counter houses (houses which deal in unlisted securities). These firms make their own prices, determined solely by the demand for the stock. There is usually a marked difference in quotations by these houses, and the practice is to call several of them before buying in order to get the best price. On Friday morning a customer of Mr. X telephoned an order to sell 50 shares of Arabian bank stock. Mr. X obtained his permission to sell "at the best price." He called to his partner, "Want any more of that Arabian bank stock?"

"At what price?" answered Mr. Y. "I paid \$440 a share yesterday."

"You can have this for less," said Mr. X. "I've got a market order. The market is 415 bid, 445 offered. Want it at 415?"

"Sure," said Mr. Y. And the customer was informed that it was too bad he got such a low price—but after all, "we sold it at the market."

The dishonesty of this transaction lies in the fact that if several firms had been called and the stock offered for sale, a better price could have been obtained, for this was an active stock in good demand with a wide difference between the bid-and-ask prices.

Incident No. 2: This firm was "bullish" on a certain stock—they believed its price would go higher. Suddenly a panic developed in the stock and it began to decline at a rapid rate. The large and small customers who owned the stock all began selling at once. When the selling confirmations came in, Mr. X announced that no selling prices could be given out until all the orders were checked. In the next half hour Mr. X and his partners selected those sales which had brought the best prices, allotted these best prices to their larger customers, and allowed the small fry to get what was left. This is obviously unfair discrimination. A record is kept by the order clerk of the sequence in which the selling orders are placed. Consequently, the prices of the sales should have been allotted in that order.

"Of course," Mr. X remarked, "we make most money from our large customers, and we must keep them satisfied."

Incident No. 3: The broker charges a standard—and substantial—commission on the orders he executes, yet it is common practice among all firms to borrow money at, let us say, 5 per cent and charge 6 per cent to their customers who buy on margin. The Stock Exchange has ruled that brokers may charge their customers the exact amount of interest, or more than the exact amount, that they themselves have to pay when they borrow the money in the open market or from banks; but in no case may brokers charge the customers *less* than the brokers pay in borrowing the money. This rule has been promulgated in order that brokers may not offer the extra inducement of a reduced interest rate to large speculators in order to acquire them as customers. This rule does away with a great deal of cut-throat competition; but in practice the large customer is actually charged the same amount of interest as the broker pays or very little more, while the small customer pays an average of  $\frac{3}{4}$  of one per cent additional on all money which he uses when buying on margin. This  $\frac{3}{4}$  of one per cent, various brokers have told me, is intended to cover the entire overhead cost of their business. This means that the commissions which are paid for buying or selling the stock are net income to the brokerage house. It is easy to understand why brokerage houses insist that they are justified in charging this so-called "service fee" for negotiating a loan for a client.

Incident No. 4: Mr. X stepped into the customers' room and announced with a great show of sagacity that "Pomegranate A" was a purchase at current prices, and that he advised immediate purchase. His advice was quickly followed; there was general buying by the customers who thought they saw an opportunity to make some quick money. A few minutes later Mr. X notified one of his large customers that he had sold 1,500 shares of "Pomegranate A" at excellent prices, and received the client's congratulations for a good "execution." Those customers in the big room who bought on Mr. X's advice paid 6 per cent or more on their money, and watched the stock drop in value. The story behind this transaction was enlightening. Mr. X's large customer had heard from a director of "Pomegranate A" that the quarterly dividend would not be paid and that this fact would be announced in a few days. Knowing that the stock would drop in price after such an announcement, Mr. X's customer gave immediate orders to sell at the current prices. Mr. X knew that "Pomegranate A" was a volatile stock and that if he dumped 1,500 shares on the market it would break the price of the stock. So, by getting his small customers to buy these shares, he placed a cushion under the stock to absorb the 1,500 shares he was selling. He sold at no sacrifice and induced his smaller customers to buy stock which he knew would decline in value.

Incident No. 5: A "pool" is made to maintain current prices in a certain stock or push those prices higher. Mr. X was in a pool to raise the price on "New York Rug." This pool had made a substantial profit by the time its price had been shoved up to \$212 a share. Thereupon the members of the pool decided to liquidate their holdings and take their profits. Mr. X knew that this stock was not worth \$212 a share and that when the pool had distributed its holdings the stock would drop in value. Mr. X had put a large number of his customers into this stock



at high prices. When any of them called to inquire about it he answered cheerfully, "It's good for \$250 a share. Yes, I'm holding mine." So his customers held on.

When Mr. X and his friends had finished taking their profits by selling the stock and the news had come out on the floor that the pool had disbanded there was a great deal of "short selling." (If you believe a stock is selling at a price above its real value, you sell it and buy it back at a lower price—if you are lucky.) These "short sales" forced the stock down, and it was only then that Mr. X telephoned his customers that he understood the stock was a sale at once, and watched his customers receive much lower prices.

Incident No. 6: Mr. X advised all his customers to buy "Rotten Apples Common." Since Mr. X's firm helped to finance the stock issue their interest in selling this stock could hardly be wholly disinterested.

It would be simple to multiply these incidents and cite other practices, but what I suggested in the first part of this article has, I believe, been amply shown: in every case under my observation the broker felt that he must give the advantage, even though it were a dishonest advantage, to his large customer, for the large customer is his bread and butter and his profits. The small investor or speculator remains completely unaware of these practices. In a rising market such methods may be employed without losing the customer's business, for a speculator will overlook small irregularities as long as he continues to make money; while in a declining market the broker gets away with an equal amount of dishonesty, the customer blames the results on market drops. If a customer loses all his money, or so dislikes the actions of Mr. X's firm that he withdraws his business, Mr. X is completely unconcerned. As he remarked to me: "Suckers are born every minute; the glamor of easy money gets them all. One goes, two come in. Win or lose, we get our commissions." It is an easy-going philosophy which has been so completely proved true by many Wall Street brokers that they have no reason to revise it.

How such practices can be stopped I do not know; nor do I imagine that it is within the power of the Stock Exchange authorities to prevent them. I do believe that one step ahead would be to forbid all brokerage houses or their employees to transact business for themselves, to compel them to act solely as customers' agents. Surely this would make them a trifle more disinterested in the advice they give their clients.

In the meantime Mr. X's firm is making money hand over fist. In another month they will move to quarters three times their present space.

## In the Driftway

"COLOR movies" are the latest invention of those persistent persons who are unflagging in their attempts to make art just like life, and the Drifter is in a dreadful state of depression at the prospect. And not only are amateur photographers to be able to take pictures in color, but the synchronization of sound with movement is to be perfected, so that a red-headed man shouting to his black-haired wife will come out unmercifully red and black and noisy, and the cooing of a pale, adolescent suitor

to his rouged and lip-sticked lady will not be softened one whit from the painful truth!

\* \* \* \* \*

THE Drifter denies heatedly that this is a pessimistic viewpoint. For what is the purpose of the motion picture or the drama or fiction or poetry or any work of the imagination? It is to be just that—a work of the imagination. Often enough critics of the "realistic" school of fiction have complained that these sour novels are not really like life; and conversely, audiences at depressingly sordid plays have moaned that "there is enough trouble in life. People go to the theater to be amused." The truth of the matter is somewhere in between. For life itself is so unbearably intricate, so unutterably beautiful or so hideously cruel that a faithful representation of it by way of art would be more than any reader or listener could endure. It would blast the ears, it would blind the eyes. Art simplifies life, narrows it, softens it to the point where it can be observed without acute pain. Thus the song of the wood thrush, the color of the evening sky, the din of steam riveters, and a movie director's idea of a tastefully furnished house had better remain as unobtrusive as possible.

\* \* \* \* \*

ALL this is assuming that the motion picture is art or that it will be. The Drifter has his own opinion about the matter, but he has been called a crabbed pessimist so often that he refuses to be quoted on the subject. Plenty of persons promise that some day the movies will be in the same class with Michelangelo and Milton, and stranger things undoubtedly have happened. But they will never achieve this eminence by the photographic synchronization of form and color and sound. Milton's characters are angels and devils, Michelangelo's are gods. Life is certainly not like that. Nor does anybody want it to be, least of all the Drifter. He himself asks little of life and only a little more of art. He does not go to the movies and he abjures the talkies like a pestilence. For him the graceful young men at the Paramount—or is it Roxy's?—are phantoms ushering shadowy patrons to imaginary plush chairs. They might be characters in fiction, just as Becky Sharpe or Tom Jones might be his neighbors. What he sees with his eyes he cannot quite believe, be it never so faithfully colored or so exactly sounded. What enters into his mind becomes part of his mind, no matter how "unreal," how "unlifelike." When the movies stop trying to imitate and begin to originate the Drifter will cheerfully—every once in a while—pay his money at the gate and sit through the evening's program.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE Drifter has received the following note from S. M. Reynolds, managing editor of the *Baltimore Sun*, in regard to the story about President Coolidge quoted from that journal:

In view of the very complimentary references in your column in *The Nation* of June 20, I thought that you would be interested in knowing that the author of the story referred to is Mr. Max Ways, one of the younger members of the *Sun* staff. Incidentally, Mr. Ways is the son of the late Max Ways, Sr., who was for many years one of the outstanding newspapermen of Baltimore.

THE DRIFTER



# In Reply to Senator Norris

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 18 Senator G. W. Norris states that the same interests which controlled the Republican convention at Kansas City controlled the Democratic convention at Houston. The Senator asks: What are the people going to do about it? And then answers as follows: "It seems to me about the only thing we can do is to call the attention of the people to the fundamental difficulty—our Electoral College."

Senator Norris is right—the Electoral College should be abolished and the people given the power to nominate and elect the President directly; but how best "to call the attention of the people" to the direct nomination and election of the President is the practical question.

Many Progressives believe that if the actual operation of the Electoral College could be brought home to this generation the old system would easily give way to the new. In other words, if in a close national election a strong independent like Senator Norris were in the field, he would carry several States and elect a sufficient number of independent Presidential electors to hold the balance of power in the Electoral College, and thereby demonstrate to the people that they do not elect the President in November, but that the President is elected the following year when the electoral vote is cast, and failing there of a majority, the election passes to the House of Representatives.

If Senator Norris should reconsider the Farmer-Labor nomination and accept the same (or he failing to do so, some other Progressive accept it) and carry Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Nebraska, the independent Presidential electors might hold, are likely to hold, the balance of power in the Electoral College, cause the election to go into the House of Representatives, and thereby demonstrate to the people that they do not elect their own President under the antiquated Electoral College method now in vogue.

Whittier, California, July 22

ARTHUR G. WRAY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Senator Norris evidently believes that election of the President of the United States by direct vote of the people would weaken our two-party system and improve the chances of a new party. The two-party system, however, has prevailed in our State elections of governors as well as in the elections for Parliament in Great Britain, although such elections are by the direct vote of the people. The election of our President by direct vote, i. e., election of the candidate that receives the largest number of votes all over the country, would eliminate the pivotal States and rid us of the corrupt efforts to win such States, but the two-party system is sure to remain on account of the eagerness of party leaders to insure success at the November election by harmonizing the most discordant elements at the nominating convention.

In Germany there are forty-one political parties, and France and other continental countries of Europe find no trouble to escape the two-party system. The second election in these countries, when no candidate receives a majority of all votes cast at the first election, encourages the organization of sincere groups interested in certain issues into political parties.

No efforts are made to attract members of differing views by meaningless or ambiguous platforms or to resort to the desperate methods to bring about harmony within the party which prevail under the two-party system. When a majority of the votes cast does not elect any one, there is a second election ahead to decide between the leading candidates. Before this second election occur the conversations and negotiations between the political parties that result in cartels of parties supporting the same candidate in the final election.

A split of the Republican Party was fatal in 1912 and gave

the Presidency to the Democrat Woodrow Wilson. The split might have proved harmless if a second election had been necessary because Wilson did not receive a majority of all votes cast, and the Roosevelt party and Taft party might have formed a cartel for the final election.

Los Angeles, July 19

C. M. ENNS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent letter of Senator Norris to *The Nation* deserves attention. He sketches the apparent indifference of the public to corruption and to the growth of the power trust, and comes to the conclusion that we can make no progress until we have changed the Constitution, abolished the Electoral College, and established the system of voting directly for President.

This amazing position not only gives up the ship, because it is obvious that it would take a generation at least to secure such a constitutional amendment, but it is opposed to reason and to experience. Convenient election machinery is not necessary in order to put over great ideas. All that is necessary is to educate the people, and they will make use of whatever machinery there is at hand to register their will.

The truth is that it is entirely feasible to get the names of candidates, other than of the major parties, upon our ballot, as experience abundantly proves. The Socialists and Prohibitionists have done it for a generation. Roosevelt and Johnson did it in 1912. The ridiculous Farmer-Labor Party did it in 1920; La Follette and Wheeler did it in 1924. It would be entirely feasible to put Senator Norris's name on the ballot in every State this year, if he cared to run.

The real trouble is that the progressive and radical leaders cannot agree upon any political program which will stand the discussion of a campaign. The Socialist program makes no appeal to thoughtful people. The Roosevelt platform in 1912 was a jumble of aspirations and palliatives. The La Follette platform of 1924 had eleven planks, all of which except one were superficial, unrelated each to the other, or to the abolition of monopoly. The plank for government ownership of railroads was the only fundamental declaration, and both La Follette and Wheeler got scared and never mentioned it during the campaign. Their speeches were a wearisome repetition of stale attacks upon big business, without any constructive plan for abolishing or lessening monopoly.

Jersey City, July 23

GEORGE L. RECORD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Senator Norris's suggestion in regard to abolishing the Electoral College system of electing a President is the typical expression of a sincere but misguided idealist. His plan might make it harder for the mosquitoes to get in, but the scientific method nowadays is to try to destroy the eggs and larvae at the source.

If "the great trusts, particularly the water-power trust, control the destiny of our republic," is it logical to think that they would be fooled by any change in the system of election? Is it not as clear as the Senator's nose that as long as these trusts have tremendous power and as long as it is to their interest as private and therefore power-desiring organizations to control our destiny, the only conceivable remedy is to abolish this prime incentive by nationalizing them? Is it not a fact that cries to heaven that while we are tinkering with our political machinery, down in the economic boiler-room the pressure is increasing to a dangerous degree? Come down into the boiler-room, Senator, and have a look around. And then take off your Senatorial frock and pitch into it. Never mind about the machinery on the upper floors.

Brooklyn, New York, July 18

PHILIP POLLACK



## Correspondence

### "Zu Ehren von Al Smith"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

Ich sitze hier beim Pilsner Bier  
Und denke an Al Smith.  
Ich trank bis jetzt der Krügel vier  
Zum Wohle von Al Smith.  
Und bin ich voll mit Gerstensaft,  
Dann rufe ich aus voller Kraft:  
Three cheers for wet Al Smith!  
Auch cocktails trink ich dann und wann  
Zu Ehren von Al Smith.  
Die highballs kommen später dran,  
Es lebe dear old Smith!  
Und wird er endlich Präsident  
Dann sing ich frank und frei,  
Vorerst da shake ich his hand,  
For he never will be dry.

Osijek, Czecho-Slovakia, July 15

JULIUS PFEIFFER

## Ocean Liners' Limits

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A coincidence in a recent evening's reading included the item in *The Nation* of July 18 giving comparative lengths and tonnages of the huge transatlantic liners already in operation and the new Oceanic now under construction, and a paragraph from "The Education of Henry Adams."

Henry Adams was in the heat of his advanced-middle-age revival of his pursuit of education, and at the time was engrossed in trying to figure out the economic relation between the panic of 1893 and the wonders of the Exposition at Chicago, which he visited the same year. He says:

Historical exhibits were common, but they never went far enough; none were thoroughly worked out. One of the best was that of the Cunard steamers, but still a student hungry for results found himself obliged to waste a pencil and several sheets of paper trying to calculate exactly when, according to the given increase of power, tonnage, and speed, the growth of the ocean steamer would reach its limits. His figures brought him, he thought, to the year 1927; another generation to spare before force, space, and time should meet. The ocean steamer ran the surest line of triangulation into the future, because it was the nearest of man's products to a unity; railroads taught less because they seemed already finished except for mere increase in number; explosives taught most, but needed a tribe of chemists, physicists, and mathematicians to explain.

Spokane, Washington, July 18

EDITH D. ABBOTT

## As Seen in Arkansas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of July 11 you speak of Smith, Catholic, Wet, and Tammany, linked in trial marriage to Robinson, Protestant, Dry, and anti-Negro. I can see no incongruity in the fact that a Catholic and a Protestant are the standard-bearers of the Democratic Party. In fact, though a Protestant, I am very glad indeed that a Catholic is heading the ticket. It will give us another opportunity to make an open fight on intolerance and bigotry. The Ku Klux Klan, Anti-Saloon League preachers, and others here in Arkansas say that Robinson is not a Dry and never has been.

Robinson may be anti-Negro, as you charge, but there are thousands of Negroes in Arkansas who are going to vote for Smith and Robinson. One Negro leader said that his people had been voting the Republican ticket for sixty years, which was, he believed, long enough to show their gratitude to the Republican Party for having freed them, and it was their desire now to express their admiration for Senator Robinson. If you still believe fundamental American rights, guaranteed by the Constitution, are denied to Americans whose skins happen to be dark, I suggest that you send a representative to Little Rock next November and watch them vote.

There will be a fight on the Democratic ticket in the South this year. The Dry organizations, Ku Kluxers, Mystic Knights, political preachers are calling mass meetings and circulating petitions which pledge the signers to vote only for a Dry for President. They are asking the people not to waste their vote on a third party nor to stay at home but to come to the polls and cast their ballots for Hoover. Whether this movement will continue and gain force or die out, I do not know. I hope it continues, not that I am in sympathy with it, but I would like to see a spirited fight here in the South. It will be a great aid to liberalism. The prohibition question has got to be fought out and settled before we can move on to economic issues which are more important.

You say, "The fact remains that it is the same old Democratic Party with which we have to deal," but I am inclined to believe with the *New York World* and the *Chicago Tribune* that we are dealing with a new party, very different, at least, from the party of Bryan.

Senator Nye says the heritage of hate keeps the South solid. What heritage keeps the West Republican? Why are the Hoover-baiters clamoring to get on his bandwagon? Even Brookhart, I understand, is a great Hoover supporter.

But there is one man out West who is a consistent progressive and one of America's ablest men, who is not guilty of crow-eating and turning political somersaults, that is, Norris.

Little Rock, Arkansas, July 15

FORREST F. REED

## THEATERS

THE THEATRE GUILD Presents

"PORGY" || REPUBLIC  
THEATRE, W. 42nd St.  
Matinees Wed. and Sat.

|| JOHN GOLDEN Theatre, 58th St., East of Broadway  
Dinner intermission Eves. only at 5:30

Eugene O'Neill's

"STRANGE INTERLUDE"

THEATRE GUILD ACTING CO. in

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"VOLPONE"

|| GUILD THEATRE, WEST 52nd STREET  
Matinees Thursday and Saturday

THE ACTOR MANAGERS present

GRAND STREET FOLLIES

OF 1928

BOOTH THEATRE 45th Street, West of Broadway  
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Tues. (Pop.) & Thurs.



# Books

## Hamlet in Modern Dress

By JAMES RORTY

Nymph, in thy orisons, do not forget  
A certain poet who had laughed  
Himself half way to wisdom, having set  
Guards at the gate of his eternal city  
Fiercely to slay the beggars of self-pity . . .  
Half way, I said; hence, maiden, waft  
A prayer into that infinite  
Air that laves the world, wherein we sow  
Fear, grief, desire, deeds, the bright  
Keen lust of satyrs and the dream of saints.  
This air we breathe, and whoso faints  
Has need of laughter; so  
Go to, my girl . . . get thee to a nunnery, the poet's mad;  
Who's he to blow the bubble of your world?  
The time is out of joint; his lips are curled.

## Mighty Is Man

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

To the body of woman man turns and seeks deliverance  
From his world grown strange since deliverance from her  
thighs;  
To the womb he turns, to his infancy's paradise,  
Blind with a dream, an outcast weary of severance.  
  
From the body of woman man rises with exultation  
Shaking his veins. Singing, he whets a sword.  
He is freed of his weakness now, he has loosed the cord  
That binds him to alien mysteries of creation.  
  
Again he is mighty, he stamps for joy of his strength;  
His words, his deeds will be clamorous round the earth.  
Woman, who bore him, merely gives him rebirth  
Who returns to spurn, and return again, at length,  
  
To the grieved eternal breast that lulled him since life began,  
To the eyes that smile in the dark on that baffled Antaeus,  
Man.

## How to Change Things

*Marx and Lenin: The Science of Revolution.* By Max Eastman. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.

SOME people want a social revolution. Others of us prefer other methods of getting forward. Still others don't want to move at all; they are too comfortable where they are. Max Eastman's is a good book for all three classes. It contains a vast amount of shrewd good sense about revolutions, mixed, in my judgment, with some nonsense. Written by one who wants to show how to make a communist revolution, it is

essentially a devastating attack on orthodox Marxism, from the standpoint of instrumental thinking as opposed to Hegelian metaphysics. Mr. Eastman wants the Socialists to rescue Marx the practical revolutionist from Marx the Hegelian dialectician. He wants the Communists to follow the real Lenin, the hard-headed, tireless engineer of revolution, rather than the metaphysical Lenin, the fierce Marxian dogmatist. Marx was wrong, Lenin right—thus Mr. Eastman.

Communicants in the Marxian church and worshipers in the Moscow synagogue alike are bound to curse this book and stone its author, despite his friendly purpose. For orthodox Marxism, the official religion of the Socialists, which is likewise professed in Russia, has abandoned God only to set up a new god, named the Forces of Production, who is inevitably producing socialism out of capitalism by the machinery of class struggle and consequent proletarian dictatorship. Bosh! says Mr. Eastman, truly enough; history is producing nothing. Revolutions are brought about by men who actually will them and under certain circumstances succeed in pulling them off. That is what Lenin did.

Marxism as science, and not as metaphysics, declares Mr. Eastman, asserts simply, on the basis of historical observation, that the major forces controlling society are economic class interests, that wealth production is becoming more cooperative and its control more centralized, and that, therefore, the only possible revolutionary plan is to transfer that control to the producers themselves through the revolutionary dictatorship of the proletariat, which can expropriate the present owners. This done, "human society could begin to move in the direction of freedom, and political sincerity, and international peace, and an opportunity of life for every member of it."

Despite his orthodox, contemptuous rejection of "utopian-evangelical" methods of reform, Mr. Eastman certainly lets loose a very large serpent among the fig-trees of the revolutionary garden. If revolutionary will and purpose count, so do counter-revolutionary and even despised bourgeois-reform purpose. The very acts of hard-fisted capitalists and soft-headed reformers are in sober fact changing the total of circumstances that condition the action of the clear-eyed revolutionist who knows what's what. Behold Mr. Eastman's own doubt: Outside Russia "just at the present moment it is apparently not possible to break down capitalism." Is it possible that it was something else that broke down in Russia? Some of us who love capitalism none too well suspect as much. Says Lenin: "Only when the masses do not want the old regime, and when the rulers are unable to govern as of old, only then can a revolution succeed."

True enough, and scant comfort to American revolutionaries, if such there be. For in manifest fact, the exploited American workingman and farmer still ride in their Fords from the movie palace to the polls to vote for Coolidges and Hardings, and apparently they will keep on voting for them so long as they can continue to get three square meals a day, and so long as too many half-wit juries do not acquit the Dohenys and Falls and Sinclairs and Stewarts. (Incidentally, the meals keep on getting squarer.) Doubtless the interests of the "exploited masses" are irreconcilably opposed to those of Messrs. Coolidge and Co. Yet neither W. Z. Foster nor the already forgotten Farmer Townley, nor even *The Nation* itself has yet succeeded in convincing them of that fact; and here is Mr. Hoover all ready to lead a united people triumphantly forward into a newly opened and yet more luxuriously upholstered wing of our capitalist heaven—unless they stop for a drink by the way. Such facts did not greatly trouble the old-fashioned Socialist, for he was sure that the god of productive forces would in due time grind out a revolution; they are calculated to give long pause to "scientific" rather than metaphysical revolutionists. The lessons of history may not be so clear after all.



Possibly we shall yet see a progressive lessening, not a sudden destruction, of the power of property owners, though the utilities investigation is calculated to shake any but the most robust faith in anything short of extreme communism. Still, some of us are hopeful—fatuously so, Mr. Eastman would observe.

A concluding observation concerning this admirable and stimulating book. Some people's skepticism extends even to post-dated Russian checks drawn on the Bank of the Future, much as we should like to honor them. Some of us soft-headed ones still believe that the road to liberty for advanced peoples lies through regions of gradually increasing freedom, and not over a magic carpet of all-wise, all-benevolent dictatorship. We are accordingly bound to ponder certain of Mr. Eastman's observations by the way: that "wholesale curtailments of liberty and violations of their own ultimate ideal of social relations, are a necessary and intrinsic part of the plan of action of all scientific revolutionists"; that the essence of the Russian political situation is the unshakable dominance of the Communist Party, which holds "a position in the new state not unlike that occupied by the personal sovereign in the old"; that the most unsatisfactory feature of the Russian experiment is the failure to establish a great system of education, in place of which has been set up "this great solemn fetish of dialectic materialism, which is nothing but the old shoes of Almighty God"; and that the second most unsatisfactory feature is the absence of a direct and simple purpose "to see to it that the proletarian dictatorship and the collective ownership of the means of production shall create to the full extent possible at any stage of its development, a free and true human society." Alas! After ten years here is another full-sized serpent in the garden.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

## Summer Reading

*The Battle of the Horizons.* By Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

*her knight comes riding.* By John V. A. Weaver. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IN her rather mediocre, rather likable and well-intentioned variation on the old theme of the American venturing to amalgamate his crudities with European subtleties, Miss Thompson has made the rather usual mistake of comparing unlike quantities on the assumption that they are like, except for the racial differences. The rather preposterous little simpleton she calls Athene comes from a wealthy, socially prominent and non-literate American family. She leaps at the romantic possibilities of marriage with the son of an English baronet. There are newly rich even in England, and any newly rich English girl would equally well have served such contrasts as Miss Thompson has achieved, and would have saved her revealing her ignorance of Americans. Athene may have aroused some smiles in England; she would have been razed to death in America. The author had a real idea of her as a person, a more real idea than was embodied in Carol Kennicott; but she failed to shape the various good hunches into a recognizable whole, and in any case, they are scattered about too widely in the general morass induced by thinking rightly about life in terms of neat little invented characters.

Mr. Weaver gives a beautiful exhibition of a boxer dancing skilfully all around a great hulking opponent without ever getting inside his defenses. The opponent is his theme. No one could ask a better theme than the conflict in the individual of those adventurous impulses which send an occasional hardy soul rolling around the world gathering no moss—if moss is to be construed as home, family, income, and position—but gathering a various and possibly non-negotiable lore, with the impulse to clothe one's nakedness in a fine mesh of habit and to spend the years achieving security for further years. But Mr. Weaver has wedded the desire for adventure and romance to a certain

scurviness of soul, in order to point a moral in favor of more homespun virtues. Moreover, he has seen such a nice little tight little Freudian fable in the possible influence of a romantic rapscallion father on an adoring girl that he has thrown overboard most of the possibilities of his theme.

His command of current argot, those lively phrases that seem to be precipitated out of the New York air, and that sometimes afford unexpected glimpses into the lives of those who use them, is as entertaining in this book as in his poems. And he paints all his characters with that superficial honesty that is one of the first steps to virtue in a novelist, and that the reader is increasingly surprised and delighted to find behind the new jackets. It takes a certain paroxysm of the soul to discover more than superficial truths in any thing or person, and of anything so pathological as such a paroxysm, Mr. Weaver is blithely guiltless. He adheres to the general belief that a novel can be a Sahara desert, provided it goes somewhere and is on to a racket or two. But this is not to be held against him. He would be an exception if he clung to the fantastic view that each paragraph and each page should justify its existence.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

## More About "Mother India"

*Father India.* A Reply to Mother India. By C. S. Ranga Iyer, member of the Indian Legislative Assembly. Louis Carrier and Company. \$2.

*Miss Mayo's Mother India.* A Rejoinder. By K. Natarajan, Editor the *Indian Social Reformer*. Madras: G. A. Natesan and Company. 12 annas.

ONLY a person with an untrained and unreflective mind would ever have attempted what Miss Mayo did in her "Mother India." Without a single evident misgiving she endeavored, on the basis of a few months of travel and a small amount of reading, to appraise the public health, morals, economic state, politics, and religion of over three hundred million people. That she failed has been shown abundantly in numerous reviews, articles, and books. Errors of fact and interpretation have been pointed out by many writers in such great number that there is now hardly a point in her arraignment left unimpaired.

The two books here noticed make havoc of much of her argument. Mr. Natarajan's method is chiefly direct refutation—to point out errors, to show the antiquity and unreliability of many of her authorities, to give her the lie direct in regard to many of her specific quotations from Indians. Mr. Iyer uses somewhat the same method, but adds to it an entertaining running commentary of the "tu quoque" sort, to indicate that bad as Miss Mayo says (erroneously) things are in India, they are even worse in America; and he bases this part of his work chiefly on the writings of Judge Ben Lindsey.

In connection with all the controversy aroused by "Mother India" there is one point of some importance that still needs to be cleared up, namely, how Miss Mayo came to undertake an "investigation" of India. She herself in her book gives us to understand that the moving force was solely her own inner consciousness. Yet in an address last January before the Contemporary Club in Philadelphia she told a different story. She stated, according to my recollection, that two prominent officers of the Rockefeller Foundation called her to the foundation's offices in New York, where they laid before her a mass of statistics concerning the appalling state of public health in India, and spoke in despair of ever getting the world to realize what a menace the country is. Here was where she could help. She was to take this material of theirs, go to India herself to see the land and the people and accumulate what she calls "test facts," and then with the application of her literary skill present a shocking and forceful picture of this menace that would move the world to protest. This, of course, makes the Rockefeller



Foundation appear to be the father of the volume to which she has given birth.

It would be well if both she and the Rockefeller Foundation would make statements in detail about the complicity, if any, between the two. Certainly the foundation should do so, and, if possible, remove from itself the odium of having begot her offspring. It will not help the public health work which is supported in India by the foundation's funds to have this claim of hers stand unrefuted.

W. NORMAN BROWN

## A Westminster Exhibitionist

*Winston Churchill.* By "Ephesian." Robert M. McBride and Company. \$5.

THE anonymous author of this life of Winston Churchill has not approached his task in any critical mood. His tremendous admiration for his subject is evident in every page—an admiration obviously inspired by the quick brain, the abundant vitality, and the unquenchable self-confidence which, all agree, characterize the present Chancellor of the British Exchequer. These are the qualities which make him so picturesque and interesting a figure. But Ephesian makes it very clear, though no doubt unintentionally, that Churchill's use of his talents has been mainly that of the ambitious politician, not that of the statesman. In the inconsistencies of his career only one consistency is apparent—his determination to keep in the forefront of the political stage with the limelight centered truly upon him.

Churchill entered Parliament as one of the great Tory majority of 1900. The silent obedience, expected of new members of the government party, irked him, however, and he soon became a stalwart critic of the Cabinet. Before the next election he passed over to the Liberals, ostensibly on the tariff issue, but actually, as Ephesian admits, because his merits had not been recognized. The Liberals proved more discerning. He became an Under Secretary and in 1908 was promoted to the presidency of the Board of Trade with a seat in the Cabinet.

The next two years were perhaps the most socially useful of his career. His office was closely connected with the various reforms that were then being enacted. In the promotion of such, and in assisting Lloyd George in attacks on the House of Lords, he found a constructive outlet for his energies and plenty of opportunities to bask in the sunshine of popular applause. His speeches during this era make strange reading now that he has returned to the fold of true-blue reaction.

Unhappily, cabinet reconstruction changed his position to that of Home Secretary, whose duties include control of the London police. He was thus responsible for the ridiculous episode of the battle of Sidney Street, where horse, foot, and artillery were brought into action against a gang of criminals. But worse was to follow when in 1911 he was placed in charge of the Admiralty. Two years before he had opposed increased estimates for the navy and had attacked the theory that war with Germany was inevitable. Now he was, to use the words of his biographer, "bursting with ideas for future wars," calling for more ships, making ready to do battle with the Central European Powers. Ephesian, of course, believes that 1914 merely proved how right his hero was and how great his foresight. It does not occur to him that the war became inevitable just because Churchill and many other men in authority of many nationalities were preparing secretly, strenuously, and hopefully for "Der Tag."

In the election immediately after the war Churchill made a speech advocating nationalization of the railways. Ephesian mentions this as an unaccountable indiscretion, but it seems probable that Churchill, who as Minister of Munitions had successfully organized a variety of collectivist activities, had a temporary vision of himself as Minister of Transport inaugurating and controlling a national railway system. It is a tragedy



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that his energies and his love of power were not harnessed to such a task. Instead he was made Minister of War with a huge army on his hands and nothing to do but demobilize it. It was a pitiful position for a man of action who believed himself a great strategist. Soldiers had been the favorite toys of his childhood. The interest had never died and now with millions to his command he was ordered to put them back in their boxes. For two years he did his best to find a new war. But his attempt to start a crusade against bolshevism was defeated, largely through the efforts of the Labor Party.

Thus started a bitter feud that seems likely to govern the rest of Churchill's political life. It was intensified when the Labor Party kept him out of Parliament at two successive elections. That, and the dwindling opportunities offered by membership of the Liberal Party, made him rejoin the Tory fold, where he dabbles in protectionist measures he once denounced, and earns applause from the Diehards by fierce attacks on positions he once defended—the legal rights of trade unions, for instance. Ephesian suggests that he will be the next Tory Prime Minister. That is the highest of ambition's hurdles and perhaps he will take it, but, it is worth while to remember, many of his colleagues do not trust his mercurial temperament. It was Viscount Cecil, as genuine a Tory as ever breathed, who once described Churchill in the following emendation of Dryden's lines, overlooked by Ephesian:

Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong;  
Was everything by starts and nothing long;  
But, in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was scribbler, painter, statesman, and buffoon.

No member of the opposition will attempt to improve on that verdict.

KEITH HUTCHISON

## Fiction Shorts

*Rejections of 1927.* Edited by Charles H. Baker. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

This well-meaning compilation of short stories that have been sternly returned from editorial sancta is admirably calculated to give at least a pin-prick to the illusion that every successful fiction writer retains, deep down in his deck, one manuscript of really high quality which no editor will touch. The contents of this anthology are without exception excellent machine products; and the big-fiction magnates who rejected them must have done so out of sheer whimsicality. Mr. Baker deserves some appreciation for having dug out an incredibly tawdry tale by Arthur Schnitzler, interesting if only for the proof it affords that the manufacture of adroit hokum is not an American monopoly.

*The Bitter End.* By John Brophy. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

A slow-moving war novel about an adolescent who massed love and lust and perversion in a single amorphous lump. Mr. Brophy is most interesting when describing the sordidness of trench life, which he seems to know at first hand; but his analysis of the sex-scared young hero hampered by Victorian prudery is labored and long-winded, nullifying the obvious earnestness with which he writes. The blue pencil would have quickened the story's tempo and repaired its jerky sequences at the same time.

*The Death of Society.* By Romer Wilson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

A welcome reprint of a novel which seven years ago won for its author the Hawthornden Prize. Its mystic conviction and its theme may elicit a tuppenny sneer from professional realists who cannot believe that two people can carry on a profound and impassioned love affair without understanding each other's language. But "The Death of Society" should outlive

the realists and perhaps most realism. It is an almost classic example of the lyric presentation of passion, done with so ecstatic a purity as to lead one to the enthusiastic judgment that, excepting Lawrence, Miss Wilson is the only poetic English novelist writing major prose today. The gifts evinced in her recent "Private History of Emily Brontë"—intuitive power and an easy instinct for alienating herself from the more unimportant contemporary literary fashions—are more vividly exercised in "The Death of Society," her finest book to date.

*Jerome: or, The Latitude of Love.* By Maurice Bedel. Translated from the French by Lawrence S. Morris. The Viking Press. \$2.

This year's Goncourt Prize novel is a delightful satire on the traditional provincialism of the French *boulevardier*, so disguised that in Paris it is being enthusiastically received as a delightful satire on the athleticism and serious social-mindedness of Norwegians. The book, admirably translated, is recommended to all the Van Vechtens of our own land who would learn to write witty light fiction with just the right savor of delicate indecency. Run down the French as one will, it must be admitted that only a great people can have the catholicity necessary to award to M. Bedel's nimble farce a literary prize which a few years ago was won by Marcel Proust.

*The Redemption of Tycho Brahe.* By Max Brod. Translated from the German by Felix Warren Crosse. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

A historical novel, founded on the curious relationship between Tycho Brahe and Johannes Kepler, and introducing to the American public a noteworthy German writer, comparable in some respects to Lion Feuchtwanger, though the latter's mind is measurably less subtle. In the persons of his two great astronomers Herr Brod depicts two diametrically opposed scientific tempers. Brahe, the emotional berserk, capable of almost infinite psychic expansion, is contrasted with the single-minded Kepler pursuing his intent way among the stars, incapable of even a glance at that riotous earth whose fortunes the mystical Brahe would link with God, the cosmos, and the planetary movements. Beside the powerful central presentation of the two personalities, the rather creaky intrigue of the tale appears dull and almost irrelevant. Like all of Herr Brod's work, the book is occasionally impeded by rhetorical over-indulgence and a heavy circumlocutory prose with which the translator fights a spirited but losing battle. Nevertheless, so much original power is manifest here that one looks forward to the planned translation of *Reübeni*, generally considered Herr Brod's most solid piece of fiction.

*The Tree of Knowledge.* By Pio Baroja. Translated from the Spanish by Aubrey F. G. Bell. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Perhaps "The Tree of Knowledge" will at last bring to Baroja the recognition he has been consistently denied in this country. In most respects it is a masterly performance, this sharp, acid portrayal of the futile career of Andrés Hurtados, symbol of that intellectualist generation which grew to disillusioned manhood at about the time of the Spanish-American War. This is not the first time this book has been written by Baroja; indeed its secondary theme—the fatty degeneration of contemporary Spain—is explicitly that of his great trilogy, "The Struggle for Life." The repetitiousness, however, does not seem to matter; for his inventive genius, akin to Balzac's, provides him with eternally new situations; and his scornful, honest prose excites admiration despite the familiarity of his subject matter. There is one tiny fly in the ointment: Baroja is ordinarily so unpromising a thinker that one hesitates to forgive him for a deal of fanciful nonsense anent the evil effects of the "Semitic soul" on the Iberian character. A few unfortunate paragraphs remind one comically of Houston Chamberlain, except that the hidalgo is substituted for the close-cropped, bespectacled blond beast.

C. P. F.



# International Relations Section

## The Alsatian Problem

By EMIL LENGYEL

*Strasbourg, July 23*

**A**FTER ten years of self-deception the French have discovered that the Alsatians are not French. The honeymoon is over and the French and Alsatians are looking at each other with sober eyes.

It was not the recent trial of the autonomists in Colmar that brought about this change. The thousands who booed the verdict were good Alsatians and not German agents.

For nearly ten years official Alsace reechoed ferocious execrations against the "Boche" and the newspapers hurled defiance at the Reich. One could have no doubt that the majority of the Alsatians were happy in their new allegiance. Then suddenly discordant voices were heard. Newspapers were founded to express the opinions of dissenting Alsatians. The anti-Boche campaign became ever more feeble and Alsace turned against the "Parisians." Not that the recovered provinces have grown tired of the new union. They do not want to secede from France. They merely want to be allowed to be Alsatians.

When one passes the French-Alsatian frontier at Avricourt it is not only the landscape that changes into the undulations of the Vosges. In Bretagne, Normandy, Gasconne, Limoges, and in many other parts of France people look, dress, and speak differently. A Frenchman from Nîmes hardly understands his compatriot from St. Malo. Yet, in spite of all these variations, the different regions of France and their populations are one and the same. After Avricourt, however, the uniformity ceases and one meets a different race with a different civilization. The people look like Southern Germans, they speak a language which is Allemannic, and their homes are typically Teutonic.

For fifteen centuries the Alsatians have clung to their "patois." For the greater part of the same period their history has been different from that of all the other nations of Europe. The Bourbons, for almost two hundred years, left no means untried to assimilate the Alsatians and to make them French. Their efforts remained barren, as may be judged from an utterance of a minister of Louis XV to the effect that "Alsace is essentially a foreign country."

The Jacobins went about the Gallicanization of the province with their accustomed zeal. The Convention adopted a resolution saying that the Alsatians who did not speak French were to be interned in France. This resolution was never executed because it turned out that nearly 90 per cent of the population was ignorant of the language of the "mère patrie."

During the half century of German rule after Sedan, the Alsatians were allowed to benefit from the general prosperity of the Reich. The federal constitution of the Reich permitted them to retain a certain independence. Yet, although they were well off economically, although they had their provincial parliament and could speak their own German language without hindrance the Alsatians remained French. The spontaneous and undoctored outburst of enthusiasm which greeted the French army at the end of the war furnished the most eloquent evidence of the sympathies of the Alsatians.

What is, then, the cause of the mutual disappointment? The most obvious cause is that the French do not yet see that what is good for, say, the Department of Seine may not be good for the Department of the Bas Rhin. During the fifty years of German rule the Alsatians had grown accustomed to a decentralized administration, whereas the French have a highly centralized government.

The other cause of the mutual disappointment is best explained by a paradoxical statement: "The Alsatian laborer is a Communist who attends the mass every Sunday." For the last quarter of a century France has been living under the laws separating the church from the state. These so-called lay laws prohibit religious instruction in schools, forbid the church to possess real estate and to maintain congregations. The situation in Alsace is entirely different. Nearly 80 per cent of the Alsatians are Catholics and for the most part they are extremely religious. The schools are maintained by the different denominations.

When about four years ago the Herriot government made an attempt to introduce the lay laws into Alsace a storm of indignation was the answer and the government had to revoke its orders. The Alsatians are so apprehensive on this score that M. Poincaré had to reassure them again the other day that no one would tamper with their religious organization, including the lay school and the Concordat, as long as they wished to continue under the present regime.

The problem of the language is another cause for disaffection. Under the present arrangement, French is the language of instruction and German is being taught as a foreign language during seven hours a week from the second class of the elementary school. The situation after ten years is that many children hardly understand their parents who speak their native patois. It is even more often the case that the children do not speak correctly either of the two languages. In justification of their methods the French say that the Germans had with ruthless arbitrariness extirpated the French language in the provinces. But the French forget that the ruthless methods of the Germans affected only the language of a small fraction of the population, whereas the outlawing of the native dialect is directed against the language of the majority.

"The French administration in Alsace," says Edouard Schuré, an Alsatian writer of great ability and of unquestioned French sympathies, "has been guilty of lack of tact, delicacy, and comprehension. It has relied too much on the uppermost stratum of Alsatian society." There are two classes in Alsace: the *haute-bourgeoisie* and the farmers and laborers. The *haute-bourgeoisie* has retained an antiquated notion of patriotism. They still like to dwell on the atrocities of the Boche and on their martyrdom under German rule. The gentlemen of Paris who are sitting in the prefectures of the three departments, Haut Rhin, Bas Rhin and Moselle, are the friends of these Alsatians who speak French and think French. In their circle it is a criminal offense to have a German friend or even to be in correspondence with Germans, except on strictly business matters. This mentality, which is almost extinct in the rest of France, is extremely virulent in Alsace. Alsace is governed in the spirit of these French-Alsatians by the "gentlemen from Paris," and the society elite calls those who are not satisfied with the present regime the "Boches Alsatiens."



It is mainly this mentality which is responsible for the less edifying outgrowths of the autonomist movement. It is this mentality which brought about the crisis in Franco-Alsatian relations at the recent trial of the autonomists at Colmar.

On Christmas eve of last year twenty-four Alsations, leaders of the Heimatsbund (Home Confederation), were arrested, charged with conspiracy to overthrow the existing regime. Their trial took place on May 24 and four of them were found guilty and sentenced to short prison terms. They were MM. Rossé, Schall, Faschauer, and Ricklin. The indignation in Alsace was general. Was the agitation in favor of a better arrangement with France to be proscribed? The trial revealed the narrow-mindedness of the upper bourgeoisie. The prosecuting attorney accused several of the defendants of correspondence with Germans. People thought that this crime had become extinct ten years ago. Was it such a frightful offense to have friends on the other side of the Rhine? **The indignation reached such proportions that the four accused had to be pardoned.** The Alsatian policy of the French government received a severe setback.

So far as their relations with France are concerned there are now in Alsace the autonomists, regionalists, separatists, and the *bons Français*. The first three want a readjustment of Franco-Alsatian relations, varying from complete autonomy in the framework of the French state to a greater influence of the native population in the administration of the provinces. The autonomists have a militant press. The *Zukunft* and the *Volksstimme* keep up a spirited and animated campaign against the "Parisians." They often contain vitriolic articles about the French-speaking upper bourgeoisie. The *Elsässer Kurier* represents the extremists. Its chief contributor is the Abbé Haegy, the most dynamic personality in Alsatian politics.

The result of the recent general election is instructive as a means of gauging the trend of public opinion toward autonomy. In Alsace there is a curious combination of Communists and Catholics working for the same end. The Communists want an autonomous Alsace because, as one of their critics pointed out, they always want something else than the existing order. The Catholics want a different status for Alsace because they are afraid of the lay laws and have not much confidence in the "infidel" Paris. The Socialists, however, are opposed to the extension of autonomy. This is curious because one would expect the Socialists to favor the extension of the rights of minorities. But they are upholding the present centralized regime because they hope that sooner or later the lay laws and the separation of the church from the state will be introduced into Alsace. Fourteen electoral districts were carried at the last election by the parties favoring a separate status for Alsace and only two were captured by their opponents, the Socialists. The strongest separatist party is the "Upérna," the Union Populaire Républicaine, a designation adopted by the Catholics.

As a first step, the separatists want the appointment of a governor general for the three departments who understands their problem and speaks their language. It would be incumbent on this official to elaborate a plan by which Alsace could free itself of the centralizing efforts of Paris.

It is ridiculous to assert that the Alsations want to join the Reich. They will be perfectly happy in their new surroundings if their particular position is taken into consideration. Lying between two great countries with essen-

tially different civilizations they are anxious to preserve not only their devoted attachment to France but also their German culture. As another great Alsatian author, René Schickelé, said the other day:

Alsace might be developed into a great entrepôt of the spiritual values of France and Germany. Strasbourg might soon become a literary Geneva where a civilization, inherently international, might serve as the prototype of European-mindedness.

## Contributors to This Issue

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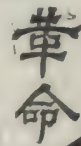
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WHO WON FIRST HONORS in the ninth Olympic Games which recently ended in Amsterdam? It was the German team. But our wager is that very, very few Americans would ever have guessed that result before the final summaries were printed—least of all those who followed the newspaper accounts cabled by the Associated Press. According to the final score the German team led with a total of 45½ points, the United States was second with 39, and Holland third with 34½. We confess that it was a complete surprise to us to learn that the athletes of a downtrodden and war-weakened nation had been so successful. We remember something like seventy news columns devoted to the Olympic Games, yet in all that space there was only a casual word here and there to indicate the progress of the Teutons. It must be admitted that the news of American athletes was far more interesting to an American public and should thus have been allotted the greater share of space; but surely that fact cannot justify a wholly distorted and inaccurate picture of the situation. Among those who should be particularly incensed with this record is Dr. Ernest Cherrington of the Anti-Saloon League, who issued a statement declaring:

Stamina, reserve strength, sound hearts, steady nerves, all products of prohibition, played their parts in enabling the athletes from the United States to roll up a higher score in victories in the Olympic Games than was registered by representatives of nations handicapped by the liquor traffic.

The doctor, probably relying upon newspaper headlines, had overlooked Germany in first place, Holland in third, and Italy in fourth!

FROM ENGLAND comes by every mail news of the interest in the Kellogg treaties. They are hailed as ushering in a new era. Mass meetings of approval are the order of the day, and so emphatic is the popular indorsement of the proposal that it is plain that no party could stand out against it. The demonstrations are in marked contrast to the apathy in this country—an apathy which will, we trust, be ended when the campaign is over and Congress meets again. Still it is most encouraging that in both countries public opinion has driven the politicians ahead. It is an open secret that Mr. Kellogg stumbled into this proposal for outlawry of war without realizing how far-reaching it might be, and was then compelled to see it through. In Germany sentiment was from the beginning unanimous for it; in France, too, the politicians heard from the people and gradually became more and more aware of the merits of the proposal. In England there is considerable anger at what the *London Nation* calls the “revelation of the low standard of international conduct which still prevails in the Cabinets and Foreign Offices of France and Britain” as evidenced by their claiming “for each nation the right to be sole judge of its own course.” Our London contemporary admits that the moral effect of the pact has been weakened by the various interpretations, explanations, and reservations, but it declares that “it remains a clear and simple pledge of good behavior.”

THAT IS PRECISELY what it is, no more, no less. Like every other treaty it can be made a scrap of paper whenever the country that has signed its name to it desires to violate it. But behind it will be a remarkably strong world opinion, as is evidenced by the popular excitement in Europe and by the belief of many of the most ardent champions of peace that it means the dawning of a new era in human relations. We are not so optimistic as this, as our readers are aware, because of Mr. Kellogg's acceptance of the doctrine that his pact does not forbid a defensive war, and, as history shows, no nation on earth will admit that it has ever waged anything else than defensive war. We profoundly regret, too, Mr. Coolidge's statement to the press that these treaties will have no bearing whatsoever on the question of armaments and will in no wise carry with them a release from the dreadful burden that all the nations are carrying. This, to his shame, is echoed directly and specifically by Mr. Hoover in his speech of acceptance. He states that armaments remain the only safeguard of our liberty, though he boasts that the United States welcomes heartily all agreements for peace. Well, what is this Kellogg pact but the nations giving their word to one another that they will never again resort to war? If they are not to be trusted, if this is not, as the *London Nation* says, “a clear and simple pledge of good behavior,” what is the use of making it? Once having made it why should the United States not take the noble and inspiring stand of showing its



faith by beginning to disarm of its own accord? P. W. Wilson has just shown in the *New York Times* that the cost of armies and navies is now \$3,500,000,000 a year, that there are 5,500,000 soldiers under arms, costing every human being \$2 a year, and that there are still 5,047,300 tons of warships afloat.

**B**Y HIS DEATH at the hands of an assassin, Stefan Radich, the Croatian Peasant leader, may be able to win more benefits for his followers than his years of agitation have yet achieved. The tragic event in which two other Peasant deputies were killed and several more were wounded has served to sober rather than inflame the Yugoslav nation. From the beginning the attitude of the Government has been conciliatory—doubtless from fear of dangerous national and international consequences—and King Alexander has done more than show his sympathy and concern. While Radich lay in the hospital the King visited him twice a day, and at the same time carried on long personal conferences with Pribichevich, one of Radich's most important associates. It is obvious that both the Government and the King want peace. How much they will be willing to yield in order to maintain it is yet to be seen. Parliament has just placed the seal of its approval upon the Nettuno treaty with Italy—which Radich bitterly opposed—giving Mussolini wide colonization rights on the Dalmatian coast. On the other hand, the King will certainly urge a greater measure of autonomy for Croatia and concessions to the Peasant Party, and it is probable that the Government will not dare refuse them in spite of strong Nationalist opposition. The Peasant Party, meanwhile, has followed the advice of its leaders, including Radich himself, and has refrained from further riots. The funeral of their adored leader was attended by more than 200,000 peasants from all parts of the kingdom. There was mourning and many tears but no hint of violence or disorder. The Peasant Party properly refused to allow the Government to arrange their leader's funeral or send representatives. But the King's delegate and his offering of flowers were accepted, and nothing occurred which could hamper the efforts of the Peasant leaders to wring concessions from a fearful Government.

**T**HE INSTITUTE OF POLITICS at Williamstown, Massachusetts, and the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia can neither of them be charged with an aloof or academic spirit in their discussions this year. Current events have occupied the sessions at both places to a high degree, although, of course, the tendency of the newspapers to report such discussions most fully probably gives a somewhat distorted notion of the program as a whole. The American policy in Nicaragua, about which Mr. Hoover was sedulously silent in his speech of acceptance, has been under attack in both places. At Williamstown, Royal Meeker, formerly head of the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics and later attached to the International Labor Office of the League of Nations, made no bones of putting at least some of the responsibility for our present intervention in Nicaragua directly upon American banking interests. The meetings both at Williamstown and Charlottesville have showed a commendable interest in the plight of the farmer, but the suggestions put forward have not been much more helpful than the planks on the subject in the Republican and Democratic platforms.

**A**T THIS WRITING it is not clear whether Governor Smith will persist in his proposal to subject his entire conduct in office to a catechizing by the Rev. John Roach Straton in Calvary Baptist Church in New York City. His offer to do so was a brave and generous act quite unprecedented in an American Presidential campaign. From the first we regretted, however, that he thereby dignified a man whom we consider a pulpit mountebank, one of the clergymen who degrade the church and sink it to a level where it is but one degree above voodooism and idol worship. We cannot believe that Mr. Straton has the respect of the clergy or of the intelligent public. He is a sensationalist who lives and has his being in press notoriety. Already he has begun to weaken. First he demanded that the debate be held in Madison Square Garden, and then, when the Governor refused, that there should be two debates, one in Calvary and a second in St. Patrick's Cathedral. It is a pity that Mr. Straton cannot be made to feel that his declaration that Governor Smith is the greatest enemy to moral progress in America merits the contempt of all decent-minded men and women whatever their politics.

**T**HERE WAS A DROP in immigration to the United States for the year ended with last June by comparison with the inflow for 1927. Last year's arrivals numbered 500,631 aliens, of whom 307,255 were immigrants and 193,376 non-immigrants. For 1927 the figures were 335,175 immigrants and 202,826 non-immigrants. Thus the chief decline among arrivals last year was in the immigrant class, the only group that bears a relation to the permanent population of the country. The two countries sending us the largest number of immigrants were Canada, with 73,154, and Mexico, with 59,016. Neither of these countries falls within the quota restrictions. Germany, which does, sent us 45,778 immigrants, while there were 38,193 of Irish stock, 33,597 of English, 23,177 of Scotch, 18,740 of Italian, 18,644 of Scandinavian, and 17,963 of French. Thus the aim of the framers of our present immigration policy—a stock primarily from the North European races—is in process of realization, although there are political and economic causes to account for it as well as our statutes. Mussolini, for instance, is discouraging Italian emigration and we have the spectacle—curious when one recalls past figures—of nearly as many immigrants from France as from Italy.

**W**HILE GREAT BRITAIN sends 10,000 unemployed workers to the Canadian harvest fields at public expense, our Government continues its indifference to the problem of surplus labor. We have no national system of employment exchanges and no adequate statistics concerning the hundreds of thousands of surplus miners and other workers who have been forced out of factories by planless industrial development or by labor-saving machinery. Britain was forced to try subsidized emigration on a national scale as a solution of the problem. Our men's clothing industry, which has been for many years an inspiring social pioneer, is now experimenting with a new method of subsidized emigration to other industries. Several large clothing plants have cooperated with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in paying surplus workers to leave the industry. In the factories of Hart Schaffner and Marx 150 cutters were paid \$500 each to leave their place in the trade. Of the total payment \$25,000 came from the firm and the balance from the union and the cutters' share of



the unemployment insurance fund in Chicago. Recently the firm of Arthur Nash and Company in Cincinnati found that there were too many cutters in its factories. Ten cutters volunteered to leave the trade and \$300 was given to each by the firm. If these cutters had remained at work, all of the cutters of the firm would have been unemployed a part of each week because the rule of the company and of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers is that work in slack seasons must be equally distributed among the workers in a section. Now all of the cutters who remain in the Nash plants have a chance at a full day's work. The new practice is especially significant because it recognizes property rights of the worker in his job.

**F**REEDOM OF THE PRESS is under attack again in the injunction forbidding further publication of the *Saturday Press* of Minneapolis. The injunction was obtained by the Hennepin County Attorney, who had been condemned by the newspaper, the official acting under authority of a law passed in Minnesota in 1925. This statute—the first of its kind in the United States—provides that the courts may enjoin the future publication of any newspaper deemed to be “malicious, scandalous, and defamatory.” As the *Los Angeles Record* puts it:

When a judge can enjoin the further publication of a paper whose views he does not like, the freedom of the press will have gone the way of a Pennsylvania miner's freedom to unionize and to strike. . . .

Should such a law stand it is evident that the courts would at once become censors of all papers. What is “malicious, scandalous, and defamatory” is a matter of opinion. If a judge is a friend of a powerful politician or official who is attacked by a paper for corruption or incompetence, the judge could at once conclude that the material in the paper is “malicious, scandalous, and defamatory” and order the paper closed overnight.

Heretofore it has been possible to proceed against an editor civilly or criminally for libelous or other illegal matter in his newspaper's columns, and the Post Office Department has excluded single issues from the mails, but it has not been lawful to suppress any periodical continuously. In spite of a decision by the Supreme Court of Minnesota upholding the law, we believe it to be clearly in violation of the federal Constitution and we thank the American Civil Liberties Union for taking an appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

**S**UMMER SCHOOLS may suffer all the defects outlined by Lorine Pruette in her article in *The Nation* for July 25. They may, as she suggests, encourage slack methods of teaching and marking and the laborious accumulation of academic credits by ill-qualified students who attend summer sessions under compulsion. But an instance of summer-school stupidity has recently come to our attention which indicates a more serious defect: an unwillingness to accept as a student a person preeminently qualified who had not met certain technical requirements. Last spring Ada L. Liveright applied for admission to this year's summer session at Columbia University, selecting certain specific courses in library work. She gave her record as follows:

I am a graduate of the Drexel Institute Library School and attended the summer sessions of the Columbia University Library School in 1914. I conducted the first course in book-selling and library methods in the Philadelphia evening

high schools in 1914-1915. I am librarian of the Pedagogical Library, chairman of the school-library group composed of librarians of junior and senior high schools of the Philadelphia public-school system, and am also in charge of visual instruction for the Philadelphia public schools.

After long delay she received a letter stating that she was ineligible for the course she had selected because she was not a candidate for the master's degree and had not completed the general first-year course in an “accredited library school.” The Drexel Institute Library School from which she graduated in 1897 was not at that time “accredited,” because no library schools were. She was offered, instead of the work she wanted, a selection of elementary courses such as she herself had taught. She declined this opportunity and, finally, her application was denied.

**A**S THE NEW LITERARY SEASON gets under way, an announcement is made of three changes in the list of American publishers. One entirely new firm comes into existence under the name of Coward-McCann. The firm of Macy-Masius has merged with the Vanguard Press. And Pascal Covici, who formerly published in Chicago and represented there the left wing of literature, has come to New York where he will throw in his lot with Donald Friede, once an associate with Horace Liveright in the firm of Boni and Liveright (now, incidentally, just Horace Liveright). The situation is by no means an odd one; every year for the past ten years there have been changes of this sort in a publishing world distinguished throughout by its vigor and its enterprise. But we may be glad that such signs of vitality continue to show themselves, and all who are interested in American books will wish these three new establishments well.

**T**ELEVISION BY RADIO, gas bullets that can be fired around corners, practical color cameras, three kinds of talking motion pictures, automatic repairing machines for silk stockings—we are dizzy with the multitude and variety of inventions that have been announced in the last few weeks. The summer of 1928 should be remembered in history as a continuous spasm of progress. The surprising thing about most of these inventions is the anonymity of the inventors. We remember Stephenson and Morse and Bell; our children will see their pictures in the school-books for many generations. But what name emerges from the brilliant summer of 1928 as immortal? The average American could not mention a single name as associated with any of the recent great inventions. Yes, perhaps he could mention one name, that of George Eastman in connection with the color camera. But who invented the color camera? Not Mr. Eastman or even the able head of his research laboratories, Dr. C. E. Kenneth Mees. The inventor was a man who spent ten years in the Eastman laboratories studying color photography. His name is John G. Capstaff. Three cheers for Capstaff! We would like to see Capstaff cigarettes, and pictures of Capstaff blindfolded selecting Old Gold, and babies named Capstaff Jones, and yachts christened Lady Capstaff by pretty girls. This laboratory method of invention may be efficient, and we presume that Mr. Eastman gave Mr. Capstaff a handsome check for his genius, but the human throat was made to cheer heroes. And we suspect that even Mr. Capstaff would appreciate an ounce of immortality more than a ton of pay-checks.



# Sacco-Vanzetti—A Call for Action

NICOLA SACCO and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were put to death by the State of Massachusetts in the early minutes of August 23 a year ago. In the time that has intervened there has been no chance for a realignment of public opinion. Few persons had studied the case personally up to the time that the "good shoemaker" and the "poor peddler" were executed last summer, and it is safe to guess almost none have done so since. In this country the case was closed and execution became certain when Governor Fuller's unofficial committee of three decided against the men. Thereafter "respectable" journals and individuals, with a few brave exceptions, insisted that discussion was over. It became irregular and therefore un-American—if not practically treasonable—to question any longer the justice of the Massachusetts courts. The issue of human life was lost in a panic of fear and bitterness lest the political and property system of the country be jarred. As the American correspondent of the London *Daily News* cabled at the eleventh hour to his newspaper, public opinion in the United States had taken the position that it was better that Sacco and Vanzetti should die than that "anarchists and immigrants should get encouragement to attack the political basis on which prosperity rests."

It would be useless at this time to reopen the argument on the guilt or innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti. *The Nation* said last summer that the best work which those who, like it, believed that a great injustice had been done was to collect and preserve the record in the most adequate and complete way possible so that the verdict of history—which all must await—might be an informed one. We are glad to say at this time that such efforts are already under way and promise soon to reach a successful conclusion. A lawyer's committee has undertaken to print complete a transcript of the evidence at the trial and the court record of the various appeals. The first of six volumes containing this material has already been published by Henry Holt and Company and was the subject of editorial comment in our issue of July 25.

In Boston the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, which almost from the first led the fight to obtain a second trial for the two Italians, has centered its attention for the past year chiefly on the highly worth-while task of collecting and editing the more important letters and statements of Sacco and Vanzetti. This material, which will provide the best permanent key to the character and ideas of the men, will be ready for publication some time in the coming winter. Equally important is the task undertaken by the Sacco-Vanzetti National League whose headquarters is in New York City. Realizing the decisive nature of the report of the Lowell Committee in closing the debate and sending Sacco and Vanzetti finally to their death, the league is trying to surround that report with as much light as possible for the guidance of future students. A book is under way, probably to be published next winter, detailing all the circumstances known in connection with the work of the committee and containing authoritative studies of the report from legal, psychological, and other points of view.

In fact only one important activity begun after the tragedy last summer has failed—presumably because it fell

among politicians. Probably the aspect of the case which to most people seemed especially unjust was that in the entire six years that intervened between their trial and their execution, and in spite of the appeals to various courts, Sacco and Vanzetti were never able to obtain a reexamination of the evidence upon which the jury convicted them of murder. All appeals had to be based on errors of law. A reexamination of the evidence was possible only through a new trial to be obtained by order of the judge who had presided at the first one. The obstinacy and prejudice of Judge Webster Thayer in refusing a new trial sent the prisoners to the electric chair without ever a chance for a reinvestigation of a chain of testimony, some of which was outrageous nonsense and all of which was passed upon in the hysterical year of 1921 by a jury hot with passion against foreigners and cold with fear of radicals. After the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti Governor Fuller himself recommended amendment of the Massachusetts law so that in capital cases the right of appeal should carry with it the power to re-examine the evidence as well as the legal procedure. A bill was drawn which in this respect would have placed Massachusetts beside New York, but it was allowed to die.

And now what of the future? We have every reason to be pleased with the work begun during the past year, and promising a speedy and successful conclusion in the near future. But to what task shall those who gather in spirit or in person at the various Sacco-Vanzetti meetings on August 23 (see page 180 of this issue) address themselves? We suggest that there could be no finer or more practical tribute to the memories of Sacco and Vanzetti than for their friends and sympathizers to organize and begin a powerful campaign for the release of two groups of political prisoners both of which were put behind the bars before the arrest of the Massachusetts Italians and remain there today, although upon evidence equally flimsy and shattered. We refer to Mooney and Billings, in prison now for twelve years, and the Centralia victims, in jail for nine. We rehearsed the history of both of these cases in the editorial pages of our issue of April 11 and would like to see the Sacco-Vanzetti meetings of this month face the facts as free men should. The conviction of Mooney and Billings has been entirely discredited, as based upon perjured evidence, and was later repudiated by the judge who presided at the trial, the jurors, the detective sergeant who procured the State's witnesses, the Attorney General, and the successor to Charles M. Fickert as District Attorney. At least five of the jurors in the Centralia case have since signed affidavits indicating that they do not believe the men to have been guilty of murder.

The reason why all these prisoners are still wasting away their lives in jail is that no national organization is any longer fighting for their release. Mooney and Billings are dependent upon the efforts of the old-line labor organizations of California, which are at most only lukewarm in their behalf. The Centralia prisoners have only a local committee, practically without funds, to press for their release. Why should not Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers take hold of the fight for these last two groups of political prisoners, and win it before another year?



## Mr. Hoover Accepts

AS a bit of self-revelation Mr. Hoover's speech of acceptance is highly successful. It paints him just as he is—his ambitions, his desires, his limitations, his absence of true vision except as to material things. Though it is by no means a masterly presentation, the sentences and arguments move and there are passages that have power, as when Mr. Hoover portrays the joyous America he thinks this country is and the ideal of prosperity—of a country with poverty abolished—that he has for it. But for the rest it is the same old Republican stuff. The Hoover who came back from Europe in 1919 on fire with the Wilsonian doctrines; who in 1918 begged his fellow-countrymen to vote in a Democratic House; who wanted a new world through the League of Nations and a new brotherhood to rescue humanity from the abyss at the edge of which it stood is now finally dead and buried. So far as the sentiments go, a Willis, a Curtis, or even a Smoot, might have voiced them, or any other Republican hack. No one can doubt now Hoover's regularity, or his party subservience. Republican smugness, self-complacency, self-satisfaction, self-righteousness appear in every line.

He is not merely content with praising the Harding and Coolidge administrations to the skies and claiming far more than can in honesty be asked for them. He credits the Republican Party with all the progress that science and invention and modern business have made for the country in the last ten years. He is lost in admiration of our radios and our automobiles and what electricity has done for the housewife. The average reader must believe, as he is carried along by Mr. Hoover's enthusiasm for the material blessings that have descended upon us, that his party and his party alone is responsible for every electric washing machine and vacuum cleaner that have been placed in American homes since the election of Warren Harding. There you have the real heart and the real passion of Herbert Hoover. He is on fire to improve the material condition of every American. He wants increased opportunity for every American; he dwells upon lately won opportunities and upon the American equality of opportunity—for which in one amusing passage he bestows the credit equally upon Calvin Coolidge, Abraham Lincoln, and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. He wants to help the farmer and is willing to spend hundreds of millions of dollars in the forlorn hope of rebuilding our interior canal and river systems so as to make them competitors of the railroads. As for prohibition, he is as mealy-mouthed as the average politician. He repeats that it is a great social experiment and declares that the Constitution cannot be nullified, and yet gives no positive assurance that he will end the rule of politics and favoritism and corruption in the enforcement of prohibition, of which he has been a close-range eyewitness ever since he entered the Cabinet. In other words, this is the plea of a mining engineer turned politician. It is not the product of a statesman of first rank.

Speaking of corruption, Mr. Hoover denounces it in the usual glittering generalities and scolds the people for their indifference to it. But as he highly lauds the Harding and Coolidge administrations, and never once refers to the dastardly record of the former, we cannot believe that this is

anything more than the usual braying of the politician in search of votes. As for protection, he has gone the whole hog. He indorses the utter selfishness of this policy, while exalting the unselfishness of the United States. He applauds the reactionary conservatism of our own labor leaders and shows once more all the bitterness against Socialists and other would-be reformers that have marked his attitude since he returned from Europe. He lays the responsibility for all the ills of Europe not upon the capitalist governments which put Europe into the war, but upon the Socialist governments which kept it from collapsing after hostilities were over. Finally he declares: "With impressive proof on all sides of magnificent progress no one can rightly deny the fundamental correctness of our economic system." Let us be among the first to reply that in our judgment our magnificent industrial progress proves nothing of the kind.

We see not one word in this speech to make us change our attitude of complete opposition to the election of Herbert Hoover to the Presidency. No amount of rejoicing in our material welfare or of further economic favors could make us support a man who enthusiastically indorses the Administration of Calvin Coolidge, declares that "he has left an imprint of rectitude and statesmanship upon the history of our country," and says that he will chart his course upon that of his chief. Nor will *The Nation* ever by as much as one word aid the candidacy of this renegade Quaker who, while saying that he is possessed of a deep passion for peace, also declares for great armaments and asserts "that in an armed world there is only one certain guaranty of freedom—and that is preparedness of defense." Those were precisely the words of the Kaiser before the war, voiced with equal earnestness and equal sincerity.

## Popular Long Poems

THE issue of Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Tristram," by the Literary Guild last year, is followed now by the appearance, under the auspices of the Book-of-the-Month Club, of Stephen Vincent Benét's still longer poem, "John Brown's Body."\* The result should be a feeling of satisfaction among all those who have the future of poetry at heart. For it has been true at all times that the position of poetry in the world of literature depended upon the possibility of long poems being written and finding audiences. Now here are two extended narrative poems, one of quite extraordinary length; and large audiences have been found for them. "Tristram" had an enormous sale for poetry, and all signs indicate that "John Brown's Body" will go even farther. Such a situation must encourage those who were on the point of giving poetry up as something which would never give more than subtle and fugitive variations on the old lyric or elegiac or reflective themes.

The question remains, of course, how good these poems are—or rather, since "Tristram" was generally accepted with enthusiasm by the critics, how good "John Brown's Body" is. The answer is not a simple one to make. Open Mr. Benét's book and you are likely to come upon such a passage as this:

Brown did not know at first that the man dead  
By the sword he thought of so often as Gideon's sword

\* Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.



Was one of the race he had drawn that sword to free.  
It had been dark on the bridge. A man had come  
And had not halted when ordered.

Or this:

Neat, handsome McClellan,  
Ex-railroad president, too, but a better railroad;  
The fortunate youth, the highly-modern boy-wonder,  
The snapping-eyed, brisk banner-salesman of war  
With all the salesman's gifts and the salesman's ego;  
Great organizer, with that magnetic spark  
That pulls the heart from the crowd—and all of it spoiled  
By the Napoleon-complex that haunts such men.  
There never has been a young banner-salesman yet  
That did not dream of a certain little cocked-hat  
And feel it fit. McClellan felt that it fitted.

Having read so much, you will not be likely to think that you have opened a volume of poetry distinguished by excellence of any kind. There is a great deal of this stuff, stuff which is not even good prose. There is also a shameless disregard at times of the rule that in a work of literary art the documents should be disguised. Mr. Benét, working with books in France as a Guggenheim Fellow, dug up facts which seemed to him pertinent or picturesque and threw them headlong into the stream of his verse. They usually stick out and bother the reader. Then there are many evidences of haste and slovenliness in the workmanship; merely as narrative the book is loose-jointed, with much thrown in that one cannot remember after the page is turned.

Yet it would be unfair to judge such a work as "John Brown's Body" by random passages or by isolated faults. Read straight through, the poem yields a secret which might not be guessed otherwise. The secret is that Mr. Benét was not writing a pretty poem. The prose of the piece is quite intentional, the roughness planned. His idea was, probably, to produce a whole that would be impressive as history, as panorama, as picture; and he knew very well that toward this end it would not do to polish every line too carefully as he went along. That would have made a book more beautiful in each of its parts but one less strong and interesting, certainly, in its ensemble. He designed—and executed—a swift, nervous, rather sprawling epic which should contain within itself the smell of civil war, the confusion of a people in despair, the miscellaneity of a continent upheaved. Judged as such, "John Brown's Body" must be considered in general a success; and in particular there are many fine passages—the death of Stonewall Jackson, the preparation for Gettysburg—along with several appealing characters: Melora, Joe Vilas, Sally Dupre, and Lucy Weatherby. The rhythms, which vary according to the poet's purpose from indolent blank verse to highly syncopated jingle, are the work of a practiced hand; while the language, ranging as it does from sober English to the most pungent American, is such as might have been expected from Mr. Benét's exciting pen.

There could scarcely be a greater difference between two contemporary poems than appears now between "Tristram"—so measured, so melodious—and "John Brown's Body"—so unkempt, so harsh in its dissonances. But that is of course all the more reason for rejoicing. Variety and vitality go hand in hand, and it is pleasant to speculate that when the next long poem comes along it may deal neither with an old-world love story nor with the events of American history but with—whatever the author has been urged to treat.

## The Dying Daily

**E**DITOR AND PUBLISHER, reporting for the first six months of 1928, shows only 401 morning dailies and 1,531 evening journals in the United States. Ten morning papers have disappeared since January and 24 during the past year and a half, during which latter period 45 evening newspapers have ceased publication. The deaths in the evening field since the beginning of 1928 number seven. *Editor and Publisher* continues its survey in these words:

Sunday papers, now numbering 516, are 10 less than at the beginning of 1928 and 29 less than at the beginning of 1927. If the rate of decrease for the first six months is maintained during the next six, the total decrease for 1928 will not be much less than for 1927, and may indeed exceed it. No similar period since the armistice has seen the death of so many newspapers. While there has been an apparent decline during the past six months in the number of papers purchased for operation as going concerns, there is no slackening of the movement to reduce the number of papers in cities and towns held by current trade beliefs to be "overnewspapered."

*Editor and Publisher* now admits that there is a distinct and powerful movement toward the creation of a journalistic monopoly in each town or city. Its statistics show that there are already 937 cities in which there is only one newspaper as against 414 that have more than one daily. Out of 89 cities in California only 26 have more than one journal; out of 77 in Illinois only 13 have more than one daily. In New York there are 48 one-newspaper cities to 24 of the other group. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that there are now only 6 cities having dailies in Nevada, 5 in New Mexico, 6 in Rhode Island, 4 in Utah, 8 in Vermont, 5 in Wyoming, 8 in New Hampshire, 7 in Maryland, 7 in Maine, 10 in Arizona, 9 in Idaho, and 10 in South Carolina. There are numerous other States in which it would be a simple thing for a rich man to buy up every daily. Lest anyone believe that the one-newspaper cities are very small towns, it is a fact that 152 of them have more than 20,000 population. Even in Ohio there are 56 cities that have only one newspaper each and only 30 that have more than one newspaper. The only large cities now served by more than two morning newspapers are New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and Boston. Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, Washington, Cincinnati, and Springfield, Massachusetts, get on with two morning journals apiece. What becomes in the other cities of the old theory that our two-party system of government requires the exposition of the rival Democratic and Republican doctrines in every community?

It must be remembered that our 1,932 daily newspapers are supposed to bring all the news to a population now estimated to approximate 118,000,000 of people. In this connection *Editor and Publisher* reports that despite the decrease in the total number of dailies the remaining newspapers had a total circulation of 38,623,709 net paid copies, the highest on record. Sunday circulations total nearly 26,000,000. Curiously enough, morning circulations gained while evening circulations practically stood still, gaining only one-half of 1 per cent. As a result of the upward tendency advertising rates have generally tended toward an increase.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

AT the end of a year it is well to remember again the case of Sacco and Vanzetti. We should remember, for it was the chief wish of Massachusetts that they should be forgotten. Indeed the people of Boston rejoiced after the execution because they felt that this was the last phase of the issue. And just what was the issue? The event is not yet sufficiently removed to make fair-minded judgment easy. Nor am I peculiarly qualified to act as commentator, since the trial moved me to more bitterness than I had ever felt before. Of that I'm not ashamed. The good men in the community were very fond of saying, "Let's withhold judgment. Let us ponder." And while they pondered the good shoemaker and the poor fish peddler went to the death chamber.

There was no way to save them, but it is not useless even now to review the circumstances of the case again to the end that no others shall be killed in this same mood. My own bitterness is not less after a year but somewhat more diffused. It no longer seems to me that the injustice done may fairly be blamed upon the State of Massachusetts singled out from all the rest. The old Bay State has become a backward American community which stifles thought and digs its toes into dead dust. Opinion is not free in Massachusetts, and no one looks in that direction expecting to find new things. And there the older verities have come to be perverted. Still Massachusetts is not alone in this decadence. There are scores of American communities in which Sacco and Vanzetti might have been killed with just as much good-will.

My respect does not go out to Lowell, Grant, and Stratton. And yet after a year I do not think of them as singular, arch-villains. It is never difficult to get men of distinguished name to lend respectability to violence done within the letter of the law. No rebel would care to pin his hope of justice upon the fairness of the average college president. Even the so-called liberals in the field of education are not safe men to lean against. It was Hopkins of Dartmouth, for instance, who joined in an obscene tribute of applause to Thayer at a college banquet after the death of Sacco and Vanzetti.

It is a familiar device in argumentation to announce that you do not question the other man's motives. William Allen White prefaced one of his most violent attacks upon Al Smith with this remark. Such concessions are silly. If you disagree with your opponent's findings you must inevitably distrust his motives. The motives of Lowell and Stratton and Grant were not admirable at all. It was the keen desire of each one in the trio to uphold the judgment of the courts of Massachusetts. Each one had some stake in government as administered in that commonwealth. To clear the prisoners would have been difficult for the advisory committee. To sustain the conviction was much more easy. Every individual likes to believe the thing which is easy to believe.

To some extent Lowell and Stratton and Grant may have succeeded in deluding themselves into accepting the judgment which they rendered as fair and honest. That is a problem for the Freudians. It seems to me that now and then uneasy dreams must come to all these men.

Whenever there was a discrepancy in testimony the committee invariably chose to believe the story told by a prosecuting witness. Many of their conclusions seemed at variance with the most simple sort of logic. But if Lowell and Stratton and Grant had not assumed the burden of saving face for Massachusetts many others just as respectable would have performed the task in just the same way.

And even so I cannot see the issue as a straight fight between the proletariat and the forces of entrenched capitalism. All the problems of the world become simple when viewed according to the communistic philosophy or even from the viewpoint of an orthodox Socialist. It seems to me that the state of mind in Massachusetts which made the convictions possible was complicated by many factors. There was, of course, the war. The bitterness against pacifism had much to do in prejudicing the jury against Sacco and Vanzetti. To be sure some will tell me that war is a phenomenon depending for survival on the capitalistic system. That I doubt. The emergence of Russia under the soviets has by no means brought world peace nearer to accomplishment. Of course I know that the Russian proletariat will only fight in self-defense or wage some conflict to end all wars, but somehow those explanations ring upon my ears familiarly.

My own opinion is that the heaviest charge brought against Sacco and Vanzetti was the fact that they were foreigners. This has become a high crime and misdemeanor in America within the last ten or twenty years. Even a man of passable intelligence like William Allen White can fly into flame against Al Smith because he threatens, in White's eyes, the Puritan civilization which is America. Sacco and Vanzetti also threatened that particular culture in this country. I am not contending, of course, that a man of White's caliber would have rushed about the town of Boston shouting for an execution. My point is that it is easy to understand how men of lesser wisdom could become frantic on the issue of the foreigner since even White is not immune to it.

Remember, please, that the commotion against the Italian agitators was not confined to any single class in Massachusetts. Motormen on street cars spoke as bitterly about the prisoners as did the bankers of State Street. The trial and the condemnation were not carried on by any minority in Massachusetts. A majority supported the verdict. It is true that the greater part of this group had read little or nothing of the testimony. It was enough for them that two Italians had dared to preach the overthrow of the American system of government. Usually that is not considered a very grave crime. Except in time of war the citizen of American birth may speak his mind out freely about the system under which we live. But even the slightest criticism from a foreigner will cause a frenzy.

Why does America hate the foreigner so profoundly? I think it is because we have wronged him so much. He has become through tariffs and war debts an economic slave bound to this country. And when a slave begins to speak his mouth must be shut at once for fear of what he is about to say. He knows too much.

HEYWOOD BROUN



# Sacco and Vanzetti

By GARDNER JACKSON

TWO "anarchistic bastards." That gutter phrase, coined and freely distributed by Judge Webster Thayer of Massachusetts as the complete description of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, epitomizes the conception of the two men held by all but an insignificant minority of the American people. Its succinct expression of fear and hatred is not lost in its obscenity. Even liberals and other apparently fair-minded persons have been willing to apply scornful phrases to the two men who were killed for the cause of justice in America. Thus, from the comfortable remoteness of his Editor's Easy Chair in *Harpers Magazine*, E. S. Martin disposed of them in the following words:

Sacco and Vanzetti seem to have come to represent the fight of the big forwards party all over the world against the established order. It is extraordinary that they should, for they are not edifying characters, but quite the contrary. They look to be a couple of scamps.

Mr. Martin, reputed to be a benign and astute liberal, admitted that he did not know whether or not the two men were guilty. Where, then, did he derive the data on which to base his patronizing dismissal of them as individuals?

I went into the Sacco-Vanzetti case knowing nothing about the two men personally and practically nothing about anarchism. I went into it because I had heard more than enough while a reporter on the *Boston Globe* to convince me that a gross miscarriage of justice was threatening Sacco and Vanzetti with death. I came out of the case knowing somewhat more about anarchism and deeply thankful for the brief period of friendship allowed me with Sacco and Vanzetti.

I am not an Anarchist. I am not a Socialist or a Communist. When I write of Sacco and Vanzetti it is simply as a human being interested in other human beings and their ideas. An Anarchist ought to write a study of the men's philosophy. All I can hope to set down is a personal appreciation of two "shining spirits"—as Heywood Broun called them—based upon numerous visits with them and a reading of many of their letters.

I believe not only that they were innocent of the crime for which they were killed, but that they meticulously lived up to the rigid code of their anarchist philosophy. Their letters and courtroom utterances—which are being prepared for publication—and Vanzetti's last interview with Mr. William G. Thompson shortly before death, together with their words and bearing when they took their places in the electric chair, reveal the fine and strong texture of their spirits.

## Nicola Sacco

Nicola Sacco had faith in human perfectibility, which is why H. L. Mencken called him a "mush-head." He also had the will to practice his faith in all its strict absolutism.

"Stop talking, Nick, till this time of anti-radical excitement is past!" urged George Kelly, superintendent of the Three K. Shoe Factory at Stoughton, Massachusetts,

where Sacco was then working (early in 1920). Sacco replied, "Oh, George, it's my heart that talks." Earning \$22.50 a day soon after this country entered the war, Sacco was ordered by his employer to invest in a Liberty bond. "I don't believe in war and I don't let anyone tell me how I spend my wages," he remarked as he walked out of the job.

Sacco was a passionate lover of life, particularly of nature. He arrived at his beliefs not by way of print and formalized logic, but by the instinctive reaction of his sensitive being to its environment.

He was never bitter or vindictive. After the sentence was pronounced on April 10, 1927, his certainty that "all efforts on his behalf . . . would be useless because no capitalistic society could afford to accord him justice" crystallized into a flat refusal to have further dealings with the authorities on his own case. This was an issue of vehement dispute between him and his high-minded, conservative counsel, W. G. Thompson. A final exchange over his refusal to discuss his case with Governor Fuller did cause Sacco to write his wife advising her not to follow Mr. Thompson's example of arguing for him before the authorities. It was far from a vindictive note. It simply stated a difference of opinion and went no further than classifying Mr. Thompson as "an old Mayflower." At his final interview with Mr. Thompson a few hours before the execution he was his usual cordial and positive self, without any trace of ill-feeling. "At this last meeting," writes Mr. Thompson in the February *Atlantic Monthly*, "he did not suggest that the result seemed to justify his view and not mine."

These conflicts of opinion between Sacco and those who called him names in their fierce desire to save his life are the keys to Sacco's character. His hunger strikes—one of 31 days in 1923 and one of 17 days shortly before the execution—were carried out on his own initiative over the protests of his friends. They were Sacco's only way of expressing his "despisement" of the system that held him in its torturing grasp. He was deeply appreciative of all his friends and counsel did for him, but he wished to make his protest in the manner he himself deemed most effective, even if it meant giving his life before the executioner took it.

Sacco came to this country in 1908 from tending his father's vineyards and vegetable- and flower-gardens near the town of Torremaggiore in the south of Italy. He was eighteen years old and was an ardent Italian republican. Within a year after he got his first job carrying water for a construction gang in Milford, Massachusetts, he had left republicanism for socialism. The American republic, he discovered, did not treat him and his fellow-workers with the open-heartedness he had been led to expect. The process of disillusion continued. He went through several strikes, worked on picket lines, and raised money for strike support by giving plays with his beautiful, Titian-haired wife, to whom he was married in 1912. Disappointed by the exploitation of their fellows which he found among union officials and strike leaders, he finally adopted anar-



chism as the only philosophy which would satisfy his rigorous belief in the rights of the individual.

The intense joy he derived from his love of nature, from his garden, from his growing family, and from his memories of the family and vineyards and flowers in Italy kept him buoyed up through this period and through the ensuing seven and a half years of prison. There is scarcely a letter among the many he sent from Dedham jail during that long agony which does not rejoice in some aspect of nature, be it no more than the tops of a few trees and a small patch of blue sky he could see from his cell. His letters are also full of the happiness he had with his wife and children, the visits to jail of baby Inez, born after his arrest, and his memories of the days with his son, Dante, who was his "true comradeship."

Not all of Sacco's letters were thus wistfully cheerful. Denied the privilege of physical labor enjoyed by other prisoners, he tried to satisfy the crying demands of his spirit and body by doing regular exercises in his tiny cell. But he had lived by vigorous, outdoor work and this make-shift failed to keep him in good health. He suffered from indigestion. Then he would write: "Believe me, Mrs. Jack, I am very pessimist and frankly I am tired of these miserable life and I like to see one where or the other."

Generally, however, "this sad recluse," as he often spoke of himself in his letters, agreed with his aged mother that it was his nature to have the "smiling shine always on face" especially if he "work hard." Sacco referred continually in touching terms to his "dear mother" and found infinite comfort in the visits of Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans because she reminded him of her.

Vanzetti, of course, came to know Sacco more intimately than anyone else. After he and Sacco had addressed Judge Webster Thayer on the day the sentence was pronounced, Vanzetti suddenly interrupted the dry, dooming voice of the court to ask Mr. Thompson if he could say something more. The court denied further utterance. Vanzetti wanted to speak of Sacco. The next day he gave us the notes of what he had wished to say. The following is an excerpt from those notes:

Sacco, too, is a worker from his boyhood, a skilled worker and a lover of work, with a good job and pay; a bank account, a good and lovely wife, two beautiful children, and a neat little home at the verge of a wood near a brook. Sacco has a heart, a faith, a character; he is a man, a lover of nature and mankind. A man who gave all, who sacrificed all to the cause of liberty and to his love of mankind; money, rest, mundane ambitions, his own wife, his children, himself, and even his own life.

Sacco has never dreamt of stealing, nor of assassination if he and I never brought a morsel of bread to our mouths, from our childhood to this very day. Never! His people also are in good position and of good reputation.

Oh, yes, I may be more witty, as some have put it, I am a better babbler than he is, but many, many times in hearing his heartfelt voice ringing a faith sublime, in considering his supreme sacrifice, remembering his heroism, I felt small, small at the presence of his greatness and found myself compelled to fight back from my eyes the tears, and quench my heart troubling my throat to not weep before him—this man called thief and assassinator, and doomed.

But Sacco's name will live in the hearts of the people and in their gratitude when Katzmänn's and your bones, Judge Thayer, will be dispersed in time, when your name, his name, your laws, institutions, and your false gods are

but a dim remembering of a cursed past in which man was wolf to man.

Is that estimate by Vanzetti solely the product of abnormal, emotional circumstances? If it is, then so are the estimates of Sacco given by his employers and fellow-workers—those with whom he came in close contact during the twelve years before his arrest with Vanzetti on May 5, 1920.

"A man who is in his garden at 4 o'clock in the morning, and at the factory at 7 o'clock, and in his garden again after supper and until nine and ten at night, carrying water and raising vegetables beyond his own needs to give to the poor, that man is not a 'holdup man!'" declared his employer, Mr. Kelly. And he added that Sacco used to bring him and his son vegetables and good Italian dishes cooked by Rosina. But this testimony was excluded by the Prosecutor Katzmänn's clever maneuvering, together with the words of Mr. Kelly's son George: "There never was a better fellow than Nick Sacco, nor one with a kinder heart. He couldn't kill a chicken."

With Mary Donovan I checked up on Sacco's work record and presented the evidence before the Lowell committee. Everywhere we went—at the Hopedale machine shops and at the several shoe factories where he had worked—we met the same expressions of affectionate admiration from his former benchmates and foremen, cautiously given under pledge of anonymity lest those talking with us get into trouble in those last, insane days.

Mr. Kelly made Sacco night watchman in addition to his day duties: "I trusted him with all I had." In the security of his office far from the State House he told us of Sacco's learning the trade of edger at his factory school years before with money saved from off-hour jobs, of his becoming the most skilled edger Kelly had ever employed, and of his regular savings-account deposits which were the envy of the other workers in the factory.

"The day after the murder he's supposed to have done, Sacco was in his garden early as usual and was at his bench when the 7 o'clock whistle blew," said Mr. Kelly to us a few days before the execution. "His hand was as steady as it always had been and, you know, edging needs steady hands. The slightest slip ruins the shoe."

Sacco was not of studious bent. He was a man of action. His short, muscular body was vibrant with energy. He worked hard to master the English language, and made progress. His ideas were all-embracing and simple in their expression. Advising his fourteen-year-old son, Dante, not to cry, "because many tears have been wasted, as your mother's have been wasted for seven years, and never did any good," and telling him to be "strong instead" and to comfort his mother, Sacco wrote from the deathhouse four days before the execution:

Take her for a long walk in the quiet country, gathering wild flowers here and there, resting under the shade of trees, between the harmony of the vivid stream and the gentle tranquillity of mother nature, and I am sure that she will enjoy this very much, as you surely would be happy for it.

But remember always, Dante, in the play of happiness don't use all for yourself only, but down yourself just one step at your side and help the weak ones that cry for help—help the persecuted and the victim because they are your better friend, they are the comrades that fight and fall as your father and Bartolo fought and fell yesterday



for the conquest of the joy and freedom for all the poor workers. In this struggle of life you will find more love and you will be loved.

And to Governor Fuller, who tried to induce Sacco in the last days to discuss his case by saying that he himself had once worked in a rubber-sole factory and hence knew the workers' viewpoint, Sacco said: "Yes, but since then you get money, and money make you think different."

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said as he sat in the electric chair watching the prison guards adjust the electrodes. "Long live anarchy! Farewell, my wife and child and all my friends. Farewell, mother."

## Bartolomeo Vanzetti

Bartolomeo Vanzetti lived life with passionate attention of mind. It was not with him "plenty of eat, little of work—belly of mine become a hub," as he described the prospective condition in Italy of "the gray masses, unconscious and idea-less—too domesticated by their leaders." Neither was it "safety first, gradual conquest, historical fatalism, and fascista blackjack over all," as he further described the Italian people in a letter from his cell in the Massachusetts State Prison.

The electric chair, reaching its arms for him for seven years and a half, had just the reverse influence on Vanzetti of that exercised by the "fascista blackjack" on the gray masses in Italy. His spirit grew stouter and fatalism was ground deeper under the heel of his scorn while the years in State Prison went by, unfolding "worse things and stuff than those and that seen by Dante at the shore of hell. . . ."

At the close of the Dedham trial in the summer of 1921 one of the defense counsel saw a chance of Vanzetti's acquittal—"there was so little evidence against him, almost none in fact." "But I felt sure," he remarked after the trial, "that in that case Sacco would be found guilty. I thought there was a fighting chance the jury would disagree as to the two; but if they acquitted one, I knew enough of juries to feel sure they would soak the other. So I put the case to Vanzetti. 'What shall I do?' And he answered, 'Save Nick. He has the woman and child.'"

Vanzetti had none of the egotist's ruthless pride of mind. Neither did he have the self-righteous air of one who glories in personal martyrdom. "I am a living hurricane of thoughts, feelings, and sentiments," he wrote in September, 1925. Good and bad in his mind were not divided by a sharp, straight line. "It is a quarter of a century that I am struggling to dislearn and re-learn; to deny and re-confirm. By little of school and very much experiences . . . I became a cosmopolit, perambulating philosopher of the main road—crushing, burning a world within me and creating a new, better one. Meanwhile I am having the worst of the worst one." Through his letters sounds the clash between his faith in human perfectibility and his own experience. Anatole France's "Penguin Island" tormented him, after four years in prison, because it ends with the destruction of society by society's own greed and inventions. "But I perceive the possibility of liberation," he protests in a letter to Mary Donovan, "not in a single strike and in a single hour, but by thousands of strikes gradually one more powerful than the other, and through the centuries."

A perplexing "Anarchist bastard" this, who will not

accept Anatole France's gloomy prediction, who says that all reformers are contented if Mussolini, J. P. Morgan, or any other holder of control is "so gentlemanly to cut with them the power-pie," and who writes from his cell at about the same time, "Human nature is good. I would assert it even if I burned a hundred times or was chained for a hundred lives." Three years later in a letter from State Prison he said: "I despair. It seems to me the world is going to hell by radio. . . . The blindness of the more, the rascality of the few, the dreadful unconsciousness of all, and the tragic destiny and impotence of the exceptional one. . . ." Such was the conflict of thought and feeling, of hope and despair in this eager personality.

Vanzetti was an emotional, intellectual belligerent. He laughed genially at the importance given in the last year of his fight to the fact that certain respectable opinion had swung to his side. "I call that to cling to a razor blade," he wrote Miss Donovan.

The child of well-to-do, middle-class, Catholic parents dwelling among their gardens and vineyards in Villafalletto, the Piedmont section in north Italy, Vanzetti inherited an intense gratification in nature. "Some notes of bird song reach our cages," he wrote from his Bridgewater cell in the spring of 1925. "I hear the barking of dogs in the distance. Nature blesses me with her music, her fires, and her colors." At the age of thirteen he left school, where he had "loved study." His father put him to work in a pastry shop, toiling from seven in the morning till ten at night, with a fortnightly vacation of three to five hours. He was a fervent Catholic, surrounded by young store clerks and laborers who labeled themselves Socialists and him "hypocrite and bigot" because of his "religious streak." After five years of such labor Vanzetti fell ill and returned to his home. That was "one of the happiest periods of my life. . . . My mother put me in bed. . . . I had almost forgotten hands could caress so tenderly." Then his mother died, and he came to America, a clouded youth of twenty, unable ever after to write of his mother because "I would never be satisfied of what I may write of her, even if I could write it in the third rhyme with the ability of Dante." His emotions at Ellis Island were singularly prophetic: "I saw the steerage passengers handled like so many animals. . . . Hope, which lured these immigrants to the new land, withers under the touch of harsh officials. . . ."

There followed long years of labor as dishwasher in New York—"the drain was clogged, the greasy water rose higher and higher, and we trudged in slime." A period at a brickyard in Hartford, then back to New York as pastry cook, then unemployment, then pick-and-shovel work in Worcester, and thence to Plymouth as construction worker, ditch-digger, Plymouth Cordage Plant worker, and, finally, fish peddler.

Vanzetti, a friendly personality, chatted with his fellow-workers, thought, and studied—studied particularly his two best loved books, the "Divine Comedy" and Ernest Renan's "The Life of Jesus." He became a follower of the Anarchist, Galleani, prominent at the time in the small radical circles of New England and now held *al confino* in Italy by Mussolini. He was one of the leaders in the Plymouth cordage strike early in 1916, till his anarchist absolutism ran afoul of other elements involved in the struggle. A persuasive orator in Italian, he was shoved off many a platform in that strike. He became a marked man. Plymouth Cordage would not reemploy him after the strike



settlement. When the war reached America he went to Mexico to avoid the draft. On his return he again joined his friends in Plymouth; he worked as day-laborer until, his health impaired, he became a fish peddler.

Vanzetti, like Sacco, had never before been washed up into the sieve of the law when he was arrested on the night of May 5, 1920. He had just seen what happened to his friend Salsedo, smashed to death on the pavement fourteen stories below the Department of Justice offices in New York City where he had been held incomunicado for weeks. And now he felt the system for himself.

Behind the smoke-dulled walls in Charlestown he studied English by correspondence with Mrs. Virginia MacMeehan so that he might answer in English the letters that came to him. He wrote hundreds of letters in English and Italian—averaging nearly four a week during the seven years, three months, and eighteen days until his death.

Not only letters; Vanzetti wrote from prison the story of his own "Proletarian Life," a piece of honestly romantic self-analysis; the "Background of the Plymouth Trial," an intelligent immigrant's first contact with American criminal procedure; "Events and Victims," a first-hand account of work in a munitions factory; a series of essays analyzing the Boston newspapers, "the harlot press," which he despised and understood better than most newspapermen; a series of letters attacking "Syndicalists and Syndicalism"; articles for the defense-committee bulletins; romantic nature poems in Italian. He translated Proudhon's "War and Peace" into English, and the defense counsels' Supreme Court briefs into Italian for distribution in Europe. One of his last undertakings was to write a review of Charles and Mary Beard's "The Rise of American Civilization."

Physically he labored in prison as he worked outside—in the prison paintshop which was hell for him. "I cannot study without work hard, physical work, sunshine and winds; free, blessing wind," he wrote Mrs. Evans. Yet study he did, with an avidity seldom found in Harvard Yard. He kept on with the self-discussions he had started long before he

came to America in 1908. Consider the books commented upon by him in his "Proletarian Life" or in conversations with friends: the works of Peter Kropotkin, Leo Tolstoy, Zola, Hugo, Cantu, Réclus, Gorki, Merlino, Malatesta, Marx, Leone di Labriola, Darwin, Spencer, and Laplace; Mazzini's "Duties of Man," the political "Testament" of Carlo Pisacane, the Bible, "The Life of Jesus" (Renan), "Jesus Christ Has Never Existed," by Milesbo; "here [in America] I read Greek and Roman history, the story of the United States, of the French Revolution and of the Italian Revolution"; "I returned to the 'Divine Comedy' and to 'Jerusalem Liberated.' I re-read Leopardi and wept with him"; the poetry of Giusti, Guerrini, Rapisardi, and Carducci. He read, in fact, everything he could lay hands on,

from Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry" to Emerson's essays. "I will again delight myself at the lecture of Emerson's 'Politics,' 'Nature,' and 'New England Reformers,' so exquisitely anarchist," he wrote Mrs. Evans upon receipt from her of a set of Emerson for his last Christmas in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

In due time came his day before Judge Webster Thayer—April 9, 1927. The court kept averted face in the white-columned courthouse in historic Dedham that morning. In the quiet room of justice not one newspaperman was unmoved by Vanzetti's words. Then the petition to Governor Fuller and the struggle over that document. William G. Thompson, conservative, high-minded lawyer, pitted his best New England principles against Vanzetti's anarchism. After the document was presented to the Governor, Vanzetti wrote to Gertrude L. Winslow:

It is not great and it was emasculated and dis-souled of its best, its truer truths. After all, Mr. Thompson wished it to save and free us; an address of libertarians to an authority man. Gag the truth, gag the right, gag the highest songs of your soul, the strongest note of your impulse,

all your spontaneities, lest you offend others and harm yourself. So many things were left unsaid and others fogged or maimed or veiled. . . . I was in earnest at it and I was sick, feeling heavily the earth gravitation, and my

## For St. Bartholomew's Day

By MALCOLM COWLEY

Die, then.

Outside the prison gawk  
the crowds that you will see no more.  
A door slams shut behind you. Walk  
with turnkeys down a corridor  
smelling of lysol, through the gates  
to where the uneager sheriff waits.

St. Nicholas who blessed your birth,  
whose hands are rich with gifts, will bear  
no further gifts to you on earth,  
Sacco, whose voice is heard in prayer  
neither to Pilate nor a saint  
whose earthly sons die innocent.

And you that would not bow your knee  
to God, swarthy Bartholomew,  
no God shall seek your liberty  
nor Virgin intercede for you  
nor bones of yours make sweet the plot  
where governors and judges rot.

A doctor sneezes, a chaplain maps  
the streets of heaven, you mount the chair,  
two jailers buckle tight the straps  
like those which aviators wear,  
the surgeon makes a signal.

Die!

lost symbols of our liberty.

Beyond the chair, beyond the bars  
of day and night your path lies free.  
Yours is an avenue of stars.  
March on, O dago Christs, while we  
march on to spread your name abroad  
like ashes in the winds of God.



spirit bended upon itself. That work devoured my flesh.

I did it for conscience's sake. For I know that for us there is no sympathy or consideration. . . . We will never accept life imprisonment any more than we accept death, except as impositions from a stronger physical force, and we consider both as pure and simple murders committed by reaction against revolution; this is the ultimate essence of our case, and being so, we cannot depart recommending pardon.

Vanzetti's attitude toward violence is precisely set forth in his petition to the Governor where he quotes Jefferson, Paine, Lincoln, and Emerson in his support. He wrote in 1924:

I abhor useless violence. I would my blood to prevent the shedding of blood, but neither the abyss nor the earth, nor the heavens, have a law which condemns the self-defense. . . . The more I live, the more I suffer, the more I learn, the more I am inclined to forgive, to be generous, and to see that violence as such does not resolve the problem of life. . . . The slave has the right and duty to arise against his master.

In a letter to Mrs. Evans he said:

The Anarchist go ahead and says, "all what is help to me without hurt the others is good; all what help the others without hurting me is good also, all the rest is evil." He look for his liberty in the liberty of all, for his happiness in the happiness of all, for his welfare in the universal welfare. I am with him.

Vanzetti, who had no taste for wine or other spirituous drinks, was not solemn in his abstinence. The ferment of his own spirit kept him always gay, angry, or intellectually absorbed. Mostly, of course, it was the latter. "I almost forgot to be in prison, very near to the electric chair," he wrote at the end of a long letter discussing the Russian Revolution. The subject of war he recurred to again and again in his letters:

We have war because we are not sufficiently heroic for a life which does not need war. . . . Many cry upon the slaughtered soldier's grave, his old mother, his sister, or his sweetheart, but all the others did only marketing upon it;

and the tavern, the priests, the brothel make great profits and business during twenty-four hours of Decoration Day.

Vanzetti's reason never expected liberty. Yet he never ceased to meet life with keen interest. "Fuller has presidential aspirations," he wrote on January 10, 1927, months before Governor Fuller's name was even mentioned in that connection and months before the Governor's investigation was officially contemplated. "To be chosen for such candidacy, one must prove himself a hanger for the appointing and over-ruling American plutocracy. . . ."

As the day of the execution approached, he disposed of his books in letters to various friends. Only the arrival of his sister, Luigia, from Italy made his heart "a little unsteady" in that last period. His penmanship showed a remarkable change. It grew noticeably firmer. His last letter from the deathhouse a few hours before the execution, to Henry W. L. Dana, in which he asked him to labor to "insert in history the true significance of our case" was extraordinary in its precision of line and content.

And in an interview with a New York journalist Vanzetti spoke these last words to Judge Thayer:

If it had not been for these things, I might have live out my life, talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man as now we do by an accident. Our words, our lives, our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment belong to us—that agony is our triumph!

"A man of powerful mind, of unselfish disposition, and of devotion to high ideals," wrote Mr. Thompson of Vanzetti immediately after his final interview with him. In the death chamber Vanzetti shook hands with the wardens and guards, and smiled cordially as he looked into their eyes. He thanked them for their "kindness" to him. He calmly repeated his innocence of all crimes, but not of "some sins," and seated himself in the chair. "I forgive some of them for what they are doing to me," he said.

## Railroad Building and Local Pride

By C. K. BROWN

THE Piedmont and Northern Railway Company owns and operates an electric railway from Greenwood to Spartanburg, South Carolina, a distance of ninety miles, and from Gastonia to Charlotte, North Carolina, a distance of twenty-three miles. On April 3, 1928, the Interstate Commerce Commission denied the company's application for permission to connect the two segments by building fifty-three miles of track from Spartanburg to Gastonia and to extend the line seventy-five miles from Charlotte to Winston-Salem. The line, if completed as proposed, would run in a northeasterly direction from Greenwood to Winston-Salem, paralleling the double-tracked main line of the Southern Railway almost within sight practically the entire distance. The commission denied the application on the ground that the proposed construction would be an unnecessary duplication of existing facilities. The Piedmont and Northern has filed suit in the federal courts to test the power of the

Interstate Commerce Commission under the Transportation Act of 1920.

Tremendous concern over the decision of the commission has been manifested in the press of the Carolinas. Although the proposed railroad is a local undertaking, the principles involved in the controversy are not of such limited scope. The Piedmont and Northern maintains that the commission is without authority in the matter, first, because the proposed construction was contemplated before the effective date of the Transportation Act and was prosecuted with due diligence thereafter; and second, because the Piedmont and Northern is an electric interurban railway not operated as a part of a general system of steam transportation and hence is excepted from the provision of the Transportation Act which requires the issuance of certificates of public convenience and necessity before new railroads can be built. The courts must pass on these two



points. The commission has already decided them adversely to the interests of the Piedmont and Northern. The first point need not detain us except to note that during six of the eight years which have elapsed since the Transportation Act was enacted the Piedmont and Northern has had no charter right to build any railroad within the State of South Carolina. That the company did contemplate, prior to 1920, building from Charlotte to Durham, eighty miles east of Winston-Salem, seems to be admitted, but it was only comparatively recently that Winston-Salem was mentioned. Whether the Piedmont and Northern is an electric interurban railroad within the meaning of the terms of the Transportation Act depends altogether upon what the framers of that act meant. It is electric, of course. And it is interurban in the most literal sense of the word, just as any railroad connecting two municipalities is interurban. Did Congress mean to distinguish on the basis of motive power? The best authorities seem to agree that an interurban is a short road whose business is primarily passenger traffic. In 1926 5.5 per cent of the Piedmont and Northern's revenue came from passengers, while 91 per cent came from freight.

Practically every newspaper in the Piedmont South has been loud in its advocacy of the new lines. The Governor of North Carolina and the railroad commissions of both the Carolinas intervened in the proceedings before the commission, strongly urging the granting of the desired permission. Chambers of commerce in towns along the proposed route have been enthusiastic in their assertions of the need for the new railroad. Perhaps nowhere within recent years has there been afforded a better opportunity to study the prevailing economic philosophy of American business men. Borrowing the name of the doctrine which flourished in Europe several centuries ago, we may characterize this economic philosophy as local mercantilism. However discredited mercantilism may be among economists, it survives today in hundreds of small newspapers, chambers of commerce, and luncheon clubs. Local mercantilism favors any sort of social device which will encourage new enterprises to grow, perhaps artificially and uneconomically, but nevertheless to grow. It is not infrequently responsible for skyscrapers five stories higher than necessary, hotels half of whose beds will not be slept in for years, and race-tracks whose grandstands rot down before they earn 2 per cent on their cost.

One of the principles of local mercantilism is that the expenditure of money in a community is a boon to business. No distinction is made between useful and wasteful expenditure. The construction of the proposed lines of the Piedmont and Northern would, we are informed, give employment to many men in the Piedmont Carolinas and enable merchants to make many sales. To be sure, here is the double-tracked main line of the Southern Railway, with an estimated capacity of 144 trains a day and now carrying an average of thirty trains a day between Greenville, South Carolina, and Salisbury, North Carolina. The Piedmont and Northern proposes to parallel it between Spartanburg and Gastonia at an average distance of 1.1 miles. Between Charlotte and Winston-Salem the Southern has two lines. Only 6.5 miles of the Piedmont and Northern's proposed lines north of Charlotte would be more than four miles from some railroad. The conclusion seems obvious. Yet the railroads now serving the Carolinas are the only parties who appeared before the commission to oppose the new construc-

tion, and they have, of course, a private interest in opposing it. Is there no social interest involved?

The Piedmont and Northern Railway is controlled by the Duke interests, perhaps the most powerful financial interests in the Carolinas. Practically every kilowatt of power and every street-car ticket purchased in the Piedmont Carolinas is bought from the Duke companies. Substantial control of the entire system is in the hands of the self-perpetuating board of fifteen trustees of the Duke Endowment and the Doris Duke Trust. The recent industrial development of the Piedmont Carolinas has rested so largely upon the electrical energy which the Duke interests have supplied that the Dukes have rightly been given large credit for the progress which these States have enjoyed. Any venture which the Duke interests undertake is accepted in the Carolinas as being for the public good. Confidence in the future industrial development of the section is well-nigh unbounded. The new lines of the Piedmont and Northern are needed, it is urged, to keep pace with this rapid industrialization. Without detracting from the part which the Dukes have played in this development, it may be fair to point out that the Southern Railway, the Piedmont and Northern's chief competitor, has itself had something to do with it. And it is, with all due respect to local pride, remarkable how large a part agriculture still plays in the economic life of the section. There seems to be no imminent danger that industrial development will get beyond bounds.

That the Duke interests would profit from the new lines of the Piedmont and Northern need not be questioned. But there is no apparent reason for believing that private interest and public interest will always coincide. The new lines could obtain traffic, it is admitted, but it is extremely doubtful that they could get it in any way except by taking it away from existing roads. The Southern is a prosperous road, now making large earnings. Commissioner McManamy informs us that the Southern can well afford to share its traffic with the new Piedmont and Northern lines.

The question is whether the shippers of the South can afford to have it shared. One point which has been consistently overlooked in the discussions is the effect of the proposed new lines upon the freight-rate structure. For many years the South has been fretting under the burden of heavy freight rates. The general level of freight rates in the South is about a third higher than in the territory north of the Potomac. A thin population, bulky seasonal products, and a multiplicity of railroads have had this result. The earnings of Southern roads should not be divided with newly constructed lines. Instead, they must in time be divided with Southern shippers in the form of lower freight rates. Can this be called throttling the industrial development of the South? On the contrary, it is more likely to contribute to the future industrial development of the section than any other change.

A partial explanation of the intervention of the State utilities commissions in behalf of the Piedmont and Northern is to be found in a widespread support of the principle of local autonomy and a resentment against the exercise of regulatory power by federal bodies. New railroads have, of course, never been built without public authority. Formerly the only authority needed was a State charter. Since 1920 the additional requirement of permission of the Interstate Commerce Commission has been imposed. So hot has the resentment against this authority of the commission become in the Carolinas that some persons have advocated the



repeal of the provision and have been successful in carrying their contention as far as the floor of Congress. Other more irate individuals wish to abolish the entire Interstate Commerce Commission. The jealousy of the commission's power is shared by the National Association of Railroad and Utilities Commissioners, which raised the issue to one of national importance by intervening in the proceedings in behalf of the Piedmont and Northern. State utilities commissioners outside the South can obviously have no vital interest in the construction of the new lines of the Piedmont and Northern. They simply want to forestall curtailment of their own powers. The attitude of the State commissioners opens the whole question of the economic philosophy lying back of the Transportation Act. That railroads should be regulated by public authority has been almost unquestioned in this country for the past four or five decades. By whom and to what extent they should be regulated are questions which have never been satisfactorily settled in this land of forty-nine jurisdictions.

By the grant of power to the Interstate Commerce

Commission in 1920 to say what new lines should be built, the railroads for the first time were given the complete status of monopolies. The commission was charged with the task of fixing rates so that the roads as a whole or by groups might earn a fair return on investment and the interests of shippers be protected. The overlapping and conflicting powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the various State commissions have been a source of vexation for many years. The trend during the past two decades has unquestionably been in the direction of increased power of the Interstate Commerce Commission at the expense of the State commissions. It may be traced through the Minnesota and Shreveport rate cases of 1913-1914, the provisions of the Transportation Act of 1920, and the decision in the Wisconsin Passenger Fares Case in 1922. This trend is regrettable from the standpoint of State rights and local control, but it is inevitable if adequate regulation of railroads as monopolies is to be attained in this country of great distances and many State boundaries, where transportation problems persistently refuse to remain local.

## A Political Utopia

By FREDERIC C. HOWE

MY Utopia has to do with the political state, possibly because my chief interests for many years have been with the state, and the things it could do for its members if it chose. Yet as I think of it, my political state is somewhat negative—a state that keeps out of the way of people so that people themselves will be important in themselves and by themselves. I dislike a state in which some mediocre man by virtue of a show of hands becomes the most important personage in the community. I should prefer a state in which we thought about and talked about and revered as important men who had made contributions to science, to art, to literature, to the better living of the world. A mere president does not seem important to me in comparison with a Bernard Shaw or a governor in comparison with a Bertrand Russell.

My state would prize distinction. I would place that high above the sanctity that attaches to the thoughts, ideas, and spoken word of the politician or the statesman. In my Utopia, liberty, freedom, individuality, variety would be the goal; it would be a Utopia in which the mind played as freely on all subject matter as it now plays freely on airplanes, radios, and things mechanical. For the mechanical world is an exhibit of what this world might be in all its relations—cultural, artistic, human—if it were really free.

Such a state does involve some positive political action; but the political action would be with the aim of ending every economic privilege or law-made advantage that one man enjoys over another except such privileges as came to him by birth or natural endowment. It would welcome a Ford or an Edison but not a Rockefeller or a Gary.

And the first essential in a free state is to get rid of fear—the fear that begets economic greed; the fear that causes rich and poor alike to subordinate everything else to the problem of food, clothes, and shelter. And such fear can be exorcised. Of that I am sure. It is

being exorcised in some states in Europe; and among all the political suggestions that I have read, whether it be socialism, communism, or any other utopian proposal, the philosophy of Henry George seems to me to rank highest. And the Utopia is so simple, so easily achieved, and so marvelous in its potentialities that it should be the first step in any change. All that Henry George taught was that God gave the earth to all his people. He dedicated its resources to use rather than to monopoly, to withholding them from use. He gave us all the elements—air, water, land—and said to man, "These are not for idle possession. They are to be used, and to be used by those most capable of using them to their highest and best efficiency."

And Henry George suggested a simple means for freeing the resources of the earth for use. His proposal was that there should be but one tax; that that tax should be imposed on the capital value of the land, and that the tax should be high enough to appropriate all of the ground rent which the land would potentially produce. In other words, he would have the state become the universal collector of ground rent. He would have the city of New York step into the shoes of the Astors, the Rhinelanders, the Trinity Corporation, and other speculators who have grown enormously rich through the growth of population, the advances of the arts, and the needs of humanity. He would have the state step into the shoes of the owner of coal, iron ore, copper, oil, gas, water-power. A tax appropriating the annual rental of all such land would bring into the public treasury a colossal revenue. It would bring in the ground rents of all of our cities; it would bring in the ground values of suburban land; it would appropriate the value of the oil and gas deposits, the bituminous and anthracite coal, iron ore, copper, and zinc. The revenues which now flow to private monopolies would be directed into the public purse and would be available for social uses. Far more important, the resources of the continent would be opened up to free use. There would be opportuni-



ties for unborn generations, and for a population many times our present one. Fear would vanish with opportunities calling to labor on every hand, while wages would rise with the demand for labor which such a taxation policy would involve.

My utopian state would know no other tax than this. There would be no protective tariffs. Custom houses would be turned to other uses. America would trade as freely with the outside world as California now trades with Pennsylvania, as Minnesota trades with Louisiana. That which we have found of such transcendent value in our own commonwealth would be expanded to include the products and the resources of other lands. Then exotic industries and monopolies would have to fight for their existence. Some would undoubtedly die, but others would take their place. International competition would not only reduce prices; it would improve quality, while the wealth of Europe would find its way into American markets, stimulating our own productive energies and enriching our means of enjoyment.

A free state does involve a certain amount of socialism, but a socialism for the purpose of making the state free. It involves the public ownership of all highways—railroads as well as automobile roads. It means the ownership of water-power, telephones and telegraphs, street railways, gas and electricity in order that these services may be rendered at the minimum of cost. Service, in these industries that are above competition, should take the place of private profit. But these are almost my only concessions to socialism. The gains from collective effort I would achieve in another way. I would get them through cooperation—such cooperation as has converted Denmark into one of the most contented, happy, and on the whole satisfactory commonwealths in the civilized world. Denmark achieved its approach to Utopia through the cooperative movement; through the collective organizations of farmers, workers, distributors around almost every important industry, so that private exploitation, the amassing of great wealth in few hands, has almost disappeared in this little Scandinavian state.

Cooperation means the maximum of liberty. It means the merging of politics with everyday life. It integrates all the economic and cultural activities of men about a natural center and that in this every-day life.

If this Utopia sounds materialistic, it is because I am convinced that we cannot approach our cultural or spiritual potentialities without first exorcising the economic fear which poisons all other departments of life. But with fear gone, men and women would be free to turn their latent energies and talents to other things as they have always done among well-to-do classes in every age of the world. Man is interested in his stomach first of all, only because he has to be interested in his stomach. We know very little of his potentialities in other fields, for not until very recent times has any class been free from economic fear, and only within a generation have any substantial numbers been released so that they might think in terms other than the possession of their daily bread.

Man must first be free in the economic field before he can be free in any other. And to those who feel that the economic problem is insoluble, that the forces of reaction are too powerful to be dislodged, one may point out that all the gains in this field we have made in a short century. It was not until the French Revolution that

there was any thought in the world of social justice, and not until the middle of the last century that such thought began to find expression in legislation. In our own country the advances of the past twenty years are proof that economic ideas do make headway and that the advance suggestions of today do have a way of becoming realities tomorrow.

## In the Driftway

THE DRIFTER'S favorite realtor lives in a little town on Long Island which, although not Hicksville, the Drifter will call, in the manner of Mr. Cummings, Hicksville. As a vaudeville joke Hicksville is somewhat past its prime, but as a philosophic problem it has never been solved, any more than the mystery of the chicken and the egg. Which came first, the hicks or Hicksville? The Drifter will probably never know.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE TOWN realtor had engaged to show the Drifter's companion some cottages on Hicksville's Highland Beach. It is important not to confuse this with any of the other Highland Beaches lining the sandy spits and marshy coves of the island which Walt Whitman called Paumanok and the local chambers of commerce call "America's Sunrise Homeland." They all climbed into the realtor's car and started. They turned out of the highway, past an imposing garage and a modest church, and drove across the railroad track—one of those gateless, signalless crossings where, as the railroads reproachfully announce, hundreds of people are careless enough to be killed. A friendly old bucolic sitting on a pile of ties waved a notebook at the realtor and the realtor waved back. They came to a cove full of Long Island ducklings, not yet roasted but quacking happily. "Is the beach far from here?" inquired the Drifter's friend politely. "Oh, no," answered the realtor. "It's half a mile on the other side of the track." He turned back and crossed it again, waving once more at the friendly bucolic. "He's keeping a tally," the realtor explained. "If we can prove that enough cars cross the track the railroad will give us a signal bell, so we're all trying to roll up the score."

\* \* \* \* \*

HIGHLAND BEACH turned out to be a densely wooded patch of oak scrub filled with cottages and mosquitoes. The realtor stopped the car before a tiny structure and bade his prospect and the Drifter descend. "Where," inquired the prospect, "is the beach?" "Right down here," was the cheerful reply. Peering through the trees, they descried a rowboat and a comfortable little lake only partly covered with ducklings. "And where," he pursued diffidently, "are the Highlands?" "Why, this," said the realtor with an air of reproach, "is the highest ground for twenty-five miles around." He was on the point of unlocking the cottage to display its internal charms when a loud alarum broke upon the air, frightening the ducks and mosquitoes as well as the Drifter. The realtor sprang toward the car and motioned the others to follow. "It's a fire," he said, "and I'm one of the chiefs. Come along. We'll look at the houses later."



THEY STOPPED at the garage to give a lift to one of the other chiefs. The old bucolic by the tracks noted their third crossing, and the Drifter wondered on which side the fire might be. It turned out to be near the station on the farther side. The crowd of townsfolk already gathered looked curiously at the prospect and the Drifter sitting in the realtor's car. They had been left in a grassy lane bordered by oak scrub and mosquitoes, and quite devoid of buildings, flames, or smoke. "Let's go and find the fire," the Drifter suggested. "Perhaps we can help." Before they could get out of the car the realtor returned with disappointment written on his face. It had been only a grass fire and he had been too late. They recrossed the track and returned to Highland Beach, with its welcoming committee of eager mosquitoes.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE DRIFTER'S friend was not pleased with the cottages, and the realtor bade them a sad farewell. He had made no sale; he had missed a fire; and even if he had added four to the railway-crossing tally, he was late for supper. When the Drifter eventually stops drifting, he is going back to hicksville to console the realtor by buying one of his houses.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Sacco-Vanzetti Meetings

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: August 22 will mark the passing of the first year since the State of Massachusetts, under the subterfuge of legality, electrocuted two men upon the altar of sham respectability.

Meetings throughout the world will be held on August 22, where the blameless lives and heroic deaths of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti will be recited in many tongues.

In New York City the Sacco-Vanzetti Memorial Committee has arranged for a mass meeting in Union Square at 5 p. m. on Wednesday, August 22.

Prominent speakers will address the gathering in various languages, and the committee making the arrangements has assurances from large bodies of workers that this will be one of the greatest gatherings ever held in that memorable meeting-place. The outdoor meeting is also commemorative of the last few months prior to the tragedy, when it was impossible to secure a suitable hall, because of intimidation from many sources, and the workers were forced to make their protests out on the public highways, where they strenuously but vainly demanded the unconditional release of the idealists whose memories they now revere.

SACCO-VANZETTI MEMORIAL COMMITTEE,

New York, August 7 149 East Twenty-third Street

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting will be held at Scenic Auditorium, 12 Berkeley Street, Boston, on August 23, at 8:30 p. m. A committee, including Professor Samuel Eliot Morison of Harvard, Dr. Alice Hamilton of the Harvard Medical School, Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow, Miss Catherine Huntington, Creighton Hill, and myself, is sponsoring the meeting.

The list of speakers includes Edna St. Vincent Millay, Arthur Davison Ficke, Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, Robert Morss Lovett, and the Rev. Harold L. Stratton of the Pilgrim Congregational Church of Worcester, Massachusetts.

We invite everyone to come to Boston for this meeting who considers the search for justice as an important activity of man.

Boston, August 8

GARDNER JACKSON

## Governor Fuller's Way

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This past week another execution took place at Charlestown which is a further disgrace to the commonwealth that permitted it and which furnishes one more piece of evidence as to the inhumane and repellent characteristics of Governor Fuller. Desatnick, a twenty-five-year-old Jewish peddler, married in May, 1927, a girl of his own faith who some months previously had given birth to his child. Later they discovered that under the canons of the orthodox Jewish faith, to which they were both devoted, the child was forever illegitimate and could not be received into the church. This caused the parents unspeakable anguish.

The man brooded for a long time over the situation. There was evidence that the opprobrium of relatives further accentuated his distress. The jury found that he handed over the child to a stranger to be drowned. The child's body was found in a lake near Worcester. Desatnick maintained his innocence to the last, declaring that he had given the child to a man who had promised to place the baby in a Jewish home in New York.

When the case reached Governor Fuller some of the leading rabbis of the State went in a body to the Governor and pleaded with him for commutation to life imprisonment. It was clearly shown that the unfortunate man had been goaded to his act by the folkways of race and by an almost fanatical religious phobia. But to Governor Fuller there were no such complicated sensitivities involved. The jury had found him guilty. The law must take its course.

It is fortunate indeed for what remains of the good name of Massachusetts that Fuller leaves office at the end of this year. He will not be forgotten—the Sacco-Vanzetti case will stand as a shameful memorial to his name in the eyes of posterity. But, as if this were not already enough, a year after two innocent Italians have been electrocuted he further brands himself as a man incapable of even the most rudimentary feelings of compassion in a case where the question of innocence was not involved, but simply of fundamental human pity for a poor wretch who deserved executive clemency under our statutes if ever a human being did.

Boston, July 22

CREIGHTON HILL

## A Voice from Prison

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am one of the eight victims of the Centralia conspiracy of November 11, 1919. None of the men in the Centralia group is a criminal. In fact, so anxious were they to keep within the law, even in defending themselves, that they consulted an attorney as to their legal rights before attempting to resist the raid which they had been warned was to be made on them.

The business men of Centralia had hatched a conspiracy to raid the I. W. W. Hall and run the members out of town. They had openly stated their purpose in the daily paper published in Centralia. On November 11, 1919, they attempted to carry out the plans of their conspiracy; but after smashing the windows and doors of the hall they met with armed opposition, and four of the attackers were killed.

I had just arrived in town a short time before the attack and had witnessed it from the lobby of the Roderick Hotel. Not a shot was fired until after the windows and doors had been smashed by the attackers.

So conclusively was this fact proved at the so-called trial which was farcically given to us that the judge was forced to resort to technicalities when he instructed the jury. He said: "I charge these men with doing a *lawful act* in an unlawful



way." This because some of the men had tried to defend the hall from outside instead of from inside.

I was unarmed and had absolutely no connection with the trouble in any way, and the shooting that was done by others was in defense of life and property after the aggressors had committed acts of violence and proved their felonious intentions beyond a possible doubt.

Now we come to the "trial"; the little Legionnaire with the crooked eye came on the witness stand. I believe his name was Walters. Anyway he swore that he was standing at the head of the Centralia contingent of Legionnaires, marking time, when the shooting started; that he was flag-bearer and as he ran for cover several bullets passed between him and the flag-staff. He said he looked in the direction the bullets came from and saw a man in an upstairs window of the Avalon Hotel, shooting at him with a large rifle. The hotel was approximately 100 yards away and the man was shooting from inside the upstairs window. With a rifle to his face only the upper half of his face would be visible to the man in the street. Obviously a man could not identify his best friend under such circumstances. When asked if he could identify that man among the prisoners he said: "The third man on the bench." I was the third man.

Next came Elsie Hornbeck. She had seen the man in the upstairs window of the Avalon Hotel before the parade came past, and again when he was shooting. After she had told her story she was asked whether she could pick out the man she had seen from among the defendants, and she said: "The third man looks like him." On cross-examination she admitted she had been shown several photographs of me by agents of the prosecution. Then Mr. Vanderveer asked her: "Will you, knowing it's a case of life and death, say that you *think* Barnett looks like the man you saw?"

I wanted to jump up and ask: "Will you say Barnett is the man you saw?" but I thought Mr. Vanderveer should know his profession better than I, so I kept still and the witness answered: "Yes."

The jury considered the testimony of this witness the strongest evidence against me. And they accepted her answer to the question quoted above as a positive identification, while it is obviously *not* an identification at all. This girl, now a married woman, has since made a sworn affidavit declaring that she did not identify me, and only said that I *looked like* the man she saw. The court record will substantiate her claim. Her affidavit is before the Parole Board signed by Elsie Hornbeck Shirley.

Next witness, Charles P. Briffet, the large man to whom I was called out and exhibited in a hall-way at Chehalis. He testified to having seen a man coming up the alley from the rear of the Avalon Hotel refilling the magazine of a large rifle. He also told of seeing a young woman in the alley at the same time. When asked to identify the man he saw, he said: "The third from the end."

As soon as Briffet left the stand Mr. Vanderveer asked for a recess and gathered all of us defendants around him. "Now," he said, "there is something funny about everyone of these witnesses saying 'the third from the end.' All of you stand up until the next witness takes the stand, then change places so Barnett will be fifth or sixth."

We all stood up until Miss Lela Tripp, the girl in whose presence I had been kept for an hour in the sheriff's office at Chehalis, took the stand. Then we sat down and I was seventh man on the bench. Miss Tripp told of seeing the man leaving the rear of the Avalon Hotel with the big rifle. When asked to identify the man she had seen, she looked at the third man on the bench. He was bald-headed; she hesitated, looked up and down the bench and admitted she could not say which was the man. "Eugene Barnett, stand up," said Mr. Abel, one of the six attorneys for the prosecution. I sat still and Mr. Vanderveer jumped up. "No you don't," he said. "We've had enough of *your kind* of identifications." The witness was then turned over to Mr. Vanderveer for cross-examination. "Who

told you Eugene Barnett was the third man on the bench?" asked Mr. Vanderveer. "Mr. Christenson," answered the witness. Mr. Christenson was an assistant from the Attorney General's office.

So in addition to having had me exhibited to them before the trial my position on the bench was being tipped-off to the witnesses at the trial.

Miss Tripp was asked: "What kind of a hat did the man you saw with the rifle have on?"

"A soldier's hat," she replied.

My hat, a large John B. Stetson, velour-finish, cow-boy hat, was shown to her and she declared that the hat worn by the man with the rifle was *nothing like that*, but was a *soldier's hat*.

The prosecution claimed that I ran out of town a mile or so from the scene of the shooting and hid the rifle behind a sign-board.

Mr. James McAllister and his wife, Mary, appeared and swore I was in the lobby of their hotel, The Roderick, at the time of the shooting. Both of these witnesses had been personally acquainted with me since 1911.

S. A. Hand, owner of a second-hand store, took the stand and told of walking up the avenue with me after the shooting and at the very time the prosecution claimed I was running out of town in the opposite direction to hide a rifle. Charles Roy, a young coal-miner, swore that he met me a little farther up the avenue.

Alexander Siegardon testified to having met me a couple of blocks farther up-town. Cecil Arrowsmith, a farmer boy, and a personal acquaintance, testified that he saw the man in the window of the Avalon Hotel at the same time Miss Hornbeck did. He did not know the man, but did know it was not Eugene Barnett. He was much nearer to the man than Miss Hornbeck and had an unobstructed view, while she was looking through a plate-glass window. Arrowsmith also told of meeting me in front of the wrecked hall when I stopped at the hotel to get my coat on my way home.

Walla Walla, Washington, July 18

EUGENE BARNETT

## Contributors to This Issue

GARDNER JACKSON has been for a number of years the moving spirit in the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee of Boston.

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WILLIAM MACDONALD is the author of "A New Constitution for a New America" and other historical studies.

V. F. CALVERTON is the editor of the *Modern Quarterly* and author of "The Newer Spirit."

KARL F. GEISER is professor of political science at Oberlin College.

HELEN PIERCE has reviewed poetry for *The Nation* and other publications.

MARY REED, formerly of the staff of *The Nation*, is now living in Moscow.



## Man Does Not Ask for Much

By STANLEY J. KUNITZ

Behold this darkling world: it is a cave  
Of bitter circumstance and swift decay,  
Wherein the blind soul, stumbling to the grave,  
Knows nothing but the peril of the way.  
Man does not ask for much, being content  
With scanty joy in plenitude of grief:  
A mouth to kiss, money to pay his rent,  
One small coincidence to speed belief  
In a divine Redeemer, sweetly kind,  
Who if He maketh man diseased and wild,  
Corruptible and ignorant and blind,  
Yet loveth He His poor afflicted child.

Then is man happy going to his doom:  
Then will he lie down singing in his tomb.

## Deserted Barn

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Time grinds the slow meal of the dark  
Under the rafters of this roof.  
They have gone by whose feet once broke  
The parted indifference—  
The woven weight upon these floors.  
Going, they crumbled into light  
Beyond that sudden edge of hill.  
They come no more again at dusk  
With lantern shadows on the hay  
And slow words for the sorrel horse  
In the dark stall.

## Elephant and Donkey

*The Republican Party. A History.* By William Starr Myers.  
The Century Company. \$4.

*The Democratic Party. A History.* By Frank R. Kent. The  
Century Company. \$4.

THESE two heavy books contain about all that most persons will care to know about the history of the Republican and Democratic parties. Each appears to be a compilation based upon familiar secondary works, although the method is not the same in the two cases. Professor Myers goes at his task in the usual historian's manner, introducing a good many details into his narrative, citing authorities frequently in footnotes, stopping occasionally to express a personal opinion, and in the end constructing a story which most Republicans will probably accept as orthodox. Mr. Kent, with nearly twice as many years to cover in approximately the same number of pages, assumes that his readers already know something about the subject, and writes avowedly as a reporter rather than a historian. As he has on the whole the better literary style, Democratic readers will perhaps be led to think that his work has been better done, although in point of substance there is not much to choose between the two books.

As each of these writers seems to have made a sincere effort to be impartial, estimates of their performance will doubtless be colored a good deal by the reader's party predilections. The long record of political corruption which marks the years of

Republican control is not pleasant reading, and while Professor Myers seems to stay his hand as he approaches the present time, his judgments are not often open to question. He does well to explode once more the myth of Lincoln's popularity as President, and to range himself with those who now regard a large part of the Republican reconstruction legislation as unconstitutional. When he comes to the Hayes-Tilden controversy, on the other hand, he is at swords' points with Mr. Kent. According to Professor Myers, the "high character and reputation for integrity and honesty" of the members of the Electoral Commission "precludes any charge or taint of corruption," notwithstanding "the fact that these men on both sides were Republicans or Democrats meant that they had a certain bent of mind which undoubtedly would influence and form the basis for their judgment." To Mr. Kent, the rejection of Tilden was the work of "the most unashamed, unfair, completely and contemptibly partisan body to which was ever committed a high duty calling for nonpartisanship, complete fearlessness, and rigid fairness." One wonders later if Professor Myers is qualifying for honors as a humorist in suggesting that the apoplexy of which Harding was said to have died may not have been induced by a "broken heart" over the discovery, which Professor Myers thinks Harding had probably made, of "the maze of graft, scandal, and, in some cases, personal dishonesty" on the part of those whom his "undoubted personal honesty" and "transparent sincerity" had trusted.

When it comes to mixing criticism with an analysis of situations, Mr. Kent is the better of the two. His summary of the Democratic situation since 1860 is a good example. In the sixty-eight years since the Buchanan administration ended, the Democrats have won four presidential elections and lost thirteen. What has kept the party during that long period in a condition where its only hope lay in "a division within the Republican party or a revolt against Republican administration" is, he thinks, the control of the Negro vote in pivotal States by the Republicans; the extraordinary industrial growth of the country, minimizing the importance of the agricultural and rural classes which were originally the support of the Democrats, and at the same time used by the Republicans to draw to their support the business and financial interests, which in return were rewarded with favors; and the failure of the party "to find a unifying issue in accord with traditional Democratic principles, and their habit of fighting more violently among themselves over the vibrant question of the day than with the Republicans."

This is good criticism, even if the "unifying issue" which Mr. Kent mentions is not altogether easy to discover even in retrospect. Professor Myers, who does not affect such summaries, permits himself at the end to assail both parties for their lack of leadership and their dependence upon the local prominence of office-holders and political aspirants. The final chapter of Mr. Kent's book, on the 1928 outlook, might well have been omitted, for prophecy is not history, and we do not yet know what November may bring forth.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

## Lenin, Philosopher

*Materialism and Empirio-Criticism.* By V. I. Lenin. International Publishers.

IN America, Marxism is often thought to be a barren formula, prosaic in content, and removed from the fine, embracing logic of a flexible philosophy in the gray, rigid outlines of its economic dogma. In Europe this has never been so. Marxism there has been a vital, dynamic, comprehensive doctrine, including all the various sciences, philosophies, and



arts within its scope. In this volume of Lenin, for instance, we discover Marxism actively plunged into the problems of materialism and idealism, the enigmas of epistemology, and the changing conflicts in contemporary physics. More than that, it is a book in answer to other essays and books on the same theme by other Marxians, in particular Bogdanov, and numerous non-Marxians whom Lenin denounced as reactionary in their approach to these problems.

The thesis of the book is simple despite the complexity of materials which it subjects to analysis—perhaps a little too simple. In a sense it can be summarized in the words of Dietzgen: "Pure idealists are those who sound the retreat, and dialectic materialists must be the appellation of all those who strive for the liberation of the human mind from all metaphysical magic." Idealists, then, whether they be Berkeleyans, Humeans, or the modern disciples of Pearson, Poincaré, Mach, or Duhem, are representatives of the reactionary philosophy of the old order; dialectical materialists, such as Marx, Engels, and Dietzgen, on the other hand, are representatives of the revolutionary philosophy of the new order. The "in-betweeners" are attacked with not less vigor than the reactionaries. Büchner, and Dühring, and Haeckel, for example, are assailed for being vulgar materialists, without an understanding of the fundamental approach of historical (or dialectical) materialism; Huxley is scorned for being an irresolute agnostic; and Bogdanov, Lunacharsky, Yushevitch, Bazarov, and Suvorov are ridiculed for being Machians who want to be Marxians. Even Plekhanov is attacked for certain inadequacies in his dialectical approach to materialism. Epistemology, for Lenin, is a study in class-differences, and the changing attitudes in physics, with their shift from a materialistic to an idealistic point of view, and with the attitudes of Mach, Avenarius, and Poincaré supplanting those of Newton and the older school, is but another reflection of this ideological conflict.

Lenin as an epistemologist and a philosophical materialist is without question a striking anomaly. For anyone acquainted with the usual nature of philosophical argument, or accustomed to the regular methods of philosophic analysis, Lenin will burst upon them like a bombshell. However in error in his other judgments of Lenin's genius, Aldanov was correct when he said that "Lenin was interested in philosophy only as one is interested in an enemy." Philosophy had no abstract meaning for him except as a revolutionary weapon. Those who disagree with the epistemology of Engels and the philosophy of historical materialism are not only reactionaries—they are "ignorant" and "muddle-headed," and at other times "word-jugglers," "triflers," "cowards," and "liars." Scarcely ever has a philosophical treatise been written with as much venom, or, for that matter, with as much vigor.

The main attack of the book was directed against the empirio-critics, among whom Lunacharsky was conspicuous, and the empirio-monist, Bogdanov. Both Lunacharsky and Bogdanov, it is interesting to note, are today active and influential in the Soviet Union. In 1908, when "Materialism and Empirio-Criticism" was being written, Bogdanov was the leading philosophic-ideologist in the Bolshevik Party. Lenin had taken little interest in purely philosophic problems until he believed the leadership of Bogdanov, emphasized by the appearance of his book "Outlines of Marxian Philosophy," had become a misleading and subversive influence. "Materialism and Empirio-Criticism," in its endeavor to combat Bogdanov, and the various empirio-critics and empirio-symbolists as well, begins by a general assault upon the entire school of Mach and Avenarius from which Bogdanov, Lunacharsky, Berman, Bazarov, and Yuskevich had derived so much inspiration. In his zeal to ridicule the psycho-physiology of Mach, which, in truth, needs much modification today, he makes Mach out to be an idealist, which classification Mach definitely denied, and ends by annihilating a fiction rather than a fact. Despite the strictures leveled at him, Mach was as much an enemy of metaphysics and as eager an advocate of science as Lenin. In fact,

in the preface to the second edition of his "Analysis of Sensations," Mach explicitly states that the aim of his approach was to eliminate "all metaphysical elements . . . as superfluous and destructive of the economy of science." It is not that there are not many flaws in Mach's logic, but that Lenin in his anxiety to prove Mach a reactionary failed to answer them. Lenin often confused realism as a theory of knowledge with materialism as a theory of "stuff." By insisting upon the naive formula that the sensation is "a copy, photograph, and reflection of a reality existing independently of it," and attacking Plekhanov for considering them only as symbols of that reality, his logic lost itself in embarrassing difficulty. In his attacks upon Bogdanov, many of which are cogent, and upon Lunacharsky, most of which are well-founded, he never feels the necessity of defending his own philosophic position, or justifying the basis of his own logic. These are the main weaknesses of the book.

There are many virtues which the book possesses that should also be mentioned. Lenin's attitude and outlook, however over-simplified, are never ambiguous or evasive. There is real challenge in his motivation; challenge for a great end. He aimed to make philosophy into a thing of action rather than a thing of escape. In his consideration of certain of the changes in contemporary physics, the tendency to dematerialize matter and materialize mind, Lenin displayed real genius at analysis. Russell's argument, for instance, that matter has disappeared and been replaced by energy, Lenin answered, by way of intelligent anticipation, by showing, in a striking manner, that "a different mode of expression does not at all wipe out the distinctions between fundamental philosophic questions and tendencies." This section of the book is excellent for its clarity as well as cogency.

If Lenin was not a great philosopher, it was not because he did not conceive of philosophy as serving a great purpose. It was his very greatness in action, which made him too impatient of those subtle distinctions and fine logic which make a great philosopher.

V. F. CALVERTON

## Science and Music

*Music: A Science and an Art.* By John Redfield. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

The composer and the interpretative artist have this much in common: they each of them take materials that are supplied to them, and to these materials they contribute an additional beauty not present in the materials as supplied. And this adding of beauty to musical materials furnished is the second type of musical art; the first being . . . mere physical skill. But each of these types of musical art utilizes physical things as their vehicles and means of expression. And the study of these physical things constitutes musical science. The interpretative musician of whatever kind uses some form of physical instrument. . . . These instruments, all, are pieces of physical apparatus subject to the same physical laws that govern other machines. The composer, too, works with physical materials. He uses rhythms and musical notes, both of them atmospheric phenomena as truly physical in character as electricity, heat, or gravitation, and both of them quite as properly subjects for laboratory investigation. . . .

FOR Mr. Redfield the science of music is applied, useful science. He wants scientists placed in laboratories to investigate and experiment with the tone and construction of the various musical instruments, nearly all of which he considers defective, and he is sure they can improve. They will, one supposes, also investigate the technique of the instruments, as Ortmann<sup>1</sup> investigated the technique of tone production on the piano, and, one hopes, have more effect upon

<sup>1</sup> "The Physical Basis of Piano Tone." By Otto Ortmann. Dutton.



ation than he did. But there they will stop. Redfield himself describes the science of performance, and the instruments and their sounds as physical facts, and in his discussion of the art of interpretation, Maëls with the sounds as musical things, he does not do anything of science. In other words, while there is a science of musical performance as well as an art, it is not a science of the art, nor is there as yet any such science.

Now the science of musical sound has even less to do with the creative art of music. There have been many attempts to formulate a theory of harmony that would account for the relations of sounds as musical facts by their relations as physical facts, the latest and seemingly the best attempt being Mr. Redfield's. These attempts have been encouraged by the fact that for a time musical procedures produced chords that were composed of the most prominent partials of the harmonic series. But the procedures have carried musical materials to a point where most of what is musically significant is not natural. The science of musical sounds as facts of nature can no longer account for their behavior as the materials of music; and changes in this behavior are therefore more likely to come from their further use in music than from the science, which would subject what is artificial and man-made to the limitations of what is natural.

But Mr. Redfield insists that the science of musical sound still has or ought to have everything to do with the idiom of music; that a physical theory of harmony still has practical value; and that a student must learn harmony not in musically significant usage, but in the physical laboratory, where "the harmonic practices of The Masters will all have to be subjected to laboratory verification, and modified to the degree that they are found capable of improvement." As a result, the chords of the last century or two sound bad to him because their structure and tuning are unnatural. Indeed he ascribes their unnatural structure to their unnatural tuning: the introduction of equal temperament "dulled the keenness of the ear's appreciation of natural harmonies" and "broadened the tolerance of the ear in favor of combinations of tones not naturally harmonic," until "almost any combination of tones is now more or less acceptable." But there is not enough difference between the just and the tempered scales to cause a major third or a major chord in the tempered scale to sound like anything but a major third or a major chord (this would be true also of intervals mistuned by the more minute divisions of the octave, which Mr. Redfield offers as a possibility to be investigated in the laboratory, after he has objected to the mistuning of the tempered scale); and unnatural tuning, therefore, is not a reason for the departures from natural chord structure. One may say rather that the harmonic sense in reaction to existing harmonic materials produced changes which incidentally necessitated the compromises of the tempered scale. However, suppose Mr. Redfield is right; his position then is that if the harmony of the last century or two is possible only at a cost of harmonic purity, he would rather keep the harmonic purity.

But the attitude of the musician is more realistic. Tovey<sup>2</sup> expresses this attitude when he accepts "the universal law that artistic ideas must be realized, not in spite of, but by means of practical necessities"; and this after pointing out that "there is no art in which the element of practical compromise is so minute and so hard for any but trained scientific observation to observe." Moreover, the choice has already been made, and, as Tovey says, "an intonation which makes nonsense of chords of which every classical composer since Corelli has made excellent sense is a very unjust intonation indeed." In other words, this is old wisdom on what is no longer an issue; and one does not expect anyone demonstrating the practical value of the science of music to attack the tempered scale, or to offer for present adoption a just scale which, with its twelve modes in each of fifteen tonalities, presents the same practical difficul-

ties—for example, of providing keyboard instruments with all the necessary keys—that necessitated abandoning just intonation once before. If it is the modal harmonies Mr. Redfield wants, they are already in use, but with the slight alterations dictated by practical necessities.

Since Mr. Redfield has raised the question again, let it be answered completely. According to Ogden<sup>3</sup> the employment of equal intervals and their multiples is even more primitive and fundamental than the employment of harmonics and their derivatives. The principle is illustrated by the music of Java, in which the octave is divided into equal intervals with the ratio of vibration frequencies 519:596, and melodies are successions of this interval and its multiples, which do not lend themselves to harmony since they do not fuse. Our own chromatic scale of equal temperament is, then, in the first place, as natural as the scale of just intonation; and, in the second place, it is doubly useful in that it introduces into our music the equal intervals that are not found in the harmonic scale, while it preserves the harmonic trends that are not found in the ordinary scale of equal intervals. It must be noted, however, that when Ogden uses the term natural he refers not only to the nature of sound but to the nature of man; that for him the science of music comprises not only physics but physiology, and especially psychology, which brings him nearer to music as a man-made product. One would, therefore, expect his treatment to be better than Mr. Redfield's, and, in fact, it is. It is not so easy to read, but even in style it has one advantage in not having been written for the *American Mercury*; and those who are interested in the subject should not be deterred by a cumbrous prose and none too clear arrangement of material. On the other hand, it does not deal with instruments; and of these Mr. Redfield writes the more valuable part of his book.

B. H. HAGGIN

## A History of the League

*The League of Nations: A Chapter in World Politics.* By John Spencer Bassett. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

IN the foreword to this volume Professor James T. Shotwell ranks the author as "one who for a whole generation had held his place among the first of American historians." And while this work—the last before the tragic death of Professor Bassett—is in a new field of international history, a field in which the imperfections of race hatred, prejudice, and insincerity still mar the pages of most works dealing with this subject, this narrative is written in a spirit of perfect detachment and with the same scholarly and interpretative style familiar to the reader of his other works.

Briefly stated, it is a history of the League of Nations—including its failures as well as its achievements—from the making of the Covenant, in 1919, to the admission of Germany as a member in September, 1926. After a discussion of the nature and government of the League there follows a description of the administrative machinery and then, in the order of chronological sequence, the actual work of the various sessions of the Council and of the Assembly, but with less—perhaps too little—attention to the Permanent Court of Justice and the International Labor Organization. But since these two organizations constitute a sort of right and left wing of the League which, while connected with the main body, nevertheless function independently, the omission of details concerning them may be justified. The Aaland Island controversy, the Polish-Lithuanian dispute, Upper Silesia and Albania, and the Corfu affair are each treated in a separate chapter in a clear and impartial manner; and the same may be said of the three chapters dealing respectively with the Geneva Protocol, Locarno, and the boundaries of Iraq and

<sup>2</sup> Encyclopaedia Britannica, article on harmony.

<sup>3</sup> "Hearing." By Robert Morris Ogden. Harcourt, Brace.



Turkey. In all of these major controversies the author applies the historical method and leaves the reader free to form his own conclusions. Thirty-five pages—the longest chapter in the book—tell of the events leading up to Germany's entrance into the League, and the thirty pages following tell us how the United States remained aloof but gradually came to cooperate unofficially. Perhaps most interesting of all is the final chapter, in which the historian, true to the historical instinct, estimates the work of the League at the end of seven years and cautiously weighs the possibilities of its future.

The author sees the chief defects of the League in the methods followed by the Council, which is "apt to be that of the diplomats who are more interested in coming to a conclusion than in finding a logical basis for the conclusion." Attention is also called to the fact that "the League is in reality governed, not from its seat, but from and by the ministries and parliaments of the states' members of the League." To what extent it may become an independent entity will of necessity determine in a measure its future usefulness, for as long as foreign ministers of the larger states compose the Council and use the League to thwart the "League spirit," it is difficult to see much progress. Will it continue to permit itself to be hampered by France and defied by Italy? Will the question of mandates, clearly within its province, be turned over to the League or will the backward areas continue as pawns in the hands of the great Powers to drive sharp bargains? These are some of the questions which the historian is not ready to answer. He can only bid us wait and see. It would be wrong, however, to give the impression that the author is not in sympathy with the League. In reading this narrative one may see its defects and some of its failures, but those who have little faith in forms and structures may also see in the League a possible agency to enlighten public opinion, to get states to cooperate through the conference method, and to give the small states a hearing in international affairs. If after seven years of observation there is still no reason why the United States should join the League, its history shows that, at least for Europe, it may be the beginning of a new idea, an idea that may bulk large when the present methods of diplomacy shall have become discredited. Who knows but that it may be the beginning of the United States of Europe?

KARL F. GEISER

## Matured Grace

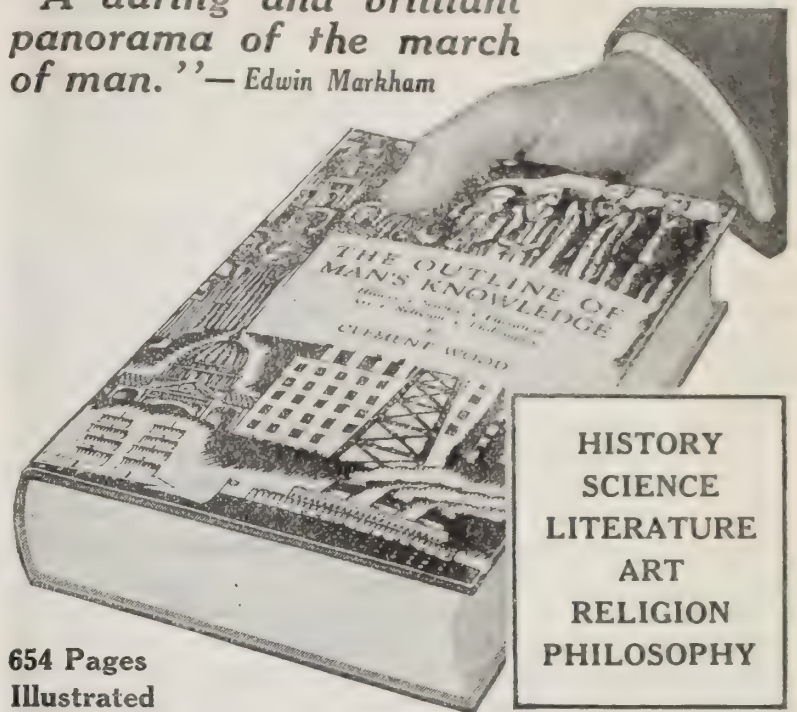
*Trivial Breath.* By Elinor Wylie. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

"**T**RIVIAL BREATH" consists of twenty-seven poems, in a book exquisitely designed and printed. Three of these are the well-remembered Puritan's Ballad, Peter and John, and A Strange Story of an earlier period. Their controlled narrative loses none of its distinction by the side of Mrs. Wylie's recent and more personal poetry.

With the first reading of this book one is filled again with the shock and delight of this poet who came into the world, so far as one can see, not only matured but sophisticated in her own sense of excellence. Her preoccupations, her whimsicalities, and the essence she derives from circumstances that would seem in themselves unusual stand forth clearly on the page. Her juxtapositions of earthy and ethereal, of domestic and exotic, of gentle and savage, reappear to charm the mind; deft and inimitable, she divides and characterizes lips, eyes, blood, bone, breast. She is witch-like, she is aristocratic and feminine, she has an uncanny knowledge of words, their perversities, their contrasts and harmonies. She is the most delicate anatomist among contemporary poets.

In spite of its briefness, the volume contains more substance and depth than any of her previous collections of poems. There are few poems here concerned with the decorative or the unreal. There are fewer with the urge of escape toward a

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more preferable reality. Her certitude of being is more profound, and her analysis keener than before. Still developing as a poet, she apparently demands of her talent more solid and synthesized results. She makes glittering pictures with fine words, and here and there builds up a fantastic philosophy and consolation; but as well, she analyzes with an even detachment her sorrow, separation, an unsatisfying perfection, and the failure of the flesh.

Dedication, the first poem in the book, is a description of her early assimilation of language, and the first stanza is lovely in its delicate sensuousness; in this and other poems she very subtly—and justly—incorporates her critique within her own lines. Acknowledging her gratitude to this early event, and her faithfulness to it, she realizes its permanent gift to her:

In innocent bird, in iridescent music,  
To be my own for all the rest of living.  
Oh, this was nourishment and wine and physic!  
This was a proud extravagance of giving!

In True Vine, Last Supper, and Tragic Dialogue she achieves excellence with more fugitive subject matter. She uncovers an empty finality in a seemingly Innocent Landscape, and in Minotaur argues in favor of robustness and for a more intense and integrated spirituality. Two or three poems fail from the slightness of the emotion behind them. Miranda's Supper, somewhat difficult to follow and a little false, is the one poem in the book nearest a purely decorative fantasy; still, it contains a line that somehow obtrudes from the rest and will not be forgotten, describing Bonaparte's clock "with the bees worn shabby."

With the impulses of so many of her poems obscured, To a Book, an examination of the creative impulse and its result, and A Red Carpet for Shelley interest me as being near the source of her peculiar magic. A Red Carpet for Shelley, composed of her stated inability to provide a heavenly walk for a clearly ethereal being, tries to project with "ragged syllables" a divine world, juggles with aloof moons and suns, hills and plains, and achieves nothing in the end, and is yet so graceful. In these two poems there are further details of that aesthetic preoccupation that forms the subject of Dedication: a woman's realization of the individual shape and substance of her art, and the purity of her relation toward it. This seems to me the arresting and significant note in her third volume of verse; this, and the sincerity of spiritual dissection that she expresses in Hospes Comesque Corporis, in haunting and beautiful lines:

And if the heart may split the skin  
Of this intrinsic chrysalis  
To make the ephemeral ghost within  
The fugitive it is:

If even the thinnest raveling bind  
Escape to the abandoned shell:  
The heart must set the hollow mind  
Replying like a bell.

Before division of the suns  
Takes shears to cut a second's thread,  
The mind must tick ecstatic once  
To prove that it is dead.

And the small soul's dissolving ghost  
Must leave a heart-shape in the dust  
Before it is inspired and lost  
In God: I hope it must.

Perhaps she has faults: she is an unsmiling poet, she is sometimes deliberately wilful, her work hints of a baffling inhumanity. There is no doubt that to the majority of minds a poem of hers is hardly likely to assuage a daily grief or to increase a spontaneous happiness. She is too strange to be steadily companionable. But it is a considerable pleasure to have again in her new work a graceful, incisive, and original poet who never wastes a word and seldom errs with one.

HELEN PEARCE



#### New Republic Dollar Books:

AMERICA SEEN THROUGH GERMAN EYES by Dr. Arthur Feiler	← just out
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THE MEANING OF ADULT EDUCATION.....	by E. C. Lindeman
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## Books in Brief

*The Songs of Paul Dresser.* With an Introduction by His Brother, Theodore Dreiser. Boni and Liveright. \$3.50.

Here are the words and music of fifty-eight badly tarnished songs by an exceedingly sentimental man who yet possessed the power of touching, as they used to say, the heart. If the author of "On the Banks of the Wabash" is on the way to being forgotten, Paul Dresser himself is likely to live for a good while not only in the introduction to the present volume but in Mr. Dreiser's book "Twelve Men," where he is one of the twelve.

*The Living Bible: Being the Whole Bible in its Fewest Words.*

Edited from the King James Version by Bolton Hall.

Revised by Alfred Berthelot. Alfred A. Knopf. \$6.

This abridged Bible omits "repetitions, ceremonial details, most genealogies, land boundaries, and matter that is no longer of general interest," and comes out only one-third as long as the original. The work of condensation has been done with evident care, though Mr. Hall will find that there is no general agreement as to which portions of the Bible are "no longer of general interest." It was perhaps not wise to save only the more famous lines out of certain Psalms; but the genealogies will not be missed by most readers, and all of the important narratives seem to have been kept.

*An Elizabethan Storybook. Famous Tales from The Palace of Pleasure.* Selected and Arranged with an Introduction by Peter Haworth. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

The sources of "All's Well That Ends Well," "Romeo and Juliet," "Coriolanus," "The Duchess of Malfi," and other Elizabethan plays are here conveniently reprinted from William Painter's famous collection.

*Nova Francia.* By Marc Lescarbot. Translated by Pierre Erondelle, 1609. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

In July, 1606, Marc Lescarbot landed at Port Royal in Acadia, now Annapolis Royal in Nova Scotia, and the northern settlements in America received their first literary artist, poet, and dramatist. He had read for the law in Paris, but found lawsuits "the bane of man's existence," and when one of his clients asked him to go out to the new settlement in America he decided to go, induced "by his desire to flee a corrupt world and to examine this land with his own eyes." In 1607 he returned and in the Easter vacation of 1608 he began his history of New France. While in Port Royal he had done much to enliven pioneer life in that very fortunate and happy early community. He assisted in the foundation and activities of the Order of Good Cheer, surely the first American fraternal organization, which existed to make a ceremony and a pleasure of a fortnightly feast and merry-making. He went further, and on the occasion of his patron's return to the settlement wrote a pageant in verse, "The Theater of Neptune," which was performed on the shore and was the first theatrical presentation in North America north of the Spanish settlements. The volume under review does not contain the play, and even in the admirable edition of Lescarbot produced by the Champlain Society (Toronto, 1907-1914) it is left in French, but the interested will find a remarkably successful translation by Mrs. H. T. Richardson, published by Houghton Mifflin last year. This Broadway Travelers edition is the flavorful contemporary translation made by Pierre Erondelle at the instance of Richard Hakluyt and is what might be expected of a man like Lescarbot—a humane, inquisitive, entertaining, and lively account of his adventures, of the lands he saw, and of the inhabitants of them. The translation, while not so accurate as Dr. Grant's for the Champlain Society, has the winsome quality of John Florio—Elizabethan English describing adventures congenial to Elizabethans.

*The Architect of the Roman Empire.* By T. Rice Holmes. The Oxford University Press. \$5.

Since histories of the Roman Republic usually end with the death of Caesar, and those of the empire begin with the principate of Augustus, the intervening seventeen years of political confusion—in which expert guidance is especially required—seldom receive due attention. This is the very period that Mr. Holmes has now studied. As he has proved in other volumes he is somewhat old-fashioned in his devotion to political and military history, but we may forgive this failing here since the destiny of the state was determined during these years by ambitious men manipulating armies. The author has once more proved his reliable scholarship by sifting the elusive sources in a convincing manner and his sound judgment by cogently criticizing the numerous hypotheses of tendential monographs. His customary vivacity has a chance to spend its energy in the barbed footnotes directed against the vagaries of Ferrero without prejudice to the well-proportioned narrative. The volume promises to be a standard work in its field for many a day.

*Jealous of Dead Leaves.* Selected Verse of Shaemas O'Sheel. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Mr. O'Sheel is well known to all readers of Irish and American anthologies for his two poems *He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed* and *They Went Forth to Battle but They Always Fell*. The present selection from and revision of the two volumes which he published a number of years ago will therefore be welcome to those who collect the contemporary poets. Such readers will find several poems here that are demonstrably as good as the two mentioned above; and in general they will find a lyricist of free and delicate character.

*The Grub-Street Journal.* By James T. Hillhouse. Duke University Press. \$3.

A useful description, digest, and bibliography of the now almost inaccessible paper which ran in Alexander Pope's time between 1730 and 1737, and the connection of which with Pope—a complicated matter—Mr. Hillhouse here helps to make clear.

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# International Relations Section

## Soviet Health

By MARY REED

**B**EFORE the Revolution competent medical care in Russia was a luxury beyond the reach of the workers and peasants. Efforts to improve the sanitary conditions of the workers were bitterly opposed, and hygiene lecturers were arrested. Millions of peasants in outlying districts were without any medical aid. Others were at the mercy of "unqualified" doctors, that is, men who after a short term at the front as assistants to army doctors had returned to their home districts with a smattering of medical knowledge, which they exploited to the extent of making a living. Free maternity care was unknown, and the midwives who served the working-class women were for the most part ignorant and unsanitary. Icons and superstition played a leading part in the treatment of the sick. And there was much sickness because of the unsanitary living conditions—drainage systems were confined to the centers of the large cities—and because of the overwhelming ignorance on the part of most people of the elementary principles of hygiene.

In building a strong workers' republic the health of the workers became paramount. The following principles were formulated: Free medical care for all; qualified doctors; and prevention of illness. This was a gigantic task and Russia was a poor country. The first step was nationalization, unifying all branches of medicine. The next step was to make medicine accessible to the people. This involved a vast new structure of divisions and subdivisions, establishment of local hospitals and clinics, and training of doctors and nurses. But this structure, however fully perfected, could not function effectively by itself. It must be closely linked with industry, housing, city planning, education, and social legislation.

In Russia there are special health committees in the offices and factories which cooperate in the work of the clinics. These factory committees are part of the trade-union structure, but are all coordinated under district committees appointed by the Narkomsdraf, which is the central health organ of the Soviet Government. The Narkomsdraf officially controls all work related to health—the training and organization of doctors, the establishment of research institutes, clinics, hospitals, drug stores, etc., and the organization of physical-culture work and health education. In carrying out this work it is dependent upon the support of the trade unions.

For instance, a worker is examined in a clinic, and one or more of the following adjustments is found necessary: Different working conditions, different living conditions, physical culture, education in personal hygiene, special diet, special treatment or sanitarium care. Different working conditions may involve more light, more air, or more hygienic surroundings, and thus the basis is formed for the work of the trade unions in improving labor conditions. If his work is not adapted to his special needs, he may be transferred by the union to another job. If he needs better living quarters, the cooperative housing schemes worked out by the trade unions make it possible for him to obtain

a better room. Some form of physical culture may be advocated by the clinic. (The physical need of the worker, not the desire for a strong team, is made the basis of athletics.) Under the cultural department of the trade union there is a physical-culture section, which is a very important part of trade-union work. Already three and a half million men and women are in organized sports in the USSR. For education in personal hygiene there are classes in the trade-union clubs, health books and pamphlets in the club libraries, and colorful health posters at every turn. In connection with the clinics special diet restaurants have been established where workers can eat food balanced according to their requirements. In the clinics, modern methods of physiotherapy—special baths, sun-light lamps, electrical massage, X-ray—are applied. If the worker is not well enough to work, arrangements can be made through the trade union to have him sent to a sanitarium. For cases which merely require special care "night sanitariums" have been established. Here the worker goes after work, bathes, gets fresh clothing, suitable food, any treatment necessary, and a good night's sleep. More night sanitariums are being built as fast as funds allow, as they have proved valuable not only in improving the health of the workers who go there, but in raising their standards of personal hygiene and teaching them to live in such a way that further treatment is unnecessary.

Preventive work has given rise in Russia to what are known as "sanitary doctors." While the regular doctors are concerned with individuals, the sanitary doctors are concerned chiefly with conditions. There are now over 1,200 sanitary doctors in the RSFSR alone. They have various functions. Food specialists advise on pure-food-law requirements, supervise research and education in food values, and plan the type of meals served in factories, offices, and schools. Then there are "communal" doctors, who control the sanitary construction of buildings, the layout of parks, etc. There are epidemic specialists, whose work is most important because of the widespread epidemics that have always existed in Russia. The maternity work, which since the Revolution has put Russia foremost among the countries of the world in its free care of mothers and infants, is planned by experts in that field. Special doctors map out the health work for the schools, and organize committees of parents, teachers, and pupils for promoting the health of the children. Physical culture experts control the laying out of sport grounds, study the effects of various forms of athletics on the individual, and plan the sport work generally.

The institutes which have been established by the Narkomsdraf are doing a most important work. There is at least one bacteriological institute in every state, and many in the cities. In Moscow alone nearly thirty institutes for research exist in various fields of medicine. A tropical institute studies such diseases as malaria, which developed in widespread epidemics following the war. There is also a tuberculosis institute, an institute for the study of venereal diseases, one for maternity, one for physical culture, and many more. These institutes serve as a training-ground for specialists and as educational agencies for making the best knowledge available on these subjects accessible to the people. It is the sanitary doctors who form the connecting link between these institutes and the workers, and who



formulate methods for the practical application of this knowledge.

Health work starts with pre-natal care. Working mothers receive two months' vacation before and after child-birth, free care and extra allowance for the baby's food and clothing. There were in the USSR in January, 1927, 864 day nurseries in the cities and 4,052 in the villages. In the last three years 3,000 summer day nurseries have been established for peasant mothers during the harvest season. The education of mothers is being carried out on a vast scale through local clinics; women's clinics are increasing at the rate of 100 a year. Before the Revolution infant care for the most part consisted in baby homes for foundlings and babies whose parents were too poor to keep them. These were popularly known as "angel factories" because of the appalling high death-rate, which often rose to more than 90 per cent.

Next, the work in the schools. School-children are required to have health passports and physical examinations twice a year. So far 57 special clinics for children and adolescents have been established in RSFSR, where examinations are made by specialists in eye, ear, nose, throat, nervous troubles, etc., and where the most suitable form of physical culture is advised. Treatment is then carried out under the supervision of the school doctor. Medical work with children is closely allied with child psychology. Special diet rooms have been established for individual needs. Country schools are being established where children who need it may have sanitarium care and keep on with their school work. So far, 75 of these are in operation in RSFSR. There are 26 day sanitariums, 24 sanitariums for children with nervous troubles, and many special sanitariums. For instance, in the Crimea a well-equipped sanitarium is devoted exclusively to bone tubercular cases, taking advantage of the peculiarly curative effects of the sun rays in that region. Each of the children's clinics has a playground and equipment for sun and air baths, and serves as an educational agency for training children in the fundamental principles of health.

For adult workers a system of passports and semi-annual examinations has been introduced. Clinical work is being extended as fast as funds allow. In December, 1925, a decree was issued planning the local organization of health centers. This plan requires each volost to have a hospital, a general clinic, a maternity clinic, a baby clinic, and consultation service for women on infant care, personal hygiene, and birth control. Large hospitals have been and are being built in the factory districts. Special clinics did not exist before the war. There are now 250 tuberculosis clinics in RSFSR, as many typhus emergency hospitals, 130 malaria clinics, etc. In the last three years similar clinics have been established for venereal diseases, and already 159 are in operation. In addition there are 144 smaller stations in the villages, with one doctor and one nurse on duty. Narcotic clinics have been opened in the big cities for alcohol and drug addicts. In these clinics the hypnosis method is being successfully used.

Throughout the USSR country estates of Czarist days have been turned into rest homes and sanitariums. In 1926 350,000 workers were taken care of in sanitariums and 600,000 in rest homes. In the Ukraine a majority of all workers in the last two years have been sent to such estates. This work was started by the Narkomsdrafi and subsidized by the government, but for the last three years these places

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## AN ESSAY ON HASHEESH

*Historical and Experimental*

By VICTOR ROBINSON, Ph. C., M. D.

*Author of Pathfinders in Medicine, The Don Quixote of Psychiatry,  
The Life of Jacob Henle, Pioneers of Birth Control;  
Editor of Medical Life.*

Upon its first publication, the author of this treatise was hailed in the medical circles of this country and abroad as "The American DeQuincey." He has done for Cannabis Indica what DeQuincey accomplished for opium. For scientific accuracy and research, for oriental imagery, for brilliance of language, this hasheesh monograph is an unequalled classic. The experimental data are remarkable. Since hasheesh is no longer obtainable by the public, it need not be feared that the perusal of this study will give rise to "hasheesh clubs."

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have been running at a profit, which is being devoted to improving the equipment and for further construction. Up-to-date sanitariums are needed for extreme cases, and plans are under way for vacation camps for workers who do not require special care to be run at the low rate of from 40 to 50 rubles a month. In case of sickness the expense is covered by the social insurance funds of the trade unions—12 to 14 per cent of each worker's salary, paid by the management.

These sanitariums and rest homes are a picturesque phase of the work of the Soviet Government. Once forbidden parks, reserves, and estates are now overrun by troops of bare-legged, bare-armed workers. The haunts of the great of yesterday have become the playground of the great of today. Palaces where 5 to 20 persons lived with 50 to 100 servants and caretakers now accommodate 50 to 100 workers with 5 to 20 persons for the upkeep. Usually gardeners from the old regime have stayed on, and the estates are kept up to the standard of their former beauty. And many are the tales these men can tell of the life that was. "Ceychass luche" (things are better now) is a frequent commentary.

Perhaps the most interesting of these sanitariums is Livadia in the Crimea. This was formerly the Czar's palace, in a mountain forest of cypress and oak trees on the shores of the Black Sea. It is a masterpiece of workmanship, with its columns of pure marble, its intricately carved marble decorations, paneled woodwork, and golden-domed chapel. It is also an interesting example of the artistic expression of the time. For instance, in the Czar's private apartment is a large and elaborate bathroom with three huge paintings on the wall. One represents a terrific monster, symbolizing the revolution of 1905, with the heroic giant of imperialism cutting off its head; the second is a naked lady; and the third is a still life. This palace is now used as a sanitarium for tubercular peasants from all over Russia. I spoke with one who had come 6,000 versts. It accommodates 400 at a time and is open all the year, taking care of more than 1,500 peasants annually, about 20 per cent of them women. It has a clinic equipped with the most up-to-date devices for treatment.

But rebuilding the health of the peasants is only a part of its work. Classes are held in all subjects of interest to the peasant—land laws, agronomy, veterinology, hygiene, political questions; a class trains newspaper correspondents on peasant problems, and a little class is held to teach reading and writing to the few illiterate who are left. Various other activities are popular; the dramatic club, and music, with instruments supplied by the sanitarium. The peasants go back to the land not only physically stronger, but better equipped to understand and intelligently deal with the problems that confront them in their work and in their relation to the state as a whole.

It is a rule of Soviet medicine that every doctor shall be a teacher as well as a healer. Through lectures and pamphlets to some extent, but more through exhibitions, movies, and excellent posters, the important facts of health and hygiene are rapidly being made common property. The effects can perhaps best be noted by an appreciable change in the traditional aversion of the Russian people to fresh air. There are still large sections of the population that have been little touched by the work of the Narkomsdrafi. But the foundation has been laid in the Soviet Republics for the greatest health structure that the world has known.

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# The Nation

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WHEN NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER gets tired of his job as president of Columbia University and father confessor of the Republican Party perhaps he would like to join the staff of *The Nation*. Since the Presidential bee ceased singing in his ear the dictator of Columbia has been talking as if he belonged on the fourth floor of 20 Vesey Street. We are not in entire agreement with him upon prohibition, but we should have been proud to print that portion of his startling letter to the *New York Times* which denounces Hoover's position on preparedness. The doctrine that military preparedness makes for peace he calls "wholly false." With bitter scorn he asks:

Listen to this sentence: "We must not only be just; we must be respected." Is it not plain that the thought behind the word "respected" would be more accurately described by the word "feared"? What sort of mind and nature is it which can at this stage of the world's history deliberately find a basis for respect in force rather than in justice?

Mr. Butler recalls that Secretary Wilbur recently offered a naval program "which affronted the intelligence and the moral sense not only of the American people but of the entire world." Fortunately, public opinion defeated it, and "the Senate contemptuously threw the whole thing upon the legislative garbage-heap, where it now lies, unwept, unmonored, and unsung." A host of Republicans, he says, reject this principle of "national security," meaning thereby "swagger," and he adds:

We shall not support any policy which would at once enter upon a new and enlarged plan of naval construction under the guise of defending ourselves against some Power which has only just taken a formal pledge not to attack us. The contradiction and the hypocrisy of it all would be comic were they not so unspeakably tragic.

Bravo!

POOR WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE! He was either a fanatic or a dupe—not improbably the latter—when he made detailed charges that as a member of the New York Legislature Alfred E. Smith had consistently favored gambling, prostitution, and the saloon. As we noted in our issue of August 15, Mr. White withdrew his charges in so far as they concerned gambling and prostitution, just before he sailed for Europe, but stood pat on his accusations regarding Governor Smith and the saloon. This strange course was followed, after Mr. White reached Europe, by a message to ex-Governor Allen of Kansas, publicity director for the Republican campaign, in which the Emporia editor disclaimed his previous disclaimer and apparently went on record as reasserting all of his original charges. This message was made public at the Republican publicity headquarters and then promptly disclaimed as an official party utterance by Mr. Allen, who said it was a personal communication and had been given to the press by mistake. Governor Smith has properly characterized the whole procedure as dishonest and unfair and has made what reads like a convincing defense of his legislative record. We hope this will end a controversy which never should have been begun.

THE DEATH OF GEORGE BRENNAN, the Democratic boss of Illinois, is a serious blow to Governor Smith's chances in that State. Brennan had a profound enthusiasm for the Governor and believed that he could carry the State for his candidate. Indeed he left Houston determined to do so. As the successor of Roger Sullivan when that dictator died in 1920, Brennan was rather an easy boss, content often to sit back and watch his Republican antagonists wrangle and disgrace themselves. At the 1924 convention in Madison Square Garden Brennan led the opposition to McAdoo, which he had also largely directed in San Francisco four years previously, and likewise in the fight against the Ku Klux Klan. In 1926 Brennan astounded everybody by running for United States Senator, in order, he said, to attack the Volstead Law in Congress. Severely injured in the course of the campaign, he was defeated and went back to a task he loved—preparing the way for the nomination of Al Smith for the Presidency. Chicago was indebted to Brennan for the selection of Mayor Dever. There seems to be no successor at hand for Brennan's job of directing the Democratic Party in Illinois. We are inclined to believe that the day for such rich, warm-hearted bosses of the Irish-American type is disappearing. Whether their successors of the cold-blooded business-man type are more desirable is another question. It is a natural development of the commercialization of politics.



IN WAIMEA, KAUAI, a little village in the Hawaiian Islands, there was recently held a celebration to pay tribute to Captain James Cook, the English navigator, who landed there 150 years ago. That discovery marked the beginning of recorded history for the Hawaiian, or Sandwich Islands as Captain Cook called them. This sesquicentennial in which both American and British warships participated was a gay and gorgeous affair; there were brightly decorated ships in the harbor, salutes of honor were fired, and "speakers reviewed the glamorous events of the last century and a half and expressed the pride of today's generation in the greatness of today's Hawaii." Yet one wonders how joyously the native Hawaiians really celebrated. When the Resolute and Discovery of Captain Cook first anchored in Waimea there were something like 260,000 natives in the Hawaiian Islands. In the course of the last 150 years' progress and civilization they have been reduced to approximately 20,000, and there is every evidence that the race will completely disappear or be absorbed through intermarriage. Again, at the time of discovery the Hawaiians were the owners of their own country. Today they possess virtually none of it. It has gone to the second and third generations of the New England missionaries who went to Christianize the Hawaiian Indians. Their sons, through their landholdings and powerful sugar corporations, now dominate every phase of Hawaiian life. On the other hand, the original Hawaiians did not enjoy the benefits of Coolidge prosperity.

A HORNET'S NEST is positively pacific by comparison with the trouble which United States Judge William H. Atwell has stirred up in Brooklyn. Judge Atwell is from Dallas, Texas, and when he was transferred to Brooklyn to fill in during the vacation term he brought his local prejudices with him, among others a strong desire to make men Dry and "to keep the niggers in their place." He has spread panic in Brooklyn by his severe sentences for infractions of the Volstead Act—which was his own affair—but recently he went beyond that and reprimanded F. R. Serri, a lawyer, in a way properly to arouse the latter's anger as well as that of numerous Negroes. Mr. Serri, in defending an Italian woman charged with selling liquor to whites and blacks indiscriminately, attacked the veracity of the law-enforcement officers. In sentencing the woman later Judge Atwell is reported to have said she was "unfortunate" in her choice of counsel and to have told the lawyer: "In my section of the country, had you made any such accusation against an officer of the law, he would have smashed you before you got out of the courtroom." The judge added to the woman: "White folks and colored folks cannot live together. You should go somewhere else to live among different people. Get your inspiration from American girls who are what Americans girls ought to be."

WHEN THE LAWYER tried to reply, Judge Atwell shut him up by threatening him with jail for contempt of court. Mr. Serri has therefore appealed to Chief Justice Taft to take action against the judge for what most persons will agree was an insult and anything but a judicial pronouncement from the bench. We can assure Mr. Serri that Justice Taft will do nothing about it. Neither will anybody else. For nothing can be done other than to send the judge back to Texas or to impeach him.

Naturally he will be returned to Texas shortly anyhow, while his lapse does not justify impeachment. The trouble is not with Judge Atwell, who, like all his fellows, is human and whose opinions fit Texas better than New York. The trouble is with the autocratic power of our judges to punish for contempt owing to which they may—and do—utter all sorts of nonsense and abuse and then save themselves from rebuke by hiding behind the sacred ermine. The existing powers to punish for contempt in America are unnecessary, medieval, probably unconstitutional, and greater than exist anywhere else in the world. Mr. Serri would best forget Judge Atwell personally and join the movement to restrict the tyranny of punishment for contempt of court.

GENE TUNNEY, who by hard work in a popular art made himself rich and famous within fewer years than it takes most artists to get started, has discovered that we exact a peculiar payment for the popularity we bestow. This prize-fighter must long ago have become tired of having it said in the newspapers that he read books; but now, what with getting engaged and starting for a tour of Europe on foot with Thornton Wilder, he seems to realize how deeply he is in trouble. When he set sail from New York the other day he is represented as having looked most unhappy. For as he got out of his taxi and approached the dock he suddenly found himself the target for dozens of flash-light photographers and movie-men, whose shots and clicks followed him even up the gang-plank to the deck. As he moved along behind an escort of police he is said to have frowned unpleasantly at the press of admiring shoulders about him, and when, as he attempted to sign his name to whatever documents one executes at the last moment on shore, his hand was prevented from the free movement of a champion's flourish, he grew distinctly red in the face with anger. To the reporters he had nothing whatever to say, and indicated that he hoped he would be unmolested by the European press. Even then our newspapermen got in their good work. "There were no books in his cabin," they quietly remarked next morning.

"MEATS FOR THE MEAT EATER" is what the Childs restaurants propose to offer in the future. For several years the Childs Company fostered a vegetarian or so-called "vegetable-wise" policy. From their menus one learned how the wise old Greeks lived healthily on vegetables, and hated meats. If this intellectual appeal failed there appeared such fanciful dishes as "meatless meat loaf" or "beefless beef stew" to trick the lover of meats into eating vegetables. Alas, the cynics of this post-war period refused to be beguiled by any such camouflage! If they were ruining their health by indulging in juicy sirloins that was too bad, but they would continue to do so, President William Childs notwithstanding. In other words, what was Mr. Childs's poison was their desired dish. The gross sales of the 120 restaurants dropped off 9 per cent in the first five months of 1928, while the common stock fell from a high of 74 in 1925 to a high of 52½ in 1928. It was at this point that the voices of the stockholders were heard and the vegetarian policy of Childs was modified. But even in defeat Mr. Childs is undaunted, for his newspaper advertisements, in addition to their announcement of meats, suggest "Fruits, Cereals, Fresh Vegetables, Dairy Products, for Health and Economy."



# Al Smith Speaks Out

AL SMITH has spoken out. His acceptance speech is worthy of the man and of the office which he seeks. It is one of the finest state documents which has grown out of the American political scene since our entrance into the World War set a blight upon hopes for political progress. There is an honest, straightforward ring to his words that was lacking in the complacent generalities of his rival for office. Against Hoover's smug assurance that "No one can rightly deny the fundamental correctness of our economic system" set Al Smith's assertion that he will not "accept the old order of things as the best unless and until I become convinced that it cannot be made better." We do not see how any progressive, reading the two speeches, can fail to feel that Smith would make the better President.

He begins with an expression of his political philosophy, setting what he calls "our new-world theory" that government exists for the people against the Republican Party's "old-world conception" that the people exists for the government, and that material prosperity, if real, would be "an excuse for political inequality." Governor Smith has a right to claim that he has lived up to his ideal as few American executives have done; but what does he regard as the outstanding example of political inequality in American life? Is it not the nullification of the Negro's Constitutional right to vote by Governor Smith's party in the very States which he regards as his surest territory? On that he is as mum as Mr. Hoover.

There is a partisan tone in many portions of the speech. Al Smith denounces the corruption of the Republican Party, as well he may; but he might have recalled A. Mitchell Palmer's raids and the scandals of the Alien Property Administration before he referred in quite such sweeping terms to "those standards of unblemished integrity which characterized every act of the Administration of Woodrow Wilson." It was under Woodrow Wilson's Democratic Presidency that American marines invaded Haiti and Santo Domingo, and leaders of the Democratic Party in the Senate, like Senator Swanson of Virginia, have been among the staunchest supporters of the Republican rape of Nicaragua. Nor are we much impressed by Smith's light-hearted assurance that a Democratic Administration would take the tariff out of politics.

None the less this man has opened his campaign upon a high plane. We like particularly his statement that

To no declaration of our platform do I more heartily commit myself than the one for the abolition of the practice of the President of entering into agreements for the settlement of internal disputes in Latin-American countries, unless the agreements have been consented to by the Senate as provided for in the Constitution of the United States. I personally declare what the platform declares: "Intervention in the purely internal affairs of Latin-American countries must cease," and I specifically pledge myself to follow this declaration with regard to Mexico as well as the other Latin-American countries.

We like, too, his specific rebuttal of the appalling Coolidge doctrine that American persons and property abroad remain a part of the national domain. He asks whether the American people would approve a doctrine which gave to France,

England, or Germany the right to regard their citizens and property within our borders as a part of their national domain. We like his plea for further limitations of armaments, and his suggestion that the most effective outlawry of war consists in removal of the causes of war.

Governor Smith pledges his most earnest endeavor to enforce the prohibition laws. We are not sure, and we doubt if Al Smith is sure, that any President can stamp out the corruption which has followed in the wake of prohibition; but we believe that, drinking Wet though he is, he would at least make as earnest an effort at decent law enforcement as Hoover's Cabinet colleague, distiller Mellon, has done with the silent approval of Calvin Coolidge. But the Constitution also bids the President recommend to Congress such measures as he deems wise; and Al Smith judges that prohibition has not achieved or aided temperance. Although he says that he will never "advocate or approve any law which directly or indirectly permits the return of the saloon," he would like to see each State permitted to define intoxicating liquor, and even, by amendment of the Eighteenth Amendment, to manufacture alcoholic beverages for intra-State consumption only, if the people of the State by popular referendum approve such manufacture. He would follow the Canadian system of package sale. This is bold speaking. It seems to us to carry State's rights to an illogical extreme, but we like the honesty of his approach to the problem and his suggestion of popular referendums. It is miles removed from the timorous pussyfooting of Hoover's characterization of the prohibition "experiment."

On farm relief Al Smith's conclusions go little farther than Hoover's. The problem is acute, he says, and he would call in experts to help him solve it. But he begins with a frank recognition that there has been government interference with the laws of supply and demand to benefit industry, commerce, and finance, and he asserts that "cooperative, coordinated marketing and warehousing of surplus farm products" is as essential as is the Federal Reserve System which regulates and controls the flow of capital.

Most heartily of all we hail Governor Smith's statement on water-power. The "sources of water-power," he says, "must remain forever under public ownership and control." The people must own and control the site and plant at the place of operation, "must control the switch that turns on or off the power so greedily sought by certain private groups without the least regard for the public good." He denounces unsparingly the "dishonest and unpatriotic propaganda" of the utility corporations, and in so doing he must hurt certain of his friends. In this portion of his address he abandons the cringing effort to demonstrate that the Democratic Party is as friendly as the Republican to big business which has disgraced so much of this year's campaign. If Al Smith continues to speak out with that frank clarity of utterance he will win the support of most of the five million voters who supported La Follette in 1924. He will not demonstrate that his party has reformed since the landslide of 1920, or that the equality of opportunity he preaches is possible under the profit system, but he will prove that political ambition does not always turn able administrators into simian jumping-jacks.



## The Crisis in Manchuria

JAPAN'S super-patriotic Premier, Baron Tanaka, is bringing Asia to the verge of another war. He is playing fast and loose with the rights of the Chinese people and defying the Washington Treaty which pledged the great Powers to respect the integrity of China.

The Sino-Japanese crisis involves a number of problems—the incidents of Nanking and Tsinan, the abrogation of an old treaty with Japan by the Chinese Nationalist Government, the control of Manchuria by Japan, and the Russian pressure on Mongolia. Overshadowing the other problems is the Japanese control of Manchuria.

The Chinese have never admitted that Manchuria is anything else than an integral part of China, and nominally the rest of the world has agreed with them. The Nationalists, pushing northward from Canton to Peking, have kept their eyes on Manchuria as the coveted goal of their ambition and the final test of Chinese control over China. When they finally captured Peking and Chang Tso-lin was killed, they opened negotiations with the titular head of Manchuria, old Chang's son, Chang Hsueh-liang, to bring Manchuria into the new Nationalist China.

It seems clear that the Chinese people of Manchuria wanted to throw in their lot with the Nanking Nationalists and that young Chang was anxious to reach an agreement. Reports from Mukden and Tokio indicate that an agreement was virtually completed when the Japanese stepped in. Under that agreement Chang Hsueh-liang was to keep control of Manchurian domestic affairs and in return hoist the Nationalist flag, swear allegiance to the principles of Sun Yat-sen, and leave the control of Manchurian foreign affairs to the Nationalist Government at Nanking. All things considered, this was a natural compromise in a difficult situation, and any nation which possessed self-government would have been permitted to carry it out.

But Baron Tanaka protested. He declared that Japan would use all its power to prevent Nationalist domination of the Manchurian Government. He sent Baron Hayashi to Mukden to see Chang Hsueh-liang, and young Chang immediately suspended negotiations with the Nationalists even when his own people were clamoring for the completion of the agreement. What caused the sudden weakening of Chang Hsueh-liang? To those who are familiar with the Japanese procedure in Manchuria the natural answer is money and military pressure. Japan has treated the Government of Manchuria as a dependency for many years and finds it even easier to dominate young Chang than his father.

What can the Nationalists do to win back Manchuria to China? Their armies are too weak to fight Japan directly, but several strong forces are on their side. Most important of all is the great preponderance of Chinese people in Manchuria. How can 200,000 Japanese control 25,000,000 Chinese who are hostile to them? Such things have been done in history, but Japan will find the control most costly. Moreover the Chinese population of Manchuria is growing prodigiously by immigration from the famine-swept areas of Central China while Japan's program of migration into Manchuria has been a failure.

Also, China has the boycott—and the former Chinese boycotts against Japan have done sufficient damage to win

respect for the boycott as an effective weapon. Dr. C. C. Wu, Special Envoy from Nationalist China, threatened Japan with such a boycott in his speech at the Williams-town Institute. At the same time Dr. Wu offered to the Japanese assurance of economic opportunity in Manchuria. "We are prepared to protect Japan's economic interests," he said, "but that is no reason for usurping political control over Manchuria. We object to Japan's political domination over Manchuria, which we consider to be an infringement of China's sovereignty. We are prepared, however, to welcome further investment by Japan or other countries in Manchuria, or anywhere else."

If Japan is unwilling to accept this adjustment of power in Manchuria, the Nationalists have the ancient answer of military force. They are weak now, but an ominous revival of military spirit is sweeping China as a result of Japanese aggression. Compulsory military training has been ordered in all government schools, and the order has been met with marked enthusiasm by the students. In Shanghai alone 15,000 students, including many girls, bought cadet uniforms.

If the Manchurian crisis leads to an open war, the responsibility will rest largely upon the nations which signed the Nine-Power Treaty at the Washington Conference and pledged themselves to respect the integrity of China. The pledge was definite and unmistakable—and the United States and Japan were parties to the pledge. In the face of Japan's open violation of the pledge the least that our State Department can do is to protest vigorously and repeatedly until Manchuria is allowed to unite with the rest of China.

## The Courts on Trial

"THE courts ought to be reformed." One hears this said so universally that it must represent the overwhelming majority of public opinion. Yes, but how ought the courts to be reformed? That is the practical question, and in general it brings only vague replies. In order to arrive at something definite the National Economic League recently submitted a series of more or less widely advocated proposals for reform to a special committee of about 100 lawyers, professors of law, and laymen. The answers received are summarized in the June issue of the *Consensus*, the official organ of the league, published at 6 Beacon Street, Boston.

In regard to whether judges of State courts should be appointed or elected, forty votes were cast for the former method as against nineteen for election. A. M. Kidd of the Columbia University Law School wrote:

The ideal is to have the lawyers best fitted for judicial preferment by reason of their character, training, experience, and temperament placed on the bench. The lawyers know best who these men are. If their recommendations, uninfluenced by political considerations, could be followed, the formal methods of selection would be immaterial. The selection of the best men may be and is as effectively thwarted by machine politics as it is by popular ignorance.

The members of the committee were asked to say also whether the term of office should be for life or a period of years. Thirty-two declared for life and twenty-nine for a term of years ranging from four to twenty. "Life tenure



in office is dangerous," said Charles Stephens, a lawyer of Columbus, Kansas. "It has always led to tyranny and oppression in favor of the richest of the rich."

There is much discussion at the moment in regard to juries and considerable sentiment in favor of restricting their use and changing their methods of procedure. Fifty-five of the committee against eight said that a defendant in a criminal case should have the right to waive trial by jury and be tried by the judge. Federal Judge J. Foster Symmes responded: "In misdemeanor cases only." Harvey N. Shepard, a lawyer of Boston, said: "Jury trial should be adhered to in all criminal cases. The right has been bought at a great price." To the question "Should less than twelve of a jury be able to return a verdict?" there were fifty-nine votes in favor and six in opposition, in civil cases. In criminal cases the vote was forty-one to twenty-one in favor of a less than unanimous verdict. We think a change in this respect would be helpful. But Charles H. Wright, formerly District Attorney of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, wrote:

I believe in the existing jury system. In over twenty years both as district attorney and in private practice I think I have had nearly all the verdicts to which I was entitled. The English jury trial is the result of centuries of evolution. I do not favor tinkering with it because of miscarriages of justice due to incapacity in the trial judge or advocate, or to stupidity on the jury.

The much-discussed question as to whether a defendant in a criminal case should be required to take the witness stand brought forty negative responses to twenty-three votes of approval. Silas H. Strawn of Chicago, president of the American Bar Association, said that the proposal would entail violation of constitutional rights, and a number of others expressed the same view. Professor Kidd wrote:

Perhaps the defendant should be required to take the stand, but I am very much afraid of the unequal contest between the defendant and the district attorney. If clever lawyers can make an intelligent, honest witness look and feel like a crook, why not experiment first with a preliminary examination before a magistrate?

Perhaps the reform should be approached gradually, as Professor Kidd suggests, but we believe the change should be made eventually. No innocent person should fear it, and the practice exists in Europe.

A strong sentiment was expressed in favor of determining the mental capacity of a person accused of crime by a disinterested body of experts, thus taking it out of the forensic field. The vote was forty-two to fourteen on this proposal. L. Vernon Briggs, a Boston alienist, wrote: "The Massachusetts law requiring examination of murderers and felons by the Department of Mental Disease before trial should be adopted in every State." Clark B. Whittier, professor of law in Stanford University, commented: "In California we now have it tried by the jury, but subsequent to and separate from the question of guilt; that is a step in advance."

Thirty-two persons expressed themselves in favor of public defenders and twenty-seven as opposed. "No," wrote Municipal Court Judge Wilfred Bolster of Boston, "the District Attorney should be such. Give him an antagonist and you merely enlarge the arena." On the other hand, Judge William V. Custer wrote: "Many paupers have been hanged in this State (Georgia) when the lawyer ought to have been substituted."

## A Censor for Building

FROM England comes the welcome news that at last there is a concerted effort to protect its beautiful countryside from the menace of the jerry-builder, the "subdivider," and the bogus architect who builds band boxes, or timbered and brick or cement monstrosities, and calls them houses. The Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, himself is in the lead and so, Ernest Marshall reports in the *New York Times*, influential bodies have been formed from Kent to Cornwall to prevent the entire coast becoming "one long, hideous line of ferro-concrete and rubberoid roofing." Clough Williams-Ellis, an English architect, is in arms, too, "at the manifold threat to the physical appearance of what was once perhaps the most beautiful country in the world." His remedy is cooperation by local authorities and the Government in London to check what has already made of some of the loveliest Surrey and Sussex roads "a nightmare of architectural abominations."

That the automobile has had its part in this desecration is beyond doubt. Yet this means of rapid transportation in the rural districts is surely not to be blamed for the architectural horrors erected in order to give rural and cheaper homes. The speculative builder is the chief offender. He not only cuts up the countryside without respect for any natural beauties, he is usually destitute of all knowledge of landscape-gardening and is totally unaware that a lovely cottage costs no more than a hideous one. Hence the problem for England, as well as the United States, is to enforce standards of taste. How? Must it be done by legislative fiat? That calls up visions of a rigid and stupid officialdom committed to one style for all places and needs, or for a group of official architects and artists supervising all plans and mounted on numerous hobbies. The latter is by all odds the better scheme. But this arrangement, too, has its limitations and weakness.

Yet there seems to be no escape from it. In New York City, architects headed by Harvey Wiley Corbett and J. Monroe Hewlett, and the Fine Arts Federation, are asking the creation of an architectural commission to supervise or censor public architectural plans. Mr. Corbett does not wish at first to censor private buildings, but calls for a permanent architectural commission, similar to the existing Municipal Art Commission, to act as a city planning body, to which in due course large building projects of private enterprise "will be willingly submitted" for scrutiny, advice, and approval. Something like this should come to pass, for the waste and confusion, and often the horrible ugliness of much building in all our large cities, is as shocking to the eye as any invasion of rural communities. It is, of course, impossible to conceive that any such control will go so far as to prevent economically wasteful construction. But if the general lines for a city's development could be laid down, it should be possible to set up artistic standards to which builders must conform, especially in relation to the surrounding structures, leaving the rest free for the play of individual taste and talent.

It is true that, as a whole, especially in the building of country homes, American architectural taste has improved. The mass-producer, who has no more idea of beauty than had Mr. Ford when he filled our roads with his ugly first model, is the chief offender.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

**I**F there should be anybody hereabouts who is a little sick of all the talk about "nullificationists" and allied scoundrels who take no proper pride in the American Constitution as amended, but is also bored with talk about the ways of prohibition agents and what the South is going to do about the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, there is a fine field for offensive counter-questioning which has not been particularly well covered.

In all the adjurations of the Borahs and the William Allen Whites about the sacredness of our fundamental law, laid down by the fathers, amended now and again by the grace of Heaven but nevertheless immutable and eternal, and binding tighter than original sin on all those blessed by living upon these shores, there has never appeared one single whisper against two of the most insidious powers that have crept into American government—namely, the power of the members of a President's Cabinet and the power of the public-service commissions.

This matter of the Cabinet really ought to be looked into—and probably one of these days it will be, some ten to twenty years after any possibility of scotching it will have passed. By the investitures of the Constitution the President has, in all conscience, little enough to do. In fact, beyond writing messages which as such bind nobody, and passing the time of day with ambassadors from foreign lands, intimating with what hopefulness he may what are his favorite legislative measures, and making his routine appointments, he has an absurdly small allotment of actual powers. If you reread the Constitution under "President" you will be shocked by the paucity of his duties and responsibilities. But in this matter of his appointments a prodigious power has accrued to him, with none to say him nay. None has said him yea or nay.

Congress, as uppity as all outdoors about its prerogatives, as jealous as a cat about what was its due and where ran the white line beyond which the Presidential toe might not pass, has with great solemnity, great finality, and great blindness assigned by its fiats a simply staggering miscellany of functions and powers to the heads of the various departments. These department heads are designated by the President, and are accountable only to him. There isn't a law—north of fifty-three, south of it, east of Suez, or in the caverns of the moon—that binds a Cabinet member. If you think different, try and get a court review of something some one of them has done.

There isn't a Secretary in Washington who cannot do just what he pleases within the confines of his job. Well, it is true that the Constitution more or less provided for that, but the Constitution expected the confines of his job to be what you could really call confines. Congress, fanning the air to find somebody who would agree to be responsible for whatever it saw fit to ordain, has stretched the confines of the departmental powers till they dim only into the farthest skies.

Prohibition under Mr. Mellon, immigration under Mr. Davis, Nicaraguan intervention under Mr. Wilbur, this and that under Mr. So-and-So, and all of them accountable merely to the man who first put them in their jobs—with the governed individual as helpless as a baby—if all

of this is constitutional government, or any part of what was outlined as basic governmental principle for this country, then the fathers were pretty unversed in making themselves clear.

But does a shout of "nullificationist" rear itself against the members of the Cabinet who have received these vast extra-constitutional powers, or against the President who has used them? Hardly. That long and ugly word is kept only for the base and unworthy who fuss about a single amendment.

It had not been the intention of this piece to complain so at length about the Cabinet and its great and growing tentacles. It was the other, the second, the State-and-federal extra-constitutional arm, that we had meant to mention—in short, these public-service commissions, both State and inter-State. Now if these were any good, they would be water on the wheel of an old socialist like me, though they would certainly be a deadly weapon against the first good Anti-Saloon League legalist who yelled "nullification" at me. As a matter of fact, the public-service commissions are worth all too little, for two reasons, first that they are made up of political appointees rather than experts, and second, that the first show of vigor and determination—to say nothing of ability—that is made by any of their personnel is greeted by some whopping offer from private capital which is almost invariably accepted.

The only point I really want to make is that this economic world of ours cannot exist half-socialist and half-capitalist as long as the capitalists have all the big wages and the good jobs and there is nothing to keep them from draining all the talent and capacity out of the governmental commissions, leaving those commissions with enfeebled and sometimes venal aggregate intelligence, plus enormous power. It makes a very poor arrangement.

I am as hot as the next one for supervision by somebody of the prices that private owners can charge us for gas, or water, or transit, or what not. I'm socialist enough to want the government to barge right in on these terrifying pirates who sell us railroad tickets and electric lights at whatever they please. But I want the thing done well, and done openly. I don't want to have to sit by while the Consolidated Gas Company persuades the Public Service Commission to let it buy up the Brooklyn Edison Company in what are practically star-chamber sessions and hasty ones at that, without any assurance that my governmental buddy is looking after my interests.

And certainly I don't want to have to sit by while public-service commissions in all sorts of States, and interstate commerce commissions, and federal boards of one kind and another, and Cabinet members with unlimited powers are all going buckety-buckety into governmental activities that concern me very vitally for which they have no more constitutional backing than I have to hang my neighbor's cat. Over these I may not exercise one shadow of control. Yet they have never a word said against them, while I am called a low nullifier of the Constitution for squawking at the Eighteenth Amendment. I have decided it is high time I also began sternly to demand "What is the country coming to?"

HEYWOOD BROUN



# What Happened in Seattle

By JULIA N. BUDLONG

THE chivalry of the great open spaces seems, like the rest of our better instincts, to sustain itself only by occasional reversions to more primitive social attitudes. In no other light can we view the refusal of Seattle to return to office its competent and progressive woman mayor at the last municipal election.

Bertha K. Landes came into political life by the logical though unusual avenue of the woman's club. Her life had been spent as a university professor's wife, with home and school her major occupations and her husband's students as her hobby, until her own children were grown and she found herself left with her hands freed for less personal labors. She joined the social-service department of the Century Club, one of the largest women's city clubs, and became, in rapid succession, her department's chairman, the club's president, and president of the City Federation of Women's Clubs.

Anyone familiar with women's club work has now an adequate mental picture of her character and personality. A rapid rise in club circles denotes unbounded energy, intelligence, executive acumen, and limitless tact and charm. It also denotes an impeccable personal life: a home and family that will pass the most rigid inspection and a reputation for being an excellent wife and mother. It denotes "the right ideas," the "right clothes," membership in a Protestant evangelical church, and New England ancestry.

Mrs. Landes meets every requirement. Her ancestors settled in America as early as 1630, some coming from Denmark and some from England. She grew up in Connecticut, one of a large family presided over by a capable New England mother who with one hand cared for her numerous progeny and a husband invalidated by the Civil War and with the other was a pillar of strength in the community. "My mother was the most wonderful woman I have ever known. I don't see how she did it," says Mrs. Landes.

Bertha Knight attended college, living while she was there with an older sister who had married a professor. After graduation she returned to live with her mother and to teach—until a university appointment enabled Henry Landes to marry and take his bride over river and mountain and desert and plain to far distant Washington, where they settled down near the university campus in Seattle.

The only feature of her activities in the years to follow which seems to have been in any way a direct preparation for the opportunities to come was the habit of reading aloud to the blind and aged uncle who made his home with her. She read for hours every day and, as his tastes were catholic, she "read everything"—political science and economics included.

When the war came Mrs. Landes was made chairman

of her club's Red Cross department and endured for two years the incessant strain which broke many a conscientious man and woman. It did not break Mrs. Landes. The war over, agitation for "a woman on the City Council" brought a demand that she run for the office. The idea seemed ridiculous to her at first, but the insistence of her friends and the pressure of city-wide appeals eventually persuaded her to permit her candidacy to be filed. She and her team-

mate were elected by a large vote on a non-partisan ballot. Three years later she was reelected by an even larger vote, though her team-mate was snowed under. She was made president of the council.

Then came Mrs. Landes's big chance and she met it like a Puritan and a general. The mayor was journeying eastward to a convention in New York. As president of the City Council, Mrs. Landes was to preside at the City Hall in his absence. "Well, there won't be much to do," he said, as he inducted her into his swivel chair behind the mahogany table. "But keep your eye on the Chief here," and he indicated the head of the police force, present for the ceremonies.

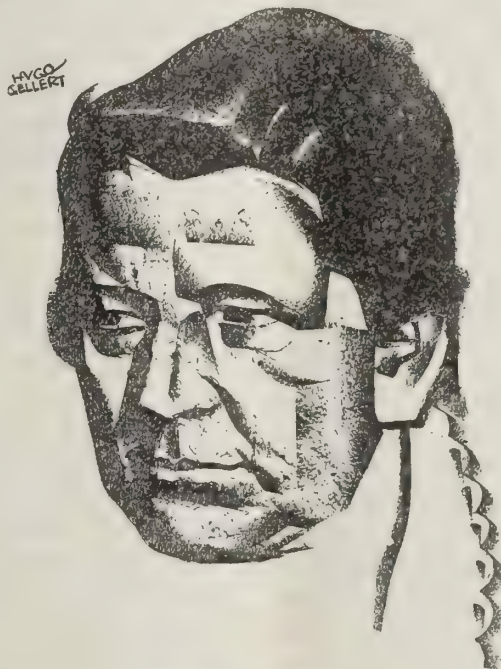
Seattle was a wicked city, there is no doubt about that. It is a seaport, the nearest to Canada on the Pacific Coast. It is a big, overgrown, boom town. It has its power corporation

and its lumber barons. What else could anyone expect? Things had to be just about as they were; look at all the other big cities in America. Any politician out of swaddling clothes would know enough to let such a situation alone.

Mrs. Landes was not a politician. She was a housekeeper and a clubwoman. She had been given power. She believed in God. She lay awake all one night thinking about it, she tells us. She felt like a martyr. "Oh, I didn't want to do it!" But in the morning she wrote the Chief of Police a letter, calling to his attention certain glaring defects in his administrative force and directing him to correct them immediately. The Chief's reply was saucy. In effect he said: "The charter gives you authority to take over the police forces of the city and run them yourself. Why don't you do it?" So she did.

The next limited train leaving New York for points west had Mayor Brown of Seattle on board. Five days later he stormed into the office where Mrs. Landes sat in his swivel chair. His month's visit had been cut to three weeks. It was the wrong gesture on the Mayor's part, and the next election found Mrs. Landes established in his swivel chair by a 6,000 plurality.

But two years later found her defeated for reelection by a plurality of 19,000. Had her administration been a failure? Far from it. Her knottiest problem had been the street-car tangle. Seattle, insisting upon a five-cent fare,



Bertha K. Landes



had taken over its street-cars under a tremendously inflated condemnation appraisal. The five-cent fare had had to be raised to ten cents and during three months of the year the employees of the system were on a voucher basis. This tangle Mrs. Landes inherited. She wrestled manfully with the problem and each year of her incumbency the city was less in debt than the year before. But, midway of her term in office, in December, 1926, the banks suddenly refused to honor the city's vouchers. Investigation revealed that, under the State law, the city could not transfer funds from one department to another to meet an emergency. It looked as if the city would have no funds with which to pay its employees, and Christmas was at hand. Then the character of the allegiance which Mrs. Landes is able to command became evident. Every one of the vouchers was redeemed—by private citizens, by downtown department stores, by small, outlying banks.

Why, then, in the face of this devotion, has she met defeat? Was the burden of living under a New England conscience too great for the frontier village? Did Geneva again banish Calvin? As far as reform measures went, two remarks, made by representatives of opposite schools of thought, are enlightening. Said a Portland friend's bootlegger: "Seattle? Oh, it's slow up there, you know. Got a woman mayor. Nothing much doing." Said a Seattle high-school teacher: "Well, we've had a woman in office now for two years, and there's still gambling going on, and rum-running, and graft. I can't see much difference. And," he added, "I suppose, under the new man it'll go on just the same." This difference of opinion would seem to indicate that Mayor Landes had done about as well as could be done under present conditions. Seattle was cleaned up—impressively. But it was a "reasonable" reform administration.

The only reason for her defeat which anyone has ever given is her sex. Seattle is sensitive to its reputation as a he-man city. It did not like to be teased about its mayor. It was just as irritated by the taunt: "What's the matter with you folks out there; haven't you got any men in Seattle that you have to have a woman for mayor?" as was Texas by the gibe: "The great open spaces, where men are men and women are governors." No one, not even a city, not even an honorable woman, can stand up against a campaign of ridicule.

Seattle is already a little ashamed of itself, now that the smoke of battle has cleared away and it surveys the landslide precipitated by its irritation. If the vote were to be taken today it would probably reverse itself. Masculine domination has been vindicated and Seattle begins to remember what an awfully good mayor Mrs. Landes was. Her successor comes into office as an unknown quantity, with no record and no visible backers. He ran on a sex issue only. His primary campaign expenses, excluding the army of precinct workers and the bill posters, were \$15,000. His salary as Mayor will be \$7,500 a year. But the astonishingly huge vote recorded at the primary in March seems to indicate that masses of voters who ordinarily pay little attention to their duties as citizens turned out to instal him.

There is a deeper moral to the story, however, and a sadder one. No one can be successful in politics without playing the game of politics. And this Mrs. Landes has steadfastly refused to do. She has contended that politics has no place in municipal government; that political parties should be national organizations concerned with national policies, while the governing of a city was a matter of civic

housekeeping—of buying stores and repairing streets and keeping the city clean and well and beautiful and as good as possible, efficiently, smoothly, and economically.

To this end she made all her appointments on the basis of efficiency and fitness, and not from the standpoint of political sagacity. In only one instance, she maintains, that of a labor representative appointed to a place on the Board of Public Works, succeeding a labor man, did she appoint any representative of a bloc of voters to a post in the city's government. And this, she says, was because plain justice seemed to dictate it. Those who did the city's work ought, surely, to be represented on its board of management.

This is no way for a politician to act. It is puzzling and irritating to the old guard. It is impossible for the politicians and bosses and grafters to catch step—to understand the rules of the game. Moreover, Mrs. Landes had what she characterized as an immense advantage over a man in her position. Having no family dependent upon her, she was in a position to ignore caution and self-interest. This is the unique contribution which, she believes, the woman with a grown family may make to wise governing. But what municipality wants a mayor who refuses to "listen to reason" when a crisis arrives?

Take the post of port warden, for example. Properly handled, that one appointment may be expected to deliver at least a thousand votes. Mrs. Landes appointed a young university instructor without political backing, place, or power. All the politicians could make of it was that she was favoring an associate of her husband, putting personalities before policies. But Mrs. Landes insists that he won the place on his merit. In addition to his university training he was a naval reserve officer with a war record, and he had his ship's papers and a license to navigate in Alaskan waters, won by actual experience. And then, instead of attending to his rake-off from every passing rum-schooner, he has busied himself with matters like signal lights and police patrol. Such neglect of obvious opportunities is too much for Seattle to witness with equanimity. "Let's put somebody in who knows a good thing when he sees it!"

Such "domestic economy" built up no political machine for the Mayor with which she could counteract the sub rosa campaign waged against her from the start by the old and well-intrenched political ring. She might be indorsed by all the civic organizations in the city, as she was; she might have the editorial support of every large daily, as she had; but that is not political backing, and in American cities today good-housekeeping is not good politics, shameful as it is to admit it.

It is strongly to be doubted that Mrs. Landes will ever seek office on her own account. Her forays into the political field heretofore have been made under pressure of heavy persuasion. It is even less likely that she will renounce her principles and turn politician, to build up an organization. But if ever a good job of civic or national housekeeping demands her attention it is not likely that she will refuse the call of duty. What will probably happen is that other politicians, recognizing her administrative ability and the allegiance she commands from her own small but influential class, will keep her active in appointive positions. Certainly in politics one must stoop to conquer, and she, no doubt, will choose never to stoop. For the present, she is kept busy lecturing and attending to the honorable but not onerous duties devolving upon her as moderator of the Congressional Conference of Washington.



# The South Is Still Solid

By CALVIN B. HOOVER

**R**ECURRENT prophecies are made and hopes expressed that the South and the West are going to form a political alliance against the domination of the national government by the Northeast. The assumption is that the West and the South are predominantly agricultural and rural and can therefore be expected to recognize their community of interest in opposition to the urban and industrial Northeast.

The fundamental error which is the basis of these hopes is not so much that they are predicated upon an underestimate of the growing importance of industry in the South, although this is usually the case. But a factor of far greater importance is the dynamic influence of the industrialists upon the Southern political system compared with the static and sterile nature of the influence which the farmer class exerts. Political dominance by the industrialists is not superficially apparent. Although in no other part of the country is a political party so thoroughly dominated by an economic class, nevertheless there is nowhere such complete indifference to this situation, nor indeed so complete an ignorance of its existence, as in the South. The Northern intelligentsia talk in terms of the conflict between mill owner and mill operative. In reality such conflict is negligible. Antagonism there most certainly is, but no actual struggle takes place, simply because the mill owners are able to have their own political way without any opposition or hindrance.

This lack of dynamic conflict is one of the most characteristic features of Southern political life. The pacifism which characterizes economic affairs is carried into the management of the existing political organizations. The one-party system is not wholly responsible for this. Wisconsin and many other Northern States have as truly a one-party system, in the limited meaning of the word, as has North Carolina or Georgia. But in the South there are not even any fundamentally differentiated factions within the party organizations, such as the division into Stalwarts and La Follettites which characterizes Wisconsin politics. On the contrary, the struggle for office within the political organization is minimized as much as possible. The Southern voter is basically a good-natured individual who shrinks from conflict unless emotionally aroused. The Southern press almost solidly supports the viewpoint that political contests should be confined to issues which are not violently controversial. Anything else is offensive to good taste. Issues which contain potential dynamite are to be avoided if the aspirant for political honors is to be treated by the press as belonging in the class of honorable men. The Democratic political organization adopted this philosophy long ago, due to the necessity for white solidarity in the face of the threat of Negro suffrage. Prolonged controversy within the ranks cannot be tolerated. Democratic conventions may be tumultuous and bitterly contested, but in the Solid South, after the smoke of battle has cleared away, the command to "close ranks" is always heard, and permanent lines of cleavage are never allowed to form. Hence the defeated candidate for governor has his wounded feelings

assuaged by the assurance that he will be the organization's candidate in 1932. If he plays the game, after he has served as governor he may aspire to the senatorship. The policy is the far-sighted one of receiving into the bosom of the organization all potential trouble-makers. Since the Republicans have no chance in national politics, their defeated candidate may even look to his Democratic opponent to defend him before the Senatorial committee which passes upon his qualifications for an appointive federal office.

This elimination of serious political conflict means that all hope of economic reform is effectually killed. If there were to be a real fight between Republicans and Democrats, or even between two factions of the Democratic Party, economic issues would be almost sure to arise. Points of conflict which now remain completely unagitated would present a glorious opportunity for a ride to power upon the wrath of an aroused electorate.

This smooth-working political machine has not been consistently dominated by the desire to serve the industrial capitalists. The older members of the machine, who represent their States or districts in Congress, have often in the past shown a willingness to vote for legislation which has been bitterly opposed by the industrial entrepreneurs of the nation. There were many instances of this during the Wilson administrations. The Adamson Act is a case in point. It is only recently that the Southern industrialists have felt any considerable degree of solidarity with the Northern manufacturers, and have attempted to influence the attitude of their representatives in Congress toward national problems.

Nor is it fair to classify the Southern politician of the old school as personally reactionary, or as a natural supporter of industrial capitalism, opposed to the interests of the farmer. In spite of the aristocratic tradition, and in spite of Negro slavery, Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democracy has been something more than a shibboleth to these men. Few of the older leaders in the political machine are of aristocratic birth and breeding. They are drawn from the class of small farmers, cross-roads merchants, and country lawyers, which, shortly before the dawn of the century, supplanted the planter oligarchy as the political ruling class in the South. Such political survivors of the planter class as retained power and prestige were often hostile to capitalistic industrialism. For example, the late Chief Justice Walter Clark of the Supreme Court of North Carolina was the champion of political and economic theories as radical as and sometimes identical with those advocated by the late Senator La Follette. In the United States Senate we find Heflin of Alabama joining with the radical Republican group in opposing a real or imagined effort of the American capitalists to carry out a policy of economic imperialism in Mexico and Nicaragua.

The South is now at that stage when old economic issues have lost their reality, while those of the present have not yet become apparent to the public. The jargon of politics continues to be reminiscent of post-Civil War days. Southern Senators are frequently men to whom the issues



of thirty or forty years ago are still real. To these men the South remains primarily agricultural and evangelical. Doubtless they do notice some evidences of change. They find less and less pressure from their constituencies in favor of a lower tariff. In fact, the pressure nowadays is usually exerted in the opposite direction. But these men, while they have not felt called upon to oppose industrialism in their own States, have in the conduct of national affairs remained, for the most part, true to the conception of Democracy current in the late nineteenth century.

But all this is changing. The younger leaders of the political organizations who occupy the governorships and other State offices have developed a philosophy and program radically different. They have observed the South transformed by a new Industrial Revolution. They have seen the visible effect upon the South of the development of textile mills and water-power. They have perceived that this industrial development has made it possible for the South to have good roads, schools, and even country clubs, which could not be supported during the days when the South was in economic dependence upon the industrial Northeast. The gratitude of all classes in the South to the leaders in this industrial movement has been profound. They have known what they wanted, and the new generation of political leaders has been anxious to give it to them.

There has been no other dynamic class in the South to dispute the political dominance of the industrialists. The political influence of the poorer class of farmers has waned since the alliance of the Populists with the Negroes resulted in the decisive defeat of the only real bid for economic power which this class has ever made. The radical farmers were maneuvered into such a position that any attempt to improve their economic status by means of political action involved them in the support of the Negro demand for suffrage, and the white farmer could not bring himself to betray his race to further his economic interests. The Southern farmer has remained a tenant, without hope, without even the determination to register a protest against his lot.

In this respect he is fundamentally different from the Western farmer, who is not at all diffident about asserting his own importance in the legislative halls of his State, or even in Congress if it is humanly possible. The farmer of the West—as witness the Nonpartisan movement—will try any economic experiment in the hope of finding redress for his grievances. If these experiments turn out to be failures, the urban industrialists can be forced to share the burden of the expense. But the Southern farmer constitutes a distinctly different social class. Most Southern Negroes are farmers, and a considerable number of the rest of the farming class are of the poor white type. Naturally they have never enjoyed social or political prestige. Nor is it likely that their political power will increase during the present period of industrial development.

The lack of political importance of the textile operatives is likewise in the natural order of things. They are themselves only transplanted tenant farmers who have left a miserable economic status on their barren acres for a distinctly ameliorated position in the mill village. Psychologically they are not removed from their fellows of the back country; they are as uneducated, as susceptible to religious emotionalism. Life in the mill village means at least easily accessible moving pictures; even such material advantages as a roof which does not leak. The mill worker

does not make any articulate protest against his present lot, since, at the worst, it represents a distinct improvement in material well-being over his previous status. Practical politicians continue to make their appeal to this class in terms of anti-evolution and anti-Popery; never in terms of labor legislation.

The mercantile and professional classes of the South support the economic and political philosophy of the industrialists with great unanimity and enthusiasm. The small business man knows that the development of industry in the South has been a tremendous boon to him. It has meant that he could have a standard of living which included Buicks and bathtubs, radio sets and golf. And he knows that low wages constituted the advantage which made it possible in the beginning for Southern industry to compete with Northern industry. To industry, therefore, he would concede a lower tax rate, a low scale of wages, anything, in short, which guarantees him a sufficient pay roll in his town to provide the purchasing power for his wares.

Those political prognosticators who prophesy a union of the Western and Southern farmers against the Northern industrialists are thinking in terms of the South of thirty years ago. In like manner those liberals who look forward to the "smashing of the Solid South," with the hope that a clear-cut alignment of political forces would result, certainly overlook the tremendous advantages which would accrue to conservatism from such an upheaval. Undoubtedly the South would cast in its lot with a conservative-industrialist party rather than with a liberal-agrarian one.

If, in the coming election, the Solid South were to be broken, the inevitable result would be that the younger generation in the Democratic and Republican machines would become dominant. Perhaps the Republican Party might temporarily or even permanently capture a few States. But the industrialists would view such a result with equanimity. The seductive appeal of the protective tariff has been making the Republican Party more acceptable to them. The *rapprochement* of the Southern industrialists and the Republican Party has resulted in a steady waning of interest in the Negro on the part of the younger Republican leaders. Certainly the triumph of the Republican Party in the South would not constitute a threat to white hegemony.

The important result of such an upheaval in the South would be the elimination of a political "time-lag" which up to the present has prevented the final consolidation of political power in the hands of the industrialists. With this time-lag eliminated, the power of the younger politicians of the South, who are hard-boiled conservatives, would spread from State to national politics. As long as the political equilibrium is undisturbed, however, the representatives of the South in national politics, on account of their traditional opposition to the Republican Party, will often support the national program of the radical Republicans from the West, for the pure joy of putting a Republican administration in a political hole.

At some time a liberal or even a radical political party may develop in the South. But such a development, if it ever comes, lies far in the future. Meanwhile the agrarian influence upon Southern politics is rapidly becoming of importance only to the historian. The man of the hour in politico-economic affairs is neither the laborer nor the farmer, but the industrialist.



# The Grave of Mill

By CHARLES FRANKLIN THWING

**T**HAT the body of John Stuart Mill rests in Avignon involves strange contrasts. For Mill was a master of philosophic thought in England during a generation which enrolled the greatest thinkers. Among them, in the larger relation, were Peel, Palmerston, Cobden, Brougham, Disraeli, Gladstone, Macaulay, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer. In the smaller circle were included Carlyle, Ruskin, Bentham, George Grote, Ricardo, Maurice, and the Austins.

The little city of Avignon, on the contrary, represents medievalism. It is a treasure house of the government and history of the Middle Ages. Here Pope and Anti-Pope ruled. It also bears one back to the conquering Roman period. In such an environment rests the mortal part of one who made rich contributions to three great departments of learning, of thought, and of life—political science, economics, and inductive logic. The place hardly seems fitting as a last and lasting resting place of a life so diverse and so active.

No such contrast belongs to Keats, resting in a quiet part of the English cemetery in Rome, or to the entombment of Shelley's heart. One recalls Rupert Brooke's great sonnets. Perhaps it is true for each that wherever the great of English life lie buried, there is to be found a part of the soil of England.

On a wet morning of a dark day in February I went to Avignon. One purpose of my going was to visit the grave of Mill. Without difficulty I found the sacred spot. The keeper said, in answer to my question, that very many persons came seeking for the grave—English, American, German, Swedish, "and all," he added. For Mill's grave is one of the world's shrines for those who hold clear thinking, moral excellence, loyalty to conviction, desire to serve humanity as the supreme treasures of the race.

The grave is in the St.-Veran cemetery. Mill's wife, too, lies buried there. A simple sarcophagus it is, of white marble, standing above the ground's level. At each end of the marble is inscribed Mill's name; on the side are inscribed his name and the dates of his birth and his death. The top of the marble bears that marvelous testimony written by Mill for his wife. I quote it:

To the Beloved Memory of Harriet Mill, the dearly loved and deeply regretted wife of John Stuart Mill. Her great and loving heart, her noble soul, her clear, powerful, original, and comprehensive intellect, made her the guide and support, the instructor in wisdom, and the example in goodness—as she was the sole earthly delight of those who had the happiness to belong to her; earnest for all public good, as she was generous and devoted to all who surrounded her, her influence has been felt in many of the greatest improvements of the age and will be in those still to come. Were there even a few hearts and intellects like hers, this earth would already become the hoped-for heaven. She died to the irreparable loss of those who survive her, at Avignon, November 3, 1858.

Has there ever been written a eulogy by a husband to a wife more moving? The epitaph, however, is simply a condensation of what Mill has written in his autobiography

regarding her. On several pages of the book he seeks to interpret her: "the most valuable friend of my life." . . . "What I owe, even intellectually, to her, is in its detail, almost infinite."

It is known to all that the marriage to Mill was his wife's second one. That sense of admiration—to use no stronger word for the earlier feeling—for Mrs. Taylor began relatively at an early age. Mill wrote in a rather singular paragraph:

Married at an early age, to a most upright, brave, and honorable man, of liberal opinions and good education, but without the intellectual or artistic tastes which would have made him a companion for her, though a steady and affectionate friend, for whom she had true esteem and the strongest affection through life, and whom she most deeply lamented when dead.

It should be said, however, that those who knew both John Stuart Mill and his wife—and I have talked with those who knew both—confess that they found in her no such supreme qualities in a degree so supreme as Mill describes. It has, indeed, been intimated that, unconsciously, of course, she gave back to Mill what Mill had already given to her. He recognized the greatness of the ideas without recognizing their origin. John Morley quotes Carlyle as saying: "She was a woman full of unwise intellect, always asking questions about all sorts of puzzles—why, how, what for, what makes the exact difference—and Mill was good at answers." But this is Carlyle; and Mill is the better and the best judge.

Here in foreign soil rests the mortal part of one who was a master of the higher philosophic thinking of England for a generation. Without being a graduate of Oxford, he was yet a master in Oxford. He was not a product of Oxford tutors or of the common room. Lacking many of the typical traditions and possessions of England, yet he seemed to belong to England. He was the soul and center of a great generation. In many a paragraph of his "Recollections," John Morley writes of him in noble interpretation and loving loyalty. Of the last day that Morley ever spent with Mill, he says: "He was impatient for the song of the nightingale. Then I drove him to our roadside station, and one of the most delightful days of my life came to an end, like other days delightful and sorrowful."

## In the Driftway

**E**UROPE or America first? That was the question put to six New Yorkers the other day by the inquiring photographer of the *Daily News*. The question in full was: "If you were given \$1,000 for traveling, would you see Europe or America first?" As a travel expert, the Drifter feels he should have been consulted also. For him it would be purely hypothetical, since he never expects to have a thousand dollars for travel. But his opinion, as a seasoned drifter on nothing at all, would surely have been a contribution.

\* \* \* \* \*

**A**S might have been expected, the answers were prevailingly patriotic. "America would be my choice." "I would rather see America first." Only one of the six, a



young lady, preferred Europe. Her reason was not flattering to either continent: "You can see America any time. . . . Besides there is likely to be a war in Europe any time." Another young lady—the sexes were evenly divided—was bolder: "I could see both Europe and America on \$1,000." This approaches the Drifter's point of view, but he fears she does not know the difficulties of the undertaking. Drifting on nothing is an art; it cannot be learned in a day.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE three men questioned were uniformly orthodox. America had better "scenery," they opined. "We have high mountains, sea shores, valleys, and prairie, and I would rather see this than all Europe." One young man even introduced the idea of duty into the situation: "I think every man owes it to his country to see it first." This is surely commendable and touching; it connotes a loyalty to one's native land that transcends mere patriotism. America's feelings will be hurt, says this devoted son, if I slight her. In which he flatters America as well as himself. But in all the answers the Drifter was glad not to find the most modern attitude toward traveling, that of avoiding the best-known places for fear of being taken for a tourist. "Don't let's go to Notre Dame," cry the intelligentsia; "everyone has been there." And they stay away, and Notre Dame remains as it was before, despite the thousands who have or have not looked at its noble pile. These finicky persons eschew the worn paths of touristdom; they seek out "little villages" and "quaint, unknown inns." Not for them the purity of Chartres, the dignity of Westminster, the bewildering variety of the Louvre, the translucent tower at Pisa.

\* \* \* \* \*

ALONG with this sniffing at places because they have been often visited goes the desire to find more persons of the same mind. Thus Paris is cluttered with Americans trying to act as if they were in America; thus a gentleman of the Drifter's acquaintance complained all during a trip through Spain because the food was Spanish, the baths were not American, the hotels were inferior to those in New York. For persons of this mind, America first is surely preferable, and America not more than a mile from their own doorsteps. Unless a traveler can be also an adventurer, with his eyes and his mind open for new sensations and new sights, he had far better follow the example of another of the Drifter's friends. He is eighty-four; three nights of his life have been spent out of the house in which he was born. "No," he says. "I ain't one to travel. I expect there's a good deal of human nature wherever you go, and I got enough of it here to do me."

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### The Crew of the Italia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reams of criticism of Nobile and Mariano and Zappi and of their ill-fated expedition continue to fill considerable space in the press. Easy-chair scientists have hastened to make charges of mismanagement and incompetence before the rescued men have had time to recover sufficiently to tell their story.

From Moscow comes the intelligence that Dr. Wise, com-

mander of the Russian relief ship Malign, explains the cause of the disaster to the Italia. He says ice fragments thrown off by the propellers ruptured the envelope of the ship, causing it to crash. His conclusion was confirmed by Lieutenant Viglieri, head of the group rescued by the Krassin near Foy Island. This judgment by these two men, in itself, answers the charge that mismanagement caused the crash.

Mariano and Zappi, under the leadership of Malmgren, were sent over the ice to bring succor to six companions they left behind. The story of their sufferings on the floes is known to all. Malmgren, dying, urged his companions to push forward. Mariano and Zappi found themselves in a peculiar situation. Should they abandon their dying companion, or should they remain with him and perhaps sacrifice the lives of the six men left behind?

The six men pinned their hopes on the walking party. Their radio was disabled. Later it was repaired, and communication was effected. But Mariano and Zappi did not know this. Firmly convinced of Malmgren's imminent death, they continued on their way. It would have been cowardly to quit while their comrades awaited, as they believed, the outcome of their trip for help. Mariano and Zappi were still struggling on when they were found almost in a state of collapse.

But the drama is not yet ended. Out on the ice shall yet come vindication for a courageous band of men whom history will place among the great heroes in the conquest of the Arctic.

This letter is written in behalf of the two hundred members of the Italian Young Folks League.

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 21

MAURICE P. YUPPA,

President, Italian Young Folks League

## Teachers and the Power Trust

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with your articles on the Power Trust and its propaganda in the schools, may I call your attention to the position and history of the American Federation of Teachers in this matter.

At the twelfth convention of the American Federation of Teachers in Chicago, in June, 1928, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The power interests are known to be seeking every opportunity to use the public schools to spread their propaganda; and

WHEREAS, The American Federation of Teachers holds the opinion that the public schools of this country which belong to the people, with their varying political and economic convictions, should provide for the presentation and discussion of both sides of controversial questions, but should not be exploited for the purpose of advocating the particular conviction or beliefs of any group; therefore,

*Be it Resolved*, That the American Federation of Teachers goes on record as unalterably opposed to all efforts of private or public service corporations, such as the Hydro-Electric Power Trust, to inject covert propaganda into the public schools; and

*Be it further Resolved*, That we oppose all attempts to censor textbooks in the social sciences that do not harmonize with the views held by the power interests of America.

The report of our Education Committee said this:

When this committee in its report to the last convention directed attention to the Ely Institute for Research on Land Economics and Public Utilities, it seems to have been a foretaste of revelations of astonishing magnitude. The committee felt keenly the danger to education of an organization posing as an institute of research, and so closely associated with a great university as to be popularly considered a part of it, which was yet financed by businesses whose interests were largely concerned with the outcome of their ostensible research.



The committee would be glad to claim, perhaps, that it realized not only the danger of the principle, but the extent of the practice. But the investigation of the Federal Trade Commission of the activities of the power interests has revealed a situation more ominous even than we feared. . . .

The National Electric Light Association, the chief propaganda agency of the power interests, has been subsidizing the Harvard School of Business Administration to the extent of \$30,000 a year for its "research staff in public utilities management," and the records of the National Electric Light Association show that the subsidy is largely to "produce an adequate textbook on public utility corporations" which "would better appear under academic auspices than as a publication of this association. In addition it is obvious that such literature bearing the imprint of Harvard University would be quite generally adopted by other institutions."

Dr. Ely's Institute at Northwestern has also been receiving a subsidy from the National Electric Light Association of \$25,000 a year, and has apparently been delivering a satisfactory return, since Dr. Ely felt free to write the association on February 16 of this year, asking additional support to finance a study of municipal ownership of utilities in California, where the private power interests are attacking public ownership with especial bitterness. Illustrations could be multiplied, but the policy is clear. Managing Director Aylesworth of the National Electric Light Association in addressing the 1923 convention of the Mid-West Utilities is quoted in part as saying: "I would advise any manager here who lives in a community where there is a college to get the professor of economics interested in your problems. Have him lecture on your subject in his classes. Once in a while it will pay you to take such men getting five or six hundred, or a thousand dollars a year, and give them a retainer of one or two hundred dollars a year for the privilege of letting you study and consult with them. For how, in heaven's name, can we do anything in the schools of the country with the young people growing up if we have not first sold the idea of education to the college professor?" . . .

But even more serious than this alarming success in buying the camouflage of academic prestige and supposedly disinterested authority is their censorship of high-school textbooks. In a number of States, their records show, they have had every text on economics used in the schools of the State examined, and where statements detrimental to their interests were found, pressure was brought to bear on school authorities to take the book out, or to place it on the shelves as a reference book.

They boast that they overlook no opportunity in our educational system from the eighth grade up. Their records show that they utilize every avenue they can succeed in reaching in each situation from the individual teacher or principal through board members and superintendents up to State superintendents of public instruction. . . .

At this point let us avoid misunderstanding by repeating our declaration of a year ago. It is not a question of the sincerity of any given individual's convictions, or of the right of organized private groups to finance research. The growing control of research by private endowment does create a difficult social problem, but we are not concerned with it here. We freely grant that scholars of high integrity may and do legitimately serve private foundations. But the issue is still one of masquerading under false colors. . . .

The American Federation of Teachers, as the first organization of educators publicly to call attention to this danger, owes it to itself and to the profession it seeks to protect to protest against the use of our schools by any business interests to inculcate in immature minds principles of economics favorable only to those interests.

The American Federation of Teachers also should urge its members to be alert to detect other attempts so to use our schools, and to realize their own importance as the protectors of the minds of the youth of the land and hence of the future of the nation.

This would seem to be as vigorous a statement on the sub-

ject as you will find promulgated by any organized body, and in view of the record of the American Federation of Teachers it is to be expected that these statements will be made effective.

The American Federation of Teachers hopes to do not a little this year to show that your own attitude of "There seems to be no concerted movement to throw the textbooks edited by the utilities men out of the schools and to purify the educational system" is too pessimistic, that the attitude of the Power Trust toward educators is too sweepingly contemptuous, and that the statement recently made by an educational leader, "The teachers themselves appear to have no desire for freedom," applies to a constantly decreasing number.

Chicago, July 30

FLORENCE CURTIS HANSON,  
Secretary-Treasurer, American Federation of Teachers

## Hoover's Touchiness

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read the review of William Hard's book on Mr. Hoover by Mr. Villard, in which Hard is quoted as stating that Hoover broods over his clippings. I know this to be true. I remember writing an editorial attacking him over the terrible conditions in the Alaskan canneries. In the whirl of events I had forgotten the editorial when along came a long telegram from Hoover begging me to inform our readers that he was not responsible, etc.

Mr. Hoover has the engineer mind, but will it triumph over his political environment? I guess not. You might as well expect Mr. Villard to acknowledge the logical conclusion of his exposure of politics and politicians in America and vote for William Z. Foster for President.

Dublin, Ireland, July 20

JACK CARNEY,  
Former editor of *Labor Unity*

Another !  
Glorious !

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# Books, Music, Plays

## The Portrait

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Through his eye searching far  
Over the bone-stretched rondure of my face,  
Exploring every scar,  
And lingering on the meaning of each trace,

Through his hand searching to fulfil  
The image left unalterably in a brain  
By the packed cohorts of my thought and will  
Materialized in flesh, I shall remain

Not mine but mine and his;  
A link twixt thought and act none can discern.  
Yet my portrait is this,  
And to it all my days unspoken turn.

Yet only doubly unknown time may mark  
What a hand wrought in color, line, and tone;  
And a shape uttered outwardly of that dark  
And changeless silence where life broods alone.

## Sincere Conversation

By LAURA RIDING

The small, the far away,  
The unmeant meanings  
Of sincere conversation  
Encourage the common brain of talkers  
And steady the cup-handles on the table.  
Over the rims the drinking eyes  
Taste mutual congratulation  
And are satisfied.

Happy room, meal of securities:  
The fire distributes feelings,  
The cross beam showers down centuries.  
How close in friendliness  
Creep words from where they shiver and starve,  
Small and far away in thought,  
Untalkative and false.

## The End of Soames

*Swan Song.* By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
\$2.50.

IN this book, the last link in the Forsyte chain, Mr. Galsworthy is clearly trying to do three separate things at once. In the first place, he is endeavoring to step into Mr. Wells's patented role of recorder and interpreter of current events. We see the Forsyte family, particularly Michael and Fleur, old Soames's daughter, posed against the background of the general strike of 1926. The first third of the book is taken up with a careful, quite unnecessarily conscientious elucidation of their views on the strike and the social problems connected with England's present situation. Let us waive the obvious objection to the novel which would act as a faith-

ful mirror of the recently contemporary. Mr. Wells may or may not, according to your prejudices, have shown the futility, if not the impossibility, of such a novel form. In Mr. Galsworthy's case the trouble does not inhere in any fundamental aesthetic error but simply in the fact that his characters are at once too simple-symbolic and by this time too familiar to us for their social commentary to arrive with any force or freshness. It is merely wearying, for example, to listen again and again to young Michael's tentative, decent-minded, Parliamentary liberalism.

If one wishes to construct a very long narrative (and of course "Swan Song" is nothing if not a part of a longer narrative) in which the *views* of the characters are to play a significant part, one must conceive these characters as complicated and continuously incomplete. Otherwise the reader will too easily become a prophet of their reactions. In other words, he becomes novelist instead of observer. This difficulty is beautifully avoided in the immense tales of Dostoevski where the personages are continually discovering and rediscovering themselves. But Mr. Galsworthy, who sees life as a much clearer and simpler thing, evolved his characters completely in the previous volumes of the Forsyte Saga. Consequently, with this new book, our main interest attaches not to their personalities or to their commentary on the changes in their environment—but simply to their fates. We are merely curious to know what happens to them.

This contraction of the reader's interest works also against the second of Mr. Galsworthy's purposes. It seems clear that in *Fleur* and *Michael*, *Jon* and *Anne*, he is trying to construct a picture of post-war youth on almost the same scale as his great Victorian portrait. But it does not quite come off. For first, as has been mentioned, his young people are too easily comprehended, too clear. If young Englishmen and Englishwomen are confused and groping and cynical, they are surely not as explicit about their confusion and groping and cynicism as young *Fleur* is. Put it this way—they have not had time to become simplified into articulate symbols in the way that *Soames* is simplified into a symbol of the acquisitive drive. Indeed, this matter of the patina laid on by time is at the root of Mr. Galsworthy's triumphs and failures. When he can look back and see his people in perspective, he is mellow and convincing; when he records the life around him he is bare and monofacial. Proust's gift of creative reminiscence he possesses to a marked degree. Proust's talent for abstracting the passionately complex and essential from a contemporary world he does not possess.

But it is probable that neither of these two purposes—that of recording a commentary on current events and that of constructing a picture of post-war youth—was predominant in his mind when he wrote this volume. Primarily "Swan Song" seems written to effect an artistic and symbolic conclusion to the fortunes of the Forsyte clan, and in particular to round off the career of *Soames*, unquestionably his greatest character and equally undeniably one of the greatest characters in modern English fiction. So far as concerns the technical handling of this rounding-off process, little exception can be taken. Mr. Galsworthy is a really extraordinary master of pure narration: his sense of tempo is infallible and elegant, here as it was in the earlier volumes. Yet the death of *Soames*—occurring as a result of his attempt to save his two great possessions, *Fleur* and the picture collection—does not have about it the grandeur and inevitability presumably intended for it. Not only is the catastrophe a little too slickly symbolic to be very moving, but it is reduced to mean proportions by being juxtaposed with the rest of the fable. For Mr. Galsworthy's Victorians—old *Jolyon*, *Swithin*, *James*, *Soames* himself—had a dignity and grandeur about them that made their every action weighty and arresting. They were comic giants but they were giants and they lived amid giants, even



monstrosities. But the piddling youngsters in "Swan Song," with their trifling love affairs and talky social reforms and tuppenny adulteries, reduce the narrative to such niggardly proportions that Soames himself loses, instead of gains, in tragic grandeur. His end should have had something noble and Greek about it. Instead it comes merely as an acceptably fitting accident, the death of a ghost among pigmies.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

## A Study of Soviet Development

*Russian Economic Development Since the Revolution.* By Maurice Dobb, assisted by H. C. Stevens. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

**M**R. DOBB has produced the most ambitious, comprehensive, and dispassionate study of the Soviet economic scene available in our language. He traces carefully the unfolding of the Soviet order, from the first desperate and somewhat bewildered beginnings to the present day, evaluating each phase of the development, applying to each the litmus tests of the economist, and leaving his reader finally with a vantage view of future possibilities—with the prudent proviso that the perspective is subject to change without notice.

Particularly fascinating is Mr. Dobb's survey of the earlier precarious years of the Soviet enterprise. Lenin, having driven his party to the seizure of power, transformed himself overnight from the tireless aggressor to the cautious statesman, so cautious indeed that rash spirits among his associates ran ahead of his conservatism. He realized better than they that while one must seize the desperate chance in attack, once the position is won the main task is one of patient consolidation. Unyielding in matters of ultimate policy and plan, he never hesitated to alter his campaign to accord with day-to-day emergencies.

When the State Bank was used to finance the foes of the Soviet state he brought it under state control. When the other banks sabotaged he swallowed them also. The land his government nationalized immediately, for it was already nationalized in the national consciousness. Industry represented a more complicated problem in which he moved more slowly than the impatient workers sometimes found tolerable. Lenin temporized with the idea of a diarchy in which impatient factory committees shared power with exasperated managers or owners. After some months this stopgap broke down. A growing number of "expropriations" by local committees augmented the growing economic chaos. It was not, however, until late in June, 1918, seven and a half months after the Bolsheviks seized power, that Lenin yielded to a general nationalization decree for large industries, and even then he yielded primarily to fix the legal status of industries in the Don Basin for which the hands of invading Germans were outstretched.

When the iron ring of Allied invasion and blockade closed about the Soviet state, military communism was decreed as a desperate measure to keep the country alive. It was, in Mr. Dobb's view, a measure of sudden military necessity, rather than a deliberate attempt to realize economic theory. "The needs of the army and the pressing necessities of life for the civilian population become the ruling obsessions," he writes, "and under such conditions it was almost inevitable that there should be excessive centralization, and that semi-military methods should be generally applied, particularly in the absence of an adequate administrative apparatus and personnel. 'War communism' was, therefore, the product, not of theories, but of war-time improvisation."

Certain Communists, Mr. Dobb points out, regarded "war communism" as a permanent goal attained. In his view Lenin did not regard it as an ultimate form. For his practical mind, says the author, communism was not a form to be "deduced a priori from first principles," but a society, to be erected on a base of communal ownership and classlessness, "and the forms

of the superstructure would be those which experience would prove to be most adapted to and consistent with that base." Mr. Dobb's interpretation of Lenin seems a fair one. When the crisis was finally weathered, Lenin scrapped military communism and began to sketch the design of his base which is now being created in the Soviet state. Most Occidental critics have inferred that in creating the new economic policy he scrapped communism because "it would not work." In Mr. Dobb's view Lenin merely released from a too centralized control the creative forces of the country to give the opportunity to construct the necessary foundation for the collectivist society of tomorrow. The very consistent trend to collectivism and socialization during the past few years gives weight to Mr. Dobb's interpretation.

Mr. Dobb's study of the economic recovery is carefully worked out and interspersed with glimpses of a new society slowly integrating itself amid grave natural handicaps. The coming of the sound currency and the liquidation of the financial chaos, the problem of town versus country, the rise and fall of the "goods famine," the growth of "rationalization" and state planning, the rapid advance of the cooperatives, the development of the labor unions and their creative position in the Soviet state, the unique phenomenon of the party—all these have their appropriate places in the author's economic drama.

Mr. Dobb finds the progress surprising in view of the obstacles. The country is confident and forward-looking. It has embarked high-heartedly on many ambitious projects beyond the scope of accomplishment in the old days. It is facing its many grave problems with vigor and intelligence. These problems—of the dearth of basic capital, of bureaucracy, of the altered basis of rural economy—Mr. Dobb does not under-rate, but against the background of achievement during the first decade his conclusions incline to optimism.

It is not impossible that the next decades may hold for Russia an industrial revolution as rapid as in Japan or Germany half a century ago. Some declare that Moscow already wears the signs of an American city, with a drive and an activity she did not have before. In her streets there is certainly a new rhythm of life to be felt and heard. A new spirit of creation is abroad, elemental and crude and strong. On the lump of the old Russian temperament the Communists are ruthlessly working as a new leaven—an energizing, a leveling, a Westernizing force. Perhaps in this "laboratory of life," as one observer calls it, the scientist is evolving some new historical element of great moment to the world.

HAROLD KELLOCK

## Roger Bacon

*The Cipher of Roger Bacon.* By William Romaine Newbold. Edited with Foreword and Notes by Rolland Grubb Kent. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$4.

*The Opus Majus of Roger Bacon.* A Translation by Robert Belle Burke. University of Pennsylvania Press. Two volumes. \$10.

**M**YSTERY and the reputé of strange knowledge build a fascination about this newest attempt to decode what may be one of the rumored ciphers of Roger Bacon. Professor Newbold has taken the last page of the Voynich manuscript for the key to the Bacon cipher, and the present volume retails the course of his attempts to arrive at meanings concealed in the document and in other writings. Unhappily the work was interrupted by his death, and therefore the consequences of the research are not completely elaborated nor clearly presented: some of the chapters are semi-popular expositions of Bacon's thought and cipher which Professor Newbold presented before learned societies, others are unfinished chapters of the book he projected, and still others were recon-



structed from his correspondence and his fragmentary notes.

This incomplete state of the work is particularly regrettable since the device that Professor Newbold evolved is so very elaborate. The Latin cipher had to be flexible enough to permit an apparent (though often nonsensical) meaning to the text as well as the hidden meaning conveyed by the symbols. To permit such flexibility, however, requires a highly articulated scheme of alphabets, and Professor Newbold has worked out a series so elaborate that a single phonetic value may have as many as eighty symbols and in turn a single symbol may have a half dozen alphabetical equivalents. Since the order of the symbols may be rearranged, this means that the device will achieve, as well as a high degree of concealment, a considerable degree of ambiguity. With Professor Newbold's series of values it would be possible to take any piece of Latin, say a page of Cicero, and discover in it a concealed as well as an apparent meaning! There would be only this difference—that in the Bacon text all the symbols would in the end be used, whereas the decipherer of the Cicero would probably finish with some letters left over. But then there must be added the frequent warning that the Bacon interpretation is not complete, and that sometimes a passage ends, deliberately, with nonsense syllables. And finally in addition to the Latin cipher there is a short-hand text in which signs may be constructed and superimposed into what seems to be a single letter (apparently with the aid of a microscope since sometimes more than a dozen minute strokes might go into the making of a letter), and the confusion is heightened with that ultimate concealment until Professor Newbold confesses: "I frequently, for example, find it impossible to read the same text twice in exactly the same way."

The chief token of the correctness of the interpretation, therefore, must be sought in the items of information previously unknown to the decipherer which have been verified from other sources. The date of a comet, of an eclipse, and of a riot at Oxford, the location of the Great Nebula of Andromeda, a formula for the production of metallic copper, a bit of classical lore, an account of the illness of a pope and the remedies prescribed by Bacon and a few others make up the present list. Unfortunately the work of this book had to be devoted so largely to following out of the clues of the cipher that very little application has been made of the key, and that little is as yet of slight importance to the doctrine of Bacon. Some interesting points, however, have been turned up: the history of the manuscript suggests that it may once have been in the possession of the famous Doctor John Dee (the original of Prospero) and opens thus the possibility of a connection with Francis Bacon; the interpretation which the key affords of a cipher in a Vatican manuscript suggests a possible influence of Raymond Lully on Roger Bacon. But much of the Voynich manuscript is apparently still uninterpreted. Whether or not the key is correct, and whether or not important discoveries may be made by applying it further, can scarcely be hazarded. But the account of what has so far been done is an ingenious—and not wholly plausible intellectual detective tale.

The translation of Dean Burke makes available for the first time to English readers the complete "Opus Majus" of Roger Bacon. Since surprisingly little of the large philosophical production of the Middle Ages has been translated, this contribution is of no slight importance if a widespread understanding of medieval thought is to be hoped for. The translation is smooth, intelligible, close to the text, and for the most part exact. What faults occur, arise from the fact that Dean Burke seems to be more expert in Latin than in the Middle Ages or in Aristotle. Rather frequently a sense perhaps of classical elegance conceals a medieval syntax from him; such slips are seldom crucial—of the type of the one which occurs on page 586 of volume II: Bacon has insisted that a man may repeat the truth without understanding it, like an ape (Dean Burke translates) "that relies on the aid of men to perform its part," when the text ("quae opera hominum nititur peragere") says like an ape "that attempts to perform the actions of men. . . ." There

is no need, however, to enumerate such errors. It is more important that Dean Burke falsifies the intellectual background from time to time by translations which are verbally permissible but doctrinally erroneous. Thus, he does not observe the sharp Augustinian-Platonist distinction between *sapientia* and *scientia*—*sapientia* is knowledge of eternal changeless things, the archetypes which bear the impress of divine ideas, whereas *scientia* is knowledge of particular changing things, the things of time and space: Dean Burke translates *sapientia*, sometimes knowledge, sometimes science, sometimes wisdom, as if *sapientia* were only a verbal variant of *scientia*, and that procedure permits him to take *scientia* usually as if it were the constant invocation of experimental science; the doctrinal significance and continuity are wholly lost, for Augustine no less than Bacon speaks of *scientia* and *sapientia*. Or, to give another example, Bacon contrasts Intelligences or angels (which are separated substances) with souls (which are substantial forms and therefore in need of union with a body); the Intelligences in question are, of course, those that rule the heavenly spheres and perform like angelic functions—but Dean Burke renders *intelligentia* "intellect" and leaves the passage (vol. I, p. 45) with little if any significance. So, too, words like *esse*, *potentia*, *species* are translated with a laxity that must shock an Aristotelian, but the supreme sin occurs when (vol. II, p. 635 and again p. 795) the practical intellect (*intellectus practicus*) is confounded with the active intellect (*intellectus agens*), as if the long controversies of the Middle Ages on the active intellect were not sufficient to warn the translator of a medieval document that the practical intellect with its contrast in the speculative intellect is far from the contrast of the active intellect with the possible. The error is the more disturbing since the active intellect is correctly rendered in one passage (vol. I, pp. 44-48) in which the further Baconian doctrine which identifies it with God is definitely stated; such an identification would be unintelligible in the case of the practical intellect. Such objections, however, are only occasional and should not disturb the reader who may come to these volumes for his first reading in Bacon—and the chance Aristotelian who may wander into them will find definite enough marks of the Aristotelian terminology to permit a ready reconstruction.

RICHARD MCKEON

## Books in Brief

*Julius Stockhausen, der Sänger des deutschen Lieds. Nach Dokumenten seiner Zeit.* Frankfurt: Verlag Englert und Schlosser.

This excellent biography is the homage paid by a daughter to her famous father. It is a sketch of the wonderful master-singer Julius Stockhausen, and the work unfolds itself in a wide correspondence—with his parents and with his great contemporaries Clara Schumann, Brahms, and others. In this book, admirably printed and heartily to be recommended, we admire a sensitive spirit and participate in an artist's struggles and triumphs as teacher and singer of songs and oratorios.

*Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. American Supplement.* Waldo Selden Pratt, Editor. Charles N. Boyd, Associate Editor. The Macmillan Company. \$6.

An American supplement may have been necessary in 1920 to remedy the omissions of the second edition of Grove; but there is no obvious reason why in 1928 the facts about American music and musicians should not be included in the main body of the new third edition (as indeed many of them are). Nor is there any excuse for putting out what is called a new edition of this supplement with new material, in which, on the contrary, nothing seems to have been added to what was given in 1920; in which even the cross-references are to the second edition of Grove; and in which as a result, Farrar and Caruso still hold forth at the Metropolitan, Strinsky is still at the



head of the Philharmonic, Huneke still writes for the *Times*, and so on.

**Up Eel River.** By Margaret Prescott Montague. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Tony Beaver is the name of Paul Bunyan among the mountain lumbermen of West Virginia, but as interpreted by Margaret Prescott Montague he is a much more spiritual character than the wholesome but material Paul. Tony Beaver could see in a dew-drop all that Blake ever saw in "a grain of sand." He was—yet is—a kind of mystic magician, dancing with dogwood trees and reversing the "wheels of time" so as to fetch up yesterdays and hog-tie tomorrows. He is a kind of giant fairy; yet at the same time he is as earthy as Bottom. As he says, "The earth owns me." "Up Eel River" is written with real charm.

**Contemporary American Authors.** By J. C. Squire and Associated Critics of the London *Mercury*. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.

Milk-and-water pronouncements by the correct generation of English critics—Squire, Priestley, John Freeman, Osbert Burdett, etc. The American writers discussed are Willa Cather, Edith Wharton, Lewis, Hergesheimer, Frost, Lindsay, Dreiser, and Robinson. These are "literary essays" par excellence. One can object to nothing in them; indeed, their un-American coolness and skepticism are welcome and intelligent. Yet on the whole they are almost unreadable. They are so soberly genteel, so level, so even. Their judgments are so clearly and dully just. Criticism to which one can do little but mildly assent may be necessary—but it is far from important.

## Music

### The Ballet Russe: 1928

*Paris, July 20*

**T**HOSE who treasure their recollections of the Diaghileff Ballet Russe will do best to stay away from it when it visits New York again this fall.

The performances of 1916 were not distinguished merely by the brilliant dancing and miming of individuals like Jijinsky and Bolm. The very rank and file shared this brilliancy, so that at times the entire stage was alive with patterned movement. The performances were further notable for their light and color, particularly those of the ballets that were based on Russian or Asiatic legends. But above all, in these elements, and in the complete performances into which they were combined, one sensed an alert, vitalizing intelligence and taste which could find its good and use it. Today there seems to be less good to use. In the performances I saw recently in Paris ("Pulcinella," "Apollon," "L'Oiseau de Feu," "Noces," "Ode," "L'Après-midi d'un faune," and "Barabau") the only exceptional dancing was that of Woznikowsky in "Pulcinella." Most of his associates were heavy, and often, therefore, out of time. But if they had all been Woznikowskys they would only have emphasized the poor quality of the supporting company. A worse exhibition of slovenliness than it gave in "L'Oiseau de Feu" it would be difficult to imagine. The stage at time was choked with unwieldy groups, and not a concerted movement was actually begun or ended in concert. Opposed to this confusion was only one element of order and poise, the working of Massine's body in its various movements in his old role of the Prince. Formerly Massine did not stand out so. But there seems also to be less intelligence to use what good there is.

The 1916 performance of "L'Après-midi d'un faune" was given against a somber backdrop by Bakst, and on a dimly lighted stage. The program in the Paris performance mentioned only

costumes by Bakst, for there was now a shabby backdrop of an ugly solid color (a light blue, as I recall it), with a skimpy platform for the faun; and the stage was in a glare that revealed every quiver of Lifar's muscles as he held the faun's attitudes. Nor was this only the simplicity of the newer ballets, the precise, purposeful simplicity, for example, of the Picasso set in "Pulcinella"; it was plain shabbiness. Nor was the reason poverty, for the theater was crowded; there seems rather to have been a deterioration in the intelligence that formerly governed matters so well.

B. H. HAGGIN

## Drama

**F**OR those who have wondered what feelings and emotions tug and pull at the newspaper reporter's heart (if he has one) while he is busy gathering the Truth for the public, "The Front Page" at the Times Square Theater is quite the best thing that has yet come to Broadway. The various episodes take place in the press room of the Chicago Criminal Courts building and have what has come to be the inevitable background of every play laid in the Chicago scene: crime and politics. On top of that, and adding immensely to the robust entertainment of the play, is an incessant stream of reporters' wisecracks mingled with an unusually rich, bald profanity—a profanity which is, however, magically unobtrusive in the vigorous and sincere rhythm of the play. No doubt the authors, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, have written more humor, speed, and caricature into three hours than the average newspaperman experiences in three months, but they have also stuck closely enough to reality to make the melodrama as a whole seem like little more than an extraordinary piece of good newspaper reporting. Lee Tracy and Walter Burns as the reporter and the managing editor give fine portrayals of their parts, and they are supported by a uniformly good cast.

W. P. M.

## THEATERS

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# International Relations Section

## A Call to Rumanians

*A tremendous gathering of Rumanians took place at Alba Julia on May 6, last, called by the National Peasant Party to protest against the present regime of the Liberal Party. It is estimated that as many as 100,000 peasants were present, some of them coming on foot from as far away as fifty miles. The following appeal was issued by the National Peasant Party in connection with the gathering:*

**T**HE National Peasant Party at this moment of grave depression of our national life considers it its duty to appeal to the civic and national conscience of the whole country and to call the nation to a task far above all considerations of petty trivialities and partisan rivalries.

The fight which the National Peasant Party is carrying on is not limited to a simple discussion of current political issues. It is nothing less than the continuation of the long struggle of the Rumanian people to attain their liberty and national unity.

After the war which freed our land from foreign masters the Rumanian people thought that as a result of their heroic efforts they would be able to live as a free and united nation.

But the enthusiasm of the masses and the faith of the people were abused by an oligarchy of plutocrats, devoid of scruples and determined to exploit the tragedy of the people for their selfish purposes of domination and oppression.

The war was ended ten full years ago.

During these ten years the newly annexed Rumanian provinces, having thrown off the yoke of foreigners, have been trying to establish the foundations of a national Rumanian state, free and independent.

But by the cruel irony of fate the army, with which the Government was intrusted in 1926 for the purpose of defending the country against foreign enemies, has been utilized by a coterie of plutocrats in a war against the "liberated" provinces, against the productive classes, and against the masses of the people throughout the whole country, who by their sacrifices have won the right to assume their proper place in political life.

Thus for ten years we have lived under a regime of oppression and exploitation in which the police force, martial law, the censorship, and an utter disregard of all the laws have constituted the only means by which the Liberal Party has maintained its domination, open or disguised.

CITIZENS, In theory we have a constitutional state based on universal suffrage, representative government, and ministerial responsibility. In practice universal suffrage is a deception. For eight years there has been no such thing as national representation.

The ballot boxes have been stuffed, individual liberty trampled under foot, the press shackled; the administration, the police force, the courts, the army have been drawn away from their great purposes of maintaining order, establishing justice, and defending the nation, and have been transformed by an unscrupulous Government into instruments of corruption and electoral oppression.

The legislative bodies have been the products of the artifices of violent politicians, of administrative frauds, and often, unfortunately, of the abuses of judges unworthy of their high mission.

CITIZENS, The economic life of the country, placed on a false basis by the government, is ruined.

Our agriculture brings no profit because the new organization, created by the necessity of agrarian reforms, is unsuitable and inefficient and also because agriculture is subject to the cruel persecution of high tariffs, which prevent the procuring of cheap agricultural tools and supplies, and of export taxes, which discourage intensive production.

Legitimate industry is closing its doors and the taxes collected from the agriculturists are being used for the maintenance of parasitic industries.

Honest business is going bankrupt in order to make way for the commerce of exploiters.

The financial policy adopted by the Liberal Government for the purpose of restoring the value of our currency, but maintained for the express purpose of protecting the interests of the banks of the members of the Liberal Party, has completely failed and the government has been obliged to resort to the plan of stabilizing the currency, without, however, accepting the logical consequences of the utter failure and abject abandonment of its economic program.

The policy of building up the country with indigenous capital, the so-called "by ourselves" policy, doomed from the very beginning by the lack of mobile Rumanian capital, which had been destroyed by the war, prevented the import of foreign capital, made necessary a disastrous moratorium on our obligations to foreign creditors, and gave us the bad reputation of haters of foreigners, through which our credit has been ruined and our economic recovery frustrated.

Under the mantle of economic nationalism the Liberal Party has proceeded systematically and persistently to lay its hands on all the sources of wealth in the country, such as coal, oil, natural gas, minerals, waterfalls, health resorts, woods, factories, pipe lines, fisheries, means of transport, trade in cereals, and the banks. Everything in the country of any value has passed under the control of trusts, either by the help of laws which serve as instruments of pillage or by the help of the whole administrative apparatus, as a result of which the enormous wealth of the country has been gathered in a few hands and transformed into a murderous parasitic enterprise, nourished by the misery of the masses.

CITIZENS, Although our state is theoretically decentralized the present administration is characterized by excessive centralization, which is the direct result of an absolutist system applied throughout the country.

The newly annexed provinces were accustomed to a regime of local autonomy, centuries old and deeply rooted in tradition, and were dominated by a powerful spirit of loyalty to laws, so they have been overwhelmed by this brutal centralization, which, applied by a corrupt administration, has provoked universal indignation against the Balkanic methods and oppressive spirit which the Liberal Party displays in its administration of affairs in general and especially in the newly annexed provinces.



CITIZENS, Although the war caused a large number of unnecessary casualties, due to our lack of technical preparation, yet even now, ten years later, the condition of our army is still deplorable, in spite of the fact that it is our supreme defense in the face of dangers which are becoming more menacing every day.

The external situation of our country also reveals to us in a no less convincing manner the incapacity of the present regime. Eight years of an imperfect understanding of events, of the lack of foresight and of indecision, have brought Rumania into discredit and isolation.

Today Hungary, disarmed by the treaties, is able to arm and to agitate the question of treaty revision and of altering our frontier, without a word of protest or a single manly act in our behalf by our Government, so lacking is it in authority, dignity, and patriotism. Such a political regime, guilty of such serious iniquities, cannot continue a single day without endangering the very existence of our state and menacing the vital strength and resisting power of our people.

CITIZENS, In the political struggle which is developing today there stand face to face two forces: a despotic, predacious clique, on the one hand, and the Rumanian people in their entirety, on the other.

The National Peasant Party has shown in the elections, as well as in the large mass meetings that have recently been held in all parts of the country, that it represents the real will of the people and it takes upon itself the sacred mission of carrying to a successful conclusion the struggle for the emancipation of the people and the purification of the state.

CITIZENS, Inasmuch as our struggle is not an ordinary political combat but a real national crusade, you must all give it your aid and support for the sake of final victory.

Our national honor and the respect which we cherish for those who have gone before oblige us to work together for the immediate removal of the baneful liberal clique.

## Contributors to This Issue

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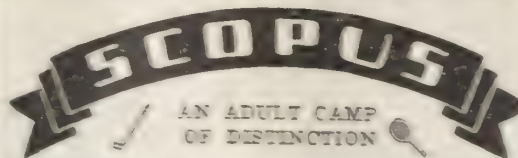
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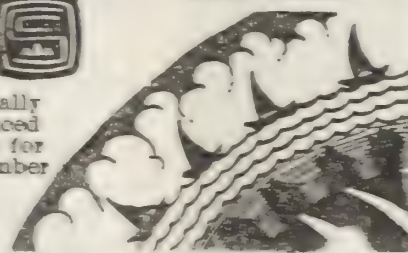
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IT IS SIGNIFICANT that the first anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti was observed throughout the world on August 23 without any violence anywhere. These two men upon whom a complacent and prosperous society laid violent hands, preferring to put them to death without a fair trial rather than endanger—as it supposed—the safety of its economic system, have happily not left a trail of similar violence behind them. Their memory has been commemorated in peace and reason as they themselves would have wished. After great difficulty in obtaining a hall, the Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers in Boston gathered to pay quiet and sincere homage to the dead Italians. In New York City there was an outdoor meeting at which a large guard of police had nothing to do, while the Debs Memorial Radio Station devoted its afternoon program to Sacco and Vanzetti. There were many other observances in this country and abroad in spite of the verdict of the Boston *Herald* a year ago: "The chapter is closed." Perhaps one chapter is closed, but another has been begun and many others will follow. May they all be as free from violence and unreason as the memorial meetings this year!

THE LIVELIEST INCIDENT in connection with the Sacco-Vanzetti observances was the conclusion reached by the Boston police that in the remarks which he made at the meeting in their city, Horace M. Kallen had been

guilty of blasphemy according to the Massachusetts statute of 1640, the law under which Anthony Bimba was prosecuted. What stirred the religious sensibilities of the Boston police was Dr. Kallen's assertion that "if Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists, so were Jesus Christ, Socrates," and others, a conclusion in which all reasoning persons would agree. But Boston police are sensitive plants, and the idea so shocked them that they sought and obtained a warrant for Dr. Kallen's arrest after he had departed from their city. Dr. Kallen, who is attached to the staff of the New School for Social Research in New York, was the star pupil in Harvard University of William James and later became his literary executor. The passion of pious Boston to burn him as a witch—possibly on a pyre in the middle of the Harvard Yard—should make even marble-hearted Massachusetts rock with laughter. The justice of a State which in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti showed itself as incompetent and blood-seeking is now revealed as uproariously ridiculous.

CHURCHGOERS WHO SO DISLIKE the new parson that they turn in dudgeon to the parson of a rival sect across the street, usually proclaim loudly that they have not deserted the faith of their fathers. Some of the political sectarians do not like the new parsons, but none of them admits that the parson makes the creed of the church. Nicholas Murray Butler has added to his denunciation of Hoover's doctrine a canonical indorsement of Al Smith's acceptance sermon, but he insists that he does so as a good Republican; ex-Senator Owen is barnstorming for Hoover in Oklahoma as, he says, the apostle of old-fashioned, pre-Tammany Democracy. Henry Curran, once the Republican candidate for mayor of New York City, comes out for Smith, but as a Republican. Meanwhile the staid New York *Herald Tribune*, still dripping Wet but staunch for the Grand Old Party, performs daily miracles of political gymnastics in attempting to prove that the best way to end prohibition is to vote for Mr. Hoover. The Hoover strategists of course count on party loyalty to outweigh the Wet-and-Dry issue in the East, and the Smith generals rely upon the South to remain faithful to the holy Democratic church even though its candidate repudiate every principle for which the Southern Democracy has ever stood. It is an amusing spectacle. It is also a healthy chapter in American political education. However much we differ on his chosen issues we pay our tribute of respect to every politician who dares to set principle above party loyalty and bolt.

NICE GIRLS CAN STAY at the New Bedford Y.W.C.A. but girls who get arrested on the picket-line in a strike are not nice girls. That is the interpretation of Christianity and law and order made by the executive committee of the New Bedford Y.W.C.A. which ejected Miss Sadie Reisch of the Women's Trade Union League and Miss Josephine Kaczor of the United Textile Workers because they were arrested by New Bedford police while leading picket-lines of strikers. The Y.W.C.A. officials prejudged the case of these girls who had committed no act of violence but who had been captured by the police in a general raid



upon strike pickets who were peacefully walking on the street. Fortunately for the reputation of the Y.W.C.A. the action of the New Bedford officials is not approved by the national organization. In a letter to President William Green of the American Federation of Labor the National Industrial Committee of the Y.W.C.A. deplores the action of the New Bedford group. Also the papers of New Bedford have joined in a chorus of condemnation. Meanwhile the strike of 28,000 cotton-mill workers against a 10 per cent wage-cut goes on with sustained enthusiasm and courage. Few strikes in American labor history have been more remarkable. After nineteen weeks of fighting and starving, and after police have reduced the strikers' picket-lines to a mere shadow by frequent and arbitrary arrests, the mills are today almost as idle as when the strike began.

**T**HE FATE OF BEN BESS, a colored man in the South Carolina State penitentiary, is still undecided. He was pardoned by Governor Richards about three months ago; shortly thereafter he was placed in prison again for "safe keeping." His pardon came, after he had served thirteen years of a thirty-year sentence, when the charge of criminally assaulting a white woman which had caused his conviction was withdrawn by the woman who had originally made it. Believing that she was on her death-bed, Mrs. Maude Collins signed an affidavit to that effect. But Mrs. Collins recovered, and the document which she had hoped would ease her conscience led instead to a threat of trial for perjury. She then issued an explanatory statement declaring that she had not understood (since she could neither read nor write) what she was signing in the confession affidavit. She had not intended, she said, to repudiate her original charge against Bess but had merely wanted to "forgive" him for what he had "done" to her. Governor Richards revoked his pardon on the ground that it had been obtained through fraud. Meanwhile, however, M. C. Townsend, a master in equity for the Richmond Circuit Court, has reviewed the evidence in the case and handed down a decision. He has ruled that "no fraud whatsoever was perpetrated against" Mrs. Collins and that in signing the affidavit "she, together with her son, had plenty of opportunity to acquaint themselves with the true facts set forth therein." Furthermore, it was found "that the statement it was only to forgive the accused was made after it was brought to her attention that probably she would be prosecuted for perjury." But Ben Bess is still in prison.

**A**SIGNAL VICTORY for free speech was scored by the Debs Radio Station when the Federal Radio Commission voted to extend its license beyond September 1. The victory belongs to the thousands of progressives in all parts of the United States who deluged the Radio Commission with protests when the license of Station WEVD was threatened. Perhaps the Radio Commission realized that the suppression of this non-profit-making progressive station at the height of the Presidential campaign would underscore the Socialist charge that power interests dominate the air. At any rate the commission was fair and courteous in handling the Debs-station case and it announced that the director of the station had pursued "a very satisfactory policy." Now that the station has won the right to exist, it is making a vigorous demand for better wave-length and time distribution. Its low wave-length now excludes it from many Manhattan receivers,

and it has only one night a week to reach the labor audience at home. An ambitious educational program has been worked out for the fall and winter with a weekly forum on Sunday afternoons and lectures on Tuesday evenings. The program is excellent, but who will hear it? The Debs station, with nationally prominent educators and lecturers, must yield nearly all its most valuable time to commercial competitors who fill the air with trivial entertainment. We would like to see WEVD given a wave-length and time distribution with which it could make a thorough test of the radio as an instrument in workers' education. This might be accomplished by another deluge of letters addressed to the Federal Radio Commission, Washington, D. C.

**A**MONG THE NEWEST publications we welcome the *New England Quarterly*, published, curiously enough, in the city of Baltimore, which was once so glad to jail that New England champion of abolition, William Lloyd Garrison. But the town of publication is accidental. The spirit of the *Quarterly* is thoroughly that of an enlightened New England, whose life and letters, the cover announces, are to be the subject matter—not that Massachusetts which executed Sacco and Vanzetti and is as ready to lynch any heretic as its broadcloth mobs of the eighteen-forties were ready to hang Abolitionists. The board of editors, of which the notable Harvard historian, Samuel Eliot Morison, is the senior, with Lawrence S. Mayo as managing editor, gives promise that we shall have an historical magazine worthy of the name, and the first three issues affirm the promise. Not that we believe the editors will find their work easy, or desirable manuscripts too many. But the opportunity is there which we look to see well utilized. The July issue is distinguished by the delightful reminiscences of one Joel Shepard, who went to the Revolutionary War, and by an article Walt Whitman Looks at Boston, the city which compelled in 1882 the withdrawal from publication of "Leaves of Grass" as today it continues in the stupid and dirty business of suppressing other worth-while volumes.

**C**YNICAL AND ABLE, at times brilliant, George Harvey was. Yet neither in his conduct of the Harper's publishing company nor of the *North American Review* was he a success. True, his own editorials were amusing, biting, censorious, and often unusually well-informed, but when he laid down his pen the *Review* lapsed into a desuetude from which it is only beginning to emerge. As a politician Harvey earned more praise than he deserved. He was the first editor to bring forward Woodrow Wilson as a Presidential candidate and, until the episode with Henry Watterson which Wilson accepted as an effort to deliver him to his bounden enemy Big Business, Harvey was truly the Warwick of the Wilson preconvention campaign. But he cooled rapidly and later became one of Wilson's bitterest and most effective critics. His lack of principle became apparent enough later, when he joined forces with Warren Harding, the antithesis of Wilson in personality and in purposes. When the saintly Mr. Harding arrived in the White House, Colonel Harvey achieved the original aim of his Wilson days—he became American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, where he interested and at times amused his British audiences but achieved none too much. He was plainly meant by nature to achieve far more than he did with cynicism's heavy hand always upon him.



# Leo Tolstoi: 1828-1928

TOLSTOI'S fame in his closing days was best measured, perhaps, by the almost universal consternation aroused by the news of his disappearance from Yasnaya Polyana in November, 1910. The spectacle of this gigantic old man wandering alone over Russia in an endeavor to find God at last and to come to peace with himself could not fail to impress, even to terrify, any human being conscious of what had been going on in the world throughout the nineteenth century, and conscious too of what had gone on in the mind and soul of Count Tolstoi.

What went on there we are not so presumptuous as to say. No one knows precisely, even in this day when biographers are so ready to dissect the souls of famous men and publish the construction thereof. But that a tumult was there no one has ever doubted; and only mean minds refuse to respect that tumult, whatever they may conclude as to its justification or its significance. It was the agony of a man sick with civilization and exhausted by a lifelong attempt to reconcile the ideas of that civilization with the facts of his own nature. We now know, if we never guessed before, that Tolstoi was caught in such a struggle from the days of his youth when he first began to think and feel. The recently published "Diary" of his formative years reveals a young man beset with all the conflicts which he was to try to resolve during his many days of fame as author, land-owner, husband, and social philosopher. And the psychological portrait in Hugh I'Anson Fausset's book last spring, "Tolstoi: The Inner Drama," was convincing evidence of a certain major conflict always faced without ever being truly resolved.

Tolstoi was no player with paradoxes. He never said anything save through compulsion, and so he was not echoing the eighteenth-century doctrine of nature when he declared against all modern civilization. That is a pretty idea, and one which has furnished themes to thousands of poets, story-tellers, and sociologists; but it had no attractions for Tolstoi. Tolstoi, indeed, pulled back from his contemplation of nature—at least of the nature within himself—with the same horror and loathing that he came to feel for the morals of most men. When he renounced desire in the forms of sex and greed it was as if an element had turned against itself. That the renunciation was never wholly successful is a tribute to the power of nature, and perhaps it is the proof that Tolstoi was wrong. But that does not matter. Tolstoi wrong was vastly more impressive than other men right, just as the new Russia, right or wrong, is immeasurably more impressive than the comfortable nations which persist in calling her absurd. There is something about the Russian temperament which makes it go wrong—if it does go wrong—sublimely. Tolstoi's primitive Christianity is as different from our fundamentalism as Russia is from Rhode Island, or as any of his novels is from any of ours. Nowhere on earth today, says a distinguished American, is there an optimism so simple and so terrible as that of the new Russians. And nowhere during the hundred years since Tolstoi's birth has there been an artist so powerfully compelled as he.

To say that Tolstoi is the greatest novelist of these hundred years is to say something which cannot be

proved in view of the many gulfs between him and such figures as Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, Proust, Dickens, Thackeray, Hardy, Bennett, Hawthorne, James, Dreiser, Mann, Nexo, Hamsun, and, in his own country, Dostoevski. But it may be said that no writer of narrative in any age was ever more convincing than the author of "The Cossacks," "Anna Karenina," "War and Peace," "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "Twenty-three Tales"—yes, even "Resurrection," propagandist as it was. And it may be said of him with reference to the other novelists just named that his range includes many of theirs; he hugged their styles and universes to his bosom along with his own. It is customary to contrast him with his greatest contemporary, Dostoevski, and there are those worshipers of Dostoevski who cannot see in Tolstoi anything at all of the command over mystery which certainly distinguishes the author of "The Brothers Karamazov." Yet it is blindness not to see what Tolstoi accomplishes in this direction. It means nothing to call him a realist, at least if one intends by that term to denote that he was confined to an account of externals—whatever externals may be. A great novelist is much less concerned than the rest of us with the distinction between outside and inside since he is better aware of both. Tolstoi, as it happens, never spoke of anything except the things of human nature which can be seen and heard, yet it is doubtful if he was any the less successful in suggesting the depth of man's universe.

Maxim Gorki, visiting Tolstoi in his old age, noticed that his hands were like no others he had seen. They were creatures in themselves, with life and character and animal identity, so that when the aged prophet reached across the table to pick up a card it was as if, says Gorki, the hand felt the card to be alive—a bird there on the cloth waiting to be caught. That is the kind of artist he was. The world for him was living in every stick and hair, and his sense of this is communicated to the reader of his books by means much too subtle for analysis. He did not have to resort to devices for making his people or his situations real; they were real for him before he wrote a line, so that all he needed to do, apparently, was to proceed directly and very simply with the events at hand. So it would seem. There was art, of course, in his singling out the large ears of Alexei Alexandrovich for description in "Anna Karenina"; they are perhaps the chief means by which, as Mr. Galsworthy says elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, we are made to feel toward Anna's husband as she feels herself. But it was art of which he may have been unconscious. And it was art of such a sort that, being a perfect master of it himself, he could despise it when he saw it being striven after in the books of others.

"What is Art?," which repudiated virtually all the art of the world including his own, is outrageous—and mainly true. Tolstoi's discussion of emotion and its communication through music and painting and story is one of the few profound contributions ever made to aesthetic theory, whatever we may think of his specific judgments. But he was always profound, as he was always simple and—if you like—insane. There was never any man like him before, and we must not expect to have his like again.



## Those "Peace Pacts"

THE Kellogg peace pacts have been signed at Paris by the United States, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the British dominions; and other nations will be permitted to ratify them at a later date. Upon the earnest insistence of Germany, it is reported, even Russia's signature will be accepted. Talking motion pictures have recorded every moment of the solemn ratification of this new "charter of peace"; and the world has been informed *in extenso* that war has been outlawed and a great forward step toward peace been made.

There is no doubt that these treaties are the product of a world-wide demand that the statesmen move to outlaw war. They have never been popular in the chancelleries; and it has been the people's voice for peace which has insisted that they be drafted and signed. But in the drafting, perhaps, something of the original ideal has been lost. Edwin M. Borchard, professor of international law at Yale and one of America's leading international jurists, analyzed the pact at the Williamstown Institute (his address is reprinted in our International Relations Section this week) and concluded that "It constitutes no renunciation or outlawry of war, but in fact and in law . . . the most solemn sanction of specific wars that has ever been given to the world. . . . No such broad claim of the right to make war has ever before been recognized." No one refuted Mr. Borchard's analysis of the technical legal effect of the treaties and their accompanying notes. Those who disagreed with him asserted, first, that the notes were not to be taken as seriously as the treaty itself—a strange quibble for those of us who would take the pledges of nations seriously; and, second, that whatever the legalistic meaning of the documents their psychological effect was to commit the world against war.

We believe in reading treaties before signing them. Mr. Borchard's analysis deserves the most careful attention. The United States Senate will shortly be faced with a most cruel dilemma. It will be called upon to ratify, or refuse to ratify, a treaty initiated and sponsored by our own Administration about which the hopes of the world for peace have clustered. A Belgian at Williamstown warned his hearers that Europe could not stand the shock of a rejection of the treaties by our Senate; it "would be water dropped on the mill of the Bolsheviks." But if disillusioned men cry out again that their statesmen have deceived them, whose will be the fault—those who point out the illusions dangled before the peoples or those who cynically prepared the pretty mirage?

The world has been led to believe that these treaties point the way toward peace. Despite the subtleties of the reservations and interpretations of their phrasing, they can still be made a force for peace. If the statesmen who preached peace at the birth of these pacts carry on with the logical consequence of their own words, and begin a real disarming, the world will be reassured. The test of the pudding is in the eating; if the statesmen believe in their pact the obstacles to disarmament are slight.

Unfortunately, there is more talk of an Anglo-French naval agreement than of disarmament, and there are more men under arms in Western Europe today than in 1913.

## Decency in Divorce

AMERICAN divorce used to be considered a scandal; it has become an institution. It used to be considered a menace to the home; it may come to be looked upon as a bulwark of marriage. Once marriage was regarded as a sacrament in which the Deity played an important mystic role, and no amount of misery was held to justify dissolution of the superhuman bond. But with mysticism and magic out of the way, marriage appears as an arrangement in which two human beings join, eager to form a satisfactory, lasting partnership, but liable to make mistakes. And in such a common-sense light the institution of marriage seems to be most dangerously attacked by those who, insisting that people who have ceased to love each other should continue in joint misery, seek to make divorce difficult.

The idea of indissoluble union has reluctantly given way to the assumption that even the church should permit divorce upon proof of serious injury by one party to the other. A compromise has been effected, but the grounds for divorce are still in part based on the old idea of religious sanction. We say today: "Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder, unless one of this wedded pair commits adultery or other sexual crime, or is intolerably cruel, or, in some States, abandons the party of the second part for certain specified periods of time." The law limps along after social practice; and decent people, looking for divorce but shunning the grosser forms of collusion, travel to Paris or Mexico to find their freedom with a minimum of indecent exposure.

A valuable article in *Harpers Magazine* for July deserves wide reading, for it describes the American divorce situation and contrasts it with the present procedure in Scandinavia. There divorce by mutual consent on mere grounds of incompatibility is allowed after certain formalities and the lapse of a reasonable period of time for reflection and reconsideration; and divorce upon petition of one party is also granted after a slightly longer delay.\* The author of the article, Stephen Ewing, examines the effects of this overthrow of the orthodox dogma regarding marriage, and finds that no alarming changes have occurred in the home life of Norway, Sweden, or Denmark. Procedure has merely been made to coincide with current usage and the desires of the people. What has resulted is a growth of tolerance and reason in divorce; at least the more violent outcroppings of hate and jealousy can find no legal expression. The state concerns itself with the proper registration of marriage and divorce; it sees to it that homes are not broken hastily or impulsively; it guards the future of the children. But it does not insist that before a divorce is granted one party must violently attack the character of the other.

America is aware—thanks to Judge Lindsey and other commentators—of the discrepancies in our American practice and theory. We know that our divorce laws encourage—in effect, necessitate—the crime of collusion. But Americans tend to prefer bootlegging to laws that fit the facts. We keep our piety and our practice in separate compartments, and do lip-service to one while we indulge the other like a vice.

\* The provisions of the reformed Scandinavian divorce laws appeared in *The Nation* for April 24, 1920.



It would be useful if a more extended study could be made of the effects of the Scandinavian divorce and marriage laws. The Russian laws are equally liberal, but they form a part of a system of social values quite distinct from our own. The Scandinavians are closer to the Americans in many respects than any other people in Europe. They are Protestants and Nordics; they have a strong penchant for regulation and reform; they shun the "Latin" attitude toward sex and marriage; their women are independent. If they face the facts of their national life with more realism and courage than we, at least their ways are not alien. We could study them as we study ourselves. By such study we might throw light into some of the darkest places in our national life; and none is darker than the processes of American divorce.

## Vacations

A VISITOR from Mars arriving in midsummer would see headlines in the New York papers: "Three Die in Heat," "Woman Killed in Crush by Crowds Fleeing from City Heat Wave." But he would be told that the "most important" people were out of town on their vacations.

Our philosophy of vacations is like our philosophy of work. It is not a reasoned theory so much as a grotesque collection of habits based upon class power and perpetuated by inertia. When a subway guard getting twenty-four dollars a week for forty-eight hours of work fifty-two weeks a year is allowed one week's vacation, while a stockholder of the transit company spends the summer in Quebec, the arrangement excites no comment. As Bernard Shaw pointed out long ago, it takes a fresh eye and an alert mind to detect the established fraud in economic practices.

The ordinary man is insensible to the fraud just as he is insensible to the taste of water, which, being constantly in contact with his mucous membrane, seems to have no taste at all. The villainous moral conditions on which our social system is based are necessarily in constant contact with our moral mucous membrane, and so we lose our sense of their omnipresent meanness and dishonor.

The accepted practice of our industrial system is to give brief vacations or no vacations to manual workers, longer vacations to clerical workers, and still longer to executives, owners, and professionals. The Department of Labor of the State of New York discovered by investigating 1,500 factories that 91 per cent of the plants gave vacations to their office workers, 68 per cent to their foremen, and only 18 per cent to their production workers. The lucky 18 per cent of production workers usually received one week's vacation, while the clerical workers received two.

Government agencies and large corporations tend to be more generous in their vacation policies for manual workers than small concerns. Even the scrubwomen hired by the State of New York get a full month's vacation with pay. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has worked out in its home office a plan for vacations based upon length of service which is more or less typical of many large corporations. The company gives two weeks for clerical workers the first year of service, fifteen days after five years' service, seventeen days after ten years' service, and twenty days after fifteen years' service. But the manual

workers of this company, as of many others, are given only a single week of vacation after many years of service.

Behind this corporate and community practice in granting vacations is a vaguely defined philosophy. Men and women who work with their brains are sensitive, fine-strung, in constant need of replenishing burned-out energy; men and women who work primarily with their hands are stolid, ox-like, in need of a thick beefsteak and a sound sleep to prepare them adequately for the next day's work.

This traditional theory of the effects of fatigue on industrial classes has no more truth in it than the superstitions once held by historians concerning the fine blood and biological gentility of the aristocracy. Everyone who works needs a vacation, and the need is greatest among those who work the hardest. A ditch-digger gets tired. Fatigue will destroy his mind and body just as surely as it will destroy the mind and body of a bank president. True, the bank president needs a somewhat more alert mind for examining mortgages, shaking hands cordially, and remembering first names. But this need of extra alertness in the professional and business classes is already provided for by shorter hours of labor. When August comes, the bank president takes a vacation and the ditch-digger does not, because the bank president has the power to take it and the ditch-digger has not.

That is all there is to our theory of vacations. That and habit. For those who have the power to take vacations there are special philosophies and diversions ranging all the way from deep breathing to the perusal of Thoreau. For the manual workers who have not the power to win this extra leisure, there are Sundays—and Coney Island.

## The Exploited Indian

THERE are no wild statements or harsh and bitter words in the 847 pages of the latest study\* of the Indian in the United States. One is impressed, in fact, by the studied moderation of its language, a moderation maintained in the face of facts and conditions that point to a most wanton neglect, if not downright betrayal, of the American Indian on the part of our government and the Indian Bureau. Yet it would be difficult, were one ever so gifted, to paint a more depressing and appalling picture than this report gives. There are pages that one reads and then rereads with amazement, saying, all the while, surely this cannot be true today in the United States. In this report the Indian is stripped of all the romantic lore and hocus-pocus that the movies like to show, his gaudy beads, gay headdress, and startling war dances. What remains is a race of downtrodden men whose picturesque rituals and culture have been shattered by our missionaries and men of business, who have been left helpless and destitute without a fair opportunity to adapt themselves to the white man's world.

It is in the fields of education and health that the greatest need for immediate attention appears. In the boarding schools, for example, an attempt has been made to feed the children at an average cost of eleven cents a day for each child. And although this meager allowance is supplemented somewhat by supplies from the school farms,

\* The Problem of Indian Administration. By the Institute for Government Research. Johns Hopkins Press. \$5.



milk and fresh, green vegetables are virtually lacking from the diet. With more than 27,000 children subjected to these dietary deficiencies the resulting prevalence of disease, especially trachoma and tuberculosis, is easily understandable. The schooling itself is of a most backward character, administered by inferior and incompetent teachers. This is not because the young Indians are incapable of learning, since intelligence tests of various sorts have demonstrated the contrary, but simply because the government has failed to provide sufficient facilities. Schools with a capacity for only 850 have been compelled regularly to enrol a thousand or more, even, the report says, "if there was no place to put them." Actual school work takes up only half the day, the other half being consumed in work to help support the school. The conditions are such that

In nearly every boarding school one will find children of ten, eleven, and twelve spending four hours a day in more or less heavy industrial work. . . . The work is bad for children of this age, especially children not physically well-nourished; and most of it is in no sense educational.

Then there is evidence that the Indian schoolboys are most heartlessly exploited during their summer vacations. One group of 29 Navajo boys returned to school after 63 days in the Colorado beet-fields "with average net earnings of \$5.62, or less than nine cents a day." Only two of this group were over 14; more than half were 11 or 12. No wonder that many of these young Indians when they have finished their "schooling" are in subnormal health, tubercular or deformed, and manifest an intense dislike for farming, if not for all routine labor.

Health administration among the Indians is in a similarly deplorable state. Compared with the general population their mortality rate, both for infants and as a group, is very high. In Arizona the Indian tuberculosis death-rate is seventeen times greater than the general rate for the whole country, while in the Menominee tribe of Wisconsin it is 40 1/3 times the tuberculous death-rate of Wisconsin as a whole. Little, however, is done about this. Sanitariums are inadequate and ill-equipped. Not one, according to the report, meets the minimum requirements of the American Sanitarium Association, and "not a single institution maintains a complete case record of its patients." Again one reads: "At the present time no hospital has an X-ray unit. In some few cases one may find a microscope, but ordinarily their appearance indicates infrequent use." The conditions of poor health are due chiefly to the low standard of living among the great majority of the Indians. Because of their extreme poverty they must live on a cheap diet of ill-cooked starches and meat instead of one rich in milk, green vegetables, and fruit—which go far in combating tuberculosis and trachoma.

In addition to the sections on health and education, the report covers with extraordinary thoroughness the economic, social, and legal status of the Indian and presents a program of intelligent reform. Most important, perhaps, is its recommendation that Congress appropriate "at the earliest possible moment \$1,000,000 to be immediately available to improve the quantity, quality, and variety of diet available for Indian children in boarding schools." Yet this would be hardly a gesture in the direction in which Congress should move to repay the Indians for the inhuman conditions that have been forced upon them. And whatever the excuse of the Indian Bureau may be for the present situation it can never again be one of ignorance of the facts.

## Haldane

VISCOUNT HALDANE may have died a disappointed man, yet his death provoked a chorus of appreciation such as comes to few men in English public life. Tory, Liberal, and Laborite joined to do him honor; and Lloyd George declared that he had been "treated with the basest ingratitude." Lloyd George spoke with authority; if he had spoken in that tone in 1915 the last decade of Haldane's life might have been happier.

Haldane was one of those men of many talents who have enriched the history of England. He was a lawyer by profession, a philosopher by preference, a statesman by instinct. His first published work was a life of Adam Smith; later he translated Schopenhauer; but he was best known in philosophic circles as an Hegelian metaphysician. Such was the man whom Campbell-Bannerman called to take charge of the War Office in 1905. Almost his first act as Britain's War Minister—strange enough in view of subsequent history—was to go to Berlin, where, as guest of General von Einem, he settled down to study at its headquarters the organization of the Prussian army! He returned to reorganize the British army, replacing the separate militia and volunteer forces by the single territorial force which did such effective service at the outbreak of the World War.

When, early in 1912, following the storms which had brought Europe to the verge of war, the British Cabinet and public looked hopefully across the North Sea and decided to try out the ground for a rapprochement with Germany, Haldane was selected for the task. Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Minister, and Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, both recognized that in these conversations on naval programs and foreign policy the philosophic chancery lawyer was the outstanding man. The Germans, accustomed to specialists, could not understand the selection; but the Kaiser reassured the astounded Tirpitz, saying, "We must not forget what an amazing adaptability the Anglo-Saxons have, which fits them for occupying positions which have no relation to their previous life and training." Haldane was fitted indeed, but the time was not ripe. Tirpitz insisted upon his navy bill in Germany, and Sir Edward Grey, always suspicious of the Germans, was determined to stand by his embryonic alliance with France and Russia. Haldane made progress, but with men like Tirpitz and Winston Churchill stirring up the nationalist lions in the two countries no solution could be reached.

When the war broke out Haldane was Lord Chancellor of England. The expeditionary force and the territorial army which he had organized performed their task; but he received scant gratitude for his services. Petty jingoes recalled that German philosophy was his "spiritual home" and bayed so bitterly that Asquith felt forced to drop Haldane out of the Coalition Ministry of 1915. Haldane calmly retired to write "The Reign of Relativity," surely a fruitful field of study in war time, and returned to political life only for a brief period when the old Liberal served as Lord Chancellor in Ramsay MacDonald's Labor Cabinet. The participation of this peer who had ranked as one of the elder statesmen of the Liberal Party did much to give the struggling MacDonald Ministry prestige in England. He was one of the few men who held high office before the war who were able to build bridges into the future.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

EARLY in the campaign *Life* announced that it would feature Will Rogers as a potential President since he would be a bunkless candidate. By now I think that Mr. Rogers might as well retire. Of course, it has not been a fight wholly without pose and pretense, but at least the issues have been drawn with far more frankness than anybody had reason to expect. Both Smith and Hoover have been more candid than their platforms. Each has gone up stream against the advice of certain supposedly shrewd tacticians.

The greater boldness, I believe, lies with Governor Smith. There was a time when he seemed very likely to run upon a dry plank and a wink. Certainly this was the plan suggested to him by politicians. They argued that since everybody knew that Smith was Wet he had best talk only in such a way as to refrain from alienating the Dry and Democratic South. This advice the Governor threw overboard. Cynics may say, if they please, that he took another course because he is the most accomplished politician of them all. Possibly a policy of silence on the prohibition issue would have been ruinous to Smith's chances such as they are. Still, there is no getting round the fact that he has been frank and honest in his utterances, and if this proceeds from enlightened self-interest that too would seem encouraging. It may be that at last political America is coming of age.

Herbert Clark Hoover's contribution to free speech from the platform has been slighter, but even so he has been rather less vague than is the custom. In his acceptance address he did manage to convince everybody but the *New York Herald Tribune* that he is Bone Dry. In taking such a stand Hoover must receive some credit for his courage. He, too, had political advisers who suggested a pussy-footing course. It was said that since the Dry vote was his in any case he might wisely hold out some small crumbs of comfort to the Wet voters in the East. On this issue, at least, Hoover seems to have spoken from conviction rather than expediency.

Not all the development away from bunk depends entirely on the personality of the two men who are running for office. At last the radio has begun to justify itself. Even those who weary of "pale hands" and "I can't give you anything but love, baby" must admit that broadcasting has brought about a better era in politics. No longer need the candidates campaign in every State. The speech from the back platform of the train has almost gone, and we youngsters have an excellent chance to find it wholly vanished in the days to come.

Herbert Hoover has already refused to kiss a baby for publication and Al Smith would not pose for the photographers in the act of laying bricks. Never again will America descend to the vulgar depths of Calvin Coolidge and the sap bucket and the same gentleman in cowboy pants. A candidate no longer needs to indulge in such monkeyshines. Through the microphone he may reach millions where in other days a few meager thousands were all that could be brought within the sound of his voice on any one occasion. It is rather better that candidates should be heard and not seen.

To be sure, new style politics may rob Al Smith of some few advantages. Hoover is among the poorest of platform speakers, but his voice is not bad at all over the radio. However, it seems to me that even in this medium not all of the dramatic and passionate quality of Governor Smith's voice is lost.

Gestures, of course, have a diminished value. There is no point in swinging your arms for the sake of an invisible audience though I have no doubt that many speakers still indulge in this luxury even before the microphone. Since I am, myself, no veteran on the air, I invariably pound one hand against the other and, also, make faces indicating earnestness though there are none to see. In my own case I have had good reason to doubt whether there were many to hear, either, and so it was not altogether foolish to put on the speech with lugs meant to satisfy myself and no others.

In time gestures will disappear from the equipment of all public speakers, and I think that the whole quality of speeches will be vastly affected by this change. Pin a statesman's arms to his side and he will be much less likely to point with pride. Fewer will make the rhetorical flight from the rockbound coast of Maine to California's sunny shore. These phrases were seldom uttered for their own sake but were employed chiefly to give the orator some setting-up exercise to open up his lungs. The flag will be waved in future just a little less.

People sitting in small groups in their own homes avoid the contagion of audience psychology. The heated utterance which may go well in a crowded hall is likely to fall flat when it is presented more casually to a man in his own arm-chair equipped with pipe and slippers. Nor can the statesman indulge in old-fashioned introductions. He must get to his point with some celerity. Walking out on an orator has become delightfully simple. Henceforth the speaker of the evening must bear in mind that it is up to him to be at least as interesting as the jazz band just two notches away upon the dial. Speeches will be better, shorter, franker, louder, and funnier.

The familiar charge that the two major parties are identical seems to me less true than usual. Although Al Smith deserves to qualify as a progressive he is not entitled to the vote of any orthodox Socialist. The problem of liberals who have on many occasions voted the Socialist ticket is more difficult. As one of that number I expect to support Smith. This is frankly an opportunist vote. The argument that Norman Thomas has no chance to be elected does not influence me much. As a matter of fact a victory for Smith would come as a sensational surprise. But it is important that Smith should make a showing. If he is badly beaten we shall all find ourselves in the hands of the Anti-Saloon League. That issue is far broader than prohibition itself. It does not seem to me absurd to argue that the crowd behind Hoover actually contemplates a return to old-fashioned Puritanism. Such a world is so acutely distressing to me that for the moment some of the larger economic issues fail to command my enthusiasm. The choice lies between Smith and Sahara. And I'm for Smith.

HEYWOOD BROUN



# Tolstoi as a Novelist

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

**T**OLSTOI is a fascinating puzzle. So singular an instance of artist and reformer rolled into one frame is not, I think, elsewhere to be found. The preacher in him, who took such charge of his later years, was already casting a shadow over the artist-writer of "Anna Karenina." There is even an indication of the moralist in the last part of that tremendous novel "War and Peace." About his work, in fact, is an ever-present sense of spiritual duality. It is a battlefield on which we watch the ebb and flow of unending conflict, the throb and stress of a gigantic disharmony. Explanation of this mysterious duality must be left to the doctors, now that our personalities are controlled by our glands, so that if we have plenty of pituitary we are artists, and too little adrenal—is it?—moralists.

In choosing a single novel to label with those words so dear to the confectioners of symposiums, "the greatest ever written," I would select "War and Peace." In it Tolstoi rides two themes, like a circus rider on his two piebald horses, and by a miracle reaches the stable door still mounted and still whole. The secret of his triumph lies in the sheer interest with which his creative energy has invested every passage. The book is six times as long as an ordinary novel, but it never flags, never wearies the reader; and the ground—of human interest and historical event, of social life and national life—covered in it is prodigious. A little, but not much, behind that masterwork comes "Anna Karenina." Also of stupendous length, this novel contains, in the old prince, in his daughter Kitty, in Stepan Arkadyevich, Vronsky, Levin, and Anna herself, six of Tolstoi's most striking characters. He never drew a better portrait than that of Stepan Arkadyevich—the perfect Russian man of the world; the writer of this preface has known the very spit of him. The opening chapters, describing him at an unkind moment in his fortunes, are inimitable. As for the portrait of Anna's husband, Alexey Alexandrovich—it inspires in us the feelings that he must have inspired in Anna. The early parts of this great novel are the best, for I have never been convinced that Anna, in the circumstances shown, would have committed suicide. It is as if Tolstoi had drawn her for us with such color and solidity in the beginning that we cannot believe she is not in the end dismissed by him rather than by herself. Anna, in fact, is a warm pulsating person, with too much vitality to go out as she did. The finish strikes one as *voulu*, as if the creator had turned against his creature; and one forms the opinion that Tolstoi started on this book with the free hand of an unlimited sympathy and understanding, but during the years that passed before he finished it became subtly changed in his outlook over life, and ended in fact a preacher who had set out an artist. It is, however, no uncommon flaw in writers to misjudge the vitality of their own crea-

tions. An illustration of the same defect is the suicide of Paula in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Ladies with her sort of past have too much vitality to put a period to themselves, except in plays and novels. With this reservation, "Anna Karenina" is a great study of Russian character and a great picture of Russian society—a picture that held good, with minor variations, up to the war.

Tolstoi's method in this novel, as in all his work, is cumulative—the method of an infinity of facts and pictorial detail; the opposite of Turgenev's, who relied on selection and concentration, on atmosphere and poetic balance. Tolstoi fills in all the spaces, and leaves little to the imagination; but with such vigor, such freshness

that it is all interesting. His style, in the narrow sense, is by no means remarkable. All his work bears the impress of a mind more concerned with the thing said than with the way to say it. But if one may add to interminable definitions: "Style is the power in a writer to remove all barriers between himself and his reader—the triumph of style is the creation of intimacy," then, though such a definition will put many out of court, it will leave Tolstoi a stylist; for no author, in his story-telling, produces a more intimate feeling of actual life. He is free, in fact, from the literary self-consciousness which so often spoils the work of polished writers. Tolstoi was carried away by his impulses, whether creative or reformative. He never stood on the shores of streams, tying first one foot and then the other—that pet vice of modern art. To have life and meaning art must emanate from one *possessed* by his theme. The rest of art is just exercise in technique, which helps artists to render the greater impulses when—too seldom—they come. As with the painter who spends half his life agonizing over what he ought to be—post-impressionist, cubist, futurist, expressionist, Dadaist, Paulo-Post-Dadaist (or whatever they are by now)—who is ever developing a new and wonderful technique and changing his aesthetic outlook, and whose work, like his mood, is self-conscious and tentative, so with the writer. Only when a theme seizes on him is all doubt about expression resolved and a masterwork produced.

The prime characteristic of Tolstoi as a novelist was certainly his unflinching sincerity, his resolute exposition of what seemed to him the truth at the moment. Remembering how he swung between the artist and the moralist, we have in that trait at once his strength and his weakness. Frankly loyal, true to the vision and mood of the moment, he had a force that philosophic reflection lacks, together with its corollary—deficient balance. His native force is proved by the simple fact that, taking up again one of his stories after the lapse of many years, one will remember almost every paragraph. Dickens and Dumas are perhaps the only other writers who compare with him in this respect.

The character of Levin is undoubtedly a *Selbst-Porträt*,

*Count Lyov Nikolaievich Tolstoi was born in Russia on September 9, 1828. He died in 1910. In connection with the centennial of his birth the Oxford University Press is publishing this year a new edition of his writings, translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. This article is the introduction to "Anna Karenina."*



or at least a study of the side of Tolstoi's own nature which was preoccupying him at that period. The chapters describing Levin in the country are very clearly a rendering of his own efforts and feelings, just when he was beginning to be profoundly disturbed about the meaning of life and to develop his "peasant" philosophy of existence. And in this part of the novel we again have a feeling of earnest message at the back of portraiture. The whole of Tolstoi's writing life, indeed, after this novel, is very much of an effort to prove that what he himself felt and saw was what the average man could feel and see. And in all this long attempt we are conscious of the distortion which comes when an artist and thinker tries to put himself into the skin of the normal man, or rather, tries to put the normal man into his own skin. A useful illustration of such dis-

tortion occurs in one of Conrad's early stories, "The Return," where a notably matter-of-fact English husband agonizes over his wife's departure, in Slavonic fashion, during many long and intricate pages. In the light shed by history and more recent analysts we must be permitted to doubt whether Tolstoi really understood the Russian peasant, whom he elevated into a sort of arbiter of life and art. Perhaps he understood them as well as an aristocrat could; but he is not so close to the soul and body of Russia as Chekhov, who came of the people and knew them from inside. In any case, the Russia of Tolstoi's great novels, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," is a Russia of the past, perhaps only the crust of that Russia of the past—now split and crumbled beyond repair. How fortunate we are, then, to have two such supreme pictures of the vanished fabric!

## Americans We Like

# Charles J. Finger—Literary Adventurer

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

FOR the benefit of those who have come to believe that romance among modern-day romancers is dead it is worth

*The Fifteenth in a Series of Personality Portraits*

believes. He gives with unfenced generosity.

reporting that at least one free spirit remains—Charles J. Finger, writer of adventure stories and adventurer in his own right. This Englishman, who has been by turns music-master, sheep-herder, sailor, gold-hunter, cowhand, boiler-maker, auditor, anarchist, railroader and railroad executive, is now become a country squire, in Arkansas, where from his office in a bramble-grown hollow out in the back hills he writes books and edits his paper, *All's Well*.

Charles J. Finger is a picturesque person. His head is large, his hair gray and fluffy; he is five feet seven tall, broad-chested, well-muscled, a strongly built specimen of man. His voice is deep, he speaks with a broad English accent, and his gait is that of a sailor. His appetite is hearty and dependable, and he is a keen judge of teas, roast beef, home-baked bread, ham, and cheese. He is a man of violent likes and dislikes. He chooses friends and enemies with precision and pleasure. To in-betweens he pays the minimum of attention. Astonishing contrasts are to be noticed among his closest circle of friends—army officers, outlaws, editors, policemen, artists, dentists, rangers, writers. He enjoys to the fullest poetry and prize-fights, books and ball games, wine and song. His attitude toward youth is one of optimism and tolerance.

In philosophy Finger tends toward complacent pantheism. Although he is now in his late fifties, age and death appear to play a small part in his thoughts, and he is given neither to spasmodic depressions nor unseasonable hilarity. He is essentially a child, and the vagaries of childhood—gnomes of rebellion and fantasies of delight—are easily discernible in his way of living. He decorates his house with a stunning display of flags; he objects violently to taking medicine or to staying in bed on days when he is ailing; he delights in buying trinkets; in a crowd he is likely to be the general entertainer, solicited or not; he is eternally devising whimsical make-

The son of an altogether conventional English manufac-

turer, he passed his boyhood in a proper state of complacency, attended well-supervised private schools in London, wore black velvet pants and embroidered blouses, played jolly little games with adjacent nice little boys, and studied music in Germany and at King's College. Then business reverses came upon his father and young Charles, by that time in his early twenties and a devoted Fabian, his hair glistening black and grown long, set out as a tramp sailor to see the world. He tells of travel in out-of-the-way places—the Sahara, Tierra del Fuego, the Andes, Patagonia, South Africa, the Falkland Islands. South America saw much of him. He landed first in Chile, where he joined the Chilean army, but after three days deserted and in the company of several other young men of high hopes and modest means went forth to pan gold along the Chilean coast. This venture failed; there was no gold to speak of and the panners grew tired of panning. The party disbanded, and for a time Charles Finger acted as a guide for the late-Victorian tourists who desired to see with safety the wilds of South America. By turns he worked as laborer and ranch-hand and became a wandering minstrel offering entertainments in the mellow atmosphere of South American saloons with his God-given voice and a self-evolved accordion—which he still plays. He was hired to guide the Franco-Russian Ornithological Expedition of 1893 across Tierra del Fuego. This he did, evidently in a manner altogether satisfactory, for in the journal of that expedition one may find pictures and high praise of the guide.

Then he went in for gold hunting and guerrilla warfare in Tierra del Fuego. It happened that one of South America's most famous frontiersmen, Julio Popper, a misplaced Austrian nobleman, had been granted exclusive gold rights in Argentine Tierra del Fuego by the government of Argentina. Popper forthwith hired a rough and



ready guard, resurveyed the boundary between Chilean and Argentine Tierra del Fuego, and issued a proclamation to the effect that any foreigner found poaching on Argentine gold holdings would be shot and his belongings confiscated. Finger, then a Chilean, having found gold-hunting along the stream-beds of the Chilean province unprofitable, proceeded to invade Popper's dubious concession and was discovered by a posse of Popper's vigilantes. Having first captured his horse and equipment, they proceeded to open fire on him.

But either through the benevolence of fate or the poor marksmanship of the patrol, young Finger escaped. A few weeks later he met Popper in a *boliche*, wine shop, in Buenos Aires. Popper, well in his cups, announced to the assembled customers his intention of favoring them with a violin solo. Finger volunteered to provide a piano accompaniment. So they played and played again, Popper becoming more and more mellow as the evening made progress. When leaving time came he invited his newly acquired accompanist to ride with him to his quarters. He sprang into the saddle, spurred his splendid horse, and, looking pityingly at Finger's less pretentious mount, asked if he expected to keep pace on such a pathetic nag. On being answered in the affirmative, Popper laughed uproariously, and suggested that they exchange horses and run a race. This they did, but young Finger, turning mirth to practical ends, rode away into the night, leaving his challenger the loser in an unanticipated horse trade.

The two men met a second time in a Buenos Aires saloon, shook hands, drank together, and agreed that ability to stand a few hearty jokes constitutes the true test of good-fellowship. Together they went upstairs into a ballroom. Here Popper, defying even the simplest rules of Argentine etiquette, stepped up to an army officer who was dancing with his fiancée, banged him on the back, and before the preoccupied captain could protest danced away with his girl. The Argentine captain waited until the dance was finished, bowed to Finger, grasped Popper's hand warmly, and suggested that the three of them step outside and smoke.

Outside, Popper and the captain took swords, and, with Finger as witness, fought a duel in the moonlight. Both fenced brilliantly for a time; then Popper's sword went wild and the captain ran him through the body. And Popper, romantic master of the Argentine frontier, dropped his sword, shook hands with his opponent and the witness, laughed, and died.

After visiting England for a time Finger set forth again, made a port call at Houston, Texas, and attended the Dallas County Fair. When it was over he found himself with hazy senses and empty pockets, confronting the vastness of the State of Texas. Taking to the open road he landed a job as sheep-herder for a rancher near Knickerbocker. He went from one job to another, finally in Ohio he took to railroading, rising through the ranks until he became general manager of a group of small lines.

In 1919, then at the age of fifty, Charles Finger decided that the time had come to settle on a career.

"I rather wanted to deal in horses or mules," he says, "but, on the other hand, I wanted to write." By a compromise of fate he became an editor. He picked up the fallen torch of *Reedy's Mirror* in St. Louis, and for several months labored manfully to save the life of that interesting journal. But to no avail, and in the summer of the following year

(1920) Charles J. Finger with his family arrived in north-west Arkansas, settled on an abandoned farm three miles from Fayetteville, and made ready for literature.

The citizenry of Fayetteville was garrulously astonished at the coming of a Northern writing man; but when this Northerner began, amiably enough, to write in plain terms what he thought of the countryside about him astonishment turned to disdain. There were dark mutterings, damning letters from University of Arkansas faculty members, and editorials of condemnation in the local newspaper. But this mudslinger from the North, discovering that a soft, warm Southern town can be the hardest and iciest settlement possible, stood his ground, fenced his farm, built a modest country house, which he calls Gayeta Lodge, and settled to writing. He produced nickel bluebooks for fifty dollars each and only that, turned many of his own experiences into tales of adventure, revamped Nick Carter yarns, wrote informal essays and serious stories. And it was not long before the local press and public began to take pride in their distinguished critic.

Next he launched *All's Well*, a personal journal. The first edition of thirty-five copies he carried home in his overcoat pocket, mailed them from his dining-table, and marveled at the might of type and circulation. *All's Well* has survived, in a state of rare independence, non-endowed, non-commercial, easy-going. Meanwhile various other magazines began to ask for contributions, and after two years his first book, "In Lawless Lands," a collection of adventure stories, was published. "Highwaymen" and "Bush-rangers" followed, and the publication of "Tales from Silverland," a collection of folk stories for children, clearly demonstrated its author's desire to break away from the exclusive production of smashing romances of strong and ready frontiersmen.

Charles Finger writes persistently and rapidly. Six of his books appeared almost simultaneously last year: "Frontier Ballads," "The Spreading Stain," "Tales Worth Telling," "Life of David Livingstone," "An Ozark Fantasia," and "Romantic Rascals." Besides all these, he has been writing prolifically for periodicals. He declares that his best work remains yet to be done, that he proposes doing it, and that, indeed, he is about to do it now. The fact that he is nearing sixty in no way diminishes his enthusiasm.

He travels a great deal, leaves unexpectedly for distant places, and upon his return writes all the harder in order to recoup his finances. He has amended in various ways his philosophy of the simple life. He has substituted a Ford automobile for his horse and buggy, and whereas, formerly, he assembled his family from neighboring hill-sides by firing the household shotgun, now he rings a bell swung high in the barn loft. He has given up farming in the Ozarks as financially impossible, and is converting his farm into a model country estate with rolling heaths, strolling sheep, and a sweep of open sky—"like old England." He dines handsomely, drinks and smokes moderately, and entertains lavishly. Much of his time he spends among young children, leading them in games, telling yarns, true and otherwise. He devises indoor theater, plays strange contradictions on the piano, sings frontier ballads in a lusty orotund bass, plays flute solos, and squeezes mournful melodies out of his accordion. Recently he has acquired a bagpipe.

Finger is a man of great energy, high hopes, boundless



gusto, and a capacity for sudden and astonishing changes. From a wandering adventurer he has become a jovial and benevolent country squire, and I predict that his magazine and his future novels will reflect this metamorphosis. So far the bulk of his writing has been essentially a sloshing over of the magnificent romance of his life. Interesting and altogether characteristic, it seems to me, are these con-

cluding lines from the introduction to "Romantic Rascals":

It would be a diverting thing to write a complete history of rascality, but the task would be almost like writing a history of the human race if anything like completeness were aimed at. Yet I think that I shall make an attempt some day, even if my contribution to the whole turns out to be nothing more than an autobiographical novel.

## Sketches from Chile

By H. E.

### The Carabineros

THE carabineros are good fellows. With the whole nitrate region under martial law and supposedly dry, they did not enforce prohibition in the American club. They used to come into the bar-room in the afternoon and shake us for drinks and tell us of the day's liquor raids in Calama and Punta de Rieles.

The captain looked like a laughing youth of twenty-three. He was the youngest military man of his rank in Chile. Technically a body of state police, the carabineros are a purely military organization.

Before being sent to Chuquicamata, the captain had been condemned to death for his activities in several military coups in the South. The sentence was mitigated to one of service in the Atacama desert. He delights in making love to the gringo girls of fifteen or sixteen. In his work he is the most fearless devil I have ever seen.

The men felt his presence as soon as he arrived at the mine. Two weeks later they called a general strike, and made the captain's dismissal one of their major demands. He heard that two thousand of them were holding a mass meeting in Punta de Rieles and were working themselves into a frenzy over the brutality and the tyranny of the carabineros. Two thousand Chilean rotos are dangerous when they work themselves into a frenzy. The captain went down to Punta de Rieles alone, pushed his way through the crowd to the speaker's platform, and addressed the gathering.

"I hear you are talking about me. Here I am."

One or two shouted weakly "Tyrant! Murderer!" He looked at them and they were silent.

Then he made them a speech. There was nothing original about it. He told them what the newspapers and the capitalists have been telling the laboring men for ever so long, what the doctors and the lawyers and the restaurant men have been telling one another and their wives for years and years under the name of wisdom. Perhaps it is wisdom. How should I know?

He told them there was no objection to their having meetings, but he would tolerate no mob gatherings. They must elect their representatives, who could meet and talk things over. But they must invite him. He, their captain, wanted to attend. Eventually he got one or two of them to shout "Si Capitan." Then he pushed his way out of the crowd, jumped on his horse, and rode away.

If he keeps on in that manner, and is lucky enough to get into a nice little war or revolution to help his fortunes along, his swashbuckling bravery will make him one of the heroes of Chile.

In the native camp at Chuquicamata some eight thousand men were milling around, ready to stampede. Word had been sent to Calama for a battalion of infantry. The troop train was approaching, and the laborers gathered near the track, collecting sticks and stones, apparently preparing for battle.

The laughing captain said: "This will never do. If the soldiers arrive and see this mob, they will run away." He made a few cavalry charges with his eighty carabineros and cleared the way for the battalion of infantry. A few stones flew, a few bones were broken. If any lives were lost, the fact was hushed up.

The Chilean roto has good reasons to be more afraid of the carabineros than of anything else on earth. A year or more ago I heard vague reports of strikes and riots in the nitrate pampas near Iquique. Eventually the fact simmered out that a crowd of people had been herded into one *oficina* and riddled with machine-gun bullets, to the death of over two thousand of all ages and both sexes. Two hundred labor agitators had been deported.

Has anyone ever seen a Chilean labor leader who has been deported? According to the tales that are current in bar-rooms and barber-shops, the men are taken a few miles out to sea on a warship and then lined up at the gun-wales. The rail is taken down behind them and a squad of marines makes a charge with fixed bayonets. Thrown overboard? What am I talking about? They jumped overboard in an effort to escape. The official naval report says so.

The carabineros have a similar trick. If they have to take a man a long way after arresting him, if the desert sun is hot and they are anxious to get home, if the prisoner walks too slowly to keep up with their horses, they stop and tell him to run away. If he doesn't want to run, they pummel the desire into him with the stocks of their guns, or prod it into him with their lances. After he has run some fifty yards, they level their carbines and shoot him.

They are trained to get their man, dead or alive. They can always turn in the report that their prisoner tried to escape and they had to shoot him.

I have seen two carabineros pick up a man who was lying, dead drunk, in front of the hospital in Chuquicamata. They made him run to the *cuartel* in a jog-trot. They sat on their horses and prodded him with their lances. He was so drunk that he fell down at almost every fifth step. Then the horses pawed him and mauled him with their front feet until he got up again. The comedy was repeated all the way to the *cuartel*, almost two miles away. I am told that there the unfortunate drunkard said an impertinent word to an officer. Three of the biggest of the carabineros



were ordered to strip to their waists and batter the prisoner into unconsciousness.

I have seen many men arrested in Chile, and not one of them was ever treated like a human being. Off duty, and toward us gringos, the carabineros are the most gentlemanly and polite body of soldiers I have ever seen. In their work they are the most brutal.

Once, two carabineros rode toward Chuquicamata from Punta de Rieles and were waylaid by a band of rotos. One of them was killed. The other escaped after they had taken his gun and his saber and his uniform away from him. But he never appeared at the *cuartel*. Some time later I asked a trooper what he thought had become of the man.

"He deserted, of course. If he had come here, the captain would have said 'Take this man and beat him within an inch of his life. He let the rotos get the best of him!' We have good beaters among us. They might have forgotten about that last inch."

There are many who say that this relentless efficiency is necessary among the workers in the nitrate fields, that downright brutality is the only means of controlling people who are three-quarters children and one-quarter wild beasts. As things are now, I agree with them. But perhaps—if the rotos had not been treated so brutally for decades—perhaps they wouldn't now be three-quarters children and one-quarter wild beasts. That, of course, is conjecture. How is a mere engineer to know?

## The Rotos

We built a road over the desert and had a camp of some two hundred men. They received six pesos a day and didn't do much work. I wouldn't either, for sixty cents. Whenever possible, we gave them a contract—so much road built, so much money. If they didn't like the contract, we rammed it down their throats.

If they thought they had a chance to make money on their contract, they worked hard and sometimes earned as much as a dollar and a half a day. But if the final liquidation turned out too favorably to them, the engineers in Chuquicamata generally refused to OK payment on it. Then we had to break our word to the men and they lost faith in us and worked less than ever. Only by continually juggling contract prices and quantities so as to keep the liquidations within the liking of both the men and of our chiefs at headquarters could we get anything like work out of our camp.

They were often sick and we were never sure whether they were shamming or not. When a man was sick he was given Epsom salts, no matter what the complaint. If he improved he had been shamming and his pay was docked. If not, he was loaded on a truck and taken to the hospital.

Just before pay-day a lot of new men always came to the camp and asked for work. We knew they were professional gamblers, bent on taking the money from our flock. We were always glad to give them work. The more gambling goes on in a camp, the more men are broke and the more construction men you have.

Those who still had money the day after pay-day quit their jobs and walked to Punta de Rieles, which was anywhere from five to thirty miles away, depending on the location of the camp. If they didn't get themselves killed in some brawl, or land in jail, they always came back to camp four or five days later, after a thorough drunk.

They were always up to petty thievery, and we searched their tents regularly as a matter of routine. We found cans of sardines and cans of peaches, and pieces of steel that they were grinding down to make stilettos, and table knives that they were pointing for social purposes, and blasting caps, and pieces of fuse. We watched our supply of dynamite carefully, but I am sure they got away with a lot of it anyway, and hid it in the hills along the road. It may become very useful to somebody when the big Chilean revolution finally breaks out.

They stole our blankets and our picks and shovels and traded them for liquor in Punta de Rieles.

They went on strike one time because I had told them to bring their picks and their bars into camp so the blacksmith could sharpen them. They didn't think one ought to expect them to walk a mile and a half from their work to camp and carry their tools as well. The strike lasted half an hour, until I went to the telephone and pretended to call the carabineros.

They were terribly afraid to come into our tent even when we told them to. That was because the blacksmith had made us a few souvenirs in the form of knives and stilettos with pretty handles, and we had them lying on the table. They are far more afraid of a knife than a revolver.

They can be cajoled like children and herded like sheep when one has them out in the open. But no man is safe walking alone at night over the desert. Some have been stunned and robbed and left for dead; some have had their heads cut off. After every pay-day the hospital in Chuquicamata is full of stabbing cases that have been brought up from Punta de Rieles.

Above Chuquicamata is a cemetery with some two hundred crosses that belongs to the now dead little mining town of Placilla. Not a single man, woman, or child in that cemetery is supposed to have died a natural death. Strangulation or shooting or stabbing, every form of violence that men think of is said to have done for them all.

Recent events in Chile, the military coups in the South, the labor uprisings in the North, have doubtless brought the great revolution nearer. It is always being talked about in the hidden places where there are no witnesses.

It will be a terribly bloody revolution. Once the Chilean roto gets out of control, he will stop at nothing. And it will be so easy to raise havoc in the desert of the North. A few sticks of dynamite under a few pipe-lines—pough! What will the nitrate *oficinas* and the mines and the cities on the coast do then, when they have no drinking water? Even railroads are run with water.

The carabineros are brutal and rough. They have to be. They have to be lively and jump around on the lid of the kettle in order to keep it from blowing off. Perhaps if they hadn't been so lively in the past the pressure under the lid wouldn't have mounted so high.

Perhaps they can still save the situation. Perhaps things won't look so bad if they ease up and treat the rotos like human beings, and persuade the employers to treat them like human beings, and give them decent wages and decent food and decent houses, instead of treating them like the sheep that walk on the treadmill that grinds out the nitrates and the copper.

And perhaps that wouldn't help at this stage of the game.



# The News from Mexico

By ERNEST GRUENING

A CONSTANT factor in our United States-Mexican relations has been lack of understanding. Whenever a sensational event south of the Rio Grande has aroused interest in the United States the American public has lacked facts, interpretation of those facts, and the historical background against which current Mexican events assume a recognizable shape. Every time an eruption takes place in the Indo-Hispanic volcano belt at our door, be it a flare-up of the six-century, or older, struggle for land and water, the century-old clerical conflict, or the politico-military spoils warfare which is endemic in all countries of Hispanic origin, our dailies duly devote columns to news dispatched from Mexico City. They introduce a few new names, usually garbled, repeat a few familiar ones, contradict one day what was published the day before, and leave their readers mystified. Then as the smoke from Mexico increases but the light does not, newspapers and newspaper syndicates in a burst of commendable enterprise rush a "staff correspondent," or a "special" correspondent, mayhap even an editor to Mexico City. They, within a few days, begin transmitting "interpretative" news gleaned from an interview or two—through an interpreter—with some public official, or from dinner talk in the American colony or in the lobby of the Hotel Regis, unexcelled as a rumor and half-truth factory. But the resulting net information is often negligible. A frank admission to that effect was contained in a recent leading New York *World* editorial, which confessed that that newspaper, despite its almost daily editorials on developments in Mexico and the daily telegraph dispatch from its correspondent, did not understand what was happening there.

Yet, except for the startling and momentous assassination of the President-elect, events in Mexico, "land of the unexpected," have followed a logical, consistent, and—for one familiar with Mexican history, psychology, and contemporary society—an almost prophesiable course. Three Mexican constants have underlain every incident worth noting in our neighbor state during the last five weeks. These are: (a) The struggle between church and state; (b) the one-man, "personalist" character of Mexican politics; (c) the shaping of Mexico's destiny by the United States through the American ambassador. (The first two ran strictly true to form; the third reversed precedent merely in the form of the influence exerted. United States ambassadors have been traditionally hostile to Mexico in her darker hours. Mr. Morrow, by reversing that attitude and being militantly friendly, has exerted a profound influence on the present situation and on Mexico's future.)

But the greatest approach to understanding Mexico lies in appreciating the anachronism that our neighbor state presents. This is particularly difficult for Americans—who as a people so largely fashioned their destiny out of prime, unspoiled materials—to grasp. A developing native culture many centuries behind the European was arrested in its evolution by the Conquest four centuries ago, and the imposed civilization suffered like retardation. Spain, concomitantly, furnishes plentiful evidence of the almost complete stagnation of one of Mexico's parent cultures.

Consequently, characteristics, roughly speaking, of fifteenth-century Europe and fifteenth-century Anahuac prevail largely in Mexico. If one will view Mexico's violent politics, its mercenary army, its barely disintegrating feudal land tenure and serfdom, and its often fanatical clergy in terms of fifteenth-century continental society, nearly all that may be viewed as national shortcomings, become explicable merely by relating them to time rather than to place. This categorization is of course too sweeping to be literally and all-inclusively applied. Exceptions are plentiful and today the Mexican panorama unfolds on a grapple of the twentieth-century spirit with medievalism. That, in a word, is the Mexican Revolution. Small wonder that it has lasted seventeen years and will continue for years to come!

The major part of the "news" emanating from Mexico in the five weeks since Obregon's death has been devoted to discussing the possible guilt of supposed instigators of the assassination. President Calles charged the Roman Catholic Mexican clergy with responsibility; the vocal part of the agrarian movement, the two city leaders, Deputies Antonio Diaz Soto y Gama and Aurelio Manrique, blamed Morones and the CROM leadership (one and the same thing) with "psychological responsibility"; and now, belatedly, we have a counter-blast from the Vatican, whose official organ flatly charges President Calles with being the "murderer." It was almost certain that such charges would fly; they are symptoms of Mexico's illnesses, or, if one prefers, moves in her struggles, one with clericalism, the other with political vice. The net effect of these conflicting accusations has been to confuse the American reader. What basis, if any, is there for such recriminations?

The agrarians' charges may be dismissed as groundless. They were made in the passion and temporary demoralization of what appeared a staggering blow at Mexico's welfare. They had these bases of justification: Morones has on at least one previous occasion resorted to assassination to remove a political foe—Senator Francisco Field Jurado in 1924. The shooting of the Senator—overtly a De la Huertista in the capital when the De la Huerta rebellion was at its height—was carried out after a public threat by Morones against the enemies of the Government safely ensconced in Mexico City, and working there to assure the rebels' success. Field Jurado perished at the hands of a group of Morones's bravos headed by one Preve, subsequently the *Laborista* candidate for the governorship of Campeche. Vendettas, though not peculiar to Mexico, are still characteristic of Mexican politics. Morones himself has barely escaped a fatal bullet half a dozen times.

Within the Revolutionary movement a split between the leadership of the Mexican Federation of Labor, the CROM (one wing, and hitherto the most important, of Mexican Labor), and the leadership of the agrarians had been widening for three years. The rank and file of both groups had no part in these political maneuvers. Originally both leaderships were friendly to each other; both seemed to embody the really sincere Revolutionary objectives, as distinguished from the *politicos*, who had merely climbed aboard the Revolutionary bandwagon for personal vantage.



The agrarian leadership, however, while honest at the top, proved incompetent as an organizing and administrative force. Calles early in his regime reached the conclusion that land reform to which he himself was devoted was retarded by the injection of politics. While remaining personally friendly with its leaders, he frowned on the National Agrarian Party as a political force, and it disintegrated. The CROM leadership, on the other hand, had shown great organizing ability, and in the sunshine of official patronage prospered. Morones sought to enlarge his power by attempting to organize the peasantry, for which the CROM, with its purely urban psychology, was unfitted. His not unjustified attacks on the shortcomings of the agrarian reform as carried out up to 1925 drew return fire from the farm leaders. They were politically "outs," while Morones and his following were very much the "ins." The agrarians therefore turned to Obregon and militantly supported his Presidential candidacy. He accepted their support. He shared the steadily widening resentment against the arbitrary and ruthless tactics of CROM trade unionism and the incident promotion of personal fortunes. Morones, "labor leader," had grown rich, indulging meanwhile in the orgies of an Oriental satrap. Meanwhile many workers still wore *huaraches*—the leather sandals which mark an intermediate step in the rise from bare to shod feet. The great opportunity which Calles had given Morones in making him Minister of Industry, Commerce, and Labor, to foster the nation's industry and develop a working arrangement between capital and labor in Mexico, he forfeited. Business got small help or encouragement from him; the rank and file of the toilers made no appreciable gains. Almost alone he and a few satellites profited.

Under Obregon's presidency Morones was slated for political retirement. With Obregon's death Calles accepted Morones's resignation, which had been clamored for by Obregon's followers, who then and there raised the cry of "psychological responsibility" for their leader's death. Calles was under no compulsion to yield to that clamor which he knew to be unjust. But he evidently felt a moral obligation to carry out his dead successor's purposes. Also it is possible that Calles's illusions about Morones, long and tenaciously held, had begun to fade. The fear expressed that the eclipse of Morones is a blow to organized labor in Mexico is baseless. The workers will be better off. The accompanying resignation of Celestino Gasca, generally considered second in line, and for four years head of the Federal military-supply factories, is another matter. He is honest and a rarely disinterested type of public servant. His involvement with Morones is a piece of political irony, and it seems inevitable that before long Gasca will be recalled to public service where his character and abilities are needed.

The Morones-Obregon antagonism was of a kind totally different from that which impelled the youth Toral to murder Obregon, "so that Christ could be wholly King of Mexico." The verbal attacks which the labor leader delivered against the Presidential candidate during the campaign were indited from a laborite angle; they implied not errors of commission on Obregon's part but that from the radical Revolutionist viewpoint he had not gone far enough. Such attacks, if they had been noted by Toral at all, would have been deemed by him favorable to Obregon, rather than condemnatory.

The charge that Calles is responsible for the killing

of Obregon is too absurd for consideration. No informed person will take it seriously. The Obregon-Calles friendship was a rare example of genuine affection between two men who might conceivably have been rivals, but worked in harmony for fifteen years.

On the evidence to date the instigation of the murder cannot be fastened on any group—laborite or clerical—as a whole. That the slayer was influenced by the teaching he received from certain members of the clergy his own confession reveals, although he claims to be solely responsible for his act. It is obvious that he was unbalanced, and that the antagonism to the Mexican Revolutionary leadership which had been instilled in him was perverted beyond the intent of any of his religious teachers. Certainly the doctrine of moral responsibility in their case would scarcely seem justiciable in any recognized system of modern criminal law. The Mexican Roman Catholic clergy has of course been bitterly hostile to the Mexican Revolutionary administrations and they have been hostile to it. The clergy has made no secret of its animosity. It has considered itself deeply persecuted. And it has not hesitated to use its spiritual power to combat government policies and officials. Mexican bishops have told me so in no uncertain terms. But there has been no consistent uniformity in their acts. The wide disparity in the statements concerning the assassination by Bishop Pascual Diaz of Tabasco, who condemned it unsparingly, and Archbishop Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores of Michoacan, who virtually condoned it, is illustrative. Various Mexican prelates are on record as disapproving the armed rebellion against the Government which followed the withdrawal of the clergy from the churches on August 1, 1926. On the other hand, Archbishop Valencia of Durango issued a pastoral from Rome in February, 1927, giving the rebellion his implicit support. Certainly the episcopate never with one voice has condemned the armed rebellion under the banner of "Long Live Christ the King," in the course of which trains were assaulted with priests acting as chaplains, and innocent victims—women and children—slaughtered. In short, violence has not been unmistakably effectively repressed by the Mexican hierarchy while two years of guerrilla war spilled much blood and kept Mexico in a ferment.

The "Christ King" doctrine as inculcated in Mexico cannot be understood in terms of any theology familiar to Americans, to whom such a device would seem to be, and would be, wholly spiritual. In Mexico the political purpose and connotations of the campaign which was given a vigorous impulse by the Apostolic delegate, Archbishop Ernesto Filippi, were patent. Throughout central Mexico from 1923 to 1926 many houses bore placards with that device and with "Long Live the Pope." In the minds of many communicants the power represented in Mexico by the clergy was thereby set up on a plane higher than the civil authority represented by the Government. In the wake of this sanction came a more effective campaigning against the public schools, agrarian reform, the civil marriage law, and other reforms to which the Mexican administrations were committed. When this campaign culminated in January, 1923, in the dedication on the top of the loftiest mountain in central Mexico of the cornerstone of a temple to "Christ, King of Mexico," amid elaborate ceremonies, President Obregon expelled the Papal delegate who had officiated. The technical charge was violation of the constitutional provision forbidding religious processions



outside of regular places of worship. At the ceremonies Bishop Miguel de la Mora of San Luis Potosi preached a sermon in which he stated that "from His new position of vantage towering above Mexico, Christ would defy His enemies as He had defied the Jews who had crucified Him."

A similar suggestion of medieval intolerance is found in the latest *Osservatore Romano* statement, in which reference is made to Mexico's Foreign Minister as "a Protestant Jew who opened the gates in the most barefaced fashion to the immigration of his coreligionaries." This information—or misinformation—about Aaron Saenz\* (who is a Presbyterian) is derived from Mexican clerical circles, where the terms "Protestant" and "Jew" are today in common use as opprobrious epithets. I have repeatedly heard them so used by the Mexican clergy, and have frequently heard them employed interchangeably with "atheistic," "Bolshevistic," and "Masonic." The tolerance which the Mexican Roman Catholic clergy complains is denied it, it is not yet extending to members of other sects. Incredible as it may appear to persons in the United States, Protestant missionaries have *within the last three years* been set upon by mobs and killed for no reason other than that of their faith and calling.

For Obregon's assassination no one will, of course, accept "moral responsibility." No one person other than the assassin himself can justly be blamed therefor. The nearest approach to implicating any one person came from the aforementioned Bishop de la Mora. In his statement exonerating the Mexican Roman Catholic clergy (August 6) he asserted of Mother Superior Concepcion de la Llata (who was named as having influenced Toral indirectly): "It is public knowledge that her brain is not normal and that in her family there have been cases of insanity." But how could the Mexican hierarchy tolerate as the responsible head of a convent a person whose mental abnormality was of "public knowledge"?

In his testimony Toral stated that in the confessional previous to assassinating Obregon he had made no mention of his design because he considered it no sin. He stated that the moment before the shooting Obregon's kindly smile had made him waver and almost renounce his purpose, but that he had uttered an "Ave Maria" and thus fortified himself. Thus the mother of Christ was invoked to aid crime, as Christ Himself has been repeatedly invoked to sanction bloodshed in Mexico in the last two years.

Out of all this, one tragic truth stands out. In ground fertilized by hatred, bigotry, and fanaticism, an assassination that its perpetrator did not consider a sin or a crime but a noble deed could easily be spawned. Such a soil, such mental processes, and the deed which can grow out of them do not belong to this day and age. They reveal that the distance that separates at least a portion of the Roman Catholic clergy of Mexico from their brothers of the cloth in this country is not to be measured in miles but in centuries, in time rather than in space. Recognition of this fact by the Roman Catholic hierarchy outside of Mexico, and efforts on its part to reform the clergy there, would far more speedily bring about peace and a healing of deep wounds than blind support of Mexican clericalism because it, too, wears an outward garb that presupposes sanctity and sanity.

## In the Driftway

THE Drifter has a friend who has rented a farmhouse for the summer. It seems a fairly innocent thing to do, especially since the friend behaves himself decorously on the whole and breaks none of the more important laws of church or state—at least not obviously. But the neighborhood has its eye on him and about him its tongue is wagging. When he stirs abroad they ask him about it, and behind his back they lay wagers or merely wonder. And the point at issue, the great question of the season, is, will he or won't he buy the place when the summer is over?

\* \* \* \* \*

PERPLEXED, the Drifter inquired the reason of all this seemingly idle curiosity. "Don't you know," one said to him frankly, "that buying property and getting married are public matters, in which the community cannot help but take an interest? Let a young man make eyes at a girl, or let a girl begin to call a young man by a pet name, and all the friends of both are at once interested. And let a man, safely married now perhaps, but begin to flirt with a real-estate agent, and every man he knows is advising him about the furnace and the pipes and every woman wants to decide on the color of the dining-room curtains." The Drifter is not disposed to argue with social wisdom given so confidently. And on the whole, observation has taught him the truth of these remarks. They could, of course, have been further generalized. For when a man marries, or dies, or spends money he contributes to the social pattern, and the other members of society are affected by and interested in his acts.

\* \* \* \* \*

ONLY one person of his acquaintance has ever refrained from being social in any of these ways. He has, by his own account, never married. And looking at him, the Drifter can well believe it. For he is not a prepossessing figure. His beard grows long on his bosom; once a year, so the legend goes, he shaves and has a bath. He lives quite by himself in a little house perhaps eight feet by ten, set snugly against a hill and with a sawdust pile at the front door. How he got possession of the property remains a mystery; certainly he never bought it. For a month or so in the summer he works at desultory gardening; with the capital so acquired he lives through the rest of the year. He is said to be an excellent if not too fastidious cook, but the keeper of the village store never sells him anything but flour and, less often, bacon. Perhaps he has learned the secret of drying berries into a loaf for winter consumption; perhaps he traps and shoots enough game for his needs. However he lives, he keeps it to himself. He can be seen almost any evening, a solitary figure leaning on a cane, for he is lame, walking soberly along the road. He will wave his arm in response to a hail, but when accosted his conversation is as brief as possible. He has almost entirely succeeded in living without society; yet society cannot live without him, for the most intense curiosity prevails with regard to him. All sorts of stories about him are current. He cannot read, they say, yet he takes regularly a French newspaper. He makes his bed when the moon changes, and

\* The origin of the report in Mexico that the Saenz family is Jewish as well as Protestant is based on nothing more than that its members were given Old Testament names. Aaron Saenz's brother Moises (Moses) is Under Secretary of Education.



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5807 Ellis Avenue Chicago

if the change occurs on a cloudy night, he waits till next time. He is very old, and he fought for France in 1870. But whatever the truth about him, gossip cannot let him alone, any more than it can the Drifter's summer renter. Only a Drifter, one who never stops long enough in one place to be recognized, can hope to evade the prying eyes of his neighbors.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence Norman Thomas on Al Smith

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

**SIR:** Mr. Hoover's acceptance speech was at best the speech of a benevolent bureaucrat devoted to an outworn economic philosophy. Governor Smith's clever and emotionally sincere appeal to liberals demands closer examination. The all-important point is that Alfred E. Smith is no dictator but the candidate of a party. He must work with and through his party. And such a party! On every liberal issue of the last decade its record is as bad as the Republican; its platform can scarcely be distinguished from the Republican, and its organization, as I have observed in fourteen States of the South and Middle West, is more stupidly incompetent than the Republican.

Nor is it true that Governor Smith's record is such as to inspire faith that he can and will whip this mass of blundering, quarreling, reactionary politicians into line. Governor Smith appeals to his record. So be it. It has its good points. But he was pledged to the hilt to the child-labor amendment; under pressure he cleverly dodged his pledges. He talks somewhat vaguely against the injunction evil, but the happy warrior has done nothing effective on this issue as Governor of New York. He promises, again somewhat vaguely, to hang on to our public water-power sites and to protect the ultimate consumer. Again, with the exception of the fight against the St. Lawrence grab, his record on public utilities is poor. He appointed all the members of one of the most reactionary public-service commissions in the country, one of the worst of the members being his preconvention manager. He appointed New York's bungling transit commission. It is freely charged that he is in sympathy with those who would break down our five-cent fare in New York. Certainly, he has not helped in solving the transit tangle. Finally, this marvelous leader, who is to whip Tammany Hall, the corrupt city ring of Memphis, Tennessee, and the mossback politicians of Arkansas into a party of progress, has lacked the desire or the will to consider specific charges against the Mayor whom he gave New York or to help by one least effort in the struggle for an honest count in New York City elections. And to cap the climax, he has chosen as his chief of staff Raskob, the open-shopper, the profiteer on every war, a member of the group which sought the St. Lawrence water-power franchise.

In the South and even in the Middle West Democrats are tearfully protesting that prohibition is no partisan issue at all. Indeed, they stand for stricter enforcement! In Missouri Democratic politicians hopefully count on rural Drys to vote for Hay, a Dry Senatorial candidate, and get Smith, and the urban Wets to vote for Smith and get Hay. Politically speaking, the Governor's liquor program is fantastically impossible. One may sympathize with his candor and with much of his criticism of conditions and yet agree that his plan would put the issue deeper into partisan politics rather than take it out.

As for farm relief, the Governor has nothing to offer radically different from the Republicans. Neither will the tariff become a major issue unless the Governor goes farther toward concrete advocacy of lower rates than he shows any sign of doing. On labor Smith opposes “unwarranted” injunctions, while Hoover opposes “excessive” ones.



There remain the two high points—from a liberal standpoint—of the Governor's speech: his declaration on water-power sites and on imperialism. It is hard to tell just what the Governor proposes to do with Muscle Shoals or how he will manage Boulder Dam in view of the failure of the seven States to make the treaty he advocates. He is still weak on the problem of transmitting power publicly produced. What kind of contract will he be able to make for distributing energy when the transmission lines are in the hands of a close-knit, notorious monopoly which will be master of our democracy unless we master it?

That the Governor speaks plainly on Mexico and Nicaragua is to the good (so did Harding, the candidate, speak on Haiti), but he does not promise to withdraw our marines. He forgets that in Mexico, Haiti, and Santo Domingo the Wilson Administration did worse things than the Coolidge Administration. He ignores the recognition of Russia, debts and reparations, the World Court, and the League of Nations, and the right of the President, even with the consent of Congress, to collect private debts in backward countries by the marines. These questions must be dealt with positively one way or another by the next President. Where does Governor Smith stand? And where does he stand on the race question, and on taxation of land, inheritances, and incomes? What solution has he for the problem of coal? These are questions liberals and progressives, unless they are children pacified by kind words and a few toys, will want to ask.

Socialists are less concerned with these specific questions than with the evidence this campaign affords that a few decent and liberal inclinations in a candidate are powerless to save us so long as both parties belong to the same general business interests and think only in terms of the right of men to own for their own power and profit property which should belong to society and be managed for the general good. For our political salvation we need not a happy warrior but our own party!

New York, August 27

NORMAN THOMAS,

Socialist Candidate for President

## \$10 and "Make Good"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was sentenced in the lower courts of Boston the other day for a larceny offense to twenty days in jail and a fine of \$10. The irony of that sentence you will see if you read on.

In 1900 I was committed to the Concord Reformatory for an indefinite term. Upon my release from that institution I received \$3 and the best wishes of the warden to "make good." But I had no intention of "making good." That well-meaning official might just as well have spoken to the surrounding prison walls. I was just launching upon a criminal career that covered a period of twenty-seven years—twenty spent behind prison walls and seven in precarious liberty.

My first burglary offense went to the jury on July 10, 1902. I was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Upon my release I received \$10, a prison suit of clothes, and again the best wishes of the warden to "make good." On ten dollars.

A well-known shoe manufacturer of Boston had a beautiful home in the suburbs of the city. Some of us broke into it at night. I was the candidate to stand trial for this offense, and I went back to the Charlestown prison with a sentence of six to eight years. But everything has an end, and once again I stood in the warden's office to receive the State's \$10 and the warden's best wishes to "make good." I believe every warden uses the same expression. Our parting was merely a brief formality. "Make good"—on \$10.

The money Massachusetts gave me furnished my transportation to New York. On the Bowery I met an old pal of mine who was a "paper-layer," a forger. Together we let loose a

score of bad checks. In order to elude the authorities I enlisted in the army. But my career as a soldier ended abruptly with a two-year sentence at the military prison at Leavenworth.

The army is a little more liberal with "conduct time" for good behavior, so in a year I received my discharge from that institution. My liberty was short. The New York authorities were at the outer gates to take me back to stand trial for the bad checks. A visit up the river under Warden Osborne's administration finally terminated, and again I stood in the warden's office and received my discharge, \$10, and the admonition to "make good."

I have now become a fifth offender. I received my discharge the other day, but my \$10 from the State of Massachusetts has not yet given me a new start in life.

Since my release I have done a little figuring. According to my calculation, I have accomplished thousands of dollars' worth of profitable work. For this I have received \$50 from the States of Massachusetts and New York. I do not seek to excuse myself. But it strikes me there is bad management in the way I have been treated. Once out of jail, I was always up against a line-up that made it practically impossible for me to get and hold a job, because of the prejudice against an ex-convict. In one place, the other workmen began taking their coats out of the washroom when they heard about me. Society naturally headed me back toward crime, instead of encouraging me to "make good." That is an injustice, so is the fact that I never left prison with anything like a fair balance of pay for the work I had done behind the bars.

I hope that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the State of New York, so far advanced in many other things, will make it possible for discharged convicts to get a new start with sufficient cash to make good.

New York, July 18

LEAVENWORTH 20,803

## Venizelos

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* of August 1 carries an editorial note on Eleutherios Venizelos, on the occasion of his return to politics. Speaking about the Cretan, it says: "In 1917 . . . with the aid of French marines, [he] became Greece's first President." Venizelos, although a Republican and Premier, never was Greece's President. And further on: "But, despite Lloyd George's support, he could not hold Turkey against the Turks; the disastrous defeat of the Greek army and the burning of Smyrna in 1920 seemed to end Venizelos's career with a great smoky smudge." The disaster of the Greek army and the burning of Smyrna took place in 1922. Venizelos's career seemed to end after the general elections in which he was badly defeated, in 1920, but that was two years before the burning of Smyrna. The "great smoky smudge" belongs to the executed ministers who were governing Greece when the smoke went up at Smyrna. The responsibility of the debacle in Asia Minor can be laid at Venizelos's door only to the extent that he failed to foresee, first, his own defeat in the elections of 1920, and, second, the unbelievable stupidity of his successors.

The editorial continues: "Yet he is in the premiership again and has forced the unwilling President, Admiral Koundouriotis, to dissolve parliament and change the electoral law so that the Cretan may rule untrammelled." If the implication is that that he is on the way of becoming a dictator, I think it is not true, and rather unfair. The elections he has conducted so far have all been above board, and he has respected the will of the people even when it went against him, as in 1920. In addition, this time he has picked a royalist, Mr. Zavitsianos, for the post of Minister of the Interior that his opponents may rest assured that the elections are going to be on the level.

Fitzsimons, Col., August 2

C. L. TERZOPOULOS



# Books and Music

## Three Sonnets

By MERRILL MOORE

### Warning to One

Death is the strongest of all living things,  
And when it happens do not look in the eyes  
For a dead fire or a lack-luster there  
But listen for the words that fall from lips  
Or do not fall. Silence is not death,  
It merely means that the one who is conserving breath  
Is not concerned with tattle and small quips.  
Watch the quick fingers and the way they move

During unguarded moments—words of love  
And love's caresses may be as cold as ice  
And cold the glitter of engagement rings.  
Death is the sword that hangs on a single hair  
And that thin tenuous hair is no more than love  
And yours is the silly head it hangs above.

### Sturm und Drang

We are too young and have not seen enough  
Yet to interpret properly the wind's sough  
And the story of branches beating on each other  
When the storm-clouds bring them bitter weather.  
We cannot wrest from Chaos her bright book  
Long enough to open it and look  
And read—for we could read what she has written  
But yet not now, there still is too much din!

And back of the two rich gates that are your eyes  
Guarding the fragrant orchard that is your mind  
I can see that you have well defined  
The proper answer to this situation,  
So, letting tomorrow care for what may arise,  
Today let us attend the slow transition.

### Pandora and the Moon

Minds awake in bodies that were asleep  
Caused the winged troubles to be born  
That made Pandora onetime feel forlorn,  
Because, in spite of the box, she could not keep  
Her troubles there, the worrisome animalcules  
Fluttered out never to be regained,  
For every method of evil especially trained  
And subject neither to God's nor the devil's rules.

What shall she do? Nothing, but sit and ponder,  
Watch the dying leaves drop from the tree  
Until they all are gone and she may see  
The same moon then that used to make her wonder  
At the unbelievable stories she sits and reads.  
And if she succeeds in that then she succeeds.

## Mr. Underwood Reflects

*Drifting Sands of Party Politics.* By Oscar W. Underwood.  
New York: The Century Company. \$3.50.

**T**WENTY years' service in the House of Representatives, followed by twelve years in the Senate, ought, it would seem, to give almost any man of intelligence and high character a sensible and worth-while point of view from which to look at American politics and the American governmental system generally. Mr. Underwood is an illustration, all too rare in the history of the past thirty years, of a man to whom a prolonged and varied experience of public life at Washington has brought not only knowledge but reflection; and reflection, when buttressed by historical inquiry and the calm temper of a gentleman, is pretty certain, as in his case, to produce convictions not wholly in accord with the superficial and repetitious dogmatism which constitutes, for the politician class, the larger part of the intellectual stock in trade.

Mr. Underwood appears in his book as, in all essential respects, a Democrat of the old school. He agrees with Jefferson in holding that the best government is the one that governs least. He believes in all seriousness that when Congress and the States, fearful of federal intrusion, insisted upon declaring in the Tenth Amendment that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people," they not only meant what they said, but that they also created an obligation in the federal government to see that the prescription was observed. What impresses him, however, as he looks about, is the extraordinary extent to which the constitutional obligation has been disregarded, and he appears to have written his book principally as an indictment of the vast encroachment of federal authority which is today not only one of the most striking characteristics of American politics, but a daily menace to personal and political liberty as well.

What he has to say on the subject is not, to be sure, especially new, for others before him have spoken out, but what he says carries weight because he himself was long in a position to see and know exactly what was going on behind the curtain. He knows, for example, how tariffs were made, and his account of the influences which sustained and enlarged protection under Republican auspices will not inspire any voter with a conscience to support the Republican ticket next November. He punctures the bubble of a tariff commission, shows the fundamental weakness of the Federal Reserve banking system, whose recent handling of the credit situation has set the banking and investment community by the ears, points out the evils and dangers of multiplying federal commissions and boards, scores the espionage and sedition acts of the Wilson régime, and compares national prohibition with the Constitution. The Supreme Court, which has so substantially aided the overriding of State rights, does not escape, and the Progressives, to whom "the guaranty of the federal Constitution stood not as a safeguard for the protection of their lives, the preservation of their liberties, or the insurance of their happiness, but rather as an impediment in the way of the humanitarian or class legislation that they determined was best for the mass of the American people," receive their share of chastisement.

The criticism to be passed upon Mr. Underwood's book is that the remedies which he offers are little more than counsels of perfection. He would abolish "the discretions that are now vested in a bureaucratic government," "divorce the federal government from any intimate association in the domestic affairs of the people," confine legislative authority to Con-



gress and executive authority to the President, and break the hold of organizations like the Anti-Saloon League by removing "the rewards that associations battle for." This is all very well, but nothing of the kind can be done without legislation, and the legislation will not be forthcoming so long as the voters, for whose welfare Mr. Underwood sincerely cares, are content to support representatives whose primary concern is with the maintenance of the system. It all comes back to the character of the electorate, and how to impart high character to an electorate the vast majority of which has been taught to look upon politics as either a gamble or a joke is not easily discoverable in Mr. Underwood's book.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

## Ten Neglected Centuries

*The Romanesque Lyric: Studies in its Background and Development from Petronius to the Cambridge Songs (50-1050).*

By Philip Schuyler Allen. With Renderings into English Verse by Howard Mumford Jones. The University of North Carolina Press. \$4.50.

IN his well-known collection of Goliardic verse, "Wine, Women and Song," John Addington Symonds in 1884 expressed the conventionally contemptuous judgment on the Latin poetry immediately preceding the twelfth century: "There is little need to dwell upon these crepuscular stirrings of popular Latin poetry in the earlier Middle Ages. To indicate their existence was necessary; for they serve to link by a dim and fragile thread of evolution the decadent art of the base Empire with the renaissance of paganism attempted in the twelfth century, and thus to connect that dawn of modern feeling with the orient splendors of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Italy." This dilettante judgment is hardly more liberal or acute than the rigorously academic point of view which prefers to see early medieval Latin poetry as an integral body of traditional Roman matter, and no more. It is the admirable achievement of Professor Allen to have crowned his many years of conscientious and scholarly labors in a difficult field with a book which at least shows the way toward an appreciation of this verse as a distinct and important entity, an actual poetic form, characteristic and expressive of a new type of experience, a form which is no "crepuscular stirring," no "dim and fragile thread of evolution," but a sturdy and logical growth, susceptible of extended study.

To this poetry Professor Allen assigns the apt and suggestive term "Romanesque" which he defines as "that mutation of the classical Roman form which resulted from the avowed attempt to adapt classical forms to Christian purposes." Actually his exposition of the subject gives a much wider significance to the term, but the definition will serve. It should be understood at once, however, that Professor Allen is speaking constantly of a "mutation." He does not become over-excited by his thesis and plunge into a Spenglerism. While he insists on the Romanesque lyric as a "characteristic" form, he champions with equal vehemence the idea of the continuity of cultures. He is no exclusionist. To him the Romanesque lyric is partially an outgrowth of the classical experience, but he makes clear that from that experience it extracts a new note of sensibility, romanticism, and mutability, which Professor Allen claims to discover first in Petronius.

But not only is it dependent on the classical tradition; it is also largely a function of the partially non-Roman, highly complicated Gaulish society of the pre-Caesarian era. Thus it exists for many centuries side by side with a petrified and sterile pure classic tradition, but it differentiates itself sharply from this tradition, as in the Merovingian poetry of Fortunatus and Walahfrid Strabo. Its first flowering comes with the Carolingian renaissance, whose significance Professor Allen is possibly inclined slightly to overrate: and achieves a high

point of intensity and sophistication (relatively speaking) in the Cambridge songs (1050) where the "sway and thud" of the imminent vernacular poetry can already be heard. But the career of the Romanesque lyric has been affected by non-continental influences still further removing it from the classic tradition. Among these influences Professor Allen points out the Gaelic poetry of the sixth century, brought to the mainland by Columban and other Irish monks; and the Arabico-Persian love poetry of the sixth to the tenth century. In the ninth-century Platonism of Ibn Dawoud, for example, we are shown a possible source for the occidental symbolisms of mariolatry and Platonic love.

It is his constant and pertinent insistence on the importance of the Romanesque lyric as a characteristic form rather than his exposition of the thesis that forms the valuable element in the book. Professor Allen finds his greatest difficulty in naming the characteristics which go to make up the Romanesque poetic experience. The qualities he assigns to it—sweetness, mutability, freshness, romanticism—all offer difficult problems in definition, some of which are not clearly solved. The situation is not rendered any simpler by Professor Allen's use of the term "Gaelic temper," applying it to verse which seems, at least from the translations, fairly remote from whatever the Irish spirit is supposed to be at this date. His exposition is further complicated by the fact that his subject is a highly controversial one: he has not always been able to prevent the ink-screens of academic bickerings from obscuring his ideas. He devotes a whole chapter, for instance, to a virulent and largely unimportant refutation of the comical German theory which would evolve the medieval minstrel and jongleur from the vaudeville mime of late Latinity, as we see him in the pages of the *Satyricon*. This controversial interest tends to lend his style a note of irritating acerbity which occasionally alienates the sympathy of the reader.

Certain exaggerations should also be noted, particularly his stressing, worthy of a Sinn Feiner, of the cultural influences of the Gaelic monasteries in the sixth century. He is so eager to prove his theory of the constant transmission and exchange of culture through the medieval trade routes that he forgets that a thousand years of commerce between two countries may never carry over a single poetic form or idea from one to the other: witness our own lamentable ignorance of the poetic culture of South America, with whom our trade relations are of the busiest and most complicated. Finally, in his laudable desire to construct a solid social and historical background for his poetry, Professor Allen too often blurs our sense of the poetry itself and its chronological and self-contained evolution. We cannot see the trees for the wood.

Despite these faults, the book will remain a standard and arresting work in its field, with implications that lie far beyond the mere subject matter. It should be read by every student of poetry and certainly by every student of the Middle Ages. It serves to whet one's appetite, not only for Professor Allen's promised volume on the Carolingian lyric, but for his sequel to the present book which will, of course, deal with the poetic renaissance of the eleventh, twelfth, and early thirteenth centuries. Anyone who has read at all in *Edelstand du Mérid* and the "Carmina Burana" must have had an indefinable yet persistent sense of two divergent types of poetic emotion, represented respectively in the professional Goliardic songs and in the popular Latin love poetry, often so hard to distinguish. It is to this interesting problem in differentiation that Professor Allen's projected sequel will devote itself.

Space forbids more than an inhumanly casual mention of the brilliant translations by Howard Mumford Jones which stud the pages of "The Romanesque Lyric." In one or two cases, notably that of the oft-attempted *Pervigilium Veneris*, he seems to have achieved a classic version. Particularly worthy of praise is the sureness of his humorous touch, where the macaronic Cambridge songs require it. If he can do equally well with the Goliards and the secular hymnology of the elev-



enth century, he will easily displace the rather affectedly clever translations of Symonds, hitherto the main source for those whose Latin is uncertain.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

## A Boy's Long Days

*Day of Fortune.* By Norman Matson. The Century Company. \$2.50.

THIS is the most interesting novel I have read for many months. It will certainly take its place as one of the half dozen best of a year that is notable for the continued emergence of a group of new writers with major possibilities.

In form Mr. Matson is less consciously a literary artist than Hemingway, Westcott, Aiken, and Wilder. The scenes of Peter Chezness's life unroll before us in a series of episodes, sometimes quite unrelated, sometimes revolving around a central experience such as his first newspaper job, his editorship of a labor paper in a small Western town near San Francisco, his mother's death. This particular form has of late been out of favor with American reviewers and American publishers, partly because, having no obvious rules, it is immensely easier for the beginner to "get away with" than a plotted novel. Because, some years ago, the public bought largely and read avidly certain long, apparently formless scrap-bags of reminiscences and recorded emotions and opinions, a great number of meager talents set themselves to serve the same dish, with disastrously dreary consequences. In the salutary reaction which is reaching its peak today, novels of this description have fallen into disrepute, and we are already in a fair way to admire form regardless of content. For this reason, and because today few spectacles are considered more deliciously amusing than a young man who believes in the amelioration of the human lot, it required courage for Mr. Matson to issue his book. The measure of his success is shown by the fact that my mind harks back at once to the joy with which we read "Jean-Christophe," "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," and "Pelle," after the smooth nothings of the imitators of Howells and James.

Perhaps it is time to invent a new name for the stream-of-experience novel. If it were named, modern critics might recognize modern examples of it as belonging to a very respectable genre. Unnamed they brand it as formless and deprive us, in so far as their censure affects publishers, of one of the most perennially interesting of literary forms. It is in effect autobiography, except that under the cover of fiction the author tells things that no autobiographer, barring Cellini, Moore, and Rousseau, would tell, and that whenever it is necessary to portray the true inwardness of a situation he invents the requisite episodes. I am reminded here that no one today reads those romances of which Rousseau so plumed himself, although his autobiography is read as eagerly as when it was new; and that Moore's most ardently conceived novels are dull indeed compared with "Hail and Farewell." So I, at least, am content to let Mr. Matson find his own path.

The Chezness family comes from Norway. Mary, the mother of Peter, was a little child, just old enough to remember the voyage, when the family emigrated to Chicago. A few pages commemorate her girlhood, vaguely, as her son would have remembered it from old stories told around the kitchen table; and then the book emerges into the daylight in Grand Rapids, Michigan, with Peter as the medium through whom things are seen and felt. The next hundred and twenty-three pages are a delightful reconstruction of a boy's long days.

The endless world radiates from Our House, a peaked white cottage behind a maple-tree. The world is flat. It is cut in halves by Turner Street. Alas, nothing is exact! Time and space change according to their relation to Our House. Time in Leonard Street, half a mile away, goes faster; and

a "city block" gradually, at a mounting rate, lengthens as one walks from the center of the world. "Do you like this street?" one asks of the boy who lives three streets away, and one means, "Do you like the quality of life here?" Because the quality of life must be so different. . . . Oh, the days went by like clouds, like soft elephants drugged with boredom, invisibly moving, and one groaned with a dim and intolerable fainting, and one didn't know, and there was no one to say, that this was the hunger for words and memories with which to build a tolerable reality!

When Peter was fourteen or thereabouts, the family moved to San Francisco in hope of better luck. He washed bottles in a drug-store, went to night-school, worked in a railroad freight office, and finally embraced enthusiastically the chance to give up a twenty-dollar-a-week job in order to earn five as a cub reporter. Almost too many things happened in the next eight years for credibility. There was the fire, there was the war, to which Peter did not go, there was revolution. No book yet has compassed those years successfully: yet we read each new attempt eagerly, for no years have borne a greater burden. Mr. Matson succeeds better than most, for his emphasis is never on that amazing tide of events but on the boy who struggled through them.

Yet the book suffers a bit from the richness of life. It reminds one at times of Peter's perplexity as he sat in the sunny courtyard of a restaurant in the county seat and "looked quickly all around him, trying to feel the moment as a whole, despairing ever to write a true word—life was so brilliant, rapid, and unexpected. If he wrote of this moment and left out one shining wine glass, one green leaf, he would be a liar; but if he put all in, there wouldn't be paper enough in the world to bear his words."

Mr. Matson is still too inebriated by life to be always the literary craftsman. In the end his book makes its effect cumulatively, because of its wealth of poignantly remembered and honestly described experience. And even estimating its cumulative effect, one sees that the two most tenderly and poignantly drawn portraits, Mary and Knut, are not wholly there, lack those final revealing touches that only a man mad with genius dares to give. One sees that, as a work of art, the book exists because of its lyric qualities; and that Mr. Matson, embroiled in his agitating and deeply realized experience, did not sufficiently see this. If he had seen it the book might have stood beside "The Time of Man," for he can be delightfully the literary craftsman, as the first passages I quoted sufficiently show. As it is he has produced a memorable and fine book, one notable for its detachment, its candor, and its total absence of all kinds of intellectual or artistic hokum.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

## The Original Monroe Doctrine

*The Monroe Doctrine, 1823-1826.* By Dexter Perkins. Harvard University Press. \$2.50.

THIS treatise is the most thorough study of the origin, reception, and promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine that has yet been made. To secure materials Mr. Perkins carried on an extensive search in archives and libraries in the Old World and the New.

His monograph presents a fresh discussion of the causes for the promulgation of the famous message of December 2, 1823. Its principle, directed against future European colonization in America, was clearly an American reaction against the Czar's ukase which announced the existence of a Russian sphere of influence in the north Pacific. Rightly does the author scout the notion, which has been entertained by students of diplomacy, that by a secret treaty signed at the Congress of Verona in November, 1822, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia pledged themselves to put an end to the system of repre-



sentative government in whatever country it might exist in Europe, and to prevent it from being introduced in those countries where it was not yet known. He was unable to discover that in 1823—aside from a prevailing dislike of republican institutions—there was imminent danger of intervention by the Holy Allies in the affairs of South America. However, he accepts the view that France had for some time entertained a design to establish Bourbon monarchies in the Spanish Indies, which was an attempt to reconcile the interests of French commerce with the principle of legitimacy.

In regard to the much-discussed problem of the authorship of the Monroe Doctrine, this study somewhat readjusts the emphasis. Credit for the formulation of the non-colonization principle is assigned chiefly to John Quincy Adams. With respect to the promulgation of the principle of non-intervention, the author gives more credit to Monroe than has ordinarily been attributed in recent years. The "republicanism of the message," Mr. Perkins declares, "sits with a better grace upon Monroe than upon Adams." Sagely does he remark that the original Doctrine of Monroe derived its power and authority mainly from the fact that it expressed the beliefs of many Americans, both great and small.

Although he believes that the message was favorably received in Spanish America, yet Mr. Perkins minimizes its contemporary influence. He rightly appreciates its broader significance as indicative of a clash between two opposing principles: the one of intervention based upon absolutism and the other of non-intervention based upon popular rights.

Some slips mar the high scholarship of this monograph. The famous archival repository at Sevilla is repeatedly designated as the "Archivo General de las Indias." The author did not find all the significant documents concerning intervention that repose in European archives. He has produced, however, a book that should modify American notions in regard to a cardinal feature of our foreign policy. If he has occasionally been a little too iconoclastic, perhaps the net result will be ultimately to chasten that popular idealization of the Monroe Doctrine which has even cast a romantic halo over the heads of its authors.

WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON

## The Idea of the State

*Sovereignty. A Study of a Contemporary Political Notion.* By Paul W. Ward. London: George Routledge and Sons.

THE theory of sovereignty predicates that in every state there is some final and unquestioned center of ultimate authority. Professor Ward's book aims at giving an analysis and criticism of this doctrine as presented by contemporary writers. In an introductory chapter the author traces the historical development of the theory of sovereignty. He then discusses such British Hegelians as Bosanquet and Muirhead and the criticism of Hegelianism by Dewey and Hobhouse. In Sir Henry Jones Professor Ward could have found a more moderate statement of Hegelianism than in the writers he has chosen. The author's sympathy is with the pluralists, but his summary of the views of Figgis, Laski, Cole, and Duguit is eminently dispassionate. It is not, however, true that guild-socialism is now an active movement. As a movement it is a spent force. Nor is it defensible to dismiss syndicalism with a bare reference and to omit entirely fascism and communism. The impact of internationalism on sovereignty is in the main dealt with by a discussion of the views of Krabbe. In a concluding critical résumé, the author follows faithfully the teaching of John Dewey. Within its limited range the book is useful and lucid.

Yet to some aspects of his problem Professor Ward fails to give due appreciation. He is not wholly correct in designating the pluralist criticism of sovereignty as a defense of social groups and not of individuals. The essence of pluralism

is individualism. The contemporary emphasis on the group is merely a means to the freedom of the individual. It is the stress on the "inexpugnable variety of human wills" that forms the common basis in the varied views of Hobhouse, Russell, Cole, and Laski. As a matter of fact, the issue between the critical individualism of Professor Laski and the acquiescent statism of Bosanquet is in no vital sense different from the issue between Locke and Filmer, Paine and Burke, Bentham and Blackstone. In the age of Locke, critical political thought aimed at protecting the individual against the then existing authority by endowing him with natural rights and by a departmental separation of governmental powers. Now, however, the aim is at safeguarding the individual not by a departmental separation of powers but by a functional decentralization. In the age of Locke, the liberty desired was political; now it is economic. The setting and applications are different, but the approach is the same.

Again, Professor Ward is not wholly adequate in stating that political theories are offered as mere subsequent justification of interests. The relation between theory and fact is reciprocal. Theory not only justifies but enforces interests. The mere reiteration of the defense of a certain interest tends to strengthen that very interest. Thus, for example, guild-socialism is, surely in part, the expression of a desire on the part of the workers for self-government in industry, but the exposition of that theory undoubtedly has tended to enforce that desire. Furthermore, critical political thought is also prophetic. Significant radical thought is based on an elaboration of the newer tendencies of contemporary society, which tendencies promise fuller development in the future. In such books as Professor Laski's "Grammar of Politics" and the Webbs's "Constitution" we may see in blurred outline some tendencies of the state of the future. Of course, only radical writers can throw such light, for conservative writers such as Bosanquet, Mallock, and McDougall merely justify the present and hence cannot indicate the direction of events. Critical theory is thus not merely passive but active and creative.

LEWIS ROCKOW

## Books in Brief

*The Practical Application of Sociology. A Study of the Scope and Purpose of Applied Sociology.* By Herbert Newhard Shenton. Columbia University Press. \$3.50.

The purpose of applied sociology is to discover ways and means of reducing the expenditure of human energy and of minimizing the economic costs of social control. When Lester Frank Ward was writing his voluminous tomes and wielding a genuine influence upon the social thinking of the latter part of the nineteenth century he was inspired by the belief that sociology would, like the "woman-soul" in Faust, lead us upward and onward forever. Telesis was to him that attribute of society most sharply opposed to genesis, by means of which society moved toward its approved goal, while applied sociology assumed the task of pointing out this goal. Ward's confusion of sociology and ethics, together with his emphasis upon meliorism, has not been accepted by a later generation of more practically minded students of society. Mr. Shenton is concerned not so much with purpose as with ways and means. Social control has become a technique which we now see as capable of use for either good or ill. Particularly in connection with business and industry does applied sociology offer assistance to the entrepreneur in controlling his workmen. Everywhere men strive to get other men to do what they want them to do. A study of social motivation in large and small groups, the discovery of the appeals which bring action and the technique of making these appeals, introduces into sociology many of the aspects of industrial and efficiency engineering. Mr. Shenton feels that each of the sciences has developed most



rapidly when men began to see some practical use for it; it is his belief that applied sociology is about to come into its own, after which it will in turn serve to enrich the "pure" science from which it sprang. It will serve to unite the progress of sociological knowledge with the practice of empirical science and be useful in devising ways and means of achieving proximate social ends.

*Hymen, or the Future of Marriage.* By Norman Haire. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.

To one who has been immunized against so-called "startling sex discussions" this brief discussion of marriage today and its future tomorrow seems to have fallen short in its prophetic proclamations. The book contains a plea for companionate marriage for the young, accompanied by the necessary frankness in sex discussion. All this would avail naught without legalized birth-control information and easy divorce. So much for the today of marriage. Tomorrow there will be brilliant possibilities for marriage as an institution. Though "life-long monogamous marriages are the ideal," legalized polygamy will also prevail. Men and women will be equally self-supporting. Children will be educated and cared for by the state if it is economically necessary. Men and women unfit to become parents will be sterilized, and the logical accompaniment of this will be legalized abortion and state infanticide of unfit children. To cap the future of marriage, as it were, there will be artificial reproduction or ectogenesis. Babies will be born in glass tubes! This little book contains a galaxy of sex concepts—all of them have been found in one or another of man's Utopias.

*Spokesmen.* By T. K. Whipple. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

Critical essays on our established literary figures, written with an attractive sobriety. Mr. Whipple has little that is new to say; but that may be the result of the simplicity of his subject matter. His major thesis is a familiar one: the middle generation of writers, from Robinson to O'Neill (though, very properly he begins with a consideration of the buccinator, Henry Adams) are primarily engaged in a portrayal of the spiritual frustration inherent in American life. It is a gloomy formula inherited from Van Wyck Brooks and applied with no little skill and a tact that precludes irrelevant aesthetic judgments.

*Aphra Behn.* By V. Sackville-West. *Annie Besant.* By Geoffrey West. *Lady Hester Stanhope.* By Martin Armstrong. *Bianca Cappello.* By Clifford Bax. Representative Women Series. The Viking Press. \$2 each.

The glamor of the Italian Renaissance, bloody, amorous, colorful, and cruel, may be what makes the tale of Bianca Cappello immeasurably the most fascinating so far in the series of which these volumes are the first. One suspects, however, that Mr. Clifford Bax has made the most of his history of the young, beautiful, and intrepid Venetian girl, whom he calls a genius, the mistress and later the wife of Francesco di Medici, who successfully defied the great Medici family, and from her beginnings as the declasse wife of a Florentine nobody, and the despised mistress of a notorious rake, came to be Grand Duchess of Tuscany and Daughter of the Venetian Republic, the latter a title which even the powerful Medici could not but respect. Lady Hester Stanhope, too, is painted by Martin Armstrong in broad, flowing strokes. Niece of William Pitt the younger, "lively, fascinating, garrulous, concealed," she ended her days romantically enough walled up in a deserted monastery in the heart of the Druse country, after thirty years of splendid living and traveling in the mysterious East. Beside these two glowing pictures, the studies of Aphra Behn and even Mrs. Besant seem a little dull and thin. But these women, and doubtless all women who in any age when men were masters were able to rise above their sex's slavery, have something in common—a certain arrogance, the pride and courage usually thought of as masculine, and the fascination of personality.

Some of them had the advantage of beauty, but all of them were (and Mrs. Besant at eighty still is) compelling, lively, full of burning energy, and irresistible because they were interesting.

*Nuits de Princes.* By J. Kessel. Paris: Editions de France.

Two years ago, in "L'Équipage," M. Kessel steered his way between "Le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe" and "Tout Ce Que Vous Voudrez, Mon Général," and treated the war without a thesis. Now he takes another subject which is usually done either all in black or all in white and views the Russian émigrés in Paris as human beings. The obscure life of a respectable Paris pension, which is recorded in the first half of the book, and the hot alcoholic suffocation of a Montmartre café-chantant, which fills the second, are joined by M. Kessel's delicate suggestion of a common factor, the submerged tension between the past and the present of his characters. It is present in them all; some it makes tight-lipped; others loose-mouthed; in each it is ready to flare to a climax of mad forgetfulness, whether it be the insane riding of Prince Fédor at the Cossack exhibition or the scattering of Hélène's seamstress's earnings in flowers to decorate the New Year's table. M. Kessel came to his theme prepared by his two previous books on Russia, "La Steppe Rouge" and "Les Rois Aveugles" (in collaboration with Hélène Iswolsky), which dealt with the present and the past regime respectively. He had already had experience in dealing with a group of people all living under the same tension, for it was the strain on a flying squadron in active service which knit "L'Équipage" together. It is consequently not remarkable that "Nuits de Princes" has already gone to 100,000 copies.

*The Minor Prophets in the Freer Collection and the Berlin Fragment of Genesis.* By Henry A. Sanders and Carl Schmidt. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

This is another example of the remarkable work that Professor Sanders of the University of Michigan has been doing in recent years to make generally available the remains of ancient documents recovered from the sands of Egypt. The papyrus fragments here assembled contain a considerable section of the Minor Prophets in Greek from a manuscript thought to have been written in the latter part of the third century A.D. In the second part of the volume Professor Schmidt of Berlin edits a similar Greek papyrus of about the same date containing the greater part of the first thirty-five chapters of Genesis. The volume is splendidly printed and illustrated.

*Monsieur Croche, the Dilettante Hater.* From the French of Claude Debussy. With a Foreword by Lawrence Gilman. Viking Press. \$2.

Debussy writes about music in the manner of Dorothy Parker about books. The results are almost always amusing, and at times, in their quiet way, they are side-splitting (for example, his discussion of Wagner's "Ring," which, regrettably, he omits from this volume). The refined irony and malice are those of the sensitive person who is apt to have sharply defined, intensely felt sympathies and antipathies, and to astonish one alternately with his penetration and his lack of understanding. Often, therefore, when he is most amusing, Debussy is unsympathetic and unfair. And so the value of his remarks, as Mr. Gilman observes, "is not always so much in the light that they throw upon their subject matter as in their disclosure of the mind of the writer."

*The Development of English Biography.* By Harold Nicolson. Hogarth Lectures on Literature Series. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.25.

This is an excellent combination of scholarly research and suave artistry. One may occasionally question Mr. Nicolson's judgment—notably his over-adulation of Lockhart's "Life of Scott"—but one can question neither the soundness of his learning nor the skill of his presentation.



# Music

## Bayreuth—1928

*Bayreuth, August 1*

**B**AYREUTH stands for authenticity in the performance of Wagner. In Bayreuth are preserved the traditions received from Wagner himself by his associates and disciples and handed down by them to others. In Bayreuth is achieved also the perfection in the stage ensemble, in the singing of the chorus, that comes only with weeks of patient rehearsal by persons devoted to their task. In Bayreuth one hears an orchestra that is the pick of German orchestras, playing in a theater with remarkable acoustic qualities, and in a sunken pit which enables the singers to be heard clearly. In Bayreuth one sees the best settings and stage arrangements, the product of the talents of that great regisseur, Siegfried Wagner.

This is the legend; and it caused me to postpone hearing Wagner almost entirely until I could hear him at Bayreuth. And indeed, putting aside the talents of Siegfried Wagner, which did not strike me as an asset, and the typical German woodwind section of the otherwise magnificent orchestra—putting these aside, it was true that even when the acting was bad, which it was for the most part, there was a working together instead of as individuals which gave the productions a tone of nobility and elevation. It was true that while the chorus looked and behaved quite like the choruses in most opera houses, it sang beautifully, as most other choruses do not. It was true that, what with the smaller size of the theater and its acoustic excellence, the singers—Larsén-Todsen and Melchior, for example—sang better than in New York. The singing, in fact, exceeded expectations. Very little of it was poor; most of it was good (there was a better Tristan in Gunnar Graarud, a better Parsifal in Gotthelf Pistor, than we have heard in New York); and some of it—notably of Larsén-Todsen and Friedrich Schoor, and of Frieda Leider, who was in addition the one female singer whose movements were dramatically effective—was superb.

As for the conducting, the opening performance, of "Tristan und Isolde," conducted by Karl Elmendorff, was what one had been led to expect: it was not spirited or inspiring, but it was lucid, carefully modeled, and perfectly finished. The second performance, of "Parsifal," exceeded expectations, for it was conducted by Karl Muck, the last of the early Wagner conductors, who at the age of seventy gave a performance that was almost incredible in its strength and control, its dramatic intensity and point. But then came the first of the Ring cycle, "Das Rheingold," conducted by Franz von Hoesslin; and I have never heard a performance with pretensions to being first-rate that was more wretchedly bungling. Von Hoesslin seemed unable to set and maintain any particular tempo. This was evident immediately in the prelude, in which moreover neither the sound of the brass nor that of the woodwinds synchronized with that of the strings, so that the confusion was complete. If this was the result of five weeks of rehearsal, von Hoesslin was not fit for his job; and I should say this was so even though the succeeding operas sounded successively better; for they were bound to do so, being successively so much better music, and his deficiencies remained in evidence throughout. The close of "Götterdämmerung" was a mess.

I do not, therefore, agree with Siegfried Wagner that the most urgent needs of Bayreuth are tenors and money. He cannot, as he says, give "Tannhäuser" for lack of a suitable tenor; while Muck claims not to know of a single good Tristan. And he is further hampered by lack of money in the face of high and rising costs. For this he is himself partly to blame.

Bavaria is, of course, the home of reactionary, anti-Republican, anti-Semitic opinion in Germany; and Bayreuth is one of the foci of the infection (during my stay there was a meeting at which a General von Epp, described as the savior of Munich, spoke on the good old days of the German army, and the way to salvation for all Germany). The Siegfried Wagners seem not only to have sympathized but to have done so officially. They not only entertained Adolf Hitler at Villa Wahnfried, but, as we read in America, permitted nationalist demonstrations in the Festival Theater and until this year flew the old imperial flag above it. The result was a strong sentiment against the Bayreuth Festival in the rest of Germany, particularly among such wealthy Jews as patronized and subsidized artistic activities; and this sentiment the Wagners have not yet succeeded in changing by public disavowals.

Perhaps, then, one urgent need is a change in management; but I started out to say that the most urgent need was not tenors or money, but good conductors. It is, however, a need of Bayreuth because it is a need of all Germany, as we have recently had occasion to observe in America. Muck ascribes it to the war: a link is missing, he says; a whole generation was lost, he himself knowing of five young men with great talent who were killed. The result is that young men who show the slightest talent, instead of being trained by older men, are seized upon at once to fill responsible positions into which they have had no time to grow; and that most of them have not enough talent to begin with. What, he asks, is the use of teaching traditions to such men? A traditional tempo was set, and was given its value, by a genuine feeling for the music performed; how can it be taught to someone who does not start with the feeling; how can he give it any value; how can he deal with the real situation; which is that there is no single traditional tempo, that if one has a good singer one can hold back, and if one has a poor singer one has got to go faster?

Muck could conduct every production at Bayreuth, but he has not the strength to rehearse it. Since there is nobody else to conduct "Parsifal," he feels obliged to do that; and so his "Parsifal" is the sole glory of Bayreuth and, for some time at any rate, its last.

B. H. HAGGIN

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# International Relations Section

## The Kellogg Treaties Sanction War\*

By EDWIN M. BORCHARD

### I

THE origin of the negotiations between the United States and other Powers leading to the conclusion of the so-called Kellogg Treaties is well known. Beginning with an expression of good-will in M. Briand's note of April 6, 1927, commemorating the entry of the United States into the war and expressing France's willingness to conclude a treaty renouncing war between France and the United States, the negotiations developed rapidly. On June 20, 1927, the French Foreign Minister presented the draft of a treaty embodying his proposal, providing for a condemnation of "recourse to war" and renouncing war as between France and the United States as an "instrument of their national policy." The settlement of all disputes was never to be sought "except by pacific means."

On December 28, 1927, Mr. Kellogg proposed to the French ambassador the extension of the proposed declaration to all the principal Powers. It was argued in the United States that, if the treaty were signed by the United States and France alone, it would be a treaty of alliance. In his accompanying draft of a treaty, Mr. Kellogg recommended the outright and unconditional renunciation of war and the solution of disputes by pacific means only.

The French press was critical. It was maintained that France had obligations to the League of Nations and could not make these new commitments. But the criticism was dropped after forty-eight hours on the publication of the French reply undertaking to renounce "wars of aggression." This gave apparently a new turn to the negotiations. The State Department did not reply officially, but officers of the department pointed out that the term "aggressive" changed the entire meaning of the proposition and was not acceptable to the United States. In this position the State Department seems to have had the support of the American press. Editorially it was agreed that "renunciation" was too intricate an expression to define and that the French interpolation of this qualification left Mr. Kellogg's proposition denatured of its vital part and meaningless. Mr. Kellogg pointed out in his new note that the first French note of June 20, 1927, contained no limitation of wars of aggression. In this connection it is well to note that Sir Austen Chamberlain rejected the attempted definition of "aggressor" in the Geneva Protocol as, I believe, one who declines to submit a dispute to discussion in these words: "I therefore remain opposed to this attempt to define the 'aggressor' because I believe that it will be a trap for the innocent and a signpost for the guilty."

Considerable correspondence took place in the early part of 1928 as to the construction to be given to the proposed treaty. In his note of February 27, 1928, in explaining his objection to qualifications on the obligation to renounce war, Mr. Kellogg stated:

*The ideal which inspires the effort so sincerely and so hopefully put forward by your [the French] Govern-*

ment and mine is arresting and appealing just because of its purity and simplicity; and I cannot avoid the feeling that if governments should publicly acknowledge that they can only deal with this ideal in a technical spirit and must insist on the adoption of reservations impairing, if not utterly destroying, the true significance of their common endeavors, they would be in effect only recording their impotence, to the keen disappointment of mankind in general.

The same thought was expressed in Mr. Kellogg's speech to the Council of Foreign Relations on March 15, 1928, in which he said:

It seems to me that any attempt to define the word "aggression" and by exceptions and qualifications to stipulate when nations are justified in going to war with one another would greatly weaken the effect of any treaty such as that under consideration and virtually destroy its positive value as a "guaranty of peace."

The subsequent negotiations, however, disclose the unfortunate fact that these very exceptions and qualifications to which Mr. Kellogg objected as so nullifying in effect have, in fact, found their way into the treaty as now universally construed.

The French Government maintained that the treaties must be construed so as not to bar the right of legitimate defense, the performance of obligations under the Covenant of the League of Nations, under the treaties of Locarno, under its treaties of alliance with its allies—now for some unexplainable reason called treaties of neutrality—that the treaty was to become ineffective if violated by one nation, and that it was to be signed by every state before it became effective as to any state. With the exception of this last reservation, Secretary Kellogg agreed to this interpretation of the French Government in his speech before the American Society of International Law on April 28, 1928, and incorporated his interpretation of this reservation as to self-defense, wars under the League Covenant, under the treaties of Locarno, and certain undefined and evidently unknown "neutrality" treaties, in his note of June 23, 1928, to the Powers, some fifteen in number, adding that "none of these governments has expressed any dissent from the above-quoted construction."

In his note of May 19, 1928, accepting the American proposition in principle, Sir Austen Chamberlain for Great Britain expressed his assent to the reservations made by France and added a new one in the following paragraph:

There are certain regions of the world, the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety. His Majesty's Government have been at pains to make it clear in the past that interference with these regions cannot be suffered. Their protection against attack is to the British Empire a measure of self-defense. It must be clearly understood that His Majesty's Government in Great Britain accept the new treaty upon the distinct understanding that it does not prejudice their freedom of action in this respect. The Government of the United States have comparable inter-

\*An address delivered before the Williams Institute of Politics.



ests, any disregard of which by a foreign Power they have declared they would regard as an unfriendly act.

The words in italic were repeated in the British note of July 18, 1928, undertaking to sign the treaty only on the understanding that the British Government maintain this freedom of action with respect to those regions of the world in which it had "a special and vital interest."

## II

The original proposition of Mr. Kellogg was an unconditional renunciation of war. *The treaty now qualified by the French and British reservations constitutes no renunciation or outlawry of war, but in fact and in law a solemn sanction for all wars mentioned in the exceptions and qualifications.* When we look at the exceptions we observe that they include wars of self-defense, each party being free to make its own interpretation as to when self-defense is involved, wars under the League Covenant, under the Locarno treaties, and under the French treaties of alliance. If self-defense could be limited to the terms "to defend its territory from attack or invasion," as suggested by Mr. Kellogg, it would be of some value, but it is understood that no specific definition of self-defense is necessarily accepted. Considering these reservations, it would be difficult to conceive of any wars that nations have fought within the past century, or are likely to fight in the future, that cannot be accommodated under these exceptions. Far from constituting an outlawry of war, they constitute the most solemn sanction of specific wars that has ever been given to the world. This cannot be charged primarily to Secretary Kellogg, whose intentions were of the best, but is a result of the reservations insisted upon by European Powers, which, it is still to be feared, comprehend peace as a condition of affairs achieved through war or the threat of war. The mere renunciation of war in the abstract in the first article of the treaty has but little scope for application, in view of the wars in the concrete, which the accompanying construction of the treaty sanctions. It is idle to suppose that the official construction given to the treaty by all the signatory Powers is not as much an integral part of the treaty as if it had been made a part of Article 1.

Again it will be noticed that we recognize a British claim to use war as an instrument of national policy in certain undefined "regions of the world," any "interference" with which by anybody, including the United States, will be regarded by Great Britain as a cause of war. To this we subscribe. When the United States at the first Hague Conference secured recognition by our cosignatories for the Monroe Doctrine, it was regarded as an achievement of American diplomacy. But the Monroe Doctrine has geographical limits known to everybody. To this new British claim there are no geographical limits. The vague and expansive terms of the British claim to make war, now recognized by us, covers any part of the world in which Britain has "a special and vital interest." No such broad claim of the right to make war has ever before been recognized.

But the most extraordinary feature of this treaty still remains to be mentioned. It will have been noticed that we recognize the legality of League wars and Locarno wars. As Europe correctly seems to assume, we are now bound by League decisions as to aggressors and League policy generally but without any opportunity to take part in the deliberations leading to League conclusions. We indeed

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recognize by this treaty the legal right of the League to make war against us, and it will be observed that Sir Austen Chamberlain in his note of May 19, 1928, frankly admits that respect for the obligations arising out of the Covenant is "the foundation of the policy" of Great Britain. Whether the further European claim that we are bound to support League conclusions as to "aggressor" nations, and other political conclusions, either by joining with the League or by refusing to trade with the League-declared pariah, is sustainable or not, at the very best it places us in the uncomfortable position either of being bound by decisions in the making of which we had no part or of having recriminations leveled against us for refusing to support our treaty. The new contract begins with diverse interpretations of its obligations, for European views, reflected by Mr. Edwin James of the *New York Times*, leave no doubt that Europe regards this treaty as a means of involving us in European politics. And we are entangled in the most dangerous way, for we are bound by decisions made in our absence, even decisions made against ourselves—because the recognition of the French and British reservations, now made the authoritative interpretation of the treaty by all the signatories, is a commitment for us. Our hands are tied, not theirs. The reservations are made at our expense, not theirs. Far better and safer would it be had we openly joined the League of Nations and been privileged to take part in deliberations which may lead to most important consequences. We might have been able to prevent undesirable conclusions and use our bargaining power to obtain occasional benefits and advantages instead of disadvantages only. We are now about to sign a treaty in which we expressly recognize the right of the other signatories to make war upon anybody, including ourselves, for the purpose of enforcing, even against us, their mutual obligations under the Covenant of the League of Nations, not to mention individual undefined national interests in any part of the world. They alone will determine the occasion of such action, without our participation.

In justice to Europe, it cannot be said that they have left us in doubt as to their conception of our obligations. Indeed, these obligations are expressly or implicitly contained in the very reservations which the United States has accepted. Should we repudiate these commitments, we shall be denounced as a violator of our own treaty and not without some justification.

It has not been a pleasant task to analyze these treaties. The original American proposal was progressive, pure and simple, to use Mr. Kellogg's expression. The European amendments transformed the proposal into something entirely different—into a universal sanction for war, into a recognition by us of Europe's right to wage war, even against the United States, whenever the individual interests of certain nations are deemed to require it and whenever the League, in its uncontrolled discretion, decides upon it.

Need more be said? Would it not be far better either to join the League outright and have a share in those deliberations which to us may be so portentous or, better still, make the recourse to arbitration of justiciable issues and the submission to conciliation of non-justiciable issues obligatory at the request of either party? That would be a positive commitment which would make war extremely difficult, whereas the present treaties make war extremely easy. It is to be doubted whether the supposed valuable

psychological effects of renunciation of war in the abstract can counterbalance the positive legal sanction for war in the concrete. If this treaty is ever ratified, the test of its efficacy will be its effect on a limitation of armaments. The President's declaration that it is not expected to have any such effect and the avowed pleasure of certain foreign official newspapers at that promise hardly justify at the moment strong hopes of such a result. The abolition of war will, therefore, have to be pursued along other lines. Possibly in the elimination of the economic causes of conflict, including the attempted monopoly of raw materials and markets and in the entente of business interests across national boundaries, there lies more hope than in legal efforts to preserve by force the *status quo*. Other machinery is needed to make changes in existing conditions, when time and circumstances require. To that effort but little attention has yet been paid. These matters are mentioned merely to indicate that, even if the Kellogg treaties are not ratified or are accompanied by explanatory reservations on our part, the solution of the problem of war and peace among independent nations has, perhaps, hardly been begun.

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## THE GRANDSON OF THE LIBERATOR

*A biographical sketch of Oswald Garrison Villard*

by

R. L. DUFFUS

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**S**OVIET RUSSIA'S REPLY to France's invitation to sign the Kellogg "peace pact" was so pertinent that it is almost sure to be ignored. We regret, the Russians said, that your pact includes no obligations whatsoever to disarm, for "universal and full disarmament is the only actual means of preventing armed conflicts because in an atmosphere of general feverish armament every competition of the Powers inevitably leads to war." Furthermore, they remarked, it is not enough to renounce what is technically known as war; there should also be a ban upon "such military actions as, for instance, intervention, blockade, military occupation of foreign territory, foreign ports, etc." They even suggested that when the Powers were agreeing to use only peaceful means in settling their disputes they might abandon as unpeaceful means "the refusal to establish peaceful and normal relations or the rupture of these relations between peoples because such actions mean the suspension of peaceful methods in solution of disputes and by their very existence contribute to the creation of an atmosphere favorable to the breaking out of wars"—truths which will hardly be relished in Washington or in London. The Russians next attacked the British reservations to the pact (which indeed seem to rob it of all pacific meaning), asserting that they constitute "an attempt to use the compact itself as an instrument of imperialistic policy." Nevertheless, since the pact imposes certain obligations on the Powers, before the bar of public opinion, and since it offers a new occasion to raise the question of disarmament, the Russians express their readiness to sign it. Trouble-makers they are indeed! We have not heard such healthy common sense talked about the pact since it first took form.

**"WHAT IS THE MONROE DOCTRINE?"** sounds like a simple question. But the Council of the League of Nations pondered it for an entire day, and decided that on the whole it was safer not to answer, nor even to ask the United States, but to leave it an unsolved international conundrum. The Covenant of the League includes a clause expressly recognizing the Monroe Doctrine, and Costa Rica, which some years ago retired from the League and has been invited to return, politely inquired just what it was she would be asked to indorse. The grave heads of Geneva looked at one another, but none dared reply. At a secret all-day session of the Council, it is said, the representatives of three Latin-American nations told the European plenipotentiaries "very interesting" things, but the conclusion of their deliberations was that Costa Rica had been indiscreet and that it was better to leave it understood that the Monroe Doctrine was just the Monroe Doctrine. Doubtless that was the safest course. But we wish the League had asked Washington to define the Monroe Doctrine. It would be a shock to some of our imperial statesmen if they ever found themselves compelled to read President Monroe's modest declarations and to compare them with the extravagances of our present policy.

**P**RESIDENT CALLES DOES NOT CHOOSE to run for President again; he says so in terms which cannot be misunderstood, and gives reasons for his choice. Mexico's dictator refuses to dictate, and his refusal marks another stage in Mexico's democratic evolution. "Perhaps for the only time in our history," he told the Mexican Congress, "there will be an opportunity for a democratic contest in which all men, civilian or military, may engage." There are few parallels in history to this voluntary renunciation of power, and Calles's solemn appeal to the army—which so often in Mexico's history has settled elections as it willed—to be loyal to the legal institutions of the state was as impressive as novel. When Obregon was assassinated, it seemed as if Calles must remain in power to save Mexico; but he has found an even better way of serving his country—by teaching it the meaning of constitutional civilian government.

**M**ICHAEL KAROLYI'S BOAT stopped over two days in New York, on its way from Mexico to Spain, and Michael Karolyi spent the two days ashore and made a speech. Yet, so far as we are aware, no one slept the worse because of the presence in the United States of the first President of the Republic of Hungary. A State Department official gave up his Saturday afternoon golf in order to meet the Socialist aristocrat; no other disturbance has been reported. Yet four years ago a set of silly Washington bureaucrats, more or less under the influence of the reactionary gang that rules Hungary today, told Count Karolyi that he could come to this country only on condition that he make no speeches; and two years ago the same officials refused a visa to a very charming lady simply because she happened to be Count Karolyi's wife. This stupid ban, and the consequent protests, of course made Count Karolyi and his cause better known in this country than his speeches, made with



the double handicap of an alien tongue and an impediment in speech, could possibly have done; and perhaps the bureaucrats have learned a lesson. At any rate, they graciously permitted Count Karolyi two days in the United States this year. Give them time, and they may recall that in an earlier age the United States sent a warship down New York Harbor to greet the exile Louis Kossuth, who expressed in Hungary three-quarters of a century ago the same warm-hearted democratic spirit that Michael Karolyi expresses today.

**T**HE TEMPERATURE of the Sino-Japanese negotiations has dropped several degrees. The American note of July 24, announcing our readiness to recognize Chinese tariff autonomy on January 1, 1929, may have had something to do with the change of tone. Britain and America have both given unmistakable indication that recent Japanese aggression in China has not their support; and Japan can hardly contemplate without fear the effect upon her trade of open warfare in China. Precisely what the Japanese have been doing is, as usual, hidden behind an Oriental mist. Quite possibly the Foreign Office, the army, and certain private interests have been pursuing contradictory policies—that has happened before. The report of British engineers upon the railway explosion which blew up Chang Tso-lin's train and killed the old master of Manchuria three months ago tends strongly to confirm the Chinese charge that the catastrophe was the work of skilled Japanese army engineers; but there is no direct evidence. Furthermore, it is difficult to believe that the defeated Northern troops which remain encamped just inside the Great Wall have not had foreign support; and now they are beginning to make trouble again, interfering with railway transport between Mukden and Peking. In Shantung, for the moment, all is quiet, but Tsinanfu is still occupied by Japanese troops. On the other hand, the Japanese Foreign Office has felt compelled to issue a diplomatic denial that it ever warned Chang Tso-lin's son against allying Manchuria with the Nationalists, and even if the denial is not believed it indicates a healthy sense of guilt.

**A**CHMED ZOGU BEY has decided to be crowned King of Albania, with the resonant title of Scanderbeg III. Time was when the Albanians prosaically offered their throne to Mr. George Fred Williams of Boston, who sagely declined it, realizing, perhaps, that his cognomen and antecedents were too simple for the task. Prince William of Wied, a few antiquarians will recall, accepted a rather tottering kingship in 1912, calling himself *mpret*, but some time after the outbreak of the World War *mpret* William stole home to the more comfortable shores of the Rhine. Since his day Albania has seen premiers and presidents come and go—among others a young graduate of Harvard who was also a bishop. Achmed Zogu rose to power as a pupil and protege of Mussolini, but there are incidents in the career of the first Scanderbeg, from whom Achmed takes his new name, which may cause Mussolini a little thought. Some five hundred years ago Giorgio Castriota, alias Iskender Bey, alias Scanderbeg, alias the Dragon of Albania, became a Moslem and took service with the Sultan of Turkey, under whom he held high office for twenty years. Then, when the Hungarian Hunyadi Janos had won a convenient victory over his masters, Scanderbeg suddenly recalled that years before the Turks had villainously poisoned his own two brothers; he turned Christian, rallied the moun-

tain clans about himself, and fared forth to battle, slaying 3,000 Turks, according to tradition, with his own brown fists. Just what part of the first Scanderbeg's history does Scanderbeg III wish particularly to recall?

**L**IBERIA'S RUBBER PLANTATIONS, far away on the tropic coast of Africa, dominated the closing days of the Williamstown Institute of Politics. Raymond Leslie Buell, research director of the Foreign Policy Association, repeated the story which he told in *The Nation* for May 2. Following Mr. Hoover's screams about the British rubber monopoly, he said, Harvey Firestone and his associates planned a rubber empire in the little Negro republic, and the State Department supported his dream. William R. Castle, Jr., Acting Secretary of State, promptly came forward with a "denial" which abundantly substantiated Mr. Buell's essential charges. Liberia is today an American colony. The revenues of the Government can be expended only in accordance with a budget drawn up by a financial adviser designated by the President of the United States; the Liberian treasurer cannot write a check until it has been preaudited by an American auditor. The customs are collected by Americans, at a cost of 24.3 per cent, as compared with 4.5 per cent in the neighboring British colony of Sierra Leone. Firestone has taken over a million acres of land—4 per cent of the entire territory of this jungle country—for his plantations, and is recruiting a labor army on terms which, while comparing favorably with those used on some other African colonies, still constitute, as Mr. Buell says, "virtual slave labor." While enlightened British and French colonial administrators are seeking to build up a native small-farm system, the United States throws its influence in behalf of the murderous plantation system which has ruined the Congo. We hope that Secretary Castle will issue more "denials"; they advertise hidden facts.

**D**ISASTERS LIKE THE SUBWAY WRECK of August 24 in New York City are usually followed by a tedious and agonizing game of legal hide-and-seek. Claim adjusters and "ambulance-chasers" vie with each other in frightening or cajoling inexperienced victims, and sometimes both the victims and the corporations are robbed of huge sums by these middlemen of the calamity market. Delay in winning damages in our overcrowded courts is one of the worst features of such disasters. In the case of five women workers poisoned by radium in a New Jersey factory only the vigorous campaign of the New York *World* brought about a settlement in time for the compensation to be of any use to the victims. Obviously, the proper place to settle damage cases in which the responsibility for the disaster is clear is a committee of arbitration. We heartily indorse the campaign of the New York *Telegram* to bring about a settlement of all the claims growing out of the Times Square subway wreck through arbitration, with immediate payment of hospital bills and emergency relief funds by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. Perhaps the use of temporary arbitration committees will lead to the establishment of permanent State or federal bodies to take such cases out of our overburdened courts.

**W**E NEED MORE COAL BARONS like Josephine Roche of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company of Colorado. In a State which is dominated by anti-union employers and made notorious by the slaughter of miners in



great strikes Miss Roche has set out to make her mines a model of social justice. She gained control of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company a little more than a year ago and put its five mines in charge of progressive officials for reorganization. On September 1 a contract between her company and the United Mine Workers went into effect for an increase of wages, the elimination of certain working conditions, the substitution of peaceful collective bargaining for strikes, and the establishment of a new department of medicine and sanitation. The miners receive twenty-three cents a day more than under the prevailing wage-scale in the district, and they agree to cooperate in maintaining efficiency so that the company can afford to pay the differential. A complete system of socialized medical service is set up under the joint support and control of the miners and the company. The most significant thing in Miss Roche's policy and the thing which differentiates it most clearly from the Rockefeller company-union policy in Colorado is that she trusts the miners to choose their own leaders and affiliate with their own national organization. We hope that the miners will justify her confidence and demonstrate that social justice in coal mining is commercially practical.

**B**EFORE THE NEW BEDFORD ROTARY CLUB serious-minded New Englanders recently discussed the problem of getting rid of the "Red menace" that has loomed so large since the start of the New Bedford textile strike. The speaker of the day was Edward H. Hunter, executive secretary of the Industrial Defense Association of Boston. He reported enthusiastically the handling of Reds in other localities; he told how the radicals in Colorado had been locked in box-cars and sent out of the State, and how the police in Lynn and other cities had issued "warnings" forceful enough to result in the departure of radicals. Another speaker, John L. Burton, a mill agent, told how the strike in Lawrence was broken when one of "Big Bill" Haywood's followers was "taken up an alley and everybody, police and all, had a belt at him." As soon as questions were in order Mayor Ashley rose to speak.

I have been criticized [he said] a great deal by men sitting before you now for not driving the so-called radicals out of this city . . . or for ever allowing them to come in. Mr. Hunter, do you know of any law that gives me or the chief of our police power to ship them out of New Bedford?

Alas, at this point Mr. Hunter was a disappointment: he did not know of any such law and could only suggest "education" as a means of combating the Reds. Why, that's the sort of stuff the intelligentsia and Bolsheviki talk.

**T**HE FRENCH POLICE lacked the Gallic flair when they stopped ten stalwart women at the gates of Rambouillet. Not understanding the enthusiasm of American feminists for martyrdom they arrested them; and accordingly they put the cause of equal rights for women on the front pages of some thousands of newspapers. Miss Doris Stevens and her associates of the Committee on International Action of the National Women's Party had seized the occasion of the signing of the Kellogg peace pact to demand a hearing on their proposed international treaty guaranteeing equal rights for women. Their letters were not answered, except in an ill-humored and uncalled-for statement by Mrs. Frank Kellogg, but the undaunted feminists persisted. When the President of France invited the plenipotentiaries to lunch at Rambouillet Miss Stevens's little

army arrived ahead of time. They presented a note, requesting a ten minutes' audience. The police officer in charge thought the ladies out of place and told them so; apparently he tore up their note and threw it on the ground. The ladies sought to enter the grounds, and soon found themselves in the town jail. The police officers offered them freedom if they would promise to return peaceably to Paris—a grave misunderstanding of feminist character—and, of course, they refused. "The fact that we were stopped is proof of the existing international subjugation of women," announced Miss Stevens. Nonsense! A raiding party of men would have been far worse treated.

**S**TEAMSHIP SPEED has become a topic of animated discussion again with the launching of the new North German Lloyd liners Europa and Bremen. A good deal of secrecy surrounds the potentialities of these vessels, but English shipping journals concede the probability that the German liners will prove to be the fastest afloat, capturing the blue ribbon for speed on the North Atlantic which Great Britain has held for the past score years, thanks to the fleetness of the no longer new but marvelously enduring Mauretania. It is said that the Europa and Bremen, sister ships, will be capable of averaging 26½ knots an hour, which if realized will give them a slight edge on the "Big Mary," whose record passage from New York to Cherbourg was made at an average of 26¼ knots. It is known anyhow that the new liners are 938 feet in length, the longest in the world, although their gross tonnage of 46,000 makes them considerably smaller than several other vessels. This means an unusually narrow hull, evidently built for high speed. For many years there has been practically no competition in speed on the North Atlantic. Rivalry has been in the direction of size, and more lately luxury. The Germans first won the speed pennant on the North Atlantic in 1897, holding it for a decade, originally with the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse and later with the Deutschland. If they regain the blue ribbon when the Europa and Bremen go into service, it may open a new era of transatlantic speed competition.

**"B**ARE LEGS? What of them?" said William J. Bogan, superintendent of Chicago schools, when the important question of stockingless girl students came to him for final judgment. He regarded such questions, he said, "as being none of my business—and none of the business of the school-teachers." This sounds to us like old-fashioned horse sense of a variety infrequent among school superintendents. Let the girls come to school in one-piece bathing suits, if they want to—and the trend of the times seems to indicate that they may soon want to. It will do nobody any harm: and perhaps, if they meet no astonishment or rebuke, they may discover that they prefer ankle-length skirts or some other novel and exciting form of clothing. The prurient meddlers who have been shocked in the past by low necks, short sleeves, bobbed hair, and knee-length skirts have gradually become accustomed to the idea that there is nothing inherently immoral in certain portions of the human figure, and as time goes on bare legs may well become as commonplace as bare arms. Bare legs are no more indecent in a schoolroom than on a bathing-beach, and Chicago is a better city for having discovered that fact. The world will be a more comfortable place, and a decenter, when we progress to the point when both men and women can comfortably go to work in bathing-suits—with pockets.



# The Importance of Six Men

CONGRESS, of course, drafts the bills and votes them, a vastly important task in this republic, but in a Presidential year a foreign visitor would be led to believe that Congress was negligible and that we were electing a dictator. It is Smith or Hoover, and all the rest goes by the board; the most important thing a candidate for the national legislature can do, apparently, is to vow his faith in his party's candidate for the Presidency.

But when Work and Raskob have spent their four or five million dollars each in "educating" the country, and when the votes have been counted and either Al or Herbert sits in the White House, the country will wake up to discover that the really decisive factor upon almost every issue which the candidates are discussing is the make-up of Congress. Prohibition, farm relief, water-power, imperialism, tariff, taxation—upon every one of the issues the President can only recommend, or, in the end, veto. Congress will initiate the legislation; and the leaders of Congress will put their stamp upon the bills.

This country owes a vast debt of gratitude to its Congress in recent years. The Presidency has been a disgrace, and the executive departments have abandoned functions assigned them by the Constitution. Even Mr. Hoover today is hesitating to praise the Harding Administration of which he was a distinguished part; the Republican leaders have abandoned the attempt to maintain holy the memory of those evil days. For salvation from that sink of corruption we owe thanks to no one in the responsible executive departments, but to a nonpartisan band of able, honest, fearless men in the two houses of Congress, particularly in the Senate. It was a group of such Senators—notably Senators La Follette and Thomas Walsh—who discovered and explored the oil scandals and forced an unwilling President to prosecute Sinclair and Doheny. It was Senator Wheeler's committee which forced the President to abandon the unspeakable Daugherty. But for the progressive bloc in the Senate Albert Fall might still be a respected leader of the Republican Party. But for that same progressive bloc, led in this instance by Senator Norris, the enormous water-power resources of Muscle Shoals would have been tossed away to private interests for a song and the Boulder Dam site been lost.

"Whether progressives vote for Smith or Hoover or Thomas is comparatively unimportant," says the People's Legislative Service; "the all-important thing is to stabilize the power of the saving progressive forces in Congress. The presence of George W. Norris in the Senate means immensely more for human rights than the presence of anybody in the White House who can be placed there by the process of climbing up the golden stairs." That is true; and we hope that voters in the States where progressives are coming up for reelection will realize the national importance of their votes. With the candidates among whom we are likely to choose it may make little difference whether a Republican or a Democrat is elected to the Senate from New York, Ohio, or Michigan; but the voters of Washington, where Senator Dill, Democrat, is seeking reelection; of Montana, where Wheeler, another Democrat, again faces the electors; of Wisconsin, where "Young Bob" La Follette asks

indorsement of his service; of Minnesota, where Shipstead is again campaigning under the Farmer-Labor banner; of Nebraska, where the fate of Senator Norris's colleague, Robert Beecher Howell, is at stake; and of North Dakota, where Lynn Frazier, another Republican, asks to be returned to the Senate—the voters of these six States, we say, are casting votes of importance to every progressive in the country. To lose any one of these six men from the Senate would be a calamity; it would seem to mean that the voters of the Northwest, long the torchbearers of progressive political principles, had turned their backs upon men who, in this last dark quinquennium, have been in a real sense saviors of the nation.

Party means little to these men; and in their grouping about principles and issues lies one of the chief hopes of the American democracy. We are still far from the formation of an effective third party in the country at large; but in the Senate these men have acted as a third party of significance. At times other Senators have joined forces with them—notably, among these seeking reelection this year, Hiram Johnson of California and David I. Walsh of Massachusetts. Senator Neely of West Virginia has also sometimes shown independence of party ties. (Senator Bruce of Maryland, for that matter, has voted more often as a Republican than as a Democrat, but while we respect his personal independence we detest his antiquated Bourbon principles.) The significant thing about these men—the thing which we should like to believe has a meaning for the American future—is that they are campaigning upon their records. They do not say "Reelect me because I have been true to my party." They say "Reelect me because I have served you, the people of my State, because I have fought corruption in high places, stood for decency in international relations, fought to save the national resources from selfish grabbers."

Party lines are breaking all over the country. The break is, to be sure, most marked in what may in the long run be the least significant issue—prohibition. Senator Blaine of Wisconsin, Republican, has given a partial indorsement to Candidate Smith, Democrat, because of his stand on the prohibition issue. Senator Simmons, Democrat, of North Carolina, has announced that he will vote for neither candidate. Ardent Drys in the erstwhile Solid South are deserting Smith; Wet business leaders in the East, normally Republicans, flock to the Smith banner. We welcome this bursting of party ties; we hope that it will leave behind it a strengthening of the Mugwump tradition of party independence. The fetish of party regularity has been a curse in American political life, and the time will come, we hope and believe, when men will feel it a personal disgrace to say that they vote as their fathers voted, or to boast that they have never split a ticket.

Meanwhile we appeal to our readers to recall the importance of the Congressional campaign and to reelect men who, not in this campaign alone but throughout their political careers, have set progressive principle above party. La Follette, Wheeler, Shipstead, Frazier, Howell, Dill—the return of those six men to the Senate is a matter of importance to every progressive-minded citizen of America.



## What Brookwood Means

**M**ATTHEW WOLL says that workers' education must teach only such doctrines as he approves. Mr. Woll, who is vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, succeeded in persuading the executive council of the federation to urge affiliated unions not to support Brookwood Labor College. The action is not only the most serious blow which reactionaries have struck at workers' education in the United States, but it is a blow below the belt. Brookwood was tried without a trial and condemned without a hearing. No person having any official connection with the college even knew that an investigation was in progress. Vague charges were made that the college was encouraging anti-religious teaching, antagonism to the American Federation of Labor, and pro-soviet demonstrations, and apparently Mr. Woll thought that such charges were enough. But as soon as the action of the executive council of the federation had been announced such a deluge of protests from educators and labor leaders poured in upon President William Green that he hastily announced a postponement of "decisive action" until members of the council should have an opportunity to examine protests. The only adequate reply he can make is to issue a call for a public hearing on all charges.

Brookwood is not a doctrinaire institution. Its teachers are men of academic distinction and its graduates have a notable record of constructive work inside the American Federation of Labor; and control of the college rests in the hands of labor directors who are faithful members of the federation. It is one of the few educational institutions in America which practice complete freedom of speech and democracy in control. Faculty and students participate in the management of the school; and if on occasion the students have elected two or three Communists as members of a board of directors which has nineteen members, what does that prove? A. J. Muste, chairman of the faculty, sums up Brookwood's educational method in these words:

At Brookwood all issues confronting the labor movement are discussed, all points of view are given a hearing, no effort is made to indoctrinate anybody, to force any opinions down anyone's throat, to tell people what to think. But rather we strive to develop in the students the ability to think for themselves and to settle problems on the basis of facts and not prejudice or mere opinions.

Behind the Brookwood situation lies the failure of the Workers Education Bureau to maintain vigorous life under the policing of Matthew Woll and other labor officials. This bureau, to which Brookwood is affiliated, was founded by progressives seven years ago and turned over to the rule of the American Federation of Labor in the hope that the federation would develop its program. It seems that the hope was not justified. The bureau has published excellent labor textbooks, but it has received only lip-service from orthodox labor leaders. The moderate success of workers' education experiments in Philadelphia, Portland, Denver, Baltimore, and Boston has not been due to the national bureau. If Brookwood, which has been the most hopeful part of the Workers Education Bureau, is now forced out, the logical result would be the formation of a new workers' educational body standing squarely for intellectual freedom.

## Hot Weather

**W**ITHOUT too much conviction we should like to put in a word for hot weather. We say without too much conviction, because there are times when we doubt our ability to stand much more of it and because we do not too confidently expect to be agreed with anyway. But there is something to be said for July and August—otherwise, it occurs to us, how could the Roman makers of our calendar have been willing to name these two months for two rulers whom they obviously respected? There is something to be said for them in spite of the fact that they bring with them the dog days, torrential rains, and the Fourth of July.

It is simply that Americans talk too much about heat. Long ago it became fatal to make a certain distinction between heat and humidity; but we still take the whole matter much too seriously. Why, we know nothing at all of heat if we call our summers hot. We creatures who exist in a thermometrical region which measures only 200 degrees from top to bottom know nothing, really, of the things nature could do to us if she liked. Like mites we crawl along the lower reaches of her mercury tube, and like mites we suppose we experience all that is to be experienced. And to be sure, when we winter in the Antarctic or go walking in some of the incredibly cold mountains of little-known Siberia we are within less than 200 degrees of absolute zero, or the coldest temperature that science can demonstrate to be possible. But we are so far from the other end of the scale as to be quite negligible among creatures of heat. Consider the sun, whose surface, if by any chance we approached it, would volatilize us so quickly that only the spectroscope could testify to our presence there among the other gases. The sun's surface is 2,000 degrees Centigrade above the boiling-point of carbon, or some 6,000 degrees in all. That, we admit, is heat—though we are prepared to entertain conceptions of systems by the side of which our solar one is as a dish of ice. Indeed, at this time of year we like to play with such notions; or else we merely remember that in certain laboratories men with goggles over their eyes are experimenting with temperatures that go up the scale not by tens of degrees about which we write articles in the newspapers but by the hundreds and thousands that only the gases know.

Every American family has, or ought to have, a young son who scorns "the terrible heat" and makes a brave show of enjoying it. We know many such, and it would seem that they achieved their philosophy through hearing too much complaint from Mother, Aunt Lettie, and those other women folks whose tradition it is to turn fiery red in August, seize palm leaves, and suffer even while they fan. These are the boys who know how to open the necks of their shirts and take the season easy; who relax and expand as the air grows generous around them; who see in the stationary days of July and August a truce patched up by earth with passing time; and who seek the shade of a sycamore, if they seek shade at all, with dignity and composure. It is the one portion of the year when they can wear so little clothing as to be unconscious of it, and in more important ways it is the freest time they will ever know. We do not wish them cold summers by any means; and we suspect that no one does, not even Aunt Lettie.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

I HAVE always been a little dubious as to the validity of the familiar theory about the artist and a life of sin.

If one were an artist it would, of course, be a convenient theory. Some hold that it is good for the man of high talent to be fairly footloose from inhibitions. With certain nice reservations it may be to his advantage, and to the advantage of the world in the long run, that he should find in life the things he wants. But, for that matter, the same rule holds good for other individuals who are not artists.

The flaw in the theory of looseness for art's sake is that immorality is responsible for almost as many catchwords and false traditions as virtue itself. Only very fine spirits have ever been able to sin without self-consciousness and a sense of obligation. Eighty-three per cent of all dissipation is undertaken not so much from any honest longing as from a feeling that it is the thing to do.

The reservoir in Central Park could be filled to overflowing with cocktails which were imbibed by persons who did not really want them at all but feared that refusal would seem a little churlish. Perhaps there was a time in the dim past when such things could go simply by preference. It is not that way in our own day. The man who refuses a cocktail, whether he wants it or not, is set down by the company as one who intends to vote for Herbert Hoover, as a prig and a Puritan, and as a jingo who believes in the maintenance of a big navy and intervention in Nicaragua.

There are sharp claws in the velvet of gallantry. The emancipated woman may be a courageous soul who has just come into heaping handfuls of new freedom. But the emancipated male has precious little freedom. Indeed he confesses as much by adopting the descriptive phrase "a regular fellow."

Without doubt Joseph of the Bible is the most maligned character in all history. He fled from an entanglement for the sufficient and excellent reason that it was not to his liking and for centuries since his name has been held up to scorn. To say of a man that he is a Joseph is to call him prude and cad. To this extent at least I believe in the single standard of morality. The world holds that the conduct of a woman is excellent when she refuses the advances of a man. That same world sniggers contemptuously when it hears of any man who has refused the advances of a woman. There is no sense in that. I am choosing to assume for the sake of the argument that in this modernistic world there may be women who make advances.

For me the most eloquent moment in "What Price Glory" was not directly concerned with war and battles. Through one brief scene the play touched something much more fundamental. We watched Captain Flagg, just back from turmoil in the trenches, make love to the resident French belle of the village. Louis Wolheim played the incident superbly. He acted the part of a man consumed with deep fatigue. Even his shoulder-blades seemed to sag. But so puritanical are the wicked that they set up for themselves certain standards which must be followed even in grave default of desire. There is an old wives' tale that soldiers home from the wars, even for an hour, must be gallant and

insistent in their dealings with all women. Captain Flagg was under the tug of this tradition. His inclination could not be considered. And so with all the good-will he could muster he made hot love to the fat siren. She refused him. With a happy sigh he accepted the rebuff and went to quarters bearing with him brandy. Under the circumstances no blame could be attached to him. He had asked and been turned down. Honor, at least, was satisfied.

And so, if I were an artist, I would not pay much attention to the theory that genius must develop by promenades along the primrose path. Certainly I would not walk there through any sense of duty. It does not seem to me that the artist in search of educational experiences presents a very attractive figure. No matter what he says his words must convey the thought, "Please fly with me and be my love, because I am planning a new novel and it must be animated by fire and by passion." I should hardly think that any woman would regard it as an endearing proposal.

For that matter, what is the source of this nonsense about a writer's having to experience life in order to write about it? Very possibly a person never touched by any emotion will find it difficult to create in his own stories authentic pathos and passion. But surely it is silly to suppose that he must mirror his own experiences in any exact way. Almost the best chapter in modern fiction about a wild, rough party in a French cabaret occurs in a novel by May Sinclair. It seems to me a good bet that Miss Sinclair was never present at such an orgy. Indeed that would be much the best way in which to deal with the incident. The greatest tales of adventure are those written by innocent bystanders. If a publisher wanted a first-rate story of the prize ring he would be far more shrewd to try to enlist the services of Thornton Wilder than to sign up Mr. Tunney.

Since literature is one of the widest and most popular avenues of escape it is not well for art to have all frustrations and inhibitions erased from life's potentialities. I do not mean to suggest that there is any very present danger that such a state of things will come to pass. Still, in the future it may be that Freud and all the little Freudians will manage to bring about the death of writing. When no shoe pinches there will never again be anyone to sit down and spin a tale about a prince, a princess, and a glass slipper.

All of which brings me back to the theory that the primrose path is no proper thoroughfare for the creative artist. I am prepared to argue this from two angles mutually exclusive. In the first place nobody ever shed an inhibition simply by going out and behaving in anti-social fashion. In psychiatric fields man is not saved by works. Salvation comes through faith alone. But if it were true that in high jinks there lay emancipation still this form of escape were best denied to those who want to paint, or sing, or write. Let them stew in their complexes and from out the cauldrons there will come in time a sweet and potent incense. St. Paul was speaking merely of Christians in general when he said that it was better to marry. Those to whom the torch is flung had better burn. Indeed before they ever blaze up with any bright and all-sufficient flame there must be years in which they smoke and smolder.

HEYWOOD BROUN



# Insull-ating the Coolidge Cabinet

By FREDERIC BABCOCK

**N**EARLY forty years ago a bright young man arrived in Chicago from a small town downstate. He had little money, but he was ambitious, and he knew what he wanted.

Admitted to the bar when he was only twenty-two, Roy O. West decided that his road to success lay via politics, and he knew that success in politics comes from unquestioning, unswerving devotion to the dominant party. Such are the opportunities offered in our glorious republic (where, as Mr. Hoover pointed out in such original fashion when he first heard of his nomination, even the humblest boy can rise to be President) that within four years' time Mr. West had become Assistant County Attorney. The year following that he was appointed City Attorney and three years after that he was made a member of the Board of Review of Cook County.

Entering the last-named position while still in modest circumstances, he held it for sixteen years. In that time he passed upon the tax assessments of many thousands of individuals and corporations, including some of the wealthiest persons and some of the greatest corporations in the country. At the end of that time he retired, wealthy in his own name. His recipe for success had been tried and found not wanting. But, after having worked all those years on a salary of \$7,000 a year, and kept up his family's position in the meantime, how he could quit with a fortune was, and still is, a matter of considerable speculation on the part of Cook County taxpayers.

Whatever may have been the source or sources of his income, his long "public service" enabled him to make some highly desirable connections, including those with railroads, mining interests, and one Samuel Insull. He became attorney for those interests, for Mr. Insull, and for other persons and interests that have cause to deal with the public. And he represented a number of them even while he was acting in his supposed capacity as a guardian of the common good.

Meanwhile, he continued his profitable political work. He served for ten years as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, was four times delegate to the national conventions, and at length reached the eminence of secretary of the National Committee. During all that time he was a valued member of the Deneen gang—the organization that biennially battles the Bill Thompson gang for the pie and patronage of Chicago and Illinois. It is not recorded that he was much of a lawyer, but it is not denied that he was a great politician; that is, if you can call a faithful Friday to Senator Deneen a great politician.

On July 27, 1926, Mr. West appeared before the Reed committee investigating the campaign expenditures of one Frank L. Smith, and testified that he had handled Insull money in the Illinois primaries, that he had been attorney for the Insull crowd since 1897, and that he had "always conferred with Mr. Insull as to investments, particularly concerning his own companies, and as to politics, during these twenty-five or more years." Mr. Insull, as everyone knows, is the power behind the power combine that is fast reaching out to grab up the nation's natural resources and

weld the populace into one vast, benighted serfdom. The primary in question was the one in which Mr. Insull contributed \$125,000 to put Mr. Smith in the Senate, Mr. Smith being at that time, and having been for several years, chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission, with direct supervision over the rates and earnings of Mr. Insull's Illinois public utilities.

On July 20, 1928, one Calvin Coolidge announced the appointment of Mr. West as Secretary of the Interior. As such, Mr. West now finds himself face to face with the question of whether Boulder Dam shall be operated under public or private control, a similar question as to Muscle Shoals, and the perplexing problem of harnessing the power combine of Mr. Insull and his associates. To put it a bit more bluntly, Mr. Insull's attorney, holding large blocks of stock in Mr. Insull's properties, now sits as judge and final authority in matters involving Mr. Insull's interest as opposed to the public interest. Mr. Insull failed in his effort to send his friend Mr. Smith to the Senate wing of the Capitol, but he did even better by sending his own man to rule under the very shadow of the dome. And we, the people, let him "get away with it."

In a letter not meant for publication the director of "the Missouri Committee on Public Utility Information"—in other words, a glorified press agent for the power interests—a few years ago referred to country editors as "God's fools." Perhaps he meant to include all of us.

It is true that already there is agitation against confirmation of the appointment by the Senate, but it also is true that the power combine already is boasting that the movement will lead nowhere. Legal advisers are reported to have informed the Administration that Mr. Insull's hired man is safe under the practice by which a recess appointee holds office—unless adverse action is taken on a request for confirmation—until the last day of the following session of Congress.

Inasmuch as President Coolidge and his Cabinet will go out of office March 4, 1929, the last day of the coming session of Congress, those who have received recess appointments may serve until that date without any Senate action whatsoever. Thus we find the door open for a cowardly entrance of a Cabinet appointee who never could face the glare of a Senate searchlight. The Senate turned down Mr. Smith, but it looks as if its hands would be tied in case it tries to do the same to Mr. West.

The President remembers only too well his experience with the recalcitrant Senate in the naming of Charles B. Warren—to mention only one. It is generally understood that he has no wish for a clash on appointments in the closing days of his Administration, and it also is generally understood that if there is any danger of adverse action on the name of Mr. West, either that name will not be sent to the Senate at all or else the Administration friends (meaning, principally, one Charles Curtis, majority leader and Vice-Presidential nominee, and one George Moses of the Hoover managers) will see to it that the question of confirmation does not come to a vote. Thus, only in the event that Mr. West is reappointed by Herbert Hoover (as-



suming that Mr. Hoover is elected President) will Senate approval be necessary.

Query No. 1—Mr. Coolidge, what promises, if any, were made to you or anyone else, by Mr. Insull or any of his allies, of contributions to the 1928 Republican campaign fund in return for the appointment of Mr. Insull's attorney to sit in your Cabinet?

Query No. 2—Mr. Hoover, what do you, as a reputed friend of public ownership of Boulder Dam, purpose to do about continuing in office, after you get in office, the attorney of the men most active in fighting that public ownership—the men who, as shown in the Federal Trade Commission hearings, have sought to debauch the press, the schools, and the nation itself in order to gain their ends?

Query No. 3—Mr. United States Senator, do you recall the case of one Richard Ballinger, a Secretary of the Interior in the pre-war days, when we still clung to the quaint notion that a public office is a public trust, and do you recall what happened to Mr. Ballinger when it was found that he was too closely connected with certain private interests that came within the purview of his office? Is your

memory long enough to recall the case of one Albert B. Fall and a certain desolate tract known as Teapot Dome? If so, do you purpose to sit supinely by while this newest deal, this latest brazen assault on the body politic, is perpetrated by the executive branch of the government? Will you permit the tragi-comedy to go so far as to have Insull put his man-servant in the seat of the one who is supposed to act as the watchdog of our natural resources? Must we now complete the trilogy with another Ballinger, another Fall, in the Interior department? Might not a nice little investigation of the whole stinking mess by the United States Senate prove interesting?

Query No. 4—Mr. Common Citizen, what do *you*, the victim in all such transactions, purpose to do about it?

But, after all, why raise all these distressing doubts and questions? Mr. West is an eminently respectable citizen, a member of the Union League Club, and a strict Methodist. His personal life is pure. In the Cabinet he will be a fit playmate for Mr. Wilbur, the Sunday-school teacher from California, and Mr. Sargent, the Great Stone Face from New England.

## Either Way, the South Wins

By J. N. AIKEN

**P**RESIDENTIAL politics, usually a tame business in the States below the Potomac, is warming up. With an effrontery which a large number of Southern voters cannot understand, the Democratic Party has nominated for the Presidency a candidate whose religious affiliation and whose attitude on prohibition run counter to long-established Southern taboos.

As a result, there are explosions of Democratic discontent in Dixie. Men and women who have been accustomed to regard their politics as a sacred inheritance from the past are openly leaving or threatening to leave their party to vote the oil ticket rather than support a Democratic candidate who is a Catholic and a Wet.

So seriously is the tendency to bolt regarded that in many quarters lugubrious voices are heard prophesying that this year the electoral vote of the Southern States will go to a Republican, and it is even suggested that the nomination of Governor Smith may give Republican candidates for Congress a chance in some districts unchangingly Democratic in their complexion since the Civil War.

It is not the purpose here to pass on these—from the partisan viewpoint—dire prophecies. It is intended rather to emphasize the point that Governor Smith's nomination has made the South debatable political territory and inaugurated a real Presidential contest in a region where Presidential contests have for years been perfunctory. In this prospect is an omen of great promise for the South. Sharp political conflict nearly always holds the seeds of progress, and from the clash over Governor Smith's candidacy the South will reap a particularly rich harvest. Whatever the

result of the poll, the Southern States stand to gain in freedom and in understanding.

Consider the possibilities. First, there is the possibility that the South may abandon its Democratic affiliation and vote for a Republican or an independent. For a section which for half a century has closed its mind to all except the partisan modes of thought suggested by the Democratic Party, this would be a notable step forward. Perhaps it would not lead immediately to the creation of a permanent minority party throughout the South. Southerners refusing to vote for Governor Smith might find themselves drawn back into the Democratic fold in ensuing elections. Demo-

cratic supremacy might be reestablished for a time, as has happened in Tennessee, which swung back to Davis in 1924 after voting for Harding in 1920. But if a large proportion of Southern voters should repudiate the Democratic candidate in the approaching election, the first step toward the establishment of a two-party system would have been taken. It would be apparent to the South that it could vote Republican without causing the sky to fall or the earth to open and swallow the nation. Later on, if an issue should arise on which voters might properly leave the Democratic Party and establish a permanent political affiliation elsewhere, the departure would be easier and less fraught with foreboding.

There is no need to elaborate on this possibility. It has been repeatedly canvassed both in the South and in other sections of the nation. An equally important possibility arising since the nomination of Governor Smith is one that seems to have received only slight consideration.

*In its issue of August 29 The Nation published an article by Calvin B. Hoover expressing the opinion that whatever its party affiliations might become, the South was destined for many years to remain solidly conservative in its economic principles and insistent in its demand for white hegemony. The author of the present article approaches the question from a different angle, and suggests other interesting possibilities.*



It is the possibility that the South may support the Smith candidacy, and in so doing throw off its religious prejudices and the allegiance it has long owed to an ecclesiastical hegemony which through the Methodist and Baptist denominations and the Anti-Saloon League has exercised a preponderant influence on Southern life and thought. The South would gain just as much by escaping from the domination of this clerical group as it would from scrapping the one-party system.

The clerical leadership of the South has been singularly powerful and singularly unenlightened. It has been either directly or indirectly responsible for most of the intellectual atrocities that have made the South ridiculous in the eyes of the world these last few years. Clerical agitation created the state of mind which made possible the Tennessee anti-evolution law and the abortive attempts to enact similar legislation in other Southern commonwealths. Clerical leadership must, in the last analysis, accept responsibility for the attack on academic freedom at the University of Tennessee a few years ago and for unsuccessful ventures in the same direction at Wake Forest College and other Southern educational institutions. It is to blame for nearly all the attacks on liberty made under the guise of Dry-law enforcement. It cannot be said that the ministers leading the fundamentalist anti-evolution fight and encouraging the restriction of academic freedom are the same as those who have directed the prohibition agitation. But both groups stem from the same narrow root, and they are united in their opposition to the Smith candidacy, the chief basis of their opposition being their common suspicion of the Roman church. Southern voters supporting the Smith candidacy would in effect be repudiating the leadership of these groups and weakening their hold on Southern thought.

In making this statement it is only fair to point out that the Southern clergy are by no means unanimous in resorting to political means to attain religious ends. Outside the evangelical denominations and within them there are many ministers in the South who look askance at the ventures of their more dogmatic colleagues into the fields of politics and popular agitation. But the existence of this intelligent minority does not alter the fact that the South has long suffered from a plague of ecclesiastical Heflins whose activities have imposed a serious intellectual and political handicap on the entire region.

There can be no assurance that the South will repudiate these mischief-makers in the November election, but such a repudiation seems to be quite as much of a possibility as a repudiation of the Democratic Party. In support of this statement a reference may be made to the fact that straw votes in the Southern States indicate a surprising popular disregard of clerical leadership on the Smith candidacy. For example, while 346 Democratic ministers out of 479 participating in an Anti-Saloon League poll in Virginia said they would vote for a Dry Republican in preference to a Wet Democrat, Governor Smith captured two-thirds of the total vote in newspaper polls conducted in Richmond and Norfolk. Popular sentiment would seem in this instance to run decidedly counter to ecclesiastical sentiment.

Heretofore the purposes of the Democratic Party and those of the ecclesiastical politicians in the South have been sufficiently close together for the Southern voter to follow both without difficulty. But with the nomination of Governor Smith, the paths of the two influences diverged. On the one hand, is the party with which the South has been

affiliated since Reconstruction times asking the Southern States to remain true to their traditional party allegiance. On the other, are the spokesmen for the ecclesiastical group demanding continued recognition for the voice of the church in political affairs. The Southern voter cannot follow his ministerial advisers without repudiating his party. He cannot follow his party without repudiating his ministerial advisers. Whichever path he chooses, he will have to leave behind an affiliation which has for long years acted as a brake on his political and intellectual progress.

## Citizen, Do Your Duty!

By WILLIAM JOURDAN RAPP

MARY belongs to the League of Women Voters, the main function of whose members, as far as I can ascertain, is to get their husbands to vote. Thus the first day of registration saw us both at the little hut of the Board of Elections on the corner of our street.

"When did you last vote and where?" the clerk demanded.

"In California, in 1924," we both replied.

We must have looked like Democrats, for the Republican watcher came forward and said: "You can't register! If you've never voted before in this State, you've got to give proof of literacy."

"We'd be glad to read anything—a newspaper, or this book!" I picked up a copy of the election laws.

"That's no good! We ain't examiners!"

"Well, both my wife and I are college graduates. I should think that ought to be enough proof of literacy."

"Got your diplomas?" The watcher looked at us suspiciously.

"I think we have."

"Bring them and let's have a look at them!"

Mary and I meekly left to do as directed.

Although my wife located her diploma without difficulty, I was unable to find mine after looking through innumerable drawers, trunks, and suit-cases. Finally Mary suggested that if I took along a few of my publications, they might prove adequate. So I armed myself with copies of half-a-dozen reprints of my contributions to various scientific periodicals and a volume entitled "*Acanthia lectularia* as a Disease Carrier," which was my Doctor of Philosophy thesis. Surely these would prove that I was literate.

This time Mary passed muster. Her diploma was an "open sesame" to registration. But my articles and book proved worthless. Somebody else might have written them for me. Don't Henry Ford publish books, and they say he can't either read or write? The Chicago *Tribune's* attorneys in the famous libel case couldn't get him to read on the witness stand. These were the Republican watcher's arguments. I concluded that I must have all the ear-marks of the perfect Democrat, and I took an oath that just for spite I would vote under the star for the rest of my life.

By now, I was determined if necessary to die in order to register. "How can I prove my literacy?" I demanded angrily.

"You'll have to take the test at the Public School."

Saturday night, the last day of registration, found me



at the Public School. I had been unable to get there sooner. About a score of men and women were seated at the students' benches in one of the classrooms. They were mostly foreigners and seemed rather frightened at the ordeal before them.

The examiner entered. He was a large florid man and had the belligerent air of a court attendant. He disdainfully handed each of us a printed form, and then rapidly read off in a sing-song voice the following instructions:

This is a test to see whether you can read and write English. On the other side of this sheet there is a selection for you to read. First, read the selection. Next, read the first question. Then, go back and read the selection until you find the answer to this first question. Usually, the answer will be only one or two words. When you have found the correct answer, write it on the dotted line after the first question. You need not answer in a complete sentence. Write the answer as plainly as you can, for this is a test of both reading and writing. Answer all the other questions in the same way. When you have answered every question, read the selection and answers to your questions over again, and make sure you have made no mistakes.

I turned over the printed sheet. At the top was this paragraph.

George Washington is called the Father of His Country. As a boy he was strong and powerful, and liked sports. He always obeyed his parents and showed the best manners toward everybody. While he was still a schoolboy, he wrote a fine list of rules on good manners. This list of rules was for girls and boys to follow. As a man Washington loved his country. He was America's greatest leader in the Revolutionary War. After the war, he was elected the first President of the United States. He was President two terms, and refused a third term. He ranks as one of the greatest men of human history.

Then came these questions: 1. What is George Washington called? 2. Whom did he obey? 3. To whom did he show good manners? 4. On what subject did he write a list of rules? 5. Who were to use this list of rules? 6. What did this boy love when he grew up to be a man? 7. Of what country was he the greatest leader? 8. In what war was he the greatest leader? 9. To what great office was he elected after the war? 10. How does he rank among the men of the world?

Having read both W. E. Woodward and Rupert Hughes on our first President, these questions were a challenge. My answers were not orthodox. Number four I answered: "On the art of brewing." Number five: "The Americans of 1928." And number six: "A good drink!"

When the examiner read my replies, I thought his eyes would pop out of his head.

"Say, are you trying to kid me?" he asked.

"Not at all!"

"Well, where do you get this stuff?"

"Those are my honest opinions!"

"Nobody was asking you for your opinions. You're supposed to give the answers in the paragraph at the top of the sheet. If you don't, how do I know you can read?"

"You can see that I can write!"

"Yeh! But this is an examination in reading as well as in writing. I can't pass you on this. This ain't no proof that you're really literate."

I didn't register and I won't vote!

## In the Driftway

THE Drifter took a cigarette the other night from the package that was passed to him. "Stop," said the man on his right. "Don't you know you should never put that end of a cigarette in your mouth?" The Drifter hesitated, as he always does when spoken to in a loud, firm voice, and looked at the cigarette. He had removed it from the pack with two fingers; by some sleight-of-hand of which he was at the time unconscious he had turned it about so that the end which protruded from the package was the end that he inserted in his mouth. As he still looked blank, his friend went on to explain: "It's easy to see you don't work in a laboratory"—("Or anywhere else," said the man on his left, *sotto voce*); "if you were dealing with poisons of which a thousandth of a gram was fatal, you'd be careful to put in your mouth the end of a cigarette that is buried in the package, for fear something on your fingers might eventually get into your stomach!"

\* \* \* \* \*

MEEKLY the Drifter obeyed; with life hanging by as slender a thread there was nothing else for him to do. But as he did so he pondered how a man guides his behavior by the daily occurrences of his life. Ordinarily familiarity with danger makes a man careless of it. Thus many a time the Drifter has watched steam riveters nonchalantly tossing red-hot rivets back and forth and catching them in a bucket while looking down into the street forty stories below; thus sailors leap along the rigging like monkeys with a mile of ocean down below; thus men, and even women, step into an airplane, smile at the news-reel photographers, and presently leap off into space with nothing between them and eternity but the cord of a parachute. Nothing of the sort had happened to the Drifter's friend of the poisons and the cigarette. Daily he collects on his fingers the means of death; it behooves him to mind his gestures. Not for him the luxury of licking his finger as he turns a page; not for him the bitten nail. He is familiar with death sure enough; but he can take no liberties with it.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE Drifter has often wondered how it would be to know that he had only a few hours to live. What, for example, do men trapped in a submarine think about before the waters rise or the air grows thick? What does a man adrift on the sea, with no means of rescue in sight? What are the thoughts of men in a mine, far below air and safety, waiting for the help that never comes? Probably if the truth were known they think of very ordinary things. Their immediate concerns, their minute discomforts are of more moment to them than oblivion just around the corner. Wet feet seem more important than putting their house in order; damp matches are more distressing than the necessity of making their peace with God. The truth is that men avoid the presence of death as much as they can; they pretend it is not imminent; they swagger and shrug their shoulders as if they were going to live forever. When they speak sharply, when they act ever so little on edge, it is to caution a friend, to push a fellow-mortal away from the abyss. For themselves they are not afraid.

THE DRIFTER



# Correspondence

## How Upton Sinclair Votes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I got some mail, and happened to see on the outside of one of the envelopes the name "Henry J. Allen." It sounded familiar. Many years ago I read "The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me," by William Allen White.

I opened the envelope, and found that it was the same Martial Henry. He has written me a letter, which I hope is not confidential. In order to "form a definite opinion as to the popular status of Hoover support" he wants to know my preference for President, and my reasons. I have replied that my preference is Norman Thomas because *I want a man who did not sit in the Harding Cabinet and keep his mouth shut.*

*Long Beach, California, August 18* UPTON SINCLAIR

## Political Bigotry

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of your editorial on behalf of an immediate and unconditional pardon for Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings, may I call the attention of *The Nation's* readers to the unhappy contrast between the statesmanlike clemency of Governor Alfred Emanuel Smith of New York, as exemplified in his release of Larkin and Gitlow, his espousal of the political rights of the Socialist Assemblymen, his repudiation of the Lexow Committee hysteria, and his stand for even the liberty of Senator Heflin to abuse Smith and the Catholic church, and the insistent intolerance of Republican governors, both in California and the State of Washington, with respect to the class-war prisoners whom they continue to keep in jail in spite of their obvious innocence of crime? Mooney and Billings and the Centralia boys one and all are in jail only because Republican governors in the two States named have lacked the moral backbone and the political judgment to withstand the patrio-neurotics, and set these men free. I have no interest in seeing a Democrat elected as President, but as far as the Pacific Coast is concerned the Republican Party is steeped in political bigotry and economic intolerance. Smith's record for tolerance shines like a sun as compared with that of any Governor California or Washington has had in this generation. It is not too late for a changed record here, but the time is short.

*La Crescenta, California, August 26* ROBERT WHITAKER

## Rum, Romanism . . .

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My father, Matthew Watson, was a Chartist in Scotland, came to this country in 1850, voted for Frémont and Dayton in 1856, was a Black Abolitionist and a Republican until his death in his ninety-first year. It was in this tradition I was reared and was a Republican until after Grant's second term.

I have not voted any ticket but the Socialist, and deeply regret that I will not be able to vote for Norman Thomas, as there will be no Socialist ticket in Florida. Therefore if I vote at all, I have no choice but to vote for Governor Smith, as I have had all the Coolidge imperialistic policies I can stomach, and Mr. Hoover is pledged to make them his policies.

Many of the readers of *The Nation* will remember that the Rev. Burchard's "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" defeated James G. Blaine for the Presidency. The fanatical Rev. Mr.

Straton gives promise of doing the same thing for Mr. Hoover. It would be a just return for such a publicity stunt.

*St. Petersburg, Fla., August 10*

AGNES C. WATSON

## How Dry Is Hoover?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As I have always read *The Nation* with a feeling that its editors never knowingly took an unfair stand on men or issues I must write my protest against your treatment of Governor Smith. You, after the manner of a garbage snooper, detailed his purported liking for cocktails—at best it was only hearsay or privileged evidence. It was hardly fair, but I felt that you were going down the line and would give your readers the same information on Watson, Curtis, Dawes, and Hoover. But you didn't. Is Hoover a personal Dry? I hear that he is not.

*Los Angeles, August 23*

WALTER M. BIXEL

## Two Pictures of Rumania

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two American travelers recently returned from Rumania. One, the Rev. Dr. Charles S. MacFarland, general secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, reported that the conditions of the Jews and other minority groups in Rumania was still extremely bad. The other, Leo Fischer, vice-president of the United Rumanian Jews of America, reported that conditions had bettered very much.

Dr. MacFarland is an American clergyman who, so far as is known, has no bias either for or against the Jews of Rumania or the Rumanian Government. He made a careful study of conditions in Rumania, and that study has led him to confirm the elaborate report made only a few months ago to the American Committee on the Rights of Religious Minorities (whose membership includes Messrs. Herbert Hoover, Willis, Howard Taft, and others) by a deputation of five prominent and impartial clergymen. This commission reported, after visiting the country, that Rumania has constantly violated its obligations to its minority groups—Jews, Hungarians, and others.

Mr. Fischer says that he went to Rumania expecting to find conditions very bad, and that he was agreeably surprised to find that they were very good. This would be interesting if true, but it should be recalled that even before Mr. Fischer went to Rumania his organization engaged in propaganda for the floating of a \$60,000,000 Rumanian loan in this country, on the grounds that conditions were already improved and that reparations were being made for the frightful outrages of last December, in which Rumanian students traveled on government railroad passes from town to town in Transylvania, brutally attacking Jews, destroying property, desecrating synagogues, and causing several deaths.

I think it should further be known that Mr. Fischer was received in Rumania by the Queen and high officials, who showed him through the country. While there is no reason of which I know to question Dr. MacFarland's impartiality, it should be borne in mind that Mr. Fischer is printer to the Rumanian Legation at Washington.

On July 10 dispatches in Hungarian newspapers reported that Jewish passengers at the railway station of Marmaros-Sziget were maltreated, and that a factory owned by Jews was destroyed in a riot in that town. Later the Federation of Liberal Jewish Communities in Transylvania met and disclosed the fact that Transylvanian Jewry had not received a single penny from the indemnity allotments made by the Rumanian Government for the institutions destroyed in December.

*New York, July 20*

HERBERT SOLOW



## Autumn

By CHARLES NORMAN

The wind lunged against the trees,  
fumbled the apples and stroked the leaves,  
the night shrank coldly to the moon;  
and in the sky there was a flight of stars  
serenely eastward o'er the heaps of hills,  
and past the men in armor that stood guard  
at either end of the drawbridge went a light:  
and for a space the Court Inviolable  
assumed the splendor of a miracle  
heretofore recorded in no wise  
save in this chant that hath not reached men's ears  
and will not ever, though the world endure,  
be credited; but howsoe'er this be,  
unto the very turrets of the town  
ensconced behind the wall that girt it round,  
despite the forest of tall men upon it,  
the light unwavering appeared and stood  
wheresoever there was shadow eke,  
and smote the sight of all those marveling  
as had a golden army from the sun  
filled all the air with soundless flaming shafts.

## The Problem of Dialect

*The Happy Mountain.* By Maristan Chapman. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

THIS is the mildly charming idyl of a hill-billy moon-calf, his disillusioning outland peregrination, and his relieved return to the happy mountain whereon dwell serenity and love. Though it should and undoubtedly will afford a transitory pleasure to thousands of readers, it is not in itself a work of any importance. But it does possess an extrinsic interest by virtue of the problems suggested by its use of a beautiful dialect.

The locale of "The Happy Mountain" is the hills of eastern Tennessee. There live a people who for generations have been so fortunately insulated from the standardizing currents of town and metropolis that they have preserved almost intact their peculiar speech and folk-ways. Their dialect appears to be a curiously rich and evocative mixture of rural neologisms with the spacious elegancies of the older English tongue. The associations of the tongue, recalling not only the Elizabethan age but Chaucerian and even pre-Chaucerian times, are exciting and many-vistaed. It is a speech at once so homely and so poetic that it strikes the appreciative reader as an instrument of extraordinary utility and beauty. The vocabulary itself is not varied (the really strange words defined in the glossary amount to barely a hundred) but the constructions are suppler than those of our everyday speech and many expressions which would ordinarily seem rather formal are used with a casualness that lends them a novel glamor. To his friend who may be outland-bound the Tennessee mountaineer will bid farewell with the grave and lovely phrase: "Give you good venture." Here is a typical conversation between the hero, Wait-Still-on-the-Lord Lowe, and his father, who is trying to dissuade the son from leaving the family hearth:

"Then you aim to let go home and to journey forth?"

"That's the way my head is set."

"Got some saved wages laid by for the journey?"

"I'd despise to be so forehanded. Hit'd be plain pointing scorn at the Lord, who's give me a strong body to win what I need to keep life within."

"You'll not go with my willingness or consent."

"Then sorrowfully I must go without it."

The combination here of rustic crudeness and a certain Puritan-like calm gravity is thoroughly delightful.

But the very excellent poetry of this mountain tongue presents a difficult problem for anyone who would use it not as a philological curiosity but as a dignified vehicle for the presentation of human character. Primarily, no dialect must emphasize itself unduly. The finer the dialect the thornier the problem. For if the reader's attention is continually diverted to the moving qualities of the language itself, he will be unable to reduce it to its proper position as a subordinate element in the work of art. To avoid this sense of disproportion the serious worker in dialect will try to do one of two things, or possibly he will do both, like Synge, perhaps the finest craftsman in dialect that modern English literature can boast of.

Happily, Synge was a dramatist; and the very form to which his genius was naturally attracted helped him to solve the first of the problems. This we may state by saying that the worker in dialect must avoid mixing his special speech with his conventional literary language. For otherwise the latter will call undue attention to the former; and once this splitting of the attention occurs, all is lost. Synge, of course, wrote plays, into which literary language cannot intrude except in the unimportant stage directions; but the same unity of speech is more frequently secured by the device of a dialect-speaking narrator, as in the Uncle Remus stories. This latter plan is probably the one that Mrs. Chapman should have followed. She sees the problem intelligently but solves it inadequately. Her idea is to forge, for the purposes of her non-dialogic narrative, a reminiscential speech which is to represent a grafting of the Tennessee dialect upon a conventional literary language. This is a dangerous and difficult thing to do; and only those who, like James Stephens, already possess a beautiful and distinctive English style have been able to effect the delicate fusion. Mrs. Chapman's melange is unsuccessful largely because her own regular style is merely pretty; it lacks originality and sinew and stands in sadly strong contrast with the vigorous language of her mountaineers. Consequently, the reader tends to skip the intervening narrative passages and concentrate on the dialogue, with the result that the book is broken in its effect.

The second problem presented by dialect is a more fundamental and serious one, depending, as it does, upon the depth of the artist's personality or upon the exactness of his sense of the harmonious. He may secure a subject of such profound implication and treat it with such profundity that the reader is moved *simultaneously* by it and by the language in which it is treated. This is the case with "Riders to the Sea," whose tragic grandeur resides as much in the central dramatic conception as in the melancholy strength of the Aran Islanders' speech. Here the question is obviously one of great writing; and Mrs. Chapman's is mediocre writing. Her story is oversimple and conventional; its climax, led up to by a cinematic chase during which the villain falls over the mountain-side, is melodramatic; and its poetical hero is automatic and unconvincing, uttering sentiments that clearly originate in Mrs. Chapman's own mind.

But the artist in dialect may be of very small caliber, his personality may be shallow, as Synge's was not; and still he may be able to create beautifully out of his special speech. This he may do by selecting a subject so peculiarly and exactly suited to his dialect as to fit it like a glove and so prevent again that bifurcation of the attention noted above. This is the method of Joel Chandler Harris. But Mrs. Chapman's story is not adapted for expression solely and perfectly through her moun-



tain language. Here her hero is mainly at fault, for we have met his bewildered idealism a dozen times before in the pages of Mr. Dell, Mr. Anderson, and others. It seems probable that Mrs. Chapman got her major impulse to write "The Happy Mountain" from her sense of the picturesque values of the Tennessee speech; and then proceeded to construct a thoroughly mechanical story in which to embody it. This is not the procedure of the artist, and the utmost that can be said of the author of this novel is that she is a sensitive recorder of a colorful, rhythmic American folk-tongue.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

## American Specialists in Russia

*Soviet Russia in the Second Decade. A Joint Survey by the Technical Staff of the First American Trade Delegation.* Edited by Stuart Chase, Robert Dunn, and Rexford Guy Tugwell. The John Day Company. \$4.

**T**HIRTEEN specialists, composing the technical staff of the First American Trade Union Delegation, here present a dissection of the new social and political organism named by its creators the USSR. Having split the Russian body into its component parts, they allocated among themselves the sections on which their individual experience best qualified them to report. The result is not so much a unified work as a collection of résumés for as many books as there are chapter heads. To say that all its parts have general as well as specialized interest is high tribute to both authors and editors, who in three cases are identical. In no case has a writer forgotten the living body in examining his allotted limb, and we have, therefore, an analysis of enormous value to those interested in the progress of the Russian experiment. That it is progressing and not foundering in a Sargasso Sea of impractical dreaming, corruption, or incompetence is indicated despite the scrupulous care with which the technicians preserve their impartiality.

The year 1922 is given as that in which Russian reconstruction really began. The Bolsheviks who emerged to power in 1917 because they knew what they wanted created during the chaos of the intervening years the opportunity for the work which they are now directing. What that work is may be gathered from these sentences in the chapter entitled Industry and the Gosplan:

To integrate in detail the economic life of one hundred and fifty million people over a six thousand mile stretch of territory is a bigger job than has ever been attempted in administrative annals. Only time can tell whether or not it is too big for human minds to cope with. But one can only stand bareheaded before the audacity and courage of the experiment.

This job has been intrusted since 1923 to the State Planning Committee, popularly known as the Gosplan. Legally it is only an advisory body, a branch of the Council of Labor and Defense. Actually the Supreme Economic Council, a cabinet department controlling the several hundred trusts which operate the bulk of industrial production, refers to the Gosplan for acceptance or revision all its own proposals. "Every agricultural center, every factory," writes Stuart Chase, "prepares reports that ultimately come into Gosplan calculations. . . . As a result every industrial unit knows where it functions, what it is expected to produce, what niche it fills in the whole national economy. I found no factory manager, no director of even the smallest agricultural station, who did not know all about the Gosplan, who did not feel its hand on his day-to-day work."

In a highly industrialized country like the United States such detailed and far-reaching state control would mean the almost complete socialization of the nation's resources. In Russia, indeed, less than 20 per cent of industrial production

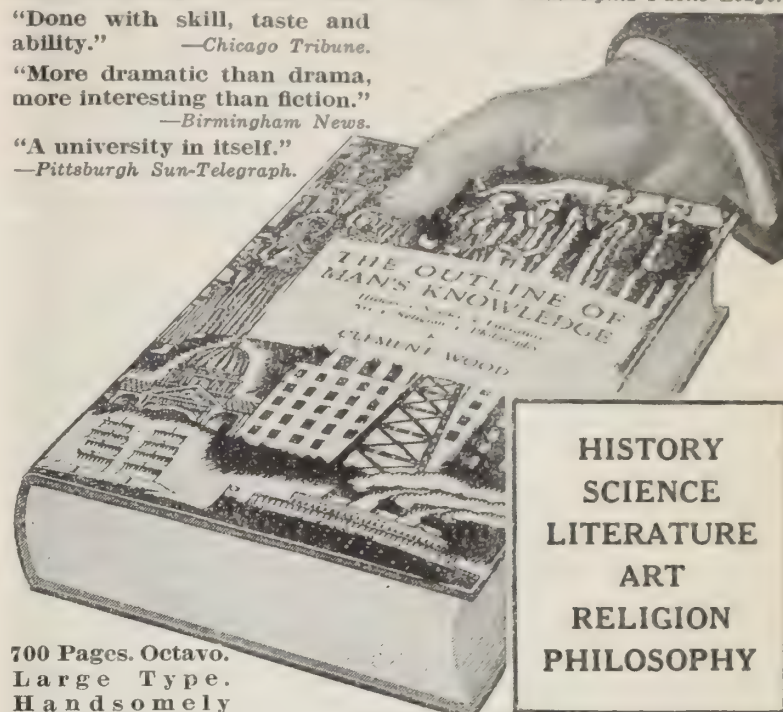
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remains in private hands. But Russia, it must be remembered, is 83 per cent an agricultural country, and 90 per cent of all agricultural output which finds a market is produced by peasant proprietors. The Russian peasant, therefore, is, as Bartlett Brebner calls him, "the ultimate dictator" of Russia, and only for his own purposes has he become the "ungrateful but determined defender" of the Bolshevik revolution. But here enters the paradox so omnipresent in all Russian affairs today. While a reluctant supporter of national legalized communism in his country, the peasant has always been and still is a non-legal communist in private practice.

The Russian agriculturist has never been a private proprietor in the sense in which the American farmer is one. He does not occupy a homestead in the midst of his own land, but lives in a village of other peasants often miles removed from the strip of earth he is entitled to cultivate. He is accustomed, then, to a communal life, and cooperation both in his social and economic affairs is forced on him by the very nature of his situation. It is no part of the Soviet Government's policy to alter this situation, but rather it aims to overlay a scientific, self-conscious form of communism on the existing primitive variety. Education both in the theory and practice of Marxism is being used by the Government to attain this end, the object being to modernize the peasant for his own advantage and that of his country. It is obviously a dangerous experiment to awaken a potential and possibly antagonistic future ruler of Russia to a realization of his pivotal position in the Socialistic Republic, but with its usual audacity the Soviet Government has undertaken it.

To give adequate attention to all the Russian internal problems analyzed in this book would, of course, be impossible. Stress has been laid on the economic situation, since inevitably it is the foundation stone on which the whole Soviet Socialistic structure is raised. Not only is it the heart of the organism here dissected, but it is also the life-blood in that organism's veins. The interest of this work, however, is by no means confined to the sections discussing it. Possible investors will do well to turn to the last chapter, learn what a Russian concession is, and why some concessions succeed and others fail. Politicians will find here described for them the organization of the Russian Government, and sociologists will receive here enlightenment on how uneasily lies the head that aspires to wear the thorny crown of Marxism. Most absorbing for the general public probably will be the discussion of Soviet education and its effect on the mentality of the much-misunderstood Russian people. In this connection one cannot do better than quote from George S. Counts, who, after paying tribute to the "vitality of the forces" at work, declares:

Without doubt one of the greatest accomplishments of the Revolution in the field of education is a psychological change which must eventually prove of great significance. The authority of conventional ideas and practices has been greatly reduced, if not annihilated, and energy has been released on a large scale for the solution of the educational problems. . . . Openness of mind may be regarded as one of the most important products of the Revolution. It has already given birth to many new institutions, and it will doubtless continue as a creative force until the present generation transmits its achievements as a heritage to its successors.

NORAH MEADE

## A New Logic

*The Technique of Controversy.* By Boris B. Bogoslovsky. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.

**M**R. BOGOSLOVSKY proposes a new logic. Its radical principle is the denial of the law of excluded middle, since Aristotle one of the three sacred laws of thought. The postulates that A is A, that A is not non-A, and that A

is either B or non-B establish the static logic of classes or of qualitative terms and relations, and it is in opposition to this orthodoxy that Mr. Bogoslovsky formulates a dynamic logic which arises in the postulation that A is both B and not B, and which, of course, must also propose that A may not be A, thus abrogating in one breath both the laws of identity and contradiction.

A great many readers may not appreciate the hazards and hence the courage of this undertaking, not knowing well enough the aged impregnability of the wind-mill against which Mr. Bogoslovsky has broken his lance. Strong restrictive laws always inspire subversion, even if they be merely logical laws; there have been repeated attempts to contradict the rule against contradiction, usually subsiding with the paradox that to deny it affirms it, and it were better ignored. To attack excluded middle results somewhat similarly. Mr. Bogoslovsky's substitute, the law of included middle, becomes convulsed with paradoxes. Included middle operates within a quantitative continuum between B and non-B. It is the formulation of this polarized continuum with reiterated emphasis upon crude quantitative indices that, along with many illustrative applications, forms the burden of the book. The proposition "Al Smith is an anti-prohibitionist" does not contradict "Al Smith is a prohibitionist," for by the principle of included middle he is both, and the only dynamic logical problem is to ascertain how much of either he is. Construct a continuum between these poles, and it may be found by empirical investigation, after argument has ceased, that he is less than half of 1 per cent dry. That may be an important practical question to decide, but in one's excitement over any scheme for doing it one must not forget that neither the polarity nor the continuum could be stated or constructed if "prohibitionism" and "anti-prohibitionism" did not exclude one another in their defined meanings. Mr. Bogoslovsky has blurred the nature of continua in his desire for continuity; he has forgotten that the continuum is a logical series composed of logical individuals (points, instants, real numbers, etc.) and that logically an individual subsists by its exclusiveness and impenetrability. The illusion of continuity between polarized opposites may be obtained by the gesture of using quantified indices but, after all, even such terms are qualified by definition, even the fraction of a per cent must be just that fraction and no other.

Both ordinary logicians and Mr. Bogoslovsky will agree that this criticism is irrelevant except in so far as it points out that "The Technique of Controversy" is not concerned with a logical problem at all. It is interested in the a-logical level of discourse in which the properties of things, facts, or existences are discussed. The laws of logic which Mr. Bogoslovsky assails are intended to apply only in the field of definite entities, i.e., concepts. I yield to no one in my devotion to excluded middle. Yet I should be willing to admit that Mr. A may be both a good and a bad man; but that does not obligate me to deny that good is good and bad is bad, or to accuse Hamlet of pondering a false dichotomy.

Mr. Bogoslovsky's treatise is a delightfully earnest and cultivated presentation of a traditional uneasiness in philosophy that has culminated in Professor Dewey's type of pragmatism. From Heraclitus to Bergson there have been men who, in their sensitiveness to flux and confusion in the world, have tried to make logical processes correspondingly dynamic and indefinite, forgetting that the logos is with God, and that its incarnation is a mystery. No doubt there is a worthy practical problem in such attempts to provide regulative norms for exclusively empirical controversy. It is an appropriate enough program for pragmatists, but if they, in their zealous preoccupation with things, conclude that their quixotic effort to make thinking as confused as experience, establishes a new logic with heretical implications, they should reexamine the logical foundations of the science of probability which is directed toward the identical problem of the empirical judgment, to find how orthodox its basis is. Or, better, they should



become aware of the exclusively different traits of ideas and things by consulting the chapter on Conception in "The Principles of Psychology." William James was one pragmatist who, for a time at least, recognized the proper sphere apart of logic, utterly and irremediably static, and perforce, idle, useless, and uninteresting to pragmatists.

MORTIMER J. ADLER

## What Manner of Man Was Grey?

*Lord Grey and the War.* By Hermann Lutz. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

**T**HIS splendid volume was reviewed in the German original by Professor William L. Langer in the *Nation* for July 20, 1927, and the present reviewer would only commend that excellent appraisal. The reviewer wholly agrees with Professor Langer that the only weak portion of the book is Lutz's thesis of the pacific nature of Sazonov's policies up to July 28 and his contention that Russia came in chiefly because of the Austrian refusal to guarantee the sovereignty and integrity of Serbia. Neither of these contentions can be successfully defended at the present stage of our knowledge. In regard to Grey and English policy, however, we may regard Lutz's discussion as really definitive and impregnable.

It has been an interesting practice of writers on war-guilt literature to compare American and European writers. Professor Renouvin, for example, has recently declared his affinity with Professor Fay, and Professor C. J. H. Hayes has confirmed this resemblance in a recent review of Renouvin. Nothing could well be more misleading, however, than any such effort to represent Renouvin as comparable with Fay as regards either erudition, objectivity, exposition of the facts, or general interpretation of these facts. Having read both the latest edition of Renouvin and the proofs of Professor Fay's impending book, the reviewer can say with finality that Fay differs from Renouvin throughout as to general attitude, statement and analysis of the facts, and final conclusions. The American analogue of Renouvin is Bernadotte Schmitt and not Fay. Though Count Montgelas certainly far surpasses any other living scholar in his immediate and precise command of the facts of the 1914 crisis, the European writer on the subject of war responsibility who may be most fairly compared to Fay is none other than Herr Lutz. For a combination of encyclopedic knowledge of the sources and the facts of war-guilt, of objectivity and judiciousness of tone, of absence of partisanship, and of almost exasperating caution, Lutz is the only European writer who may, with fairness to both, be aptly compared with Professor Fay. And the general resemblance is made particular through the fact that, of the whole group of straightforward revisionists, Lutz and Fay judge Austria much more severely than do the other members of this group of writers.

For American readers drawn from the intelligent public the most interesting aspect of Lutz's book will be his magisterial portrait of the character and policies of Lord Grey, which we herewith reproduce in summary fashion and conclude:

Gentle in personal life, full of good-will and good feeling. A thoughtful, true, and loyal friend; a harsh and bitter enemy. No Machiavelli, and subjectively no hypocrite; nor the hawk-headed evil spirit with rapacious clawed fingers that many Germans imagined during the war. No true statesman. A man with a narrow insularity of outlook, his view dimmed by strong predilections and deep prejudices; unconscious of the enormous encouragement which his Entente policy gave to the nationalists in power in Russia and France. Accessible to suggestion and greatly under the influence of auto-suggestion. A man who came unwillingly to his post, who imagined that he was steering his ship with a sure hand, unaware that other hands were also on the wheel; who

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imagined himself free and saw nothing of the thousand threads of his own spinning that had combined into an unbreakable tow-rope and towed him in the course of others. A well-meaning, peace-loving nobleman whose heart longed for the simple joys of communion with nature. An upright man of the true British pattern, earnest but humorless. A man with two sets of human values, two standards, and a double morality. Not a great man, and not a strong man. A man with a kink in his soul. A man whom a policy of unintentional ambiguity stamped with some involuntary and, in his heart, detested features of Machiavelli; unworthy features, which will never disappear from his melancholy brow. An unhappy figure, not without elements of innate tragedy.

This was the man who in the last resort held in his hand during the crisis of July, 1914, the decision between peace and war.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

## Books in Brief

*Reliquiae.* By A. D. Godley. Edited by C. R. L. Fletcher. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. \$6.

A. D. Godley, long beloved tutor of Magdalen, was the perfect Oxonian. Dispassionate follower of duty, devotee of lost causes, addicted to the modest recreations of bicycle riding and mountain climbing, he jested in Greek and tossed his Latin like a gentleman. Despite much serious scholarly work, an edition of Tacitus, a translation of Herodotus and another of Horace, he was best known during his lifetime for his contributions of learned wit to the *Oxford Magazine*, which benefited by his sparkle for nearly forty years. The two posthumous volumes of his fragmentary poems and essays, for the most part concerned with university interests, give us the inmost life of the Oxford of the first quarter of this century. But there are larger interests touched upon as well, notably in the five lectures on English literature which contain many a shrewd bit of criticism. Godley could be wise and objective when he chose, but usually he chose to coddle his prejudices amusedly, and to write witty prose and wittier verse, expressive of a nature that, in the inevitable defeat of life, knew how to laugh without bitterness, becomingly. In "Reliquiae" one tastes the finest flavor of a mellow autumnal culture.

*Endymion. A Poetic Romance.* By John Keats. Type-facsimile of the First Edition. With Introduction and Notes by H. Clement Notcutt. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

"Endymion" is not a great or even a good poem, but it will always have interest as being the first extended effort of Keats, and the present edition will be valuable for students because of its scholarly and illuminating notes.

*The Skull of Swift. An Extempore Exhumation.* By Shane Leslie. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.50.

A good book on Swift is very much needed. This one, though it makes more of the great Dean's exciting tragedy than has been made before, does not quite fill the bill, being unnecessarily clever in its presentation of the evidence and in its delineation of the drama. A good book on Swift will be simpler than Mr. Leslie's—simpler and profounder.

*Shipmates.* By Felix Riesenber. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

The writer of these sketches, many of which are familiar to readers of the *Nautical Gazette*, is no correspondence-school graduate of the sea. The number and variety of ships, the range of time, the extent of geography, all reveal the seasoned mariner. But there is more than knowledge in these reminiscences of men and events afloat—there is an understanding of human nature and the spirit of his time. One detects, also, a

wistful regret at having left the stern life of the sea for work ashore which pays more in money and ease and reputation but less perhaps in solid self-respect.

*Dollars and World Peace.* By Kirby Page. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$1.50.

Mr. Page has written another pamphlet designed apparently for Y. M. C. A. consumption. It argues that until the problems rising out of nationalism, industrialism, and imperialism are solved, no exhortations on behalf of peace and pledges not to fight will be of value. He has done his job upon a higher plane than many of our political evangelists.

*A Political Handbook of the World's Parliaments, Parties, and Press as of January 1, 1928.* Edited by Malcolm W. Davis and Walter H. Mallory. Harvard University Press and Yale University Press.

The "Political Handbook of Europe" prepared under the auspices of the Council of Foreign Relations a year ago has grown into this "Political Handbook of the World." Summarizing party programs and leaders, and listing the chief newspapers of sixty countries, it will be a useful desk-book for editors and students of foreign affairs. The task has been painstakingly performed, with a scrupulous effort at impartiality. But it is impossible to touch politics without any bias. Venezuela is frankly called a military dictatorship, Peru appears to be a constitutional republic. Sacasa, Solorzano, and Sandino's names do not appear among the leaders of the Nicaraguan Liberal Party; Moncada's does. And the explanations of the status and importance of individual newspapers are somewhat erratic. These, however, are minor defects, and, doubtless, will fade out in the subsequent annual editions.

*The Building of Cultures.* By Roland B. Dixon. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.

Dr. Dixon has given us a thoughtful exposition of the processes of the origin and spread of culture. Discovery and invention, the diffusion of these after they have been made, the manner in which they combine into what are termed "trait complexes," and the fashion and conditions under which these, in turn, are diffused, all play important parts in his discussion. The oft-debated question as to whether the same manner of doing the same thing can be independently developed or not is gone into with some care, and there is a chapter devoted to the theories of the English and German diffusionist schools that shows the fallacies on which the ideas of the two groups are based. Dr. Dixon pays his compliments to Wissler's method of making historical reconstructions by the plotting of distributions of traits and complexes of traits, and demonstrates how Wissler has failed to meet the criticisms that can be leveled against his position. A final chapter is devoted to the processes through which civilizations come into being; the author comes to the conclusion that "we live in a three-dimensional world, and human culture is built in accordance with it. . . . We of today have builded high indeed, but upon a base so extensive these who come after it may well build far higher." The book is stimulating and written with the authority of Dr. Dixon's extensive information of cultural data. It should prove useful to any interested in the processes of human civilization.

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# International Relations Section

## World Copyright

By L. J. DE BEKKER

**P**ROTECTION of the creator of a literary or artistic work was the sole purpose of the Berne Convention of 1886, which brought into being the International Copyright Union, and of the Berlin revision of 1908, by which the powers of the union were augmented, and no less of the latest revision, completed in Rome last June. As in 1886 and in 1908, the uppermost question in the minds of all concerned is, What will the United States do about it?

After 1886 the United States did nothing. After 1908 the United States talked about it, and the following year enacted a law amending and consolidating all the acts concerning copyright so far as the United States was concerned. Beyond that, nothing. The Typographical Union insisted that the protection of copyright should be extended only to works manufactured in the United States. The manufacturers and jobbers of books were not loath to have protection against the invasion of their markets from countries of cheaper production. Authors, architects, artists, composers, and playwrights were not organized; hence their views concerning their rights were not heeded. Out of sheer generosity the twenty-eight Powers signatory to the Berne Convention provided a loophole by which Americans could obtain "courtesy" copyright. Publication simultaneously in a country belonging to the union, if an American could obtain it, did the trick, and that solely upon the payment of Register's fees and the deposit of copies in the United States. And simultaneous publication could and frequently can be had for Americans in Great Britain. The United States was thus placed in the position of accepting for American citizens universally recognized legal rights which were denied to the citizens or subjects of other states.

But the Rome revision of the Berne Convention may change all that. Article 28, which is new (the complete convention as revised being a document of 11,000 words, with much additional material), provides that when six ratifications have been obtained the convention shall become effective as between the six Powers within a month. On July 1, 1931, the amended convention will apply in full force to all Powers which have ratified it, but: "Those countries foreign to the union will be permitted to join the union by way of adhesion until August 1, 1931, under the convention signed in Berlin, November 13, 1908, or the present convention. After August 1, 1931, they will only be able to adhere to the present convention."

The "present convention" being more elaborate in its specifications of the rights of the author presents difficulties for the United States which do not exist in the Berlin revision. Moreover, it contains an addition to Article 6 by which, upon written complaint to the headquarters in Berne that a "country foreign to the union" does not sufficiently protect the rights of authors who are resident in one of the countries of the union, the "courtesy" copyright already referred to may be withdrawn. That is tantamount to saying to Uncle Sam: "Come in now; the water's fine. Hands up if you don't."

The United States was represented by impartial ob-

servers at the meeting in Rome, and knows officially what to expect. It knows that the United States must continue a policy of "splendid isolation," which American authors frankly regard as that of an outlaw, or that this country must cease to be "un pays étranger à l'union," which is outer darkness to the rest of the world, despite the numerous treaties by which the State Department has sought reciprocal privileges with other governments for its citizens, and despite the Pan-American copyright agreement.

Copyright covers, the International Copyright Union now declares, all productions in the literary, scientific, and artistic domain, regardless of mode or form of expression, such as books, pamphlets and other writings, lectures, speeches, and sermons, and other works of the same nature; dramatic or dramatico-musical works, choreographic works or pantomimes, if the action (*mise en scène*) is fixed by writing or otherwise; compositions in music, with or without words; works of design, of painting, architecture, sculpture, engravings and lithography; illustrations, geographical charts; plans, details, or plastic works relative to geography, topography, architecture, or the sciences. Photographic works and works obtained by analogous processes are specifically included, and the author is protected not only on his original work, but on all adaptations, translations, musical arrangements, and other reproductions or transformations of a work. Works of art applied to industry are, however, relegated for legislation to the various countries of the union, as are political speeches and judicial debates and other material subject to reproduction in the newspapers.

The duration of copyright is extended to fifty years from the death of an author, or the death of the last surviving author, if the work be one of collaboration.

Full control is accorded the author or composer in the matter of reproduction of his work by means of moving pictures, radio and "canned-music" instruments, and, although he may have disposed of certain rights, he continues to retain the right to "oppose all deformation, mutilation, or modification of said work which might be prejudicial to his honor or his reputation."

If the United States is to give its adhesion to the International Copyright Union, the foreign author, if of a country which is a member of the union, must be accorded these privileges, which are denied to citizens of the United States:

There need be no notice of copyright on the work copyrighted.

There need be no deposit of copies with the Register of Copyright.

There need be no payment of registration fee.

Complete protection must be accorded without regard to whether a work is manufactured within the United States or not.

Perhaps the greatest difference between the conception of copyright expressed in the Berne Convention as modified in Berlin and in Rome, and as set forth in the present copyright law of the United States, is in the recognition by the International Copyright Union of all the rights of the author, artist, or composer as divisible, while the United States expressly holds that there can be only one copyright to a work, and that it is not divisible.

In practice the American author usually reserves by contract all rights except those specifically assigned. Thus



the novelist may assign serial right to a magazine, second serial to a newspaper syndicate, book right to a book publisher, dramatic right to a producer, movie right to a movie corporation, translation right to a foreign publisher, and still retain rights to abridge or enlarge, etc. For the protection of motion picture, "canned music," and other rights the American Copyright Act of 1909 has been amended, but the process of simplification in industry now going on is a sufficient argument in support of the contention of the Authors' League that when, and if, a new general copyright law is enacted, this division of rights should be recognized. In fact H. R. 8913, introduced by Mr. Vestal at the last session of Congress, favorably reported by the Committee on Patents, and therefore a possible subject for action next winter, expressly states that "All rights comprised in a copyright are several, distinct, and severable."

Legislation to enable the United States to join the International Copyright Union may be introduced at the next session of Congress, in the opinion of Thorvald Solberg, United States Register of Copyright. Every man and woman engaged in creative work, it is safe to assume, will favor early action.

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# The Nation

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**E**LABORATE PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE for the Yankee-supervised Presidential election in Nicaragua. Airplane units are to pick up the news from Marine Corps observers stationed at isolated polling-places. Never, probably, did so many soldiers stand guard to prove that an election was "free." In the sense that illiterate peons will be free to walk to the polls unmolested and cast their votes as they may wish, this election doubtless will be free. But the fundamental question is, how do they determine how they "wish" to vote? And there, of course, the enormous power of the United States comes in. Both the Liberal and Conservative candidates for the Presidency are seeking to pose as the favored candidate of the American officialdom. The Nationalist Party, whose program we print in this week's International Relations Section, is not permitted to appear on the ballots. The candidates are ready to promise anything; they believe that such promises will help them win. Perhaps they are mistaken; we hope so. But if the rumor should prove true that another loan is being arranged to finance the present Government of Nicaragua through its preelection difficulties, it would leave a black blot on the American record which the most earnest efforts of General McCoy could never wipe out.

**F**AR INTO THE JUNGLE the marines have penetrated, but still Sandino eludes them. Week after week the American officials report more surrenders by his band,

until the surrenders total far more men than he has ever commanded. Still Sandino continues his romantic struggle against the overwhelming force of the invaders. And now a Nicaragua paper prints a roster of the "immortal legion" with which Sandino first took to the hills in May, 1927. They were thirty, including the general. The oldest was fifty-four, the youngest twelve years old. And now, after sixteen months in the field, four of the thirty, this Nicaraguan paper says, are dead; and every one of the other twenty-six is still in the field, fighting.

**T**HE DELIBERATELY DISHONEST CHARACTER of most of the personal attacks upon Governor Smith is well illustrated by the appearance in a pamphlet on the Governor written by the Rev. "Bob" Schuler, of Los Angeles, of the rhetorical questions asked by the editor of *The Nation* in the article on Al Smith which appeared in this journal on November 30, 1927. These questions were cited as those being asked by snobs, rumor-mongers, gossipers, and religious fanatics, and they were set at the head of the Smith article in order to be answered as they deserved to be. The very reverend "Bob" apparently has torn these questions from their context and deliberately closed his pamphlet with them as if they were the opinions of *The Nation's* editor and represented his attitude toward the Governor of New York. This is, we repeat, characteristic of the underhand campaign being waged by the Governor's adversaries, especially the rabid clerical ones. It is well that Dr. Work, Mr. Hoover's chairman, has disavowed them. But if Mr. Hoover has a spark of chivalry in him he will take an early opportunity to denounce the whole whispering campaign of which, as our Washington correspondent points out elsewhere in this issue, he is increasingly the beneficiary.

**T**HE REPUBLICANS DREW FIRST BLOOD in the Maine election, sweeping the State in the gubernatorial contest by the largest majorities in Maine's political history. The Democratic alibi is weak—the Democratic national organization, knowing that it was in for a bad defeat, kept scrupulously out of the State contest, whereas the Republicans, desiring the prestige of a smashing victory, sent in their heaviest available guns, including Senator Curtis. The Republicans deliberately stressed national issues, recalling that Maine was one of the first prohibition States in the country, and being aware that some of the State Democratic leaders had deserted Governor Smith on that issue. The young Democratic candidate for governor attempted to make export of Maine's water-power an issue, but the Republican candidate successfully sidestepped.

**"Y**OUNG BOB" LA FOLLETTE won his renomination as the Republican candidate for United States Senator from Wisconsin by an overwhelming majority; and he carried his progressive ticket for State offices to victory in every instance except the governorship. For governor a conservative Hoover supporter, Walter J. Kohler, received 220,000 votes; Congressman Joseph D. Beck, the La Follette progressive candidate, 200,000 votes; and the present governor, J. Fred Zimmerman, 83,000 votes. Zimmerman had



the indorsement of the Anti-Saloon League, which is supposed to have cost him votes; he also was held responsible for certain unwelcome tax legislation; and, what was probably most important, he had entirely lost the confidence of both wings of the Republican Party in Wisconsin. He ran for office two years ago as an old friend of the elder La Follette, spreading abroad an indorsement given him by the Senator years before; he also denounced the "Madison ring," and thereby gained enough support from the conservatives to defeat the real La Follette candidate for the nomination. But he could not long keep the La Follette mantle wrapped about himself, while the taint of his early affiliations hurt him with conservatives. Zimmerman's smashing defeat, even though Kohler led the poll, helps to consolidate progressive leadership in the State. "Young Bob" and Wisconsin are to be congratulated.

**A**RISTIDE BRIAND'S SPEECH before the Assembly of the League of Nations was one of the strangest in the history of that contradictory statesman. Briand first attracted public attention in France nearly thirty years ago as a fiery champion of the general strike; he won another sort of fame, as Premier, by using the military to suppress a strike. He was one of the war-time prime ministers, and one of the post-war fire-eaters, but when he fell from office after playing golf too assiduously with Lloyd George he exclaimed proudly "If I fall, I fall to the Left" and proceeded to regain prestige as a champion of reconciliation. He was the man of Locarno, who sipped beer with Stresemann at Thoiry, and the inspirer of the Kellogg pacts to outlaw war—and now he has amazed Geneva by a pessimistic speech which would have been unworthy of Poincaré. He sneered at Russia's pleas for disarmament, and declared that the Bolsheviks—whose standing army is, in fact, less than half the size of that maintained by the Czar in 1913—were increasing their army and glorying in it. He sarcastically praised the personnel of Germany's little army of 100,000 and used its valor as a justification for France's maintenance of an army six times its size. Finally, he gave a patently insincere history of the recent Anglo-French naval negotiations—inspired, he said, solely by the desire to reduce armament!—and complained of criticism of it. If the agreement has been misunderstood, surely only those who kept it secret can be blamed. But it is a continental tragedy that M. Briand, who in the sunset of his life was earning the title of European statesman, should have proved himself again just a cheap French politician.

**T**HE CRITICAL STAGE in Germany's reparations history began on September 1 when, for the first time since the adoption of the Dawes Plan in 1924, she was required to meet the standard annuity under that plan. This amounts to 2,500,000,000 marks (approximately \$600,000,000), whereas the payments in cash and deliveries in kind during the past four years have totaled \$1,301,860,000. While it is true that Germany has made all her payments—which increased progressively in size from 1924 to 1928—on schedule time, there are several factors that distinctly weaken the force and meaning of the statement. Most important is the fact that during this four-year probationary period Germany has borrowed from foreign countries something like 10,000,000,000 marks (\$2,380,000,000), or more than the total of her reparations payments. Furthermore, despite the reorganization of her production Germany's ex-

ports have consistently, even increasingly, fallen below her imports. In April, 1927, her imports exceeded her exports by 299,000,000 marks; in April, 1928, the excess was 376,000,000 marks; and monthly data indicate that the gap is growing even wider. Meanwhile internally the governmental expenses—particularly in the constituent states—have been mounting steadily. From 1924 to 1928 the total increase was over \$500,000,000. Parker Gilbert criticized this tendency severely in his report last year, yet it has continued parallel to the corresponding rise in State and local expenditures in the United States. Any increased contribution toward reparations from the German budget, therefore, must necessarily conflict with the internal development of Germany and with the growing demands of her states, which Berlin has not been able or willing to control.

**N**O WONDER THAT GERMANY, facing an unfavorable trade balance and rising governmental costs, is pessimistic as to her ability to meet the new burdens. With no limit to the number of years that the standard annuity shall run the outlook is even more doleful. New foreign loans could be made, but that would only postpone the final day of reckoning, as to a large extent the loans of the past four years have been doing. A year ago J. M. Keynes predicted that the Dawes Plan was likely to break down at this phase. He reasoned that the experts had never expected Germany to carry the full burden of the fifth yearly annuity. They had merely hoped that after postponing the final settlement of the reparations problem a few years much of the ill feeling existing in 1923-1924 would have evaporated, making the chances of a just and adequate settlement more auspicious. The French view of Germany today had, in fact, become saner and less emotional than it was four years ago, until the unfortunate utterances of M. Briand, which play, of course, directly into the hands of the most violent German Nationalists and the survivors of the old military group.

**S**UGAR IS CHEAP despite Cuba's efforts to limit production, and as a result the Cuban Government is giving up its restrictive legislation. Two years ago, in the hope of raising prices, the Cuban mills stopped grinding after producing 4,884,658 tons of raw sugar, and last year they held Cuba's product down to 4,500,000 tons—as compared with 5,100,000 tons in the year before the restrictions went into effect. But the rest of the world, in particular Java, went on producing cane in abundance—adding 1,379,000 tons to its yield in the two years. In the glutted world market the price of sugar went down, and Cuba, despite the fact that she had left a third of her cane standing uncut in the fields, got only lower prices for her sacrifice. The Czech producers, who had agreed to join Cuba in an effort at restriction, also suffered. And the net result, like the net result of the British effort to control the price of rubber in the world market, is another demonstration of the futility of government efforts at price-fixing. It is a lesson which might well be heeded by those who see in price-fixing a solution of the farmers' ills in this country.

**F**LORENCE S. KNAPP, the first woman to hold high office in New York State, has been sentenced to serve thirty days in the Albany County jail. The Special Deputy Attorney General who prosecuted Mrs. Knapp urged a suspension of sentence, but Supreme Court Justice Stephen Callaghan refused, remarking that the records "furnished indisputable



proof that funds amounting to \$27,604.18 were improperly paid by the State on false certifications by the defendant," that, apparently, she had received some \$24,000 of this, that there was evidence before the grand jury to justify "at least thirty" instead of only twelve indictments, that she had sought to obstruct the course of justice, and had committed perjury and subornation of perjury. "The purpose of punishment," said the judge, "is not that society may wreak vengeance against the guilty, but is rather for the salutary purpose of warning others that they may not commit like offenses against the law." And what kind of warning is it when a shabby young man is sent to prison for life for picking four pockets, while a well-dressed woman official who steals \$24,000 from the State she has sworn to serve goes to jail for only a month?

COMMERCIAL FLYING, so long dormant in this country, seems to be waking to its possibilities with the inauguration of a combined airplane-railway service between New York City and San Francisco and a similar line between the former city and Chicago. The failure of commercial flying to make progress in this country has long been an almost inexplicable puzzle. Passenger routes have criss-crossed Europe since the end of the World War and have long been an accepted means of communication there. With the far greater distances to be traversed in this country, the American desire for speed, and a large traveling public willing to pay handsomely in order to save time, commercial flying should have developed faster here than abroad. Instead, it has evolved scarcely at all, but it is not improbable that its growth may now become the more rapid on account of the long delay. Although our great distances seem to offer unusual opportunities for airplane travel, they also present some handicaps. Eight or ten hours is about as long, in present circumstances, as passengers care to remain in the air. But if a passenger is landed then and allowed to pass the night in a hotel, much time is lost. In the lately started transcontinental service the passenger flies during two days and is hurried on during the succeeding nights in a railway sleeping-car. In going from Chicago to New York, the traveler quits the former city late in the afternoon, reaches Cleveland by nightfall, and there boards a sleeper bringing him into New York in the morning.

COUNT BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU, who has just died while German Ambassador to Moscow, deserved well of his countrymen for two reasons. To his everlasting honor he laid down the office of Foreign Minister rather than sign the Treaty of Versailles. "It is demanded," he said to the Allied statesmen, "that we acknowledge sole guilt for the war. Such a profession would be a lie in my mouth." Privately he declared that he would rather have his right hand cut off than sign the treaty which was so monstrous an injustice in so many ways and threatened the very existence of Europe. To the German Cabinet he said: "Don't sign—we shall have to go through hell lasting two or three months at most. If we sign, it will be a lingering sickness and the entire people will go to ruin"—it did in the inflation days. Man after man followed his example in refusing to sign the treaty, while the Allies waited in trepidation, for their armies were disintegrating, and Lloyd George himself eagerly asked travelers from Germany how far the Germans could be pushed without turning upon the Allies. Had there been a united German front like Brockdorff-Rantzau's the

post-war story of Europe would have been entirely different. Finally, Hermann Müller, now the Chancellor, was found to sign a document to which no honest German should ever have put his name. In 1922 Brockdorff-Rantzau was appointed Ambassador to Moscow. Here again he deserved well of his people for his share in the initiation and maintenance of the broadminded, decent, and humane policy which the German Government has consistently maintained toward Russia. A diplomat of the old Prussian school, he was quick to accept the republic, and he served it with absolute fidelity and loyalty.

MARY GARRETT HAY IS DEAD, and there is sorrow among women's organizations throughout the country. Wherever women gathered, for half a century, she was a vigorous and important figure, organizing, speaking, raising necessary funds with an enthusiasm and a shrewd knowledge that were invaluable. She was a moving force and a high official in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the National Woman's Suffrage Association, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the League of Women Voters, the Women's Law Enforcement League. She spent her life fighting for two causes, prohibition and woman suffrage. And after she had boosted them into the law of the land, she set about trying to make them the habit of the land. Herself an influential Republican, she urged women to join a party, to take part in politics, to use the vote for which she had fought. An uncompromising teetotaler, she insisted that prohibition be enforced, and she organized women who agreed with her into a fighting body. She was a square little white-haired person with snapping blue eyes and a voice that dared one to start an argument. It was a treat to hear her speak her mind. She feared no man or woman, and she said exactly what she thought. Violent in her beliefs, her loyalties, her prejudices, she saw everything clearly black or white, without shadows or nuances. A crusader she was, marching against the liquor interests, against the entrenched male voter, against political crookedness, shams, and evasions. Marching, fighting, giving no quarter, swaggering a little in her invincible rightness, she belonged to that generation of feminists and reformers to whom doubts were treason.

PEKING, August 21. The Municipal Bureau of Public Safety has declared that Peking women under thirty years of age must bob their hair or pay a "degeneracy tax." Mayor Ho Chi-kung is determined to eliminate feudalistic habits still adhered to by some of the Peking people. He has ordered that men who insist upon wearing queues must pay a heavy monthly tax.

HAVE you heard the latest news?  
Now the Revolution's there,  
Peking men must dock their queues,  
Peking girls must bob their hair.

Fine the folks if they delay.  
Tax them if they say they won't,  
That's the modern Western way—  
Shake a stick and grumble "Don't."

Peking girls must bob their hair,  
Peking men must dock their queues.  
Do they wish to? Who should care?  
Smash their feudalistic views!



# The Roots of Corruption

PHILADELPHIA is rubbing its eyes. A grand jury investigating gang murders has come on the trail of organized crime upon a scale to make Chicago gasp. A highly organized criminal ring, intimately associated with the Police Department, has been making crime a profession in Philadelphia, and eminent attorneys have assisted it. Redistilling plants operated so close to a police station that the officers on duty complained of the fumes, but protection had been paid, and the business continued. Machine-guns were sold without permits to the thugs who carried out the gang's murder orders. An unofficial bootleggers' court settled disputes between rival gangs, with the aid of expensive counsel. Meanwhile, police officers were opening bank accounts that ran into the hundreds of thousands of dollars; and to this day not one officer of the city police department has aided the investigation.

The details are new, and the existence of a district attorney and a grand jury with the courage and ability to expose such facts is novel; but the main outlines of the story could probably be repeated in any one of a score of large cities of the United States. Chicago's homicide rate, like Detroit's, is even higher than Philadelphia's; and probably murder and bootlegging are more elaborately organized in all the cities along the Canadian border. New York City, too, while—despite campaign legends—considerably cleaner and better policed than the cities of Mr. Hoover's allies Bill Vare and Bill Thompson, has its organized gangs, and no diner-out in the city can be unfamiliar with the fact that police protection is a commodity for sale on the market.

Philadelphia, to be sure, has a distinguished record for corruption. It was twenty-five years ago this year that Lincoln Steffens wrote his famous article describing Philadelphia as "the worst-governed city in the country," and asserting that while "All our municipal governments are more or less bad and all our people are optimists, Philadelphia is . . . the most corrupt and the most contented." It still is. Steffens, a quarter of a century ago, looked back upon the sad history of reform movements in Philadelphia, and tempered his enthusiasm over the apparent reawakening of civic conscience in the Quaker City. Well he might. Philadelphia, under the Vares, is as rottenly corrupt today as it was then under Matthew Quay, and prohibition has added incentives to crime and opportunities for corruption which did not exist even in the palmiest days of South Philadelphia's four-corner saloons. There is no more chance for District Attorney Monaghan and Mayor Mackey to succeed in cleaning up the city today than there was for General Smedley D. Butler when he imported marine-corps methods into the police administration, and, despite an unrivaled genius for advertising, made one of the worst failures in American police history.

And the reason for this is clear: it is that this sort of corruption is close to the roots of the power of both of the great political parties today. Without the political-patronage system it might be possible to clean up. But with the weight of the two party organizations and of the hundreds of thousands of political office-holders against reform, a real housecleaning is an impossibility. Votes are not bought and sold today as baldly as they were a quarter of

a century ago. But favors are swapped. Every city lawyer knows that the best way to obtain an acquittal for his petty clients is not to study law books but to see the right man—the man with influence, the friend of the judge, the "wise guy." Little men are ready to repay the favors done them by bigger men; and bigger men remember gratefully the powers that appointed them. Steffens's analysis, made in 1903, is as true today as it was then:

The President of the United States and his patronage; the National Cabinet and their patronage; the Congress and the patronage of the Senators and the Congressmen from Pennsylvania; the Governor of the State and the State Legislature with their powers and patronage—all these bear down upon Philadelphia to keep it in the control of Quay's [read "Vare's" in 1928] boss and their little ring. This is the ideal of party organization.

Steffens then was making the same discouraged analysis of the political scene which Frank Kent has just renewed in his "Political Behavior." The great virtue upon which American political reputations are built is loyalty: loyalty to the gang, to the party, to the organization and its weakest links.

The country had an exhibition of perversion of the upper reaches of its political machinery during the Harding Administration. And the federal Department of Justice is still being used as a partisan tool. Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt manipulates her official position for brazenly political ends. One need not cite her speech before the Methodists of Ohio. Her Broadway raids were intended to advertise the wetness of Al Smith's New York, while her own party's Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia went relatively unscathed. And, finally, her prosecution of Perry Howard, former Republican National Committeeman from Mississippi, was just cheap political blatherskiting. Perry Howard has been one of the pillars of the skeleton organization of Negro Republicanism in the South for years; he was one of Mr. Hoover's preconvention enthusiasts. Like all Southern Republican politicians, he dealt in post offices and other political appointments; he received cash from the organization, and paid it out for value received. He did what he was asked to do, loyally and corruptly, as did his fellows in the other Southern States. Then, when it became politically expedient for the Republican Party to dissociate itself from the Negroes in the South, Perry Howard was suddenly prosecuted for doing what he had been paid to do. Party power rests on protection and patronage, but, of course, protection lasts only as long as it is expedient.

This is a bossed country, and the power of the bosses roots, ultimately, in the protection given to the kind of criminals who are being exposed in Philadelphia. One or two police captains degraded will avail nothing; the men who named them will remain. The power of the precinct captains in both parties is responsible for the corrupt police officers, and the influence of the precinct captains will determine the national election. In Philadelphia, for instance, the Vare machine counts the votes before election. When one reads of "strong Al Smith sentiment in Philadelphia," it can mean little except that Mr. Raskob's lieutenants have come to an understanding with the Vares.



## Labor Strategy

"CLASS collaboration," hissed the British Communists when the annual Trade Union Congress at London voted for the so-called Mond policy of co-operation between capital and labor. "Industrial realism," replied the leaders of the Congress. The realists won in the vote almost six to one.

The fundamental question at issue was this: How far can a group of workers go in cooperating with employers to maintain efficiency without surrendering the essential spirit and meaning of the labor movement? The traditional attitude of the labor movement has been one of opposition to the owning class. When Sir Alfred Mond, now Lord Melchett, invited the leaders of British unionism to meet him and a distinguished group of large employers to discuss industrial cooperation, the Cook-Maxton faction in the labor movement wanted to refuse the invitation. But the invitation was accepted, and preliminary plans were made.

It is too early to judge those plans; they have not been completed, much less put into practice. But this much seems clear: Class cooperation between British unions and employers is not the same thing as is usually described by that phrase in America. The British unions cooperate with employers on the basis of collective bargaining and the union shop. It is taken for granted that workers shall choose their own form of organization, their own leaders, and function without discrimination. That basic right is not established in nine-tenths of American industry. "Cooperation" in most American industries means agreeable submission by the workers to the methods of operation advocated by the management.

The British unions, in spite of their conferences with the employers, have not surrendered their union shop or their fundamental socialist aspirations—and these aspirations put a new meaning upon any temporary compromise they may accept. The ringing militancy of Robert Smilley is gone from a miners' union which has lost 300,000 members in frontal attacks upon the British coal owners, but the spirit of British labor is not broken. With industry in a desperate plight because of the loss of overseas markets and unemployment a chronic disaster, the British workers realize the necessity of increased efficiency if their factories are to be kept running. The labor movement has both an immediate and an ultimate purpose—to gain improved conditions for workers within the business structure and to modify the distribution of power in that system, in an effort to approach industrial democracy. The unions, having sensibly rejected the doctrine of violent revolution, must of course seek to make the most of the business system in its present stage.

Until recent years the labor movement, particularly in Great Britain, has maintained a negative attitude toward work. "If the employers want to get more work out of us, let them try," labor has seemed to say. "Don't we work hard enough already?" Fear has forced efficiency in times of unemployment, but in times of a scarcity of labor the responsibility for efficiency has fallen almost entirely upon the boss. It is useless to condemn this attitude of labor unless we condemn every other feature of the industrial system which enables men to get a living without efficient work. Under a profit economy the common worker not

only has no stake in ownership as an incentive for labor, but he sees above him the accepted inefficiency of the business manipulators who deliberately limit output for the sake of profit.

But the sabotage of business manipulators does not justify labor in withholding efficiency unless the workers are aiming at a quick transformation of the business system through catastrophe. The best of our labor leaders have come to see that they will be in a better position to claim the fruits of new inventions if they openly cooperate with the advancing machine. Such unions as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers have agreed with the employers to accept improved work standards and changes in the machine process. The labor movement need not suffer from the loss of some of its pugnacious attitudes so long as its own independent organization is maintained, with the right to strike as a reserve weapon, and so long as the ultimate ideals of the labor movement are emphasized.

Unfortunately most of the leaders of the American Federation of Labor seem to have forgotten all about the ultimate ideals of the labor movement. With the accumulation of large stomachs, heavy watch-chains, and invitations to speak before the American Legion, they have abandoned organization activity in those areas of unskilled labor where their activity should be most intense. Two years ago at Detroit they sounded a trumpet call to organize the automobile workers; they have hardly made even a serious gesture in that direction. The speech of President William Green on Labor Day was the speech of a tradesman fighting for a larger share of the national income for his particular trades. It was excellent in its way but no more inspiring than a speech before the Southern Undertakers' Association appealing for better business in caskets. Until the American Federation of Labor adopts a militant policy toward the organization of unorganized workers the suspicion will be justified that its talk of cooperation with capital smacks more of surrender than of realism.

## The Consumer's View

**O**FTEN it seems as if the consumer—the man who pays for all merchandise—has nothing to say in the determination of what he buys. At least his power is only negative—and limited at that. Buying is like voting; it is not getting what one wants but accepting the least objectionable of what is offered. It was not always that way. When shops were smaller and the boss stood behind the counter, the buyer could make known his ideas, and the proprietor—who was interested in building up his trade—had an incentive to pass the suggestions on to the producer. Now the man or woman behind the counter seldom has anything to do with the buying of goods and no encouragement to communicate the consumer's wants to the person who has.

It is a comfort, therefore, to discover that, though the manufacturer and the merchant sometimes seem to have no desire to find out the wishes of the person who supports their business, there is an organization of the federal government which thinks that the consumer should at least have a chance to blow off steam. The Federal Trade Commission is making an inquiry to develop reasons for and against giving to manufacturers of trade-marked or other-



wise identifiable goods the right to make contracts with merchants obliging them to sell at a price named by the makers. For some curious reason the commission has assumed that the consumer's interests and ideas on this question are worth considering, or at least worth learning, and a questionnaire has been sent out to that end. The consumer is asked first if he favors legislation permitting manufacturers to make enforceable agreements with retailers fixing the prices to be charged for branded products. We shall be surprised if the commission receives more than a scattering of affirmative answers. The advantage of "resale price maintenance," as the technical jargon has it, is obvious on many counts, from the standpoint of the manufacturer, and its advantages are apparent for a considerable number of retailers. But it is hard to discover the benefits of the scheme for the consumer, unless the latter is a great believer in branded goods and thinks that fixed prices will increase the tendency of retailers to carry them. Certainly on general principles the merchant is better qualified to determine the price at which goods are to be sold than is the manufacturer, and it is to the interest of the consumer that the retailer should be allowed to do so. The storekeeper knows by experience at what prices articles of a certain sort move briskly or remain piled up on his shelves. He has considerable insight into the purchasing power of the community in which he does business and information in regard to the prices asked by his competitors.

"Do you, when purchasing goods, regard brands or trade-marks as guaranteeing quality?" is one question addressed to the consumer by the Federal Trade Commission. We think that, in general, the consumer does. In order not to be entirely at sea in his purchases, the buyer must have a standard by which to judge them. After a little experience with a given branded product the consumer may obtain its measure and be in a position to compare this intelligently with the price asked. Of course this depends upon a continuing uniformity in the product, and failure to maintain this has in the long run deprived many branded goods of any advantage. It sometimes happens that a manufacturer deliberately lowers the character of a product in order to "cash in" on the reputation that it has gained; or he sells his business and the new owner, either through ignorance or greed, exploits it unworthily. Then, of course, in a period of rising costs, a manufacturer is often in a dilemma when he must advance prices or reduce quality. He sometimes compromises by doing both. But it often happens that a manufacturer changes his standards for no such reasons. He changes instead because he thinks the public demands novelty and that he cannot continue to sell an article except by making frequent modifications. Generally this is a mistake. A man, for instance, after considerable experiment, finds a collar that suits him and lays in a supply. When eventually his collars have been lost or torn to threads in the laundry, he returns for more of the same style only to find them unobtainable, the manufacturer having decided to substitute another kind, or at least to change the name.

From the standpoint of the consumer the one essential argument in favor of branded goods is their uniformity, and the tendency of manufacturers to sacrifice this to novelty is one of the worst practices of the times. If there is anything which the Federal Trade Commission can do to remedy this situation it will have more meaning for the consumer than the question of "resale price maintenance."

## Blasphemy à la Mode

**D**ETERMINED to miss no opportunity of being absurd, the Boston authorities would not even consent to retire gracefully from the ridiculous position in which they placed themselves by launching a charge of blasphemy against Dr. Horace M. Kallen. Instead of placing the blame for the blunder upon the thick head of some zealous police captain where in all fairness it probably belonged, Municipal Judge Michael J. Murray preferred to seize what seemed to him an admirable opportunity for a spectacular demonstration of judicial broadmindedness and announced that the charge would not be pushed in view of the fact that Dr. Kallen's unfortunate remark ("If Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists, then Jesus Christ was an anarchist too") was merely a slip such as any man might make in a moment of excitement. Thereupon, however, Dr. Kallen replied in a letter made public in this issue of *The Nation* that he had made the reference intentionally and with premeditated purpose. Judge Murray is left with an unpleasant alternative. Either he will have to attempt to bring the blasphemer to trial or else tacitly admit that his bluff has been called and that he was attempting to take public credit for magnanimity in withholding a blow that he was, in reality, afraid to strike.

The truth of the matter is, of course, that Dr. Kallen was merely employing a well-worn formula and that anyone in Boston or elsewhere may, with perfect impunity, attribute to Jesus whatever opinions he likes provided only he does not touch some particularly sore spot like anarchy in Massachusetts or the race question in the South. Real blasphemy is generally hailed with delight by that large body of eager churchgoers which is anxious to have its obligations explained away. Nothing has been more generally responsible for the fact that Christianity has been everywhere professed and almost never practiced than the ease with which the Master's name may be invoked to support anything from human slavery to wholesale murder. From the beginning it is chiefly from His friends that He has needed to be protected and always by the hypocritical kiss of a disciple that He has been betrayed.

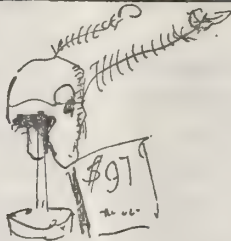
Month by month the "Americana" department of Mr. Mencken's *Mercury* has recorded theological discoveries announced before various bodies. Jesus was the first Rotarian, the first realtor, and the first Kluge of the Ku Klux Klan; He was the best of all business men and the most irresistible of high-pressure salesmen. If He were alive today He would vote for prohibition and against it, favor child labor and oppose it, send the alien back where he came from, and join the Loyal Order of Moose. He has been patronized by embezzlers, slapped on the back by Babbitts, and manhandled by evangelists. One widely sold "biography" was written by a noisy Italian who discovered Jesus as the last of a series of sensational subjects, and another by a successful advertising man who attributed so many of his own opinions to Jesus that he appeared to be writing an autobiography. Yet on none of these previous occasions does the law seem to have been offended. But should the Department of Justice at last decide to set up an ecclesiastical court the results might be very interesting to the philosophical spectator. If Dr. Kallen is a blasphemer, how about Bruce Barton?



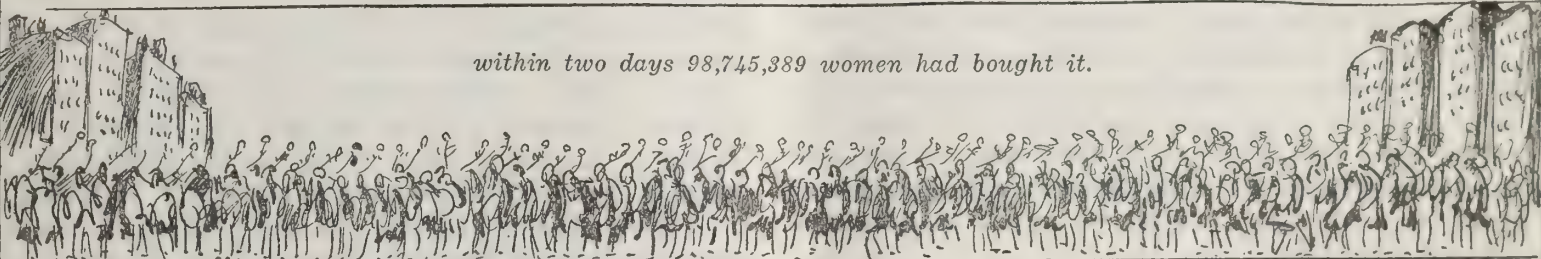
Since exclusiveness is what our public wants, a firm invented a new "exclusive" radiator-cap which was so exclusive that



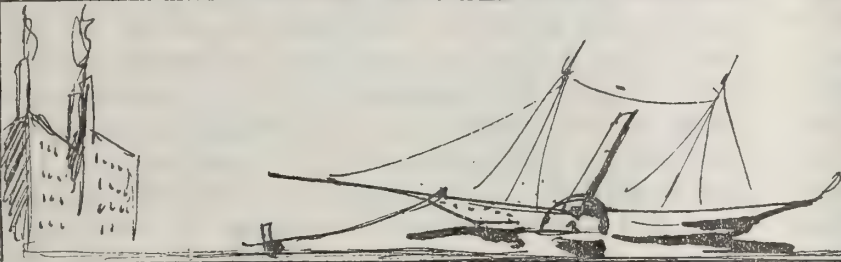
within three days 4,798,529 cars had bought it.



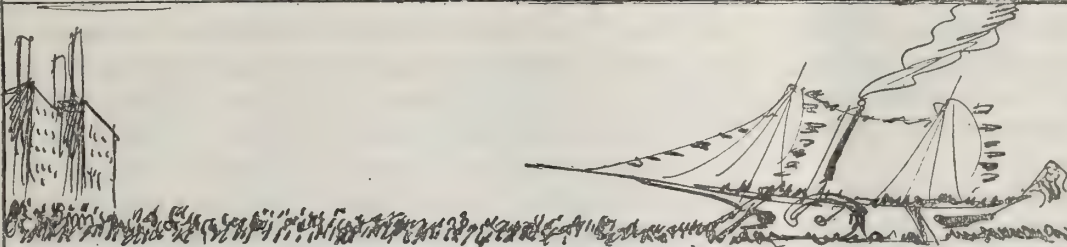
Next they marketed the "exclusive" antennae-hat for "exclusive" women and



within two days 98,745,389 women had bought it.

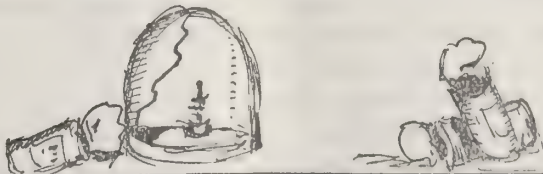


Next they bought a yacht which had belonged to Prince Fritz of Anhalt-Meiningen-Eselsbrücke. They turned it into an "exclusive" touring-vessel and



it sailed with 15,367 passengers on board.

Encouraged by their success they bought at great expense a single grain of an exceedingly "exclusive" truth, and spent eight billion dollars advertising it to the public.



And behold, after five years it had attracted the attention of three tin cans, one of which had severely cracked the glass covering.

Produced by the author. Munich 1928



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

**D**RAMATIC reviewers in New York are too much inclined to stand with the devils, not the angels. Specifically, I am alienated from the members of the craft by their tendency to cry "unclean" whenever language in a play grows rough and ribald. A comedy does not of necessity become good merely because its author lays about him with a free hand among words which generally are forbidden. But I have seen even cheap and tawdry shows which seemed to me a little useful in smashing down taboos and inhibitions. Even the rattiest of burlesque troupes may have had some tiny share in making possible a "What Price Glory."

The present tumult in the town has been occasioned by "The Front Page." No one, to the best of my knowledge, has contended that this is a great play, although it can easily be argued that it is a show most skilful in construction and production. There is a disposition to say that Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur have had recourse to strong language merely in the hope of attracting that public which pays its money to be shocked. But such a service is not to be lightly dismissed as something of no consequence. Still less am I willing to admit that the author who shocks his hearers has done an evil thing. If every man, woman, and child in the community could be shocked with some degree of regularity each year I think we would soon have a sweeter and saner community.

Naturally I am not insisting that all words are created free and equal. An author or an auditor has a right to pick his favorites out of the vocabulary. He may and undoubtedly will keep certain prejudices. To any given individual a word may seem horrible either because of its sound or its connotation. I think that latter element is the more influential. Occasionally liberals have tried to excuse themselves for feeling a horror in the presence of certain blunt expressions on the ground that it was not the meaning but the mere vibration of the word which caused them anguish. In such cases I am generally doubtful of the rationalization. Something emotional and possibly unconscious lies behind the clash.

By now we hear much less than in the past about the downright immorality of any set of letters. Many will agree that it is silly to bring any sort of criminal indictment against vowels and consonants, however combined. Instead of Mrs. Grundy another arbiter has been appointed. This time it is a man and he is called Good Taste. I like him little better than the old lady. There is always room for argument about morals, but at that the principles of "right living" are more readily formulated than are the canons of Good Taste.

In "The Front Page," for instance, when the managing editor rips out an oath I may be pleased because an inner voice says to me "How like a managing editor!" Across the aisle another blanches and even as he pales insists that right or wrong has nothing to do with his objection. It's all a matter of good taste. In fiction and the theater I believe the truth to be in all cases sufficient justification. If reporters in real life blaspheme and use to great extent vulgar expressions then I think it is entirely proper that this same color should be in their conversation in a play.

I will be told that a skilful author can create the effect of violent expression and never once use any word to worry the most fastidious. This I doubt. It was not the way of William Shakespeare. When it was time for Falstaff to grow bawdy the bard equipped him with the necessary words and phrases. Shakespeare made no attempt to suggest ribaldry by setting nice words to dancing in a ballet. At the drug counter and the footlights the thing suggested as something just as good really is not.

Well do I remember the terrific disappointment which assailed me in hearing for the first time "The Hairy Ape." Eugene O'Neill was a leader of daring dramatists and he had gone down to the sea in ships and into the bowels of the vessels. Thus when there was bickering among the begrimed I sat back and tuned my ears for language. The great hulking brute around whom the play was written squared off to loose upon a fellow-worker a torrent of abusive epithets. He began mildly enough, but there was still the promise that the climax might be terrific. However, the entire tirade ended with one stoker calling the other a "louse" or something equally feeble in the cosmic scheme of cursing. For me the play was finished from that moment. I knew it then merely as the adventuring of a literary fellow who had decided on a little slumming.

Many will argue with me that I demand too much. Any literal transcription of the actual talk of stokers would be far beyond what is permitted even in this day during which the frontiers are being pretty constantly pushed forward. I am willing to admit that in such a scene actuality would be too terrible for a vast majority of people in any audience. I will not swagger forth and say that I might not be shocked myself. There is no intention here to suggest that this commentator has risen well above all inhibitions. In cases where listeners are too gravely shocked the effect upon their dramatic attention is decidedly harmful. Some single word may leap out and distort the general scheme of the performance. In Utopia things will not be like this. No bones in that fair land will ever be broken except by sticks and stones. Bad words will never hurt you if you know them with some degree of intimacy.

Since the stoker is as yet a man too articulate to be freely admitted into a cast of characters, I would be for keeping him out until we all have grown in wisdom. However, this limitation may prove too much to be accepted. For instance, O'Neill must watch for breakers on ahead if he purposes to do more plays in the manner of "Strange Interlude." Such thoughts of man as lie a bit below the surface are not always scoured in a way to make them readily suitable for public presentation. If O'Neill intends to go on in his traffic with the subconscious he must steel himself to follow part-way in the steps of Joyce or make the frank admission that the drama is but a feeble and a frightened echo of the novel.

"The Front Page" would remain an excellent entertainment if every doubtful word were scratched out of its script. It would not be as good a play and if any such revision takes place I certainly will be among the resenters. There is no such thing as a bad word. Language was created by man and in his own language.

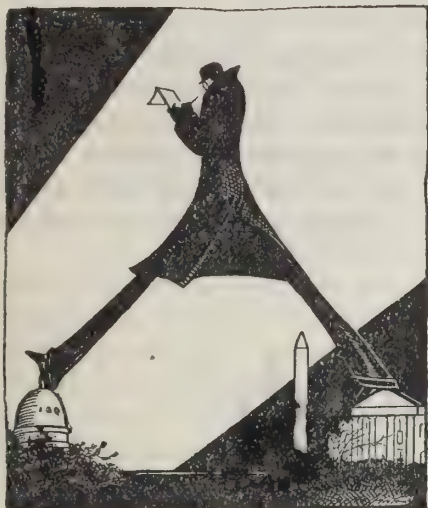
HEYWOOD BROUN



# The Hoover Whispering Campaign

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,  
September 10



**T**HE Republican Presidential campaign is a dual-personality spectacle. It is a Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde drama.

Hoover, aloof and austere, devotes himself to smug generalities, evasions, intangible assurances. He says nothing and promises nothing. He is the Herbert Hoover who, a few months ago, was con-

sidered too good to have a chance at the Presidency; he is also the Herbert Hoover who fooled the politicians, the Slempts, the Rush Hollands, the Crockers, the Vares, and the Mellons, and won out in spite of them.

The Republican candidate has made it clear that he personally is going to take it easy during the campaign. Four or five speeches at the most during the six weeks preceding his departure for his home in California to vote, with perhaps one other address on the way out. That will be the extent of his contribution. In these talks he will "discuss" labor, tariff, international peace, prosperity, opportunity, and American moral and spiritual idealism, as developed and fostered by the Republican Party. Of water-power, corruption, imperialism, labor distress in the mining and milling industries, even prohibition, the Republican candidate will say nothing.

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**T**HE reason is simple. Hoover's campaign strategy requires that he do nothing, say nothing, which might in any way distract attention from the real Republican campaign—the under-cover attack on Governor Smith. Even if he wanted to speak out—which he does not, for one of the most outstanding characteristics of the man is his inherent reluctance and wariness about avowing himself, his rabid adherents notwithstanding to the contrary—the Republican nominee would be chary about saying anything important because to do so might divert attention from the "sh-h-h" campaign which has been started. It is Hoover's mission to give front and presence to the Republican race. The well-trained machine and long-experienced hordes behind him will take care of the blanketing mantle of "sh-h-h" tales, horrors, superstitions, defamations, suspicions that is being spread against Governor Smith.

Dr. Work wasn't talking ignorantly when shortly after his appointment he declared that as far as the Republicans were concerned prohibition and farm relief would not be issues. He was just telling a fact which saner politicians preferred to conceal. The Republican press and leaders therefore demanded of Hoover that he gag Work. And Work was bluntly told to keep his mouth shut. The

politicians were afraid that Senator George Moses's observation about the Republican National Chairman might become too true: "At last we have found the man who can stop Hoover." It was only one step beyond Dr. Work's admission to the revelation that the Republicans proposed making their campaign not on issues at all but on two prejudices—those against Catholicism and against Tammany Hall. And Dr. Work's vague denial that personal attacks had been made with the sanction or authority or knowledge of the Republican National Committee does not change the fact.

\* \* \* \* \*

**E**VERYWHERE, North, East, South, West, the Republican attack upon the Democratic candidate is based on his Catholic faith and his Tammany affiliation. Colonel John Q. Tilson, the lumbering majority floor-leader of the House, accompanying Hoover on his journey across the Continent for his notification ceremony, spoke only of these two matters. Newspaper correspondents who were on the trip report that Tilson would circulate among the meager crowds that greeted the candidate and inquire as to what the issues of the campaign appeared to be in the particular locality.

"Seems to me Tammany Hall and other [significant emphasis on "other"] questions ought to be of great importance in this campaign, don't you think?" he would ask.

In his talk with the newsmen, they say, he constantly stressed these two items. Farm relief, water-power, imperialism, prohibition were nothing in the Colonel's life. Tammany Hall and "other" questions were his obsessions.

And he was not alone in this propaganda. Every Republican leader across the country, coming and going, was reported singing the same refrain. Out loud they yelled Tammany Hall; under their breaths they whispered about the Pope and Romanism. At West Branch, Iowa, where there was an afternoon's program of political oratory, every speaker—among them Senator Smith W. Brookhart, Governor Hammill, Senator Capper, Representatives Dickinson and Will Wood—devoted himself to a bitter attack upon Tammany Hall.

"Tammany Hall was founded by a traitor who deserted the Revolutionary Army for the British," Wood, chairman of the Congressional campaign committee, shouted. "The devil don't change. It's the same organization today that it was when this traitor founded it."

Questioned by the reporters as to who the "traitor" was, Wood said he could not recall his name, but that it was contained in a recently published history of Tammany.

The next night at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where a political rally was held that presented the inspiring spectacle of the now regular Senator Brookhart, as the presiding officer, introducing as the main attraction the redoubtable "Jim" Watson of Indiana, who some two years ago was the floor-leader of the successful fight to deprive Brookhart of his seat in the Senate, the same performance was repeated.

In confidential conversations with Republican campaigners and managers it is frankly admitted that the Catholic and Tammany Hall factors are counted upon to put



over the Hoover-Curtis ticket, particularly in the West. Arthur Evans of the *Chicago Tribune*, in a series of articles outlining the political situation in the corn-belt and wheat States, declared bluntly that it was the Catholic and Tammany Hall accusations, plus innuendo about drinking and other matters which are being industriously disseminated by the Drys, that would keep these States in the Republican column, with the possible exception of Wisconsin.

The William Allen White attacks upon Governor Smith as a friend of prostitution, although officially disavowed, are being circulated by the hundreds of thousands. "Tammany Hall and Womanhood" is the title of a particularly violent pamphlet issued in Hoover's home State, bearing upon its cover a quotation from William Allen White. The *New Menace*, the *Fellowship Forum*, the *Nation's Voice*,

and other scurrilous panderers to race and religious prejudice, attributing nine-tenths of all crime to Catholics, charging Catholicism with every kind of private debauchery and public crime, citing the forged "Knights of Columbus oath," asserting that Catholic countries export assassins as other countries export merchandise, circulate by the million. Hoover and the Republican high command do not themselves distribute this poison, but they count upon it to win.

So it is no wonder that Hoover has nothing to say and will say nothing. To talk out might focus attention on such matters as water-power, imperialism, labor injunctions, and as to where he does stand on the prohibition question. And then what would become of the "sh-h-h" attack with which the Republican management confidently expects to strangle the opposition?

## Jugoslavia at the Cross-Roads

By G. E. R. GEDYE

### I

*Zagreb, August 23*

POLITICAL indigestion is common to the inheritors of the plums of the Hapsburg Monarchy—Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Poland, and Jugoslavia. In a general sense only, the present grave situation in the last country is due to the same trouble as that which the others have experienced—mature plums consumed in large quantities too rapidly for immature digestions. In Czechoslovakia, however, the plum of Slovakia was less mature than the Czech nation which absorbed it, and it is therefore not surprising that the Czechs have been the first to approach complete digestion. The particular violence of the attacks directed by foreign propagandists against Czechoslovakia have proved of great value to that state. The older civilization of Prague has been forced to recognize the danger of leaving more primitive Slovakia, with a number of grievances, a prey to the agents of those who desired only the disruption of the state, and the remedies for which the other states are crying aloud—decentralization and autonomy—have been so generously applied, especially during the past month, that Slovak grievances today are practically non-existent.

### II

It is hardly necessary to say that there is no foundation for rumors optimistically floated in Budapest to the effect that the Croatian leaders are consumed with longing to set again on the Croat people the kindly yoke of Hungary from which that people struggled so long and so painfully to free itself. Hungary's attitude toward Central European difficulties, though officially correct, is privately too often that of a fisher in troubled waters, and no serious observer could make the mistake of thinking that any of the participants in the various family quarrels of the Slav states, and of Rumania, would welcome or even tolerate Magyar assistance. It can be said with equal certainty that none of the leaders of the Croat "revolt" against Belgrade dreams of cutting adrift from Serbia. A glance at the map will reveal one all-sufficient reason: an independent Croatia would lie helpless and defenseless between Italy and Hungary.

Here is the Croat case. From 1102, when, on the extinction of the Croat dynasty, Croatia entered into a "personal union" with Hungary, the Magyar rulers became *ipso facto* kings of Croatia. Croat autonomy has ever been zealously defended and, on paper at least, maintained. It is admitted that before the war Hungarian encroachments had deprived it of most of its real value and that in practice Croatia was treated as a subject province by Budapest. It was particularly the "class-vote" system of Hungary which put patriotic Croats in a permanent and ineffective minority in the Sabor (the Croat Diet). Nevertheless, that Diet existed till the creation of the Yugoslav state, and with it four independent ministries (Interior, Justice, Education, and Trade), three of which were reestablished by the Croatian-Hungarian "Compromise" of 1868. Fifty-four per cent of the revenues of Croatia were at the disposal of the Sabor and the country had its own schools and law courts.

The contention of Belgrade that the Croats are a thankless people to start complaining despite the debt of gratitude which they owe to Serbia for her release of them from Hungarian domination in 1918 is hotly resented in Zagreb. From the beginning of the nineteenth century, say the Croats, a movement had been afoot among the Southern Slavs for national unity, such as first Germany and then Italy succeeded in bringing about. When, under the hammer-blows of greater Powers than Serbia, it became apparent during the war that the final collapse of the tottering Hapsburg Monarchy could only be a matter of weeks, the Croat Diet, on October 29, 1918, broke off all relations with Austria-Hungary and proclaimed the formation of a new independent State of the Slovenes, Croats, and Serbs, who till then had been subjects of the Hapsburgs. At this time the territory of the Kingdom of Serbia was still in part occupied by Austro-Hungarian and German troops, so that, it is claimed, for the Serbs to talk of a "deliverance" of Croatia by Serbia is absurd.

The Croatian Diet elected a committee which, on December 1, 1918, decided to unite with the Kingdom of Serbia to form the new state of Jugoslavia, accepting the Karageorgevich Dynasty as the ruler of the new kingdom. Right from the start Stephen Radich, who had led



the peasantry under the Hapsburgs and had suffered for it, was opposed to the form which the new state promised to take. When the constitution was adopted in 1921, Radich and his Peasant Party abstained from voting on the constitution bill. For his republican propaganda he suffered long terms of imprisonment, but it is admitted that later on he changed his views and became an enthusiast for King Alexander. In March, 1925, Paul Radich (who was one of those Croats who were murdered in the Skupshtina on June 20, last) accepted the constitution in the name of his uncle, who was shortly afterward released from prison. The latter, in fact, endeavored to make the best of what he had from the start declared to be a bad job.

Joint leader with him in the Peasant-Democratic coalition which has for so long been fighting Belgrade Centralism was, at the time of the shooting, his old enemy Svetozar Pribichevich. Pribichevich is the leader of the Serbs of Croatia (ex-Hapsburg subjects) and was for a long time a Centralist, making common cause with his coreligionists, the Serbs of the Old Kingdom. Today he is the outstanding personality—since the death of Stephen Radich—in the triumvirate leadership of the “revolt” against Belgrade. Thus one aspect of the general problem is that in the historic Kingdom of Croatia both the Roman Catholic Croats and the Orthodox Serbs, speaking the same language but using the Cyrillic instead of the Latin alphabet, are demanding from the Orthodox Serbs of Old Serbia that home rule—autonomy—which against the better judgment of the leaders of the Croat peasantry they surrendered in accepting the constitution of 1921.

### III

But, just as in Rumania M. Maniu, primarily leader of the Transylvanian peasants, has succeeded in uniting behind him the peasantry of all the new Rumanian provinces in opposition to the Old Kingdom of Rumania, so the Peasant-Democratic coalition in Yugoslavia, in its struggle against the Centralist regime in Belgrade, claims to have the support of the peasantry of all the new provinces of Yugoslavia which were formerly subject to the Hapsburgs or independent (Montenegro) states. Radich's dream was always of a peasant federation of the Balkan Slavs (including the Bulgarians); in this he never wavered, though he once desired the “Balkan Federation” to take the form of a republic, and, later, that of a monarchy. It is for the achievement of this federal ideal—for the present, of course, without Bulgaria—that the Peasant-Democratic coalition which left the Skupshtina after the events of June 20 is now striving.

Though its members seem at present unwilling to be precise in their demands, they declare in general for the widest measures of autonomy for each of the new provinces—Croatia, Bosnia, Montenegro, and the others. The peasantry of the new provinces generally support the coalition; the Slovenes, at all events as far as their parliamentary representatives are concerned, form an exception, though the Slovene Peasant Party is coalitionist. The powerful party of the Clericals, the Slovene People's Party, however, is with Belgrade, the present Prime Minister of Yugoslavia, Father Korosech, being himself a Slovene priest.

The grievances of the Peasant-Democratic coalition are primarily financial. Four-fifths of the revenues of the

country come from the new provinces, yet they have the expenditure of only one-quarter. Then there is the sore point of employment under the Government. The civil service, they complain, is used simply to reward supporters of the Serbian Government. It is true that the upper ranks of the army and of the diplomatic service are purely Serbian (there is but one Croat general, and there are very few Croat officers of the rank of major and above). The administration is declared to be shockingly corrupt.

“Belgrade,” one prominent partisan in Zagreb put it to me, “is the only city in the world which is being built by government servants. In other countries it is the captains of industry and commerce who accumulate wealth and put up fine houses; Belgrade is being built by the bureaucracy on baksheesh.”

I would make it clear that in setting forth these charges I am not myself bringing them, but merely trying to indicate the state of mind in Croatia. Like the Rumanians of the new provinces, the Croats are in revolt against what they call “Orientalism,” baksheesh, the heritage of the Turk. They insist that centuries of association with the West have left them free from this taint. They declare that the present intimate association between themselves and the Serbs of the Old Kingdom must come to an end: “East is East and West is West, and though the twain may meet in a central parliament and a common dynasty, they must have separate administrations and separate local parliaments.” They complain of the low value set on human life in Serbia. By way of example, they quoted to me the fact that during the past ten years twenty-seven parish priests have for one reason or another been murdered by their parishioners in Serbia.

“The Serbs may be quite right,” a Croat said, “in their contempt for human life, which, one may fairly say, decreases in value as one goes East from Susak (Trieste) and, starting at ten dinar (sixteen cents), would be worth half a dinar at the Bulgarian frontier and nothing at all on the other side of it. It is certainly not mere cruelty, for the taker of human life sets no value whatever on his own. He takes life perfectly casually, yet in accordance with very strict codes of his own. Within his own house, you may insult him from dawn until sunset without provoking him; he will merely let the daylight into you as you step outside the door. We do not attack the code or its exponents; it makes for virility. But we have been Westernized, civilized, and are consequently softer. The Serbs are our blood-brothers, but they have been brought up by such different foster-parents that although we intend to continue always to share our common house with them, for the present at least we must insist on separate bedrooms.”

The Zagreb dissidents number 87 members of Parliament who refuse to return to the Skupshtina “until it has been purged of the blood of June 20.” They consist of 22 Independent Democrats (Pribichevists)—4 Slovenes, 6 Croats, and 12 Serbs—and 63 members of the Peasant Party (Radichists). In Belgrade the Government consists of 110 Radicals, 21 Slovene Clericals, 61 Democrats, and 18 Bosnian Moslems. There is a small opposition (9 Agrarians, 1 Socialist, and 6 German Minority members) which remained in the Chamber after the secession of the Peasant-Democratic coalition.

Of the leaders Pribichevich is the most striking figure—he looks thirty, though he is far more, but he has all the fire and energy of that age. In Zagreb his bodyguard of



three goes everywhere with him lest he share the fate of Radich, and nobody believes that even this precaution would avail him in Belgrade. The leadership of the coalition must nominally at least remain in the hands of a Croat, and Pribichevich is a Croatian Serb. He denied to me that he had any intention of trying to secure anything more than the joint leadership which was his when Radich was alive. Dr. Vlado Matshek, Radich's successor at the head of the Croat Peasant Party and Pribichevich's co-leader, has not the personality of his predecessor or of his present colleague, but he is not likely for that reason to act as a check on the temperamental Pribichevich; on the contrary, competition may develop as to who can be most extreme. Dr. Trumbich, the Federalist leader, is an older man, and the most doctrinaire of the triumvirate, but even he has no moderating influence partly because he is not one of the two "co-presidents" of the coalition.

#### IV

What does Belgrade propose to do in face of this perilous situation? At the moment of writing, nothing. It is inclined to follow the tactics of the Liberals of Rumania, which have left that country in such a parlous state, and act as though the political strike of what is admittedly two-fifths, and probably a good deal more than three-fifths of the nation were of no consequence. The cynical view taken in Belgrade is that the Croat secession is largely an affair of disappointed personal ambition, and that sooner or later it will be a simple matter to buy off one group or another—if personal jealousy and differences between Croats and Croatian Serbs do not lead to an early break-up of the new front—with an offer of ministerial portfolios. Personal politics do and always will play a particularly prominent role in the Balkans, but I believe that the Belgrade view is very wide of the truth. The important factor is that the Croat *peasantry* has been stirred to the core by the death of Radich, its uncrowned

king. "The peasants really care little for politics, so long as the crops are good—and they are quite sound this year," they say in Belgrade. It is true, but Radich was not politics. He was a religion, and has already become a great legendary figure, canonized by the most fanatically devout element in any country—the imagination of the peasantry.

The policy of waiting for internal dissensions to split the ranks of the Peasant-Democratic coalition which Belgrade professes to be adopting is fraught with grave dangers. At any moment the leaders in Zagreb may be forced by an impatient following to recommend a general refusal to pay taxes—advice which, if widely accepted, would certainly cripple the finances of the country, but, what is more serious, would force the Belgrade Government to arrest the Croat leaders. The consequences of such a step cannot be foreseen. To reply to the demand of the Croats for a revision of the constitution as Belgrade does, "Let the malcontent members first return to the Skupshtina and persuade enough of its members of the necessity of such a course to obtain the three-fifths majority required under Article 12 of the constitution, and the thing will be done," is to trifle with a grave situation.

Exceptional cases demand exceptional measures, and the assassination of three members of Parliament on the floor of the House by a political opponent is exceptional even in the Balkans. On a great and contented Yugoslavia all hopes of Balkan peace rest. The country has on paper a sound democratic constitution and, in fact, a healthy population with admirable, if in some parts primitive, qualities. But there is need to go right back to 1918 and make a fresh start on a basis of local autonomy. Decentralization is the key to real unity in all the "new" states—a unity built up from below, not imposed from above. Czechoslovakia has realized this, and is prospering and progressing in consequence. Rumania declines to see it and is consequently paralyzed by dissension. Yugoslavia is now at the cross-roads, about to make her choice.

## Mexican Messiahs

By ANITA BRENNER

#### I

THERE is a prophecy now current in Mexico which is said to be very old: "The ancient people shall have their ancient rights . . . when the chief temple of the Aztecs, bearing upon it the sun, appears in the principal plaza of the city of Tenochtitlan." In August, 1926, during the course of restoration and repair of the National Palace, in the main plaza of Mexico City, once Tenochtitlan, a monolith was brought to light. It is a reproduction of the chief temple of the Aztecs, with the sign symbolic of the sun carved on its surface. This is a curious piece of lore for 1926, but Mexico is a peculiar place. Prophecies and messiahs are still a habit of the country.

Frequently in ancient times the gods took the form of a savior, though they might be embodied simultaneously in mountains, rivers, trees, rain, animals, and certain men. The perennially youthful Tezcatlipoca yearly was honored in the living body of a young man, who at the end of this time died in order to nourish the sun, which could thereby live and make the next year's crops spring up again. Thus

the Mexican messiah traditionally is an embodiment of deity; like the gods, he has various names and forms. But always it is the same messiah. He takes upon himself the people's burden; always he must die, and always he returns.

In Mexican mood the messiah is accompanied by disaster: an earthquake, a conquest, a revolution; death and pain. Therefore all the prophecies which promise restoration are complemented by announcements of catastrophe. The Aztecs believed that the white and bearded god Quetzalcoatl would come back bringing peace and happy days. At the same time that his return was foretold, the Emperor Moctezuma was warned that the end of his own reign was near. Earthquakes, signs in the heavens, omens of animals, and other communications to the court previous to the arrival of the Spaniards were so well timed, it is said, that when Cortés, white and bearded, arrived, apparently materializing the mythical and really un-Aztec form of Quetzalcoatl, Moctezuma's messengers were waiting to receive him. The brother of the emperor, sensing disaster, advised him: "Don't let into your house him who



may turn you out of it"; but Moctezuma himself, certain that this was inevitable, received Cortés with courtesy though with dread; accepting his personal misfortune for the sake of the other half of the prophecy.

In Mexico there is still a good deal of faith in prophecies, perhaps because so many of them have come true. They circulate among the otherwise inarticulate, by word of mouth, in ballads, hymns, penny broadsides, by gesture almost. One hardly knows how, but the feeling is there. Sooner or later the mountains and the skies produce corroboration, and there may be some special disaster to mark more definitely the time for the appearance of a messiah. Frequently since Moctezuma the rulers have been warned beforehand of their death; frequently peasants have appeared who "walk about in the fields attending to the crops and other matters of the people's welfare," according to native account; frequently it is repeated that "the old gods sleep in the mountains; but some day they will awake, and shake, and then the people will no longer carry burdens on their backs." It is always the same prophecy, always the same messiah, always the same mood. A Mexican epigram puts it: "When all goes badly, all goes well."

## II

In the years when the revolution of 1910 was brewing, and just before the pot boiled over, although the government did not know it, the people spoke among themselves of what was soon to come. I remember being held up above a mob to watch the great glare of a comet in the sky, and the old woman who held me said: "It means war, death, misery, hunger, and disease." Soon after that it rained ashes for a night and a day from a distant erupting volcano. The people said: "After this it will rain blood."

When Madero, political head of the turmoil that followed, rode triumphant into the capital, he was greeted by a wildly enthusiastic mob, black on the roofs and jammed in the windows. But that same day an earthquake in the city split a big building in half. It was said, and Madero knew it, that he was soon to die. Recently when Obregon, also a successful candidate, arrived in the capital, a large and cheering crowd awaited him. Likewise he was greeted by a shake, the biggest since Madero, of the "big brothers" who usually sleep so quietly, their peaked hats down over their eyes. People now say that, except for the date and the manner, his death was known in advance.

Indeed, it was sung in advance, for the ballads that sing of a hero, dead or alive, always mention his sad end. Those that speak of a messiah always include his return. These songs are numerous and are always appropriate though the messiah may be dead. Here is a fragment of a ballad sung originally about Zapata, who, with his brutal, passionate peasant troop clamoring for its ancient lands, was in the vanguard of the struggle that began in 1910:

Zapata fought for Madero, and helped his plans to succeed  
So that then little by little they could fulfil his ideas.  
They won a great victory, after they had fought a while,  
And all of the troops then marched into the capital. . . .

Precisely then, however, Zapata said to Madero: "Take care you do not betray me; for if you do, you shall die." The ballad continues:

Time passed and Zapata waited for the promise that was made.

Of promise and promised lands no longer a word was said.

Waiting for what never happened, seeing the last hope fail,  
Zapata rose up in arms at the Hill of the Nightingale.  
If Madero has forgotten and has furled the glorious banner  
Though my life be the price of it I'll make good my Plan  
de Ayala.

These were the words of Zapata: Lands and liberty for all!  
And through the state of Morelos many men came to his call.

Said Zapata: "I must burn and destroy, so that they will know we are here and to be reckoned with; otherwise they will give us nothing but words. Therefore while I live I shall cause much pain, and I shall be persecuted; but I shall die, and then they will do me honor." He proved a true prophet. The ballad goes on:

The hero and spartan Zapata was the victim of much slander

And many people have judged him as a man without a standard. . . .

If I molested my hearers while I was singing this song  
Let me beg to be forgiven as I intended no wrong;  
My only wish is to crown with narcissus and sweet laurel  
The great Emiliano Zapata, loved by the poor and humble.

He was killed just before Obregon became President for his first term after Carranza. The troubadours sang, as they have been singing ever since:

But his soul has not forgotten  
His ideal of liberty,  
His ghost is forever haunting  
All the fields until they're free.

Some say that he is not dead at all, but lives in a volcano; that he will return and will not rest "until the ancient people shall have their ancient rights."

## III

In the meantime a messiah, embodiment of the gods, has again appeared. About the time Obregon began his last campaign there came out of the mountains of the north an Indian who takes upon himself another national burden. He is a healer known only by his assumed name, Fidencio Constantino, called Niño. A city has grown up in the desert around him on the estate of a German who is said to have been the first to benefit by Fidencio's powers. It is a city of beggars—for sight, for speech, for movement, for life. It is called the Place of Pain.

The constantly changing inhabitants of this famous place (lepers, paralytics, consumptives, the blind, the lame, the mad) are estimated by the thousand. First came the poorest; later, special trains brought failing landed gentlemen and pious ladies; and finally, so goes the story, lawyers, doctors, generals, the President, and priests. The richest live in shacks in a special residential section, the prosperous in tents, the poorest under the sky. Fidencio lives in a hut to which come, in rigid turn, rich and poor alike. He has, say all reports, "refused large sums for preference; to him, all these people are merely sick human beings who have need of health at his hands."

Fidencio is described by a newspaper reporter as "a youth of about thirty, of simple aspect, medium height, dark-skinned. . . . Wears an ordinary pair of trousers, a sweater or workman's jacket, and a cap. . . . His face, with high cheek-bones and full lips, has an unmistakably Indian expression. His dark eyes have a certain taciturn shadow . . . but grow alive when he faces the multitude which worships him."

Anonymous accounts say Fidencio is "clairvoyant,"



and "even knows when the hopeless cases will die," and tells them so. According to both the doctor and the priest, he "possesses a remarkable gift of diagnosis. By feeling the pulse, or the spinal column, or sometimes by simply looking at the patient, he finds the causes of the disease. Fidencio's surgical outfit "consists of a pair of automobile pliers for extracting teeth, and some pieces of glass which he uses as scalpels. . . . It is extraordinary that though he may scrape to the bone without anaesthetic, the patients feel no pain, and there is no hemorrhage. . . . He takes not the least aseptic precaution, but the wounds heal and scar well."

His most famous method is a swing, in which he places most cases of paralysis, blindness, "hysteria," and lunacy. He sways the sufferer gently, croons, murmurs, massages, then suddenly "with a quick, brusque movement, or an unexpected pull of the arms and legs, peremptorily demands: 'You will get well, go on, walk; you are better now. See?'" A certain *cargador*, or pack-carrier, who had been stricken with paralysis, was cured thus: "One day, while out in the road, Fidencio came upon him suddenly, and said: 'I am tired. Carry me.' Before he knew it, the man had taken the Niño upon his shoulders and walked into the town."

The favorite cure, however, is a brew kept boiling in a great container filled constantly by a flowing stream. Here are thrown the gifts brought to the Niño—fruit, flowers, chocolates, all kinds of herbs. His helpers, people cured by him, distribute this medicine to the crowd, "many of whom, by its means only, are made well . . . others simply by touching or partaking of the fruit, eggs, water,

flowers, which Fidencio gives out to the people, to quiet them while they wait their turn. . . ." Says Fidencio, "I asked God for power to alleviate pain and cure the sick by means of a medicine at hand, and therefore I am as well served by an orange, an apple, or a salve, for any ill; because each is a medicine given by God."

The successes of the Niño Milagroso—the Miraculous Child—are ascribed to suggestion, hypnotism, and "magnetism" by the newspaper reporters, the lawyers, the doctor, and the priest. Some of the troubadours say that it is due to the songs he sings. His special song is about and to a "Blue Lily of the Mountain," and is considered a magic chant. It is a song of love and can, they say, make death easier, and quiet any pain.

But many of the humble folk say that he heals because of the Place of Pain itself. It is feared that if he leaves it, he will lose his power, and therefore they come to him. The tree under which he wept and prayed "is said by many to be the source, and is worshiped . . . as miraculous . . . by the humble people. Even ladies of some position kneel before its ancient trunk, upon which have been hung silver ex-votos. . . . Night and day, torches and candles brought by the faithful burn around it. . . ."

Again a messiah has coincided with national distress; again he has taken upon himself a national task; and again he and the people assume that he must die. For on one point only do all who have any concern with Fidencio agree, and that is that he has not long to live. Some say weeks, some say months. Fidencio says two years.

## Back from Carcassonne

By MALVINA LINDSAY

THE American populace, which has been in a state of flux the last few months, is jelling down for the winter. The vacationists have returned. Darkened houses have been flung open to the sunlight, accumulations of newspapers and milk bottles have disappeared from front yards and back porches, and family cats once more are eating out of their home platters.

Every Pullman has been jammed with tourists; every highway dotted black with motor cars. Even on foot the hikers in knickerbockers have struggled back under the weight of knapsacks laden with souvenirs. There was nobody who did not have a vacation, from the wash-woman who went out to the Salvation Army camp to the overworked capitalist who ran up to the North woods for a couple of days' hunting and fishing.

In this country the idea of vacation is synonymous with movement, with travel. Perhaps the inheritance of a nomadic instinct from ancestors who explored the wilderness, who adventured in a new land, is responsible. Perhaps the restless energy of a people seeking an escape from themselves has brought this about. "Anything to get away for awhile" is the universal expression of those who count the days until vacation time arrives.

The development of cheap motor cars has quickened the vacation impulse. It has made the grandeur of the Rockies, the bustle of Chicago, the roar of the Atlantic and the Pacific realities to every citizen who can afford the price of a few hundred gallons of gasoline and the depreciation

loss on a Ford. Railroad excursions also have given impetus to vacation movement. There is not a stenographer or upper-grade saleswoman, not a clothing-store clerk or gas-company bookkeeper who did not have a week at a "resort" or a ride on the boat from Chicago to Buffalo or who did not go with a lodge convention to Los Angeles or Atlantic City. There is no bridge addict who, worn out with the winter's labors, did not seek relaxation in the circle tour of the Northwest or take the southern route to California via the Grand Canyon or spend a couple of weeks viewing the Woolworth Building and Coney Island.

Optimistic sociologists might see in this travel mania many hopeful signs. It might betoken the germination of a universal brotherhood, a parliament of nations, a federation of mankind. It might mean the passing of provincialism and the dawn of a Utopian era of tolerance. Above all, it might constitute a stimulus to civilization by quickening the mind and spirit of the individual.

But does it? Let us listen briefly to some of these returning travelers in their Pullman sections, in their Fords, or even on the hotel verandas in the towns where they have stopped for gasoline and baths. Let us see what they have brought back from their journeyings to Carcassonne.

Brown and his wife have just "done" California. So have Jones and Mrs. Jones. Bored with the desert scenery, they scrape up acquaintanceship over a Pullman card game.

"Well, it's a great country if you've got plenty of money," volunteers Jones.



"Yes," Brown agrees. "You couldn't give me Frisco though. Now Los is a good town."

"Still, they got some mighty fine hotels in Frisco," says Jones. "What was that big one there, oh, the one where Fatty Arbuckle got in that mix-up?"

"The St. Francis," supplies Brown. "Speaking of hotels now . . ."

"I think the Broadmour at Colorado Springs is nice," Mrs. Brown interposes. "It cost one and a half million dollars, the guide said."

"Well, I like the stores in San Francisco best, anyway," contributes Mrs. Jones. "You can buy things cheaper there than you can in Indianapolis."

"Oh, if you're coming to stores," declares Brown authoritatively, "there's only one store in the country. That's Marshall Field's."

"I don't like Chicago," retorts Mrs. Jones. "It was so dirty there I had to have a shampoo twice a week."

"I know," says Mrs. Brown sympathetically. "And it was so damp when we were there I had to have a permanent wave in the winter, mind you!"

A train guide interrupts with the announcement that the train is approaching the Royal Gorge and that those who want tickets for the special attached observation car and also smoked spectacles should buy them now.

"We've seen the Royal Gorge," says Mrs. Jones. "We saw it on the way out. If you folks want to go through . . ."

The Browns rise. "I guess we'd better," says Brown. "We haven't missed anything yet. We took in the Grand Canyon going out."

"How did you like it?" inquires Jones, shuffling the cards.

"Oh, it was wonderful, of course," Mrs. Brown answers. "Only I was a little disappointed in it."

"Over-press-agented," explains Brown. "All those things are over-press-agented by the railroads. Well, see you later."

The train begins its approach into the majestic ramparts of the Arkansas.

"I bid six of diamonds," says Mrs. Jones.

East of Denver, the Pullmans are even more crowded. And the dusty highways of Kansas are specked with a never-ending caravan of eastward-bound motor cars. A middle-aged couple, daughter, son-in-law, and grandchild, sit in the hotel lobby at Topeka, Kansas, recuperating for the next stretch of their journey back to St. Louis.

"Yes, we wanted Junior to see the mountains," the grandmother is explaining to a casual acquaintance. "Come here, Junior. Tell grandma what you saw in Denver."

"Big gol' ball," replies Junior dutifully.

"He means the gold dome on the capitol building. It cost \$35,000, the guide said. Did you ever see Lucky Baldwin's home there? He has his iron gates even tipped with gold. Tell grandma what else you saw, Junior."

"Buffoo Bill," answers Junior.

"He means Buffalo Bill's grave. It's on top of Look-out Mountain. It cost \$30,000 a mile to build the road up the mountain to the grave, the guide said. Tell the lady something else you saw, Junior."

"Injuns," says Junior.

"He means the little Indian suit we bought him at a curio store in Manitou. He was so crazy about it he just would wear it up Pike's Peak."

"I was up Mt. Lowe in California," boasts the casual acquaintance.

"Well, Pike's Peak is lots higher, it's—how high is Pike's Peak, Elsie? I have it written down somewhere."

"It's 14,109 feet," replies Elsie promptly. "But, mother, Jim was up Long's Peak, you know, and it's 14,255 feet."

"Well, Pike's Peak is high enough for me. There was a man had a heart attack up there. He almost died. Did you see the Garden of the Gods? It's nice too. And so is the Cave of the Winds."

Elsie, giggling in reminiscence, interposes eagerly: "There's a room in the cave where every woman that's an old maid has to leave a hairpin. There must be ten million hairpins there. I didn't know there ever had been so many old maids—yes, Jim, we'll be ready in a minute. Hurry up, Junior, or papa'll be mad."

In Chicago the bus drivers are loading up their passengers at what they call the "Mu-ni-CIP-al Wharf." One of the big boats that has completed the eight-day excursion trip to Buffalo and return has just docked. Ruby and Bess, chic stenographers from Kansas City, have exchanged farewells and addresses with two clothing-store salesmen from Omaha and are escorted to a waiting bus by Cousin Mabel with whom they will spend a few days in Chicago.

Cousin Mabel's first question is a blanket order. "Well, and what did you think of it?" she asks.

"It was wonderful," says Ruby. "I never ate so much in my life. They have simply wonderful meals on the boat. And the salt breeze makes you so hungry. The scenery was wonderful, too."

"And such a keen orchestra," adds Bess. "We met loads of nice people."

"What did you think of Niagara Falls?" Cousin Mabel is persistent.

"Simply wonderful!" exclaims Ruby. "But I was a little disappointed in them. I thought they would be bigger."

"We had a nice ride in Detroit though," observes Bess. "We saw Henry Ford's home. And the place where they make Packards. But their Belle Isle Park isn't as big as our Swope Park at home."

"I was crazy about the dances on the boat," says Ruby. "I met a fellow that—Oh, Cousin Mabel, let's get off here. We can check our baggage some place. I want to look at some little fall dresses while I'm downtown. They say you can buy them cheaper here than you can in Kansas City."

So they return, the nomads who went a-gipsying so blithely, each in search of some intangible golden fleece. They have not come back empty-handed. There is a paper weight with a picture of Seven Falls for Uncle Horace. There are eucalyptus portieres from California for Aunt Lucy, starfish galore for Cousin Ella's book-case, pine cones from Packinac, sea shells from San Pedro, and petrified rock from the forests of Arizona for the children, New York hose and handkerchiefs for the flapper, an alligator's tooth from Florida for the baby, and an ivory back-scratcher from Chinatown for grandfather.

Their grips are full of gifts for others. But for themselves they have brought back nothing. For it is one of the ordinances of Carcassonne that those who take no offerings thither carry none away.



## In the Driftway

PERSONS who deal directly with the forces of nature are likely to be at once humble and cynical. Thus sailors go on deck in howling wind and beating rain, only rarely grumbling at their fate. Thus the Drifter's farmer neighbors, in a wet summer, try day after day to get in the hay and when their day's work is rewarded with a thunder shower they only shrug their shoulders and say: "Well, maybe tomorrow will be dry," in a tone that indicates they do not at all believe it will. Gardeners, fighting mildew and worm, bug and weed, learn the same sort of fatalism. "The cucumbers are all eaten up. All right, we'll eat cabbage." "Too cold for lima beans this year. Well, we had a nice crop of peas." These remarks the Drifter hears every year, and on every hand. There is no use quarreling with the weather or with the pests that make the farmer's life more onerous than it otherwise would be. In a sense all gardens are perennial. There is a dreadful immortality in the earth. Neglect to plant your patch to corn, and weeds will take every inch of it.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE Drifter regards the lilies that surround his summer quarters with a sour eye. Now they are dead stalks; a month ago they were rich with blossoms. Before that they were young shoots breaking the ground. Yet whether in flower or fruit, whether dry branch or opening bud, they contain within themselves an energy to think about which makes him dizzy. Why do they not bloom as well in March? Why does the exact cycle of life and death take place so regularly? Superficially he knows why. He knows, that is, that frost will do one thing to them and sun another; that rain and drought affect them differently. Yet even allowing for these variations, they behave in a disconcertingly constant manner. Each year they begin to bloom on almost the same day; on almost the same day they drop their last petals and are done. So with the maples on the grass, so with the luxurious rhubarb in the garden. The invisible fire in them makes him acutely uncomfortable.

\* \* \* \* \*

WHEN he can forget for a moment the urge to life in the plants around him, there is no plant more pleasant to contemplate than the same rhubarb. It requires no planting, it disdains cultivation. Under its dense shade no weed can hope to sprout. Week after week it sends up new shoots, rosy and slender. The young stalks are as succulent in September as they are in May. An admirable plant, rhubarb. What a pity that some of its sturdy independence could not have been communicated to the pea, which would then require no brush to cling to; to the corn, which crows would then leave alone. Only one thing stands in the way of a whole garden full of rhubarb alone. It is inevitable, by the law of averages, that even the noble rhubarb plant should have one drawback for the Drifter. He admires it; he respects it; he would not be without it. But on no account will he bring himself to eat it. It makes his teeth ache; it hurts his tongue; it sends its sour pungency into his bones and shakes them from their fastenings. Let those who like rhubarb eat it as well as admire it from afar. For the Drifter it has aesthetic and moral values only.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### What Is Blasphemy?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a postscript on the blasphemy charge against Dr. Horace M. Kallen the following is apt. In his statement withdrawing the arrest warrant for Dr. Kallen Municipal Judge Michael J. Murray said: "The language employed may have been used inadvertently in the heat of an earnest argument." The language referred to was that part of Dr. Kallen's speech at the Boston Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting in which he said: "If Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists, Jesus Christ was an anarchist. . . ."

Upon reading Judge Murray's statement Dr. Kallen immediately wired me the following comment *which no newspaper in Boston would print*: "I made the reference to Jesus intentionally with premeditated purpose. I see a resemblance between His story and that of Sacco and Vanzetti. If I had associated His name with Lowell, Thayer, or Fuller, that might have been blasphemy."

Boston, Mass., September 4

GARDNER JACKSON

## Outspoken or Naive?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to congratulate you for speaking out in your editorial Al Smith Speaks Out.

San Francisco, August 30

CHARLES E. TALLMADGE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was in the Middle West campaigning with Norman Thomas when your amazingly naive editorial on the Al Smith acceptance speech arrived.

So fantastic had the campaign of the two old parties become that it seemed impossible to add anything to the political crazy-quilt of 1928. In the South we found Democrats solemnly assuring their rebellious and Dry rank and file that the Democratic Party was the only party of real enforcement and to wait until they heard Robinson skin the Wets alive. In Wisconsin we found the Democrats suddenly emerging from their cellars after years of exile, revived by a \$150,000 campaign fund, assuring Socialist and Republican Wets that the Democratic Party would kick enforcement into the lake. We found Smith congratulating the Dry, Hay of Missouri, on his victory over the Wets; we read that "labor leaders" were rallying to the standards of open-shop Raskob, and that "progressives" were leaping aboard the Hoover band-wagon. But with all this we had not stretched our imagination to the point where we could picture *The Nation* saying: "If Al Smith continues to speak out with that frank clarity of utterance he will win the support of most of the five million voters who supported La Follette in 1924."

To be sure this sort of thing affords the blessed opportunity for rationalization of their desertion of all fundamentally democratic and progressive principles to a certain group of tired radicals—the depressing dregs of the La Follette movement. But since when has *The Nation* seen fit to comfort this flabby outfit?

Have real progressives become so desperate that the wariest gesture toward liberalism will bring them a-running? I think not. Out where we were they heard and read the Smith speech with their tongues very much in their cheeks, remembering the preelection speeches of another Democratic warrior, not so happy as Smith perhaps but surely speaking "large, divine, and comfortable words" that make Al's pious protestations sound like the feeblest "good government" goo. And they



remember what happened to liberalism after Wilson got in his licks. No, progressives are notoriously simple-minded folk, but it takes more than one or two speeches to convince them that the Du Ponts and the Raskobs and the Southern industrialists won't have something to say about water-power in the event of some miracle that will land Smith in the White House. They may be simple, but they are not so simple as to believe that Smith's imperialism will be any improvement upon Wilson's, which he praises, or that Al will do anything more about injunctions in the White House than he has done in the past years up in Albany.

All that the Smith speech succeeded in doing in the erstwhile progressive parts through which we traveled was to persuade progressives that Al is still strong for liquor. And so far as we could observe, no one fell off his chair on the receipt of that information.

Let's pretend that it was the hot weather or sun spots or the general contagion of political gagaism that hit *The Nation* when it printed that Al Smith Speaks Out thing.

New York City, August 26

McALISTER COLEMAN

## Communism in China

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mrs. Buck's article, Communism in China, in *The Nation* for July 25, includes, it seems to me, many misleading generalizations. The word communism is a very elusive term, and I fear that in her desire to prove the antiquity and universality of communism in China she has tried to prove too much. In what sense can the Hung Ch'iang Hui, or Red Spear Society, be labeled "communistic"? It has never had as one of its ends the common ownership of anything; it is an organization composed of the young sons of local farmers to suppress soldiers who have turned bandits. If "communistic" means to have a common aim, then all the societies of the world will have to be so labeled. Nor is it correct to say that the Red Spears are "an ancient society now rising with fresh strength in many parts of China." They were certainly not known until eight or ten years ago, and their activities have been unknown outside the provinces of Honan and Shantung.

My experience of ten years in a remote, interior province, in close daily contact with the common people, and five other years in the coast cities, would never prompt me to say that the Chinese people have "almost universal sympathy toward bandits"; that they have a "habit of mind which sees no wrong in using force to seek redress for individual grievances against society, or in forcing the rich to give up their possessions on demand"; or that throughout the course of their history "they needed no one to teach them to kill ruthlessly for what they wanted." My observation is that in normal times and under normal conditions (and there have been such) the Chinese of every class gain most of their ends by moral suasion and by pressure of public opinion rather than by force, which they have been taught to despise and which they employ only as a last resort. There are even today provinces in China in which murder is rarer than in equally populated states of the West, where missionary women travel alone night and day for months on end without harm or molestation. This is not true at all times nor in all parts of the country, but it has been true of Shansi province during the past fifteen years.

Is it true that "It has been the ideal of the rich man in China to spend his entire time in the pursuit of pleasure"? I doubt it. Certainly not pleasure in the sense which that word conveys to Westerners. The Chinese man of wealth indulges in no grosser vices than men of wealth anywhere, and by virtue of the national temperament such pleasures as he does enjoy are apt to take milder forms than those known to the West. However inadvisedly he may spend his money, it cannot be said of him that he gets it or uses it in order to exercise control over

others. After he has made his pile he more commonly than not retires to his obscure home in the ancestral village, collects a library, fills his rooms with works of antiquity, engages a teacher for his sons, and lives a quiet life of *otium cum dignitate*. This form of pleasure may not put food into the mouths of the poor; but it does not despoil them, nor does it take from them what is more precious even than much food, their innate self-respect. This native self-assertion and self-respect which, in Mrs. Buck's own words, "makes every coolie feel himself a potential president" is one of the greatest traits of the Chinese people and is not something to be suppressed.

And shall we believe that "thousands of years before Christ there was a division of land which allowed for one-ninth of the total area being worked in common"? As a matter of fact no one knows what happened in China "thousands of years before Christ." The most careful writers on Chinese history agree that the earliest verifiable date in Chinese history is 841 B.C., and that the oldest extant writings, namely those on bone, do not go back beyond 1200 B.C. Dr. Hu Shih has in the late years amply proved that this idea of an ancient communism in China had its origin in an almost unintelligible passage in Mencius which was written not earlier than the fourth century before Christ. The obscure ideas of Mencius were highly amplified in the Chou-li, and so became a part of Chinese mythology.

Washington, D. C., July 25

ARTHUR W. HUMMEL,

Curator of the Chinese Collection,  
Library of Congress

## New Mexico and Yale

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You quoted an editorial I wrote in the New Mexico State College students' paper in one of your issues. Your point was that military men are subtle in addition to being astute. But the students here resent your editorial, which I reprinted. The two schools were unjustly compared, and the contrast was misleading. You stated that nine dollars a month and a thirty-six dollar uniform might be sufficient bait to make New Mexicans take military science, but that students of Yale must have "polo ponies" and "snappy tailor-made officers' outfits." The two schools are not in the same class. At State College, New Mexico, military training is compulsory in freshman and sophomore years; at Yale it is not. Most artillery or cavalry units have polo grounds. The small State College of New Mexico has an infantry unit; Yale an artillery unit. But Yale students receive no more money than do New Mexico students. Nor do they get much better uniforms unless they pay extra from their own pockets, as do the New Mexico students. New Mexico's officers are as snappily attired as are Yale's.

Las Cruces, N. M., August 28

CHARLES P. LOOMIS

## Commercial Humor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You deplore the action of the Seattle School Board in enjoining its high-school teachers from membership in a union. Now the Chamber of Commerce of Seattle passed two sets of resolutions, one indorsing the action of the school board in prohibiting membership in a union to its teachers, the other urging the teachers' union to win the next annual convention of the national union for Seattle! When asked the reasons for this action the general manager of the chamber issued this written statement: "Although we are always willing to supply information to inquiring friends, it would be impracticable to attempt to explain the 'reasons, motives, and principles' which influenced the trustees of this chamber in any action."

Watsonville, Cal., September 1

JULIA N. BUDLONG



# Books and Plays

## Two California Poems

By HILDEGARDE FLANNER

### Summer's End

The sound of summer slipping from the trees  
Is scarcely heard in this bright land.  
The heavy fig-leaves falling to the ground  
Make a nearly summerless and yellow sound,  
But the pearly fig-tree with its linnets  
Soft as roses on the marble twig,  
Dismisses summer only to invite  
A snowless winter to its arms of white.  
And winter comes, with her unsleeping flowers—  
Or is it spring, that flashes and is here?  
Or is it both lie dreaming in one place  
And rise bewildered, face to face?

### The Owl

The sweet and ghostly laughter of the owl  
Last night shook upward from the light bamboo.  
The garden rose and trembled at the sound,  
Suspended in enchantment and in dew.  
What strange reversal of the blood and soul,  
What dizzy floating upward from the earth,  
When suddenly the darkness broke in two  
Upon the honeyed edge of this soft mirth,  
And in its wake a glint of mockery  
Unbearable to hearts worn out with prayer.  
For man, asleep, still labors over fears  
The dreamless owl abandons to the air.

## Down in the Long Grass

By DOROTHY LEONARD

Down in the long grass little girls  
Remember dandelion curls;  
Making a face at bitter milk,  
Each mystically twirls and twirls

Till her Ionic capital  
Is finished for its fairy hall.  
They link together a great chain  
That will not bear its weight at all

And leave it where it fell in two,  
Snatching hollow stems to boo  
As little bleating bands of boys  
On midnight of Election do.

How can a child come home explain  
The *carpe diem* of a chain  
Or nod a head in silver curls,  
Undone by dandelion stain?

## Case Studies in Our Imperialism

*The Americans in Santo Domingo.* By Melvin M. Knight. The Vanguard Press. \$1.

*Our Cuban Colony.* By Leland H. Jenks. The Vanguard Press. \$1.

*The Bankers in Bolivia.* By Margaret A. Marsh. The Vanguard Press. \$1.

AUTHORITATIVE investigation into the tangled nature of our relationships with the economies and politics of the Central-American and Caribbean republics has long been needed. This need the American Fund for Public Service undertook to meet in part by inviting researches, under the general editorship of Harry Elmer Barnes, into American dealings in Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Bolivia; and these three volumes are the fruits of the venture.

Dr. Jenks's interesting study points out how after our intervention in 1906 we broadened our interpretation of the Platt Amendment in a similar manner to that by which Roosevelt had extended the Monroe Doctrine—namely, by invoking the principle of "preventive intervention." Our State Department proceeded on the assumption that if we were privileged to intervene in order to maintain a government "adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty," we were also privileged to influence Cuban internal policy so as to eliminate any necessity for military intervention. Dr. Jenks believes that this policy was followed from 1909, when our second occupation of the island was terminated, to 1923, but that since then Cuba has been given relative freedom in her internal political affairs. Americans have, however, so come to control the sugar industry of the country that a business-man's government such as that of Machado has necessarily been satisfactory to our business interests and hence has made even "preventive intervention" unnecessary.

One of the most interesting features of Dr. Jenks's book is his history of the Cuban sugar industry and its relation to the tariff policy of the United States. The industry owes a great deal of its development to the preferential rates on Cuban sugar which were granted by the Reciprocity Agreement of 1903. The beet-sugar producers naturally fought against this concession, as they have against any idea of annexation. In 1921, however, they were victorious in securing a 33 per cent increase in the sugar duties. A graphic description is given of the dance of the millions in 1919-1920 when sugar rose from 7 cents in the New York market to 22.5 cents in May, 1920, only to fall back to 3.7 cents by the middle of December. This extraordinary rise and fall led to such speculative over-investment in the upswing and such ruinous deflation subsequently that the most important banks collapsed and General Crowder became director of Cuban policies during the next three years.

Dr. Knight's volume suffers from being an abridgment of a two-volume manuscript which he originally prepared. This, together with his very evident desire to cultivate a preciousness of style and his apparent determination never to explain a situation directly which can be treated allusively, makes it extremely difficult to follow all the threads of the Dominican narrative. But they can with care be traced. The claims of the Santo Domingo Improvement Company and of French, Italian, and British creditors gave Roosevelt his excuse in 1905 for putting pressure on Santo Domingo to agree to an American receivership in order to avert the financial partition of the country between the European claimants. When the Senate refused to ratify the Protocol, Roosevelt had the President of Santo Domingo put the agreement into effect by his own order. The convention of 1907 established an American receivership of the customs in order to guarantee payments on the public depart-



ment. After the revolution of 1911-1912, the United States tried to broaden the convention by demanding control over the internal revenue and over all expenditures. The Dominican Congress came to believe in 1916 that President Jiminez, who had seized two members of the opposition, was secretly negotiating with the United States and finally started to impeach him. Jiminez thereupon marched on the capital. American troops were landed to support him and although he finally refused to utilize them, and instead resigned, they seized the capital and the other principal cities. We then tried to get the Dominican Congress to elect a pro-American President, but did not meet with the same success as in Haiti in the previous year. The government which was chosen refused to legalize by proclamation complete American control over their finances and police. We thereupon overthrew the Dominican government in November and set up a military regime in its stead.

During the six years of our occupation we did succeed in establishing a greater degree of internal order than had formerly obtained, but this was seriously marred by the brutalities and atrocities which such an occupation almost inevitably entails. We also built one main trunk highway for the Dominicans. The unfortunate speculations in 1920 of the military government in sugar and tobacco combined with the falling off of revenue caused the occupation to float the 1921 Speyer loan of \$2,500,000. Dr. Knight's treatment of this is inadequate, but from an independent examination of the advertisements of the loan issued by the bankers it is apparent that the premium paid for redeeming the loan in the following year brought the actual rate of interest up to approximately 16 per cent. It would be most interesting to know whether the underwriting houses did actually distribute the loan to the public or retain so lucrative an investment for themselves.

Mrs. Marsh's little volume on the simpler situation in Bolivia is admirable in its unpretentious compactness. The author gives a clear picture of the geographic and racial aspects of the country and outlines with a firm hand the economic problems of tin mining and the railroads. The most interesting section of the book is that which discusses the \$33,000,000 loan made to Bolivia by American bankers in 1922. She shows this to have been secured by prior liens on nearly two-thirds of the national revenue which, as is well known, it also called for the virtual control of the government's finances by a bankers' commission. Yet despite such strong security, Bolivia was obliged to pay an interest charge of 9 per cent. In addition she was not privileged to redeem any of the bonds before 1937 and then only in whole and not in part. If she redeems them prior to 1947, she must pay a thirteen-point premium over the price (92) which she received. Mrs. Marsh shows that these onerous terms were imposed because the Saavedra Government was not free to award the loan to higher bidders since it had only a year before given a three-year option on all foreign loans as a partial consideration for a million-dollar loan by Stifel-Nicolaus of Saint Louis. The 1922 loan seems only to have resulted in the building of 128 miles of rather poor tracks from Atroelra to Villazon at the high cost of \$78,000 per mile, and in refunding the internal and external debt at a *higher* rate of interest. Against this, however, must be set the fact that some savings were apparently made in refunding the French loan because of the depreciation of the franc.

Mrs. Marsh correctly points out that thus far the whole affair is one between Bolivia and the bankers and that our government has not been embroiled. She raises the very interesting question, however, as to what our policy would or should be were Bolivia, because of a slump in the tin market or for some other reason, to default on the loan.

Taken as a whole, the contents of these three interesting monographs are not accurately described by the blurb on their jackets which represents the hapless inhabitants of these countries as being ground, with the active aid of our government, beneath the heels of the American financial juggernaut. That

our government has most illegally stretched the meaning of the Platt amendment in Cuba and the 1907 convention with Santo Domingo must be evident. That our business interests have all too frequently driven hard bargains is abundantly illustrated in these studies. Our representatives have moreover frequently been incompetent and in some instances have used their influence to favor more than dubious claims and concessions.

But fairness requires that the other side of the shield be recognized as well. Where we have exercised financial control we have collected funds honestly and have sought to curb political graft. When we have exercised military control we have, despite all the atrocities, given the inhabitants relative immunity from banditry and revolutions. Certainly our military interventions in Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua do not seem to have been dictated in the main by a desire to aid American financiers but rather to make our political influence predominant in the approaches to the Panama Canal. The desire to protect the canal by controlling contiguous or neighboring territory is, in the opinion of the reviewer, the predominant cause of our imperialistic policy in the Caribbean during the last twenty years, just as the desire to protect the Suez Canal has made Great Britain determined to preserve its hegemony in Egypt and in Asia Minor.

It is much to be hoped that the relative success of these studies may encourage investigations of our relations with the Central-American states, upon which a great deal of light remains to be thrown.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

## The New Historical Novel

*The Devil.* By Alfred Neumann. Translated from the German by Huntley Paterson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

ALFRED NEUMANN is the third living German novelist of international importance to be recently introduced to America. "The Devil," which has achieved an enormous success on the Continent, is as brilliant a piece of work as "Power" and seems, on the whole, to be the production of a profounder and more complex mind. It should duplicate Feuchtwanger's triumph here, and, if it does, will owe that triumph not only to its own high qualities but to the masterly translation by Huntley Paterson.

The theme of "The Devil" is the almost occult relationship between a demoniacal monarch and his demoniacal familiar. The monarch is Louis XI of France; his familiar, conscience, and alter ego is Oliver Necker of Ghent, barber, diplomat, and genius—Machiavelli's prince minus the extraversion. From the point of view of the intrigue, whose complicated convolutions are handled with incredible skill by Neumann, Necker is simply the powerful, subtle agent of a highly modern king who is willing to employ the most relentless political methods to insure a united France. The intrigue itself is fascinating, but it is merely the skeleton of the story: it is where Scott would have stopped, and, in fact, did stop.

With admirable restraint that weakens only in the last fifty pages (which seem overly sentimental), Neumann deepens his book by the employment of a motif that reaches below and beyond the intrigue. This fundamental theme is mystic and metaphysical, gaining in strangeness from its realistic background of high diplomacy, the hypocrisies of courtiers, the movements of armies, the whole chess-board of fifteenth-century Europe. The author sets himself a difficult task in characterization. His two main characters are men in whom a supernal capacity for evil is so equally and intensely developed that they are deep affinities. Each is part of the soul of the other, each wages war within the other, and each, by virtue of the unique love which binds them together, rises, mystically, not morally, above the horror and tyranny of his external career. The subtle conflict is given concrete embodiment in the person of Oliver's beautiful wife, Anne, at once the object of Louis's



lust and a constant reminder to him of his inability to possess her except in so far as his soul is also the soul of her husband. The whole conception has a German tenuous boldness that may not be entirely to the taste of an American audience which has cultivated easy cynicism to the point of degeneracy.

Feuchtwanger, Brod, and now Neumann give clear evidence of the fine and sweeping change that has overtaken the historical novel since the days of Scott, Bulwer-Lytton, and Auerbach. Not content merely with a more rigorous and conscientious historical realism, they have had the penetration to see that, for the purposes of fiction, there is no such thing as historical characters, but only characters. These characters are susceptible to the same profound presentation that is given to invented modern personages. The historical novelist today can no longer depend on the enchantment of distance or the glamor of royal gestures. He is psychologist, or nothing; and, as in the book under discussion, he may even be mystic. The standards have been raised and, it would seem, raised forever.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

## The Irrepressible Conflict

*John Brown's Body.* By Stephen Vincent Benét. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

THIS poem is the most ambitious ever undertaken by an American on an American theme. Yet our judgments must be qualified: there is an important sense in which it is not ambitious enough. There is a sense in which its sole title to poetry is the fact that it is written in verse. It is a weakness of our publishing system that a piece of writing can seldom be sold to the public without having had a great many lies told about it; the author and his work, and the public, too, are put in a false position in which no one, spiritually, is profited. "John Brown's Body" has merit enough; it has hair-raising defects; and yet it deserves to be widely read and, within reason, praised. It is an interesting book, but it is not the kind of work that the public has been led to believe it is.

It has been called among other things an epic and it has been compared, not unfavorably, to the "Iliad." Mr. Benét himself has no such pretensions; he is modest, and persons who have not lost their heads over the poem should keep them in reviewing the nonsense that has been written about it, lest Mr. Benét be confounded with his prophets and unjustly blamed. The poem is not in any sense an epic; neither is it a philosophical vision of the Civil War; it is a loose, episodic narrative which unfolds a number of related themes in motion-picture flashes. In spite of some literary incompetence in the author and the lack of a controlling imagination, the story gathers suspense as it goes and often attains to power.

Many passages, particularly the lyrical commentaries scattered throughout, are so good that one suspects that the vicious writing, which is most of the poem, comes of too hasty composition. Perhaps Mr. Benét, like most Americans, is mysteriously betrayed into writing with his ear to the ground. It is not his fault; let us say it is the fault of the "system"; yet whoever may be at fault, the poem contains lines like these (which are not the worst):

Now the scene expands, we must look at the scene as a whole.  
How are the gameboards chalked and the pieces set?

There are too many other lines quite as flat, and they are not all bad because Mr. Benét has a bad ear for verse; they are due, rather, to a lack of concentration in the grasp of the material. The transitions are often arbitrary or forced, and this blemish, which at first sight seems to be merely literary, really takes the measure of Mr. Benét's capacity as a "major poet."

For he does not see the Civil War as a whole. I do not mean that he has not visualized all the campaigns (he has done this admirably), nor that he is deficient in general ideas as to what

the war was about. It is simply that his general ideas remain on the intellectual plane; they are disjointed, diffuse, uncoordinated; they never reach any sweeping significance as symbols. The symbol of John Brown becomes an incentive to some misty writing, and instead of sustaining the poem it evaporates in mixed rhetoric. Mr. Benét sees that the meaning of the war is related to the meaning of Brown; yet what is the meaning of Brown? The presentation of Brown as a *character* is interesting; but it is neither here nor there to say, symbolically, that he is a "stone" or, at the end, that the machine-age grows out of his body. It is a pretty conceit, but it is not large enough, it is not sufficiently welded to the subject matter to hold together a poem of fifteen thousand lines. Is it possible that Mr. Benét supposed the poem to be about the Civil War, rather than about his own mind? This would explain its failure of unity; for if a poet have some striking personal vision of life, it will be permanent, and it will give meaning to all the symbols of his irresistible choice. We are permitted to say that the Civil War interests Mr. Benét; it has no meaning for him. He has not been ambitious enough.

Yet Mr. Benét himself appears, in this connection, to have recognized the diffuseness of his impulse. He seems to have felt that the partial glimpses he has given us of the social backgrounds of the war were not strong enough to carry the poem along, and he has contrived a "human interest story" to take the place of a comprehensive symbol. Jack Ellyat, the Union private, is captured at Shiloh; he escapes to a cabin in the woods, where he seduces the beautiful daughter. So far, so good; but when, shortly after the war, the daughter with the baby appears at Ellyat's home-town in Connecticut, the ways of God are not sufficiently mysterious. It is a trick done for effect; the effect is bad.

Many passages in the narrative are complete poems in themselves; a bare collection of these might display Mr. Benét's true stature to better advantage than their context does. Many are distinguished poems; the Invocation is one of the best recent productions by an American.

Mr. Benét has steeped himself in the documents of the age, and many of the historical portraits are freshly done; the interpretation in some instances is highly original. The picture of Lincoln is, as usual, uncritical and unconvincing. The greatest successes are Davis and Lee. If professional historians, particularly those of the Northern tradition, will follow Mr. Benét's Davis, a distorted perspective in American history will soon be straightened out. Nowhere else has Lee been so ably presented, yet the Lee is not so good as the Davis; for, perhaps frightened by the pitfalls, Mr. Benét openly points them out, and the portrait is too argumentative. Yet these and countless minor figures—generals, statesmen, private soldiers, runaway Negroes, plantation ladies, each sharply drawn in his right character—move in an atmosphere all their own that takes us past the literary blemishes to the end. Yet is this atmosphere a quality of the poem or of our memories? Succeeding generations will decide.

ALLEN TATE

## The Drifting Grey

*British Foreign Policy under Sir Edward Grey.* By Count Max Montgelas. Translated by William C. Dreher. Edited, with a Foreword, by Harry Elmer Barnes. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.25.

THE distinguished author of this little book has a broad and factual knowledge on the question of the war guilt and an independent and honest judgment that should commend his writings to the American public. Although we need not accept all of Count Montgelas's conclusions, this present detailed study serves as an antidote to Sir Edward, now Viscount, Grey's disarming memoirs, and enables us to appraise more accurately the policy of that enigmatic statesman.



Count Montgelas is bent upon undermining another, and a particularly stubborn, myth about the origins of the World War. We have been led to regard Great Britain as one nation consistently pursuing a peaceful, conciliatory foreign policy about which lurked no taint of responsibility for that disaster, and to consider Sir Edward as wearing his gloriously immaculate diplomatic robes with all the dignity and honor that a moral man could assume in the company of slippery Machiavellis. The Count now shows us that in the breast of this blue-blooded, self-assured Britisher there dwelt two souls, that of a Gladstonian Liberal and that of another Joe Chamberlain. So harmoniously fused were they that the ethical power of the one lent confidence to the activism of the other and enabled this Liberal Imperialist in his conscientious investigations of his conduct as foreign minister to call it good. A pacifist at heart, he entirely approved the Boer War and made no mention in his memoirs of the second Hague Peace Conference. Nor did his love of peace prevent him from giving France a blank check at the Conference of Algiers in 1906 without demanding any *quid pro quo*, or from approving a veiled threat of war against Germany during the Agadir crisis in 1911. This simple and unimaginative man, asserts Count Montgelas, lacked the knowledge and breadth of view requisite for handling international affairs. Yet, convinced of his own rectitude, Grey showed singular readiness to make important decisions without consulting his more Gladstonian colleagues.

Grey entered office late in 1905 deeply prejudiced against Germany. The author stresses Sir Edward's prepossession that Germany was a chauvinistic nation of enormous power led by Pan-Germanists. The Foreign Minister watched with trepidation the rapid growth of the German navy and the extension of the Bagdad Railway. To counter-balance these menaces, he was determined to further the Conservative policy of reconciliation and cooperation with France and Russia. While asseverating that British hands remained free, he clung tenaciously to those two Powers and permitted preparations to be made with them for active aid in case of a war with Germany. His denial of any antagonism toward Germany was scarcely in harmony with his disinclination to reach a good understanding with her or with his jealous observation of any German efforts to approach France or Russia. He came to apply one standard to Germany's policies and actions and another to his own and those of his friends. He denounced Germany for being guided by national interest, but fully indorsed the same course for Great Britain. Germany's act in making friends with the Turks while developing their country he condemned as dastardly, preferring the more gentlemanly and time-honored way of the French in Morocco. When, continues Count Montgelas, Germany sought in a blundering manner to share also in the spoils of colonial loot, Sir Edward obstinately kept her out. As the knowledge that military and naval conversations between the Entente Powers soon reached Germany, she sought to make a political agreement with Great Britain. But Grey branded Germany's fear of encirclement as sheer hypocrisy. Suspecting her in turn of trying to isolate his own country, he refused to endanger the Entente Cordiale by negotiating such an accord. Count Montgelas explains Grey's lack of appreciation that his actions were alarming the Central Power and emboldening France and Russia, or that from the aggressions of those last two Powers a situation was developing which might lead to war.

Drifting with circumstances, Sir Edward tried to maintain peace but did not know how. When the crisis arrived, Great Britain was as well prepared for it as anyone else. Although still protesting that his country was free to act as it wished, Grey felt so strongly the urge of British interests and the moral obligations to France that from the evening of August 1 he was determined that Great Britain should come to the support of France in case of war or he would resign. Fortunately for him the Germans dispelled his embarrassment over finding an effective popular excuse for entering the war

by invading Belgium. Armageddon had arrived. Who can deny that Grey's policy and actions had contributed to its birth?

EUGENE N. ANDERSON

## Fiction Shorts

*Spider Boy.* By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Mr. Van Vechten, it will irritate him to learn, is one of our most useful members of society. By his books one can always recall the sophistications of four or five years ago. He is a constant reminder of the essential innocence of smart people and of the humorlessness of their gaiety. "Spider Boy" would like to be a mad, farcical, nonsensical extravaganza in which the insanities of Hollywood and super-productions and temperamental movie stars and Hebraic entrepreneurs are to be touched off with the neatest of hands. But it is not. It is a wearisome and flat burlesque, prodded into a sort of droopy excitement by the administration of banal farcical stimuli and removed forever from the literature of insomnia only by its astonishing vulgarity. A childish and petulant take-off on a well-known South-western critic and sociologist gives us the measure of Mr. Van Vechten's temperament.

*Phoenix.* By Alan Sims. Little Brown and Company. \$2.50.

A new writer reaches tentative fingers into the myth-filled closet of the past and emerges with a high-spirited tale of ancient Hellas and the fall of Ilium. In swift narrative prose Mr. Sims retells the undying stories of the Greek hero, Peleus; of his famous son, Akhilleus of Phthia; and of his grandson, Neoptolemos. The blending of modern and antique prose is a happy one. The descriptions of the siege of Troy in which the author advances a sufficiently neat explanation of the legendary horse; the tragic death of Hektor; the slaying of the Kalydonian boar and the famed voyage of the Argonauts all recapture some of the glamor of the Homeric demi-gods.

*The Mountain.* By St. John G. Ervine. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

Twenty-two sketches and short tales descriptive of humble life and humble people. Excellent as superior journalism is excellent, they hardly recall the novelist of "Changing Winds" and cause one almost to forget the dramatist of "John Ferguson."

*The House with the Echo.* By T. F. Powys. The Viking Press. \$2.

Only the most faithful of Mr. Powys's very faithful audience will grow enthusiastic about any of these twenty-six rural anecdotes. Mr. Powys's style is bare enough to be powerful—but only in the longer forms. Here his stories appear actually bony, almost insignificant. Coming so shortly after his extraordinary "Mr. Weston's Good Wine," this volume possesses all the accidental disadvantages of anti-climax.

C. P. F.

## Orientalia

*China and England.* By W. E. Soothill. Oxford University Press. \$3.

A roseate view of Britain's generosity to China.

*The Pacific: A Forecast.* By P. T. Etherton and H. Hessel Tiltman. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

Two Englishmen foresee an industrialized Orient, in which the Great Powers will be China, Japan—and Australia. They see more essential antagonism between Japan and the United States than between Japan and Russia, but have no faith in



Pan-Asiaticism. Their horoscope offers a stimulating perspective for American readers.

*Modern Japan and Its Problems.* By G. C. Allen. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

This is a remarkable study of Japan in economic terms. Chrysanthemums and geisha girls are omitted, but the amazing effort of a feudal clan to build a modern industrialized state, while retaining the family basis of a medieval society, is analyzed from the bottom up. There is no parallel in history to the conscious shaping of the new Japan, although already the modernizing process has released forces which make continued domination from above impossible. Mr. Allen concludes that Japan "alone among the Asiatic peoples appears likely to be able to work out some compromise between the West and the East, and by her comprehension of both civilizations to bring the two great branches of the human family together." His analysis will help more to an understanding of Japan than a dozen recent picture-books.

*Problems of the Pacific. Proceedings of the Second Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations, Honolulu, July 15-29, 1927.* Edited by J. B. Condliffe. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

When Japanese and Koreans, Chinese and British, Yankees, Australians, Canadians, and New Zealanders talk over informally the problems that so often divide them, the world is moving. The Institute of Pacific Relations is more than an institution; it is a growing spirit. It seeks to substitute agreed facts for the patterns of automatic loyalty-responses. Two conferences have met in Hawaii's benign climate, and this record of the proceedings of the second is a mine of material. The friendly discussions of course lose much in summary; but the contributed papers—particularly those on the population problem in the Far East—supply a mass of invaluable data. Every six years the world receives today an increment of new population equivalent in numbers to the entire population of the United States; here at last were men analyzing that increase, attempting to discover its why and where, and how to stop it or take care of it. Other papers treat China's tariff autonomy, extraterritoriality, the concessions and the missions, Asiatic immigration and the exclusion laws, and the radio controversies. Next year, perhaps, Russia will be represented at the institute; and some day there will be Javans and Malays and more vocal Filipinos; their presence will test still further this conference method of international education.

*The China Year Book, 1928.* University of Chicago Press. \$12.50.

Each year one marvels at this encyclopedia of Chinese affairs. Its editor, H. G. W. Woodhead, is an almost apoplectically British treaty-port editor; his chief assistant, George E. Sokolsky, is a brilliant and intensely opinionated Russian-American, yet between them and with other help they produce one of the great reference books which every student of international affairs needs at his elbow. The statistics of Chinese trade, revenue, health, flood control, transportation, are, of course, official; the Who's Who is indispensable; and the documentary summaries of events of the year in China are unmatched. The 1928 volume includes also the text of the Mongolian Constitution of 1928, a history of the Nanking incident, the agreements for the return of Hankow and Kiukiang, proposals for treaty revision, the documents said to have been found in the Soviet Embassy in Peking, and a valuable revision of Mr. Sokolsky's annual history of China's labor movement. The history of the Kuomintang, somewhat marred in its later phases, where many of the facts are still uncertain, by Sokolsky's right-wing partisanship, is the most completely documented history of the Chinese Nationalist Party anywhere available. Few year-books published anywhere are as consistently satisfactory as this product of Tientsin.

L. S. G.

## Books in Brief

*Herbert Booth.* By Ford C. Ottman. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Why do the heathen rage? The answer is that they usually don't—but Christians often do. Almost all of this preposterously long volume is devoted to an interminably detailed account of the petty wranglings between the famous General Booth and his son Herbert. According to one's point of view, one is either tormented or tickled by the way in which father and son constantly invoke Christian charity while slitting each other's throat with dialectical deliberation. The author is eminently fitted to relate the intricacies of this family squabble, for he labors less for love of Herbert Booth than for hatred against the present potentates of the Salvation Army.

*An Artist in the Family.* By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

This is a novel with the seeds of several good stories imbedded in it. Unfortunately the artist in the family is the stereotyped creature of moods, stupidities, charms, and ineffectiveness. Placed in a South African setting, the artist "emotes" in a more exotic environment than he might in a Greenwich Village garret. The author has an easy and interesting style which redeems the platitudinous of the tale.

*The Constitution of the United States in some of its Fundamental Aspects.* By Gaspar G. Bacon. Harvard University Press. \$2.50.

The six chapters of this book were originally prepared as the first series of lectures on a foundation at Boston University which bears the author's name. Any one who reads the laudatory paragraphs which the dean of the university law school contributes to the jacket of the book will be led to expect something quite important, but the lectures themselves are only mildly notable. What Mr. Bacon has to say falls substantively into two parts. The first consists of the usual elementary sketch of the history of the Constitution, with summaries of its provisions and the customary praise of their wisdom and farsightedness. The second deals somewhat in detail with federal usurpation, and surveys a number of the decisions of the Supreme Court and acts of Congress in which federal authority has been more or less grossly extended at the expense of the citizen or the States. As federal usurpation is obviously one of the most dangerous political tendencies in this country at the moment, those who fear and resent it will probably be glad to find Mr. Bacon on their side, but his protest is altogether too gentle and professionally dignified to stir the blood. The evils of centralization and arbitrary exercise of governmental authority which Mr. Bacon sees perfectly clearly will not be remedied, we may be sure, until lawyers and others who know the facts and realize their significance speak out with a good deal more stoutness than Mr. Bacon shows.

## Drama A Comedy

WHEN, a few centuries hence, some butterfly-breaker of that distant age devotes himself to the composition of a thesis entitled "The Development of Moral Ideas as Revealed in the Drama of the Twentieth Century," he will be compelled to devote several chapters at least to a consideration of the various stages by which marital infidelity, ceasing to be considered the Unforgivable Sin, came to be regarded as merely an Annoying Habit. He will note that even when his



period opened the attitude toward adultery had already lost a little of its completely intransigent character so that infidelity might, under certain circumstances, be defended if only the Manifest Destiny of Love and the artificial nature of Man-made Laws were invoked in a manner sufficiently convincing; but he will be compelled to add that even at this period the act was still considered to be marked by a certain finality and that (if the guilty person were female) she either went bravely forward into the unknown future with her new mate or was, as a matter of course, incontinently kicked out by the wronged husband. Having established this point he will go on to show how the gravity of the offense was progressively lightened until the act of adultery lost its decisive character and how, as a result, the question in such cases became, not Is my wife guilty or not? but simply Are her infidelities frequent enough and serious enough for me to conclude, without seeming ridiculously Victorian, that she has ceased to be even partly mine?

In a modern play the husband does not burst into a room in righteous fury and exclaim "All is discovered." He is, on the contrary, much more likely, while mixing a cocktail for one of the lovers pro tem., to say merely something like this: "Look here, my dear, you know that I have never been exacting, but it seems to me that the time has come when I can reasonably maintain that I neither see enough nor have enough of you to make it worth while for me to pay your bills. Surely there must be *someone* else who is willing to take that responsibility." He is, in other words, perfectly willing that nature should occasionally take its course, but he gets a little restive when, as one of the characters in the specific play to be got to presently, remarks, "Natures take their courses."

If our hypothetical commentator is interested in art as well as in morals he will probably add that this change in the attitude toward adultery necessarily brought about a change in the form of the plays in which the subject was treated, since Unforgivable Sins are the concern of Drama, while Annoying Habits are the concern of Comedy; and if he is, furthermore, an assiduous exhumers of by-then-long-forgotten plays he may cite as a case in point the badly named but amusing play called "Heavy Traffic" which Arthur Richman has written and Gilbert Miller produced at the Empire Theater. Mr. Richman can hardly be said to have discovered a very original story or a very original point of view. His long-suffering good-fellow of a husband, his cradle-snatching wife, and their giddy entourage are not new; neither is the former's attitude (substantially that outlined in the preceding paragraph) nor the particular circumstances which lead this long-suffering worm to turn. And yet, thanks to a number of neatly turned phrases, and thanks also to the fact that the play never lapses into either sentimentality or lubricity, it will probably both win and deserve a considerable success.

It would seem as though this age ought to be a great age of comedy. We have not those passionate moral and social convictions out of which drama springs, but, on the surface at least, we do seem to be capable of that detached intelligence which would make it possible for us to produce comedy out of the difficulties into which we wander as a result of the very fact that we have no deep-seated convictions to guide us. I should, however, be the last to maintain that we actually have any such great comedy, though I do feel a certain hope whenever I see a play like "Heavy Traffic" which seems to be at least pointed in the right direction. It is not, to my mind, so accomplished as S. N. Behrman's "The Second Man," but it does escape those pitfalls into which the American comic writer most often falls, since its epigrams have a consistent attitude behind them instead of scattering in all directions like the usual native wise-cracks, and since the moral which it points is a genuinely comic one instead of being, like the moral of most popular American comedies, something which seems to have been concocted by the editor of *True Stories* for the purpose of convincing rural clergymen that even the spiciest story may contain

a Great Moral Lesson. Incidentally "Heavy Traffic" is very well acted by Reginald Masson as the husband and by Robert Strange as one of the incidental lovers, although I could wish that the popular A. E. Matthews would be a little less mannered and Mary Boland manage to acquire a little sharper edge.

"The Phantom Lover" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is an incredible play from the German of Georg Kaiser which tells how a very ingenuish ingenue fell so desperately and mystically in love at first sight with an army officer that she passed the following night with the butcher-boy under the impression that he was her beloved. It tells further how the army officer, when he hears of these events, is immediately convinced that he and the girl have been united by a higher power and how he then proceeds to murder the butcher-boy before leaving for parts unknown with the ingenue. It would be kinder to the author to intimate that the play was doubtless better in the original, but at best it can hardly have been other than very silly indeed. Romney Brent contributes one spot of light to a very dark evening.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



Voices rose and babbled in the wilderness that was America. Horace Greeley called that time

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# International Relations Section

## Freedom in Nicaragua

THE Nationalist Party of Nicaragua has recently published its political program, which is herewith made public in this country through the party's representative in the United States, Toribio Tijerino, formerly Consul General of Nicaragua in New York City. The Nationalist Party is a union of those who stand for the country's independence as opposed to domination by the United States, and it was refused the opportunity to place in nomination its candidate for the Presidency of the republic in the elections supervised by the American Marine Corps. The reason given for this refusal was that the officers supervising the election had decided to permit candidates to be put up only by the Conservative and Liberal parties, neither of which is opposing American intervention. The reason for barring candidates of any other parties was, of course, to prevent the election of a President unfriendly to the American domination of the republic.

The program of the Nationalist Party appears below as drawn up by the Executive Committee, consisting in addition to Dr. Tijerino of José Dolores Estrada, a former President; J. Francisco Gutierrez, Salvador Buitrago Diaz, Ramon Molina, Ramon Romero, Bartolomeo Martinez, another former President; Escolastico Lara, General Paulino Godoy, and Fernando Larios.

### PROGRAM OF NATIONALIST PARTY

1. To gather within one organization all the citizens that in Nicaragua purpose firmly to maintain free and autonomous the fatherland left us by the heroes of the War of Independence, and to stand behind the blue-and-white flag, the sacred symbol of the national sovereignty. Likewise to call on General Augusto C. Sandino and his valiant companions to abandon the armed struggle and cooperate toward the triumph of the fatherland in the fields of civic struggle.

2. It being indispensable for the development of the democratic institutions adopted in the republic to promote the cultural and economic uplift of the working elements, to which the general mass of the people belong, the Nationalist Party of Nicaragua recognizes as good for the development of the Nicaraguan worker the labor doctrines contained in the fundamental charter of the Obrerismo Organizado of Nicaragua. For this reason it will cooperate toward carrying out the organizing, economic, and educational purposes of the working element, which are the essence of said charter.

3. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua maintains that the basis of the sovereignty of the nation is contained in its political and economic independence. It therefore demands the withdrawal from our national soil of all foreign armed forces and of all foreign officials who exercise jurisdiction. Likewise it is opposed to the delivery, to foreign exploitation, under pretext of protection to industry, of our lands and of our natural resources to the detriment of the present and future welfare of the Nicaraguan people.

4. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua believes that the concessions granted to the Banco Nacional and to the Ferrocarril del Pacifico de Nicaragua should be modified in the sense that said institutions, the bank particularly, be essentially to protect our nascent industry and our agriculture that is the basis of the economic life of the nation.

5. In order to insure the carrying into effect of the above plank, the Nationalist Party of Nicaragua understands that the

control of said corporations should rest in the hands of the National Government and should be managed by Nicaraguans who are technical and morally capable.

6. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua regards as opposed to the welfare and the dignity of the nation the negotiation of all kinds of contracts that in any manner place in foreign hands the right to intervene in our fiscal legislation and in the collection and expenditure of the money of the public treasury. This plank does not prevent the negotiation of contracts that are not onerous and that are of equitable and reciprocal utility.

7. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua proclaims the necessity that all free nations are in of cultivating international amity. It therefore shall be our constant purpose to intensify most cordial relations with all the countries of the world, particularly with the American nations, for the strengthening of continental solidarity within the realm of effective self-government and sovereign equality that are the basis of our public law. The party shall also cultivate the fraternity of Central America within the very special bonds that bind the five states of the Isthmus.

8. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua purposes primarily to cooperate toward establishing a tendency among the social forces of Nicaragua looking toward self-government; and to this end it proclaims as a principle of democratic effectiveness the rule of NO INTERVENTION, that is, that no nation has the right of interfering in the settlement of the political questions of another nation, and that every effort in that sense attacks and denies the principle of self-government upheld by all civilized and democratic nations, and is contrary to the free evolution of democratic institutions, to the development of which the founders of the American nationalities dedicated these continents.

9. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua proclaims as fundamental for the enjoyment of life in freedom the unvarying and eternal principle of NATIONAL CONCILIATION, which is a moral element indispensable for the exercise and enjoyment of all the rights and duties that are guaranteed to us and exacted of us by our constitutions and our codes. For the carrying out of this principle we solemnly call to the free soul of our people to consolidate in ourselves and by ourselves the existence of our nationality by our joint and cooperative actions. This conciliation should acquire legal character through the enactment of laws giving representation to the minority groups in all the governing bodies of the republic, and especially in those of elective character.

10. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua proclaims the civil and political equality of both sexes. It therefore shall strive that laws be enacted guaranteeing the right of the women of Nicaragua to vote and the enjoyment by them of all those rights that are necessary to their free and dignified position.

11. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua regards as an initial point of its desires of nationality the increase of our national unity, and we therefore shall strive in every manner to make better our means of communication, and especially to construct the great railroad to the Atlantic Coast. In this manner we shall succeed in enlivening the material and spiritual currents among the different sections of the country and in strengthening the ties that should bind all citizens sheltered beneath the same banner.

12. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua believes that the basis of democracy is equality of opportunity for all members of the commonwealth and that, in order that this equality may exist, it is necessary that the state should provide with generosity for the maintenance and multiplication of schools. It maintains also that the revenues set aside for the development or creation of public works should be spent proportionally among all the departments of the republic with relation to what each has contributed to said revenues.



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Rabbits, little, white, palpitating bunnies, their noses a 'liberal' pink, scared to death to come out and vote the way they think, nibbling gratefully at such old-party garbage as is thrown at them—poor, poor bunnies, next November Herbert or Al, it doesn't much matter which, will make stew of you and you'll go hopping into the pot, very proud to provide a fat meal for a "good man."

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13. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua regards as bad morally and materially the practice of appointing representatives to Congress and to the chief local offices of persons who are alien to the respective departments. Consequently it demands that these high officials be natives or residents of said departments.

14. The Nationalist Party of Nicaragua does not seek as an end in itself the executive power but as a means for carrying out the planks of its program. Consequently it will act, alone or in company, with its own candidate or with a candidate of another party, in accord with the exigencies of the welfare of the country.

## Ugarte on Sandino

THE following manifesto on Sandino and Nicaragua, by Manuel Ugarte, Argentine Consul in Nice, France, was recently issued in Madrid by the Spanish-American University Federation of Madrid, the General Association of Latin-American Students of Paris and Berlin, and the University Student Federation of Madrid:

The Pan-American Congress at Havana demonstrated the helplessness of most of our officials; now Latin America faces another slur, with the announcement of the sham election to be held in Nicaragua.

For us sometimes patriotism has consisted in denying realities; he may call himself a patriot who maintains that foreign intervention does not impinge on national sovereignty; that national integrity is untouched though the customs revenues may be in foreign hands; and who aids and abets the vain-glorious self-confidence of weak nations. Thus, some have thought to destroy dangers by ignoring them; to hide faults by refusing to see them; and thus, without warning or protest from the leaders of public opinion, we have been brought to this position of economic and political vassalage which today places the autonomous existence of Central and South America on the brink of an abyss.

We therefore repudiate the petty policies which jeopardize our progress, and the pretense, sometimes not disinterested, which poisons our atmosphere. We want to confront realities, however painful they may be, with our eyes on a great country of the future.

The Nicaraguan crisis is the evident result of three factors: first, the ambition of the plutocracy of the United States, anxious to increase the radius of its imperialism; second, the indifference of oligarchic governments of our America, incapable of understanding the problems of our part of the continent; and third, the shortsightedness of the Nicaraguan politicians, greedy for power at the expense of their own country.

This simple declaration of the facts establishes our attitude toward the Nicaraguan problem.

With a large part of the territory of that republic invaded by foreign troops, and the patriots who in guerrilla bands defend their country disqualified and kept from voting, any attempt at an election is an insult to the dignity of this people.

Let the uncontaminated masses of our republics not be deceived by the greedy rivalry between two groups traditionally subject to the United States; let us not be blinded by the sophistry of an election three times false: first, because of the presence of foreign troops; second, because of the submission of both parties to the invader; and third, because of the silence to which the element worthy of respect is condemned. To contest this election, even to discuss it, would give it the appearance of legality, and grant a status to the miserable minorities which, protected by the national enemy, dispute for power between themselves.

The Nicaraguan problem cannot be solved by an election. There are two parties only in the country, those who accept foreign domination and those who reject it. As the latter cannot vote, the election becomes a farce and a sop to public opinion.

Let us not admit any difference between these "liberals" and "conservatives," but mass ourselves against these cravens, against presidents anointed by the White House, against the miserable greed of vassals, in whatever form.

We should tender our enthusiastic support only to General Sandino, because General Sandino, with his heroic guerrillas, represents the popular reaction of our America against our own disloyal oligarchies and our resistance to Anglo-Saxon imperialism.

The comedy of the Nicaraguan election reveals the hopeless depravity of those who, between their own private interests and those of their country, choose the former. The future will condemn them as they deserve. And this same future will justify and reward the selfless figure of Sandino.

Heretofore, we have shed much blood in fruitless interior struggles, for the benefit of tyrants and oligarchies. The energy, the courage, the sacrifice, native to the Spanish-American spirit, have been wasted in suicidal upheavals which pitted against each other two groups in the same country, or caused devastation in two or more neighboring republics. Could we but sum this useless slaughter in one single deed, the force of it would suffice to level the Andes. But the men who could dispose of this treasure, instead of using it for the common good, wasted it in the service of personal ambitions. For the first time in many decades unworthy egotism is abandoned, and this blood flows for the sake of all. Therefore we are with Sandino, who in defending the liberty of his people forecasts the redemption of the Spanish-American continent.

## Contributors to This Issue

G. E. R. GEDYE contributes to *The Nation* frequently on Central European topics.

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CLIFTON P. FADIMAN contributes literary criticism regularly to *The Nation*.

ALLEN TATE is a poet and literary critic.

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# The Nation

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WITH MR. HOOVER invading the East and Governor Smith the West, the beginning of the final phase of the campaign is at hand. At last the public is to be allowed to learn how the two chief candidates stand on other subjects than those discussed by them in their speeches of acceptance. For Governor Smith it is the crossing of the Rubicon. The election cannot be won for him by money nor by Mr. Raskob's organizing skill. It can only be won, if victory is to be achieved at all, by Governor Smith himself, his words and his winning personality. Such betting as there is remains at 2½ to 1 in favor of Mr. Hoover, and the odds have rarely been wrong. Meanwhile, the right honorable Charles Curtis has declared at Lexington, Kentucky, that while the tariff on farm products is an important remedy for putting the farmer "in a position of economic equality with other industries, the danger of undue reliance on the effectiveness of this method must be avoided." This is treason in the holy citadel. Has not Herbert Hoover said that an "adequate tariff is the foundation of farm relief"? How can Mr. Curtis insinuate that such a foundation can be shaky? Moreover, the tariff miracle must never be questioned. No miracle ever can be. It is a miracle or it isn't. It heals or it does not. So Mr. Curtis has committed nothing short of a crime. Two other happenings are worth recording: Senator C. C. Dill of Washington, a useful Democratic legislator in Washington, has been re-nominated and in New Hampshire Senator Moses has re-

ceived one of the several black eyes he deserves. His hand-picked nominee for the Governorship, Ora Brown, has been rejected by the Republican electorate in favor of Charles W. Tobey of the progressive wing of the party.

ALL AMERICANS OF GOOD WILL should heed the call for relief sent out by Governor Horace Towner of Porto Rico for the 700,000 victims of the great hurricane which swept over the Bahamas and Florida last week. It is in such moments of disaster that the United States has unprecedented opportunity to win the friendship of people who have regarded us with suspicion. The hurricane left unusual human misery in its narrow train because Porto Rico's territory is more densely populated than any other portion of the Western Hemisphere. There are 378 persons to the square mile in Porto Rico, ten times the average for continental United States. Moreover, Porto Rico's people are poor, so poor that the sufferings of Florida's victims can scarcely compare to the effect of the disaster in our island territory. Even in normal times it is estimated that there are five unemployed men for every job and that 99 per cent of the children cannot afford to have milk after their nursing days. The wealth of the island has passed largely into the hands of absentee American owners. For those who want to relieve human suffering and at the same time help the United States to play a new role in Porto Rico the suggestion will be sufficient that the address of the American Red Cross is 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

NO DISTRUST OF DEMOCRACY corrodes the minds of the happy citizens of Arkansas. On the contrary, Arkansawyers are so sure of the beneficence of majority rule that they are about to extend it from politics to science. While other communities are trying to judge the theory of evolution by investigation and reason, the citizens of Arkansas, taking a short snappy way to truth, will settle the theory of Darwin on Election Day by popular vote. At that time a proposition will be submitted to the voters to forbid the teaching of evolution in any State-supported educational institution. A bill for that purpose was brought before the Legislature in 1927, but the latter body, unlike that of Tennessee, did not pass the measure. Opinion in Arkansas seems to be divided as to the prospects of the proposition for success in a popular referendum. The religious leaders, consisting mainly of Fundamentalist Baptist and Methodist exhorters of the old hell-fire school, are for the law. The University of Arkansas and many business interests are against it, the latter fearing that the measure may lay the State open to hurtful ridicule. We hope enough ridicule will deluge Arkansas before Election Day so that there can be no question that the fears of business are well grounded.

THE AMERICAN LEGION IS BRANDISHING its sword again, this time in Nebraska. Its prospective victim is C. A. Sorensen of Lincoln, Republican candidate for Attorney General, and a leader in the campaign to abolish compulsory military training at the State university. Branding Sorensen as a pacifist, the Legion's committee on military affairs accused him of making unworthy claims for



exemption from military service during the World War. Sorensen demanded the right to reply to the charges before the Legion's State convention but the demand was refused. Although he did not evade the draft during the war he was a passenger on Henry Ford's peace ship and a consistent opponent of war hysteria. Since then he has been an ardent Norris liberal, an opponent of the power interests, and manager of the Norris campaign for the Presidential nomination. For all these things the reactionaries of the State and the American Legion hate him, especially since he won the fight in the Republican primaries against a campaign of bitter denunciation. His victory in November will be a rebuke to the meddlesome leaders of the Nebraska American Legion and an encouragement in the campaign against compulsory militarism at the University of Nebraska.

**W**ILL THE RHINELAND be evacuated by Christmas? Most Americans have forgotten that French troops still occupy Coblenz and Mainz, but the Germans, naturally, have not. Aristide Briand's Geneva speech gave the impression that even ten years after the Armistice France had no intention of giving up her hold on Germany's throat; but, having roared for the jingoes, he is ready to do a little negotiating on common-sense grounds. It is, it appears, just a matter of bargaining. France is ready to evacuate if she can exact a high enough price in return. And France and Germany, with the interested cooperation of the British, have been engaged in working out a plan which would provide evacuation to satisfy the Germans, lots of cash for the French, and throw the burden on the United States. The cables report that they think they have been successful. France is to evacuate within a few months, leaving only a "Commission of Conciliation" behind to supervise the neutral zones provided for in the Versailles treaty; she will also agree to a final fixation of the total of Germany's reparations debt, if the Germans can convince her that it will be possible to float some four billion dollars' worth of reparations and "industrial" bonds in the international market—chiefly, of course, in the United States. Of this sum \$500,000,000 is to be floated at once—more than enough to enable the French to pay what they owe the United States for war supplies. The French say that they are willing to reduce the number of German annuities paid to parallel the payment of the inter-Allied debts due the United States. Will Washington continue its solemn insistence that reparations and the debts have nothing to do with each other?

**F**ISTS, BOOTS, CLUBS, AND GUNS were used by Pittsburgh police and reactionary officials of the United Mine Workers to smash the convention of insurgent miners which was called on September 9 at the Pittsburgh Labor Lyceum to form a new national union in the coal fields. Altogether it was one of the bloodiest and most disgraceful affairs that has occurred in this country since the Red raids of Mitchell Palmer's days. Left-wing miners, including some Communists, called a convention and notified Pittsburgh's Director of Public Safety ten days in advance of their intention, but no permit for the meeting was forthcoming. Members of the Lewis machine of the United Mine Workers, organizing an opposition group to storm the convention, picketed the Labor Lyceum at the opening session and attacked their Left-wing rivals. Although Pennsylvania police have been noted for their ruthlessness in breaking up mass picketing, this time they were not in evidence un-

til rioting had continued for some time. When they finally arrived they arrested not the original assailants but the men who had been assailed and the leaders of the convention. Of the 138 men arrested 128 were insurgents. Two truckloads of insurgents arriving at the convention after the rioting took place were arrested in a body. Horace B. Davis of Amherst College, who was an eye witness of the affair, writes us: "The police made no serious attempt to prevent trouble at the Labor Lyceum. They allowed people peaceably assembling to be attacked and then arrested them for rioting."

**N**OT ALL OF PITTSBURGH approved the police tactics. A committee of prominent citizens rounded up by representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union protested vigorously to Director of Safety Clark. The Pittsburgh *Press*, a Scripps-Howard paper, demanded freedom of assembly for all minorities. Under pressure the authorities yielded, the deportation of radical delegates from the city was halted, and those in jail were released on payment of small fines. But the harm had been done. Those delegates who were not in jail had hurriedly adjourned to a neighboring town where they held a small session, elected officers for a new national union, and started to plan an organizing campaign; there they were again raided by the police, this time by the deputy sheriffs of Allegheny county. They broke up in confusion, and when the police of Pittsburgh finally announced that they would be allowed to meet in that city, the delegates had gone home. The whole incident underscores the fact which was revealed in the steel strike and in recent coal strikes that in Pennsylvania the constitutional guaranties of free speech and free assembly are worthless; city and State police pay no attention to them. Meanwhile the new national miners' union, cradled in violence, faces an almost hopeless task. The industry is overmanned and the miners have been on strike for a year and a half. It will be a miracle if anything permanent or constructive comes out of the Pittsburgh convention.

**W**ANTED—ONE COLLEGE PROFESSOR, Southern, Protestant, and Ph.D. preferred; must be a good mixer, a man of sound business ideals, and a two-fisted fighter who can stamp out the fool notions of the labor agitators that are getting into the heads of our college students. The cotton manufacturers of Georgia did not use these words at their recent conference on industrial relations in Atlanta, but they might just as well have used them. They voted to establish a chair of social engineering at some leading Georgia college for research work in the field of industrial problems. The proposal sounds innocent enough, but these same manufacturers have steadily resisted previous attempts to disclose conditions in Georgia mills and have stoutly defended their eleven-hour day, twelve-hour night, and average weekly wage of less than \$12. Now when they imitate the power interests and seek to establish their own professorship, we hope that the colleges of Georgia will be on their guard. The cotton manufacturers have already exerted too much pressure upon Georgia schools. A cotton manufacturer is Governor of the State. "Georgia Tech" boycotted a progressive speaker who had exposed mill conditions, after he was attacked by the *Manufacturers' Record*. Emory University, which is probably the most progressive school in the State, recently prevented a professor from engaging in



an active campaign against the long working day in the mills. No one can prevent Georgia colleges from accepting a subsidy from the mill owners for any purpose which the trustees desire, but the academic world is entitled to know the fact, the name of the subsidized professor, the method of his choice, and the conditions of his tenure. In the interests of academic decency *The Nation* proposes to publish these facts concerning any choice which the Georgia mill owners make. We believe that a purchased article should bear its price-tag on the outside.

**T**HE MATERIAL SUCCESS of the New York *Times* under the ownership and management of Adolph S. Ochs continues to be amazing. A broadside gives the latest facts. Its gross income in 1927 was \$27,424,829.55 and its weekly payroll \$154,246.98. It used up just under 100,000 tons of paper in 1927 and 4,491,593 pounds of ink. No less than 3,319 employees produced the daily which has grown in average circulation since 1896, when Mr. Ochs took hold, from 21,516 to 405,707 in 1928, with a Sunday circulation of 700,925. During the same period its advertising has increased from something more than two millions of agate lines a year to nearly thirty millions. The newspaper receives 100,000 words of news a day by cable, radio, and telegraph, at an annual cost of \$500,000. It owns real estate assessed at \$5,984,000, and is half owner of a paper mill in Ontario which produces 550 tons of newsprint a day and is capitalized at \$370,000,000. No less than 4,700 square miles are covered by the plant's timber-rights and over fifty miles of private railroad are used to haul spruce to the mill. Of the *Times's* total capital stock of \$16,000,000, \$1,000,000 common was issued as a bonus in 1896; the rest, all 8 per cent preferred, was issued as dividends in 1920, 1924, and 1927. Few other papers in America, if any, can make as good a showing. As a business success it is colossal. If only its editorial ideals and policies had progressed in the direction of genuine, fearless liberalism, like those of the Manchester *Guardian*, the *Times* would today be not only a great newspaper but a great organ of enlightened public opinion.

**I**F FOREIGN POLICY plays a minute role in the political campaign, it still assumes a growing importance in the American consciousness. The amazing spread of the institute habit is evidence enough. Williamstown's Institute of Politics in its eight years' life has become a forum of international reputation, and the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia this summer ran it a close second in public interest. But at Lubbock, Texas, earlier in the year a Conference on International Relations and Foreign Policy discussed similar questions, in the Northwest an Institute of International Relations held its sessions on the campus of the University of Washington, while Chicago had its Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation Institute for the Study of International Relations, and Iowa's Sixth Commonwealth Conference gave a large share of its attention to foreign affairs. Discussions at all these institutes, we hear, were keen and informed; and the attendants were largely men and women whose time is not lightly sacrificed to such meetings. The radiating influence of the Foreign Policy Association and its luncheon-debates, now held regularly in more than a dozen cities, may make itself felt on a larger scale in these institutes. They have a tendency, still, to play stupidly safe; although Williams-

town listened to a German Nationalist this summer, which marked a pretty complete recovery from the world-war psychosis. All these institutes seem to fear looking upon Asia through nationalist Asian eyes, and not one of them, so far as we are aware, has yet been able to stand the shock of a real Russian Bolshevik.

**T**HE LATE WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE was one of the few American scholars of distinction who contrived to go through the period of the World War without losing his head. A Leipzig Ph.D., and for two years secretary to George Bancroft, American Minister at Berlin, he knew Germany at first hand as a young man, and carried into his work as historian and teacher the high standards of scholarship which as a student he had seen exemplified by Mommsen and Droysen. When the war came on he refused, quietly and with dignity, to surrender to the hysteria which swept the American professoriate, and while feeling no call to join with those who became aggressive champions of Germany, nevertheless retained his sanity in the face of the tumult and the shouting of Allied spokesmen and a subservient Allied press. For this not a few of his colleagues in the historical fraternity affected to regard him with suspicion or contempt, and more than one hostile comment was passed about in circles that did not quite dare to speak out openly. He was already, and again to his credit, somewhat under a cloud with certain of the dry-as-dusts because in his writings, notably in his great "*Napoleon Bonaparte: A History*," he had had the temerity to give to the fruits of learning an attractive literary form. It is gratifying to remember that in 1920, when the president of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, William Dean Howells, died, the succession was devolved without question upon Professor Sloane, and that much of the success of that organization, of which he had been an honored member from the beginning, was due to his devotion, his winning personality, and his high ideals.

**M**EXICO MOURNS NOT TWO HEROES, but three: the chieftain Obregon, the flyer Carranza, and the poet Diaz Mirón. Salvador Diaz Mirón as an artist was legitimately placed high in modern Spanish letters; as a man he belonged, with Obregon, to a passing Mexican tradition—the romantic, heroic, unquenchable, and stubborn "bad man" with ready laugh and ready gun. Throughout his lifetime Diaz Mirón, articulately an idealist, quarreled for his ideals. He duelled over women, he duelled over politics. In the "Diaz days" he served more than one prison term for a hasty word or a hasty shot, or for a deliberate and serious rhyme. As a member of the Chamber of Deputies he roared so loudly and flourished his pistol so frequently that even Diaz flattered instead of executing him. At the end of his days he sighed a little, and wondered if after all patriotic ideals were worth the trouble. But he growled as vigorously as ever over the one thing that to him was always worth the trouble, and this was the making of a perfect poem. In careful, rich, and finely polished Spanish he set forth his credo, like himself a Mexican tradition, postulating as of highest value three heroisms: the heroism of thought, the heroism of emotion, and the heroism of expression:

Tres heroismos en conjunción:  
El heroismo del pensamiento  
El heroismo del sentimiento  
Y el heroismo de la expresión.



# Should Liberals Vote for Smith?

WE are not deeply stirred by the announcement that the newly formed committee of Progressives who supported Senator La Follette in 1924, headed by Frank P. Walsh, will deliver the La Follette vote to Governor Smith. Progressives are not deliverable in bulk. Moreover, they are as confused by the issues and the personalities of this campaign as are all other thinking persons. Elsewhere we print a letter from Professor Edward Mead Earle, of Columbia University, who declares that intolerance and bigotry are the controlling issues in this campaign, but to others there are far more important questions, notably that of prohibition, and whether Tammany Hall shall be allowed to enter the White House in the person of Governor Smith. We are impressed by the large number of persons who would normally vote for the Governor who are influenced, in New York City at least, by their own personal contact with Tammany Hall and their experience of the kind of government it has given to New York. To others the instability of Mr. Hoover and his contradictory attitude in foreign affairs, are the controlling factor in the situation. The editors of *The Nation* are frank to admit that it is many years since they have found it as difficult to take a definite position. Upon one point they are agreed: No Progressive or Liberal ought to vote for Herbert Hoover, and no one who voted for Theodore Roosevelt or Woodrow Wilson in 1912 can support Mr. Hoover without doing violence to the convictions which led him to champion either of the 1912 candidates. Both Roosevelt and Wilson in that year, as we must once more remind our readers, declared that the sole issue of the campaign was the overthrowing of the great capitalists who were the masters of America, Roosevelt denouncing both the old parties as being so controlled by capitalists and political bosses as to be of no value to the American people. Mr. Hoover stands in this contest for the old order.

We have lost confidence in Mr. Hoover's intellectual integrity. He declares that he stands squarely on Mr. Coolidge's record, which he lauds to the sky. Thereby he forfeits every right to be considered a progressive, for, during the Coolidge Administration of which he has been a part, the powers denounced by Wilson and Roosevelt have gone further toward mastering the government, notably the several commissions created to defend the interests of the people against the raids of business privilege, than ever before. The highest claim put forth for Mr. Hoover is that he is a good business man, and an able executive. The hour does not call for a man of that type. The country needs a leader with soul and vision, one less interested in increasing the average income of the American and in the efficiency of business than in putting back into our national life some of that social and national and international idealism which has departed from it since Mr. Wilson put the country into war. Mr. Hoover's Newark speech, preaching a provincial tariff system, "the gospel of American progress," and "the ideal of distributed contentment" is the depressing product of an engineer turned party politician. As for his attitude on prohibition, that is mere fustian. He has been part of two administrations which made no really honest effort to enforce the Volstead Law.

As for Governor Smith, he is the most outspoken old-party candidate since 1912. He has stood by his guns as a Wet. His is an engaging and winning personality; he is an admirable administrator, and we should rather have him make over the Supreme Court, as the next President must, than Herbert Hoover. He has given, in office and in his acceptance speech, notable evidences of a trend to progressiveness. Furthermore, the bigoted and snobbish attacks upon him have, as Mr. Earle points out, made him a sort of symbol of tolerance in American life—racial, religious, and social tolerance, accepting into the American family the city-dwellers who have come to us within the last century. But his program everywhere stops short of firing the blood of a true progressive. He does not go the whole distance on water power; he does not use the words "government operation," which are the crux of the problem; he does not say that he will take corrupt big business by the throat as Wilson promised to do. The millionaires who are flocking to him ostensibly because he is an honest Wet would not do so did they not feel sure that he is satisfactorily safe and sane. He is still the Tammany sachem who glories in that office and believes in that accursed institution against which stand charged a century of corruption, misgovernment, and uncalled-for human misery in the city of New York, although he can rightfully claim that he has kept Tammany corruption out of his State Administration. He does not promise to disarm the country, though he has most admirably pledged himself to abstain from intervention in Mexico. Most important of all, he cannot make over the Democratic Party if he is elected, for that party is an even more hopeless conglomerate of absolutely diverse and discordant elements than it was in the days of Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson, neither of whom could wholly dominate it. Governor Smith, if elected, will give to the party temporarily a new life when it ought to die and give way to a genuinely progressive one. It has in this campaign thrown over the Wilson European program and abandoned its historic position on the tariff. There is little in its program and professions to differentiate it in any respect from the Republican Party. To vote for Smith is to choose the better of the two candidates, but the candidate of a party which seems hopeless. It is precisely because the American people allow themselves quadrennially to be put in this position that we make no more headway toward an honest party, toward a realignment with a clear division between liberalism and conservatism, between the privileged and the non-privileged.

There remains the Socialist Party. For its candidate, whom we are proud to list as one of our contributing editors, we have the highest regard. In personality and platform he comes closest to the principles for which *The Nation* stands. We are sorry for him that the menace of Hooverism will weigh so heavily with progressives that many thousands who admire Norman Thomas, and would like to make him the medium of their protest against the two old and rotten parties, feel today that they must once more support a Democratic candidate. We respect their position, though we can similarly understand those who even though non-Socialists will vote this year for Mr. Thomas,



not deterred therefrom by the cry that they will be throwing away their vote.

Eight years ago *The Nation* urged its readers to cast their votes either for Eugene V. Debs, candidate of the Socialist Party, or for Parley P. Christensen, of the Farmer-Labor Party. To vote for Harding or for Cox in the hope of progress from either, it declared, would be to throw away one's vote. Four years ago it supported Robert M. La Follette for President, believing that he expressed American progressivism and that about him was gathering the nucleus of a new party, founded upon the interests of the city workers and the farmers and definitely opposed to the system which has entrenched Big Business in the capitol at Washington. What we wrote in 1920 and in 1924 seems to us true today, although the immediate prospect for progress is less rosy. The two old-party organizations are hopeless; hope lies in the crystalization of the spirit which Shippstead of the Farmer-Labor Party, Berger of the Socialists, Wheeler and Dill of the Democrats, and La Follette, Norris, and others of the Republican Party have expressed in Washington. The five million citizens who voted for La Follette in 1924 are still here, and some day that new progressive party will arise. The editors of *The Nation* are agreed that the formation of such a party is still the crying need of American politics; but the question whether the voter can this year best contribute to that end by voting for Norman Thomas or for Al Smith they leave to the individual conscience of each progressive voter.

## Gearless Automobiles?

A DISPATCH from London brings the news that the inventor of a gearless car has triumphantly driven one group of press correspondents after another through the heaviest traffic in London and, apparently, has convinced them that his invention is a success. It is represented that he has spent years in achieving his results, and laid out \$100,000 of his own funds. It is, of course, not strictly speaking a gearless car that he has produced. The cabled descriptions are too vague to give one a clear idea of the mechanism, but what he has done is to transfer the gear-shifting operation from the driver of the car to the machinery, so that the driver is left free to devote his exclusive attention to the wheel, the brake, and the gas pedal. If this becomes universal, the ordinary driver will never again be worried by shifting gear on a hill; beginners will not mess up traffic by stalling their cars or making the wrong shift, and there will be complete automatic flexibility of action. If this really works out, it is obvious that the inventor will not only recover his \$100,000, but should reap an enormous reward for his patience and ingenuity.

This is, of course, not the first time that the announcement has been made that gear-shifting had been done away with. Many of our readers will doubtless recall the Owen magnetic car which purported to do the gear-shifting by electricity controlled by buttons on the wheel. It seemed most promising and technically correct, but it was only a short time before the car joined the large number of automobiles of promise which have gone out of existence, among them, curiously enough, some of the earliest and apparently most successful. The Stanley Steamer was another effort not only to avoid the use of gasoline, but to develop a car

which should be entirely flexible in traffic and controlled only by the hand of the operator. It was a marvelous automobile for hill climbing and speed, and for years it enjoyed prosperity sufficient to absorb all the product of its factory. But its cars were ugly and not in keeping with public needs, the danger of the pilot light was never overcome, and the huge boiler could be injured entirely too easily. Even at that the car could have been kept alive had there been progressive management at the head of the company.

There will, of course, be two opinions in regard to the new invention. There will be those to groan at the increasing ease with which cars may be speeded—a further incentive to reckless driving. On the other hand, with the driver able to concentrate his attention on the actual direction of the car, and able to keep both hands on the wheel at all times, the new device should make for safety. It is, of course, true that the tremendous development of the motor car has made the shifting of gear far less important than in the early days of this epoch-making invention. Hills are no longer the obstacle that they were, and the flexibility and power of the modern engine is so vastly superior to the models, let us say, of 1912, as to make driving an entirely different affair. With automatic gear control there will be few who will not be able to drive with comfort and ease.

As a matter of fact, the progress of the modern automobile never stops. The four-cylinder succeeds the two, the six the four, and the eight the six. The \$2,000 car of today is the equal of the \$5,000 car of a few years ago. Many engines are practically fool-proof, and require no attention except to oil and gas. Paradoxically, however, the finest car of all, the Rolls-Royce, continues to require the most careful attention and incessant work if it is to be kept in condition to do its best. The life of tires, too, has been revolutionized; a run of 8,000 miles without a puncture is a not uncommon thing. In the early days, if a car's shoes lasted 2,000 miles it was something to boast about to friends and neighbors; a blowout before 1,000 miles was considered inevitable. We look forward to other radical changes besides the elimination of gear-shifting.

## Hollywood Speaks

THREE new mechanical marvels—television, color cinematography, and talking movies—broke into the headlines almost simultaneously. Ultimately each may figure as conspicuously in the every-day life of the American citizen as the radio has come to do; the last already has its place on Broadway. We, however, should have learned before now that invention is not always an unmixed blessing and there are good reasons for doubting that either the moving-picture industry or the general public has cause to be glad that the irrepressible technician has at last succeeded in teaching shadows to talk. Edison let us in for a good deal when he made the movies possible by bringing the perforated film and the "star and camb" sprocket wheel together, but his ingenious contrivance assaulted only one of the five senses; only the imagination can guess what the ear may henceforward be compelled to endure.

The stock if not the earnings of the Warner Brothers corporation (owners of the Vitaphone patents) has gone soaring, but Hollywood sees only trouble ahead for an industry which was doing very nicely indeed before the



new invention threatened complications which cannot possibly be solved for a long time to come. If the "movies" should actually be replaced by the "talkies" it would mean, first, that the international market upon whose existence the real prosperity of the industry depends would of necessity be destroyed and, second, that an entirely new technique of production would have to be evolved.

The stars of the screen do not know how to speak and the scenarists do not know how to write dialogue. Nor can the latter difficulty be overcome by the purchase of successful dramas. Plays intended for the stage cannot be photographed as written for the simple reason that the narrative form of the movies with its rapid changes of scene is entirely different from that of the stage where events are revealed in a different order and where everything that is represented to the eye takes place in only two or three places. Adaptation involves a retelling of the story in such a way that, for instance, many things merely reported on the stage are acted out in the cinema, and this means that the stage dialogue is unsuitable for a talking movie. Actually to prepare a play for the talking movies requires a rewriting almost as complete as that involved in the dramatization of a novel and even after the technique for doing so has been perfected the mere time required will be very much greater than is now needed for the preparation of a simple narrative sequence without words.

Nor is it, on the other hand, pleasant to imagine what the public will be called upon to endure. Silence imposed certain definite and very fortunate limitations upon the silliness of cinemetographic dramas. The infantile sentimentality and abysmal vulgarity of those who make them expressed itself only in gestures and they suffered from a blessed inability to suit the word to the action. Occasional sub-titles gave us a hint of what they would have said had they been able, and the memory of this hint is far from reassuring. Moderately literate people shuddered and even the naivest audiences frequently tittered when the intelligence and the taste behind a silent drama was suddenly revealed in the words of a caption. What will the movies be like when every gesture is accompanied by some audible "came the dawn"?

It is a notorious fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred of all the original stories written for the movies are artistically upon the level of the cheapest magazine fiction and that an equal proportion of those based upon other works are reduced to the same level in the course of the process of adaptation. The mechanical perfection of the cinema already furnishes the most violent contrast to its artistic immaturity and the makers of the photo-play can already say more completely than they ought to be able that they know nothing which is worth the saying. The last ten or fifteen years has shown so little improvement in any important direction that there is no good reason for hoping that any such improvement would ever take place, but at least it may reasonably be maintained that under the circumstances every limitation was an advantage and that to accord them a new means of expression before they had begun to make any good use of those which they had is to curse them with a new curse.

Each new mechanical contrivance is greeted in the newspapers by some editorial writer who recalls the first message sent across telegraphic wires: "What hath God Wrought?" Each time it is used the question seems less and less a rhetorical one.

## Business Superstitions

**A**N American business man will tell you that he is individualistic, hard-headed, unemotional, and a worshiper of facts and figures. There are certain signs, however, in Presidential years that show that he may be highly sensitive, not to say superstitious. In each of the twelve election years since 1880, for example, the curve of general business activity has dipped sharply during the spring and summer months. This occurred regardless of the prevailing business conditions in those years. And since the dip was more pronounced than the normal slackening up of business in the summers of other years, it reveals a hesitant and apprehensive attitude on the part of industrial leaders during campaign years.

It has been the pet doctrine of both Republican and Democratic partisans that business men are nervous because they fear a change of political parties in the White House. The ease and effectiveness with which this argument can be used by the Republicans in office—and similarly by the Democrats—makes it popular with both parties. A survey of business conditions made by Editorial Research Reports since 1880 reveals that the various cycles ran their courses without much regard to the changes of administration or legislative control in Washington. From 1880 to 1896 wholesale commodity prices declined almost steadily, while wages rose slowly and steadily throughout the whole period—with a slight setback in 1894 and 1895. Again from 1915 to 1927 practically all the general indexes of prosperity showed a vertical rise with a sudden drop in 1921. Obviously, these changes were not due to any legislation enacted by Congress or to policies pursued by a Democratic or a Republican President. In this connection it is also interesting to note that there were business depressions in the United States during the campaign years 1884, 1900, 1908, 1920, with closely corresponding conditions at the same times in England, France, and Germany. To assume that the Presidential election caused the recession in these years in the United States would be to assume that the election influenced business in the other nations as well.

In a few specific elections, it is true, the economic issues at stake may have caused a temporary tension in the business world. The bitter attack of Cleveland on the protective tariff in the campaign of 1888 undoubtedly scared the vested interests and influenced considerably the business decline. And again the "sound-money" issue between Bryan and McKinley in 1896 caused a great strain in the money market. But violent fights on tariff or money are out of style today, and no similar economic issues have taken their place. Such changes as either party might make in the tariff, while frequently having an important bearing on individual industries, are greatly overestimated as factors in national prosperity. In the opinion of Charles O. Hardy, one of the few authorities who even mention the influence of politics in connection with business cycles: "The popular view enormously exaggerates the business significance of national elections. Except when the question of peace or war arises, comparatively few businesses are greatly affected by such changes of national policy as follow the success of one or the other of the leading parties." It is time for the business man to quiet his nerves and forget his superstitions about Presidential elections.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

**P**oor unfortunate Bobby Jones! The tragic situation of this young man should rouse the pity of all golfers. Unfortunately nothing more tangible than pity, or some kindred emotion, is within our power. In the words of the ballad: "We can't give you anything but love, Bobby." Last week he stood lonely as any Alexander upon the twenty-seventh green and the match had already ended. Jones has become so good that his opponents no longer carry him far enough to constitute a brisk walk. In coming to the final round Bobby beat Beck 14 up and 13 to play. And Finlay fell at 13 and 12. In other words Bobby Jones had a margin of thirty-seven holes in his last three matches for the championship. It was his fourth amateur title within five years.

It seems to me entirely reasonable to maintain that the young man from Georgia is not to be envied. All the golfing commentators inform us that he is a sportsman of the highest type. As such he can hardly enjoy the fact that his victories come so easily and by so wide a margin. Such triumphs can hardly be more thrilling than shooting chickens in a hen-coop. The stirring excitement of a close encounter is practically unknown to Jones. Only in little eighteen-hole jaunts is his supremacy ever threatened.

In the beginning it must have been that Bobby loved the game of golf. He began to play while still a youngster and he was good enough for tournaments while yet in short trousers. But those were the days before the blight of constant victory had fixed its icy grip about him. Upon some small foundation the legend grew that Jones was a lad much given to tantrums. History records that once or twice he said things and there is also a rumor that when sorely tried he might hurl his clubs about in anger. At least there is no doubt that in the days of his youth Bobby played golf with passion.

And no game is worth while unless it can enlist some fragment of that spirit. It is well enough to work and fight and love with a certain detachment, but in play a man must give his heart as well as back and shoulders. After the downfall of Napoleon some ex-Etonian cricketer might well have mourned because he could no longer perform in the game with all his old-time skill and fire. And he might well have remarked to some group of fellows also grown slack and seedy: "We lost that match upon the battlefield of Waterloo."

In fact many morals may be drawn from the sad predicament of Bobby Jones. He has succeeded in reducing to an absurdity the American passion for efficiency. In all the magazines and newspapers advertisements scream at us and urge improvement. We are asked in forceful language to become masters of public oratory, of French, and banjo playing. But what shall it profit a man if he becomes so good that he can no longer enjoy contacts with the average folk who fill the land and are not to be in any way avoided? As a child my parents and mentors tried to keep me away from the highly interesting stories written by Horatio Alger, Jr. These books, they said, were trash and would spoil my taste for good literature. Although a dutiful child, I did not obey this particular injunction wholly. My intuition in the matter was more wise than the parental theory.

If I were one tuned only to receive the words of the great in poetry and fiction, most evenings with books would be a little dreary. Not once in ten years, or maybe twenty, would a new novel appear to which I could commit my attention and enthusiasm. As it is I suffer trash quite gladly and, like any statesman or captain of industry, I can sit down and while the nights away with a good detective story.

One of the triumphs achieved by Bobby Jones seems to me to increase sterility of spirit. All sporting writers go in quite a bit for morals, and they have pointed out that not only has the young golfer conquered every competitor but he has also won complete mastery over himself. No longer do the clubs or cuss words fly, no matter where a shot may land him. Which means that Jones has become a machine completely. Both his drives and his emotions go always in a straight line. At twenty-four the man is a myth, a superman, a legend. He is one of the gods and should always play with that other Olympian, Par, the son of Colonel Bogey. But even in that there is not much fun for Bobby because he can beat Par almost as readily as flesh and blood opponents.

Golf, of course, means far more to me than it does to Jones. When I stand upon the first tee and nervously waggle a wooden club, a world of potentialities lies before me. A slice is possible or a hook. The chances of topping the ball are excellent. At times I hit behind it. It is not wholly unknown to swing and miss entirely. The entire course is my oyster. By no means am I restricted to the middle of the fairway assigned to the first hole. There is always the possibility that the shot may go off sharply at a tangent and land in the lake which guards the eighteenth green.

Very possibly I suffer more during any given round than would an expert. But there is no pleasure without pain. A straight drive of one hundred and eighty yards, a mashie pitch for Bobby, is enough to make the entire afternoon a day of joy as far as I'm concerned. No single shot can do as much for Jones. He knows almost precisely where the ball will go when he steps up to hit it. Of course there is upon occasion some slight deviation from the plan, but generally it is not enough to notice. Golf in the case of Jones takes on a deadly monotony. He whales the ball a mile and then he takes an iron and pops it up to the green close to the cup. The only issue is whether or not he can hole the putt. And so it seems hardly worth his while to tramp over hills and down the valleys. He might as well linger on the clubhouse lawn and amble round the clock course.

Jones will never know, as I do, how beautiful are the wild flowers which grow deep in the rough. He has not seen closely the glory of autumn foliage in expeditions into the primeval forest in the search for slices. And I have gone down into gullies and lakes and even through the window of a quaint New England dwelling. If some magician could give me entire the game of golf as played by Bobby Jones I would not take it. Still maybe I could be persuaded to accept his driving and his iron play. And perhaps I would take over his putting, too, but only every other week-end.

HEYWOOD BROWN



# Curtis's Oily Hands

By FREDERIC BABCOCK

SENATOR CHARLES CURTIS'S son is an attorney for Harry F. Sinclair. He got the job, through his father's influence, about the time Teapot Dome began erupting, the job consisting of making a saving to the Sinclair company in its income taxes. While drawing a salary from Sinclair, young Curtis took an active part in getting the Republican Vice-Presidential nomination for his father at the Kansas City convention.

The Senator himself either is or has been, by virtue of his holdings in Sinclair stock, a partner in Sinclair's business dealings, honorable and otherwise. Curtis is a long-time close personal and political friend of Sinclair, and for many years has ridden into office on money furnished by the oil owner. He thus stands heavily indebted to Sinclair (provided he has not, by his official acts in Washington, already paid off the debt).

Why Sinclair has gone out of his way to befriend the Senator, what payment he has exacted in return, and how the Senator, though singed in the Teapot Dome investigation, escaped the holocaust, is left to the imagination. A vivid imagination is not needed.

Sinclair (some of you may recall) several years ago corrupted a sizable portion of a federal administration in order that he might rob the nation of its oil reserves, and later wiped out the Republican Party's deficit with a part of his profits in that deal. Knowing that some evil-minded persons might misconstrue Harry's generous motives in employing the son of the Senate floor-leader and Vice-Presidential candidate, I thought the only fair thing to do was to go to this son and find out the truth.

I wrote the city editor of Arthur Capper's paper in Topeka and asked for the son's address. No response. It appeared that the young man was somewhere in Chicago. I searched for the name Harry K. Curtis in the Chicago Bar Association directory and in the Chicago telephone directory. No results. The only Harry K. Curtis listed in the city directory was denominated a painter at 2347 North Clark Street, and I felt that he wouldn't quite fill the bill. I appealed to the Sinclair offices, and learned that Mr. Curtis was on the pay roll there, but repeated telephone calls brought the information that he was "not in." Finally I located him in the expensive Lincoln Park West apartment hotel, and made arrangements to meet him.

At the executive offices of the Sinclair Refining Company, McCormick Building, 332 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Mr. Curtis greeted me with cordiality even if without manifest enthusiasm. I found him to be a rather large man in his middle or late thirties—a ruddy-faced, hearty man, with unmistakable evidences of his Indian ancestry.

Yes, he said, he was Senator Curtis's son and he was connected with the Sinclair interests. But this connection dated back to 1909, when, as a youth just out of high school, he left his home in Topeka and went to Independence, Kansas, there to work for the Sinclair boys, Harry and Earl, in the First National Bank. His father and Harry were old friends, and Sinclair always had taken a personal interest in the boy. The elder Curtis was serving his first term in the Senate at the time.

From Independence young Curtis went to the University of Michigan, and from there, after he had been graduated from the College of Law, he went to Detroit, where he opened a general practice in 1914. Three years later, following the passage of the income-tax law, he began to specialize in taxation matters, and in 1921 entered the service of the government as a tax expert in charge of the St. Louis office. At that time Sinclair had nobody handling the legal end of the work of preparing his tax returns.

In July, 1923, young Curtis received a wire offering him a position supervising the making of these returns for the Sinclair company. He accepted. His job then became a matter of checking up on the legal aspects of virtually all of the company's taxation.

"Was the wire from Mr. Sinclair himself?" I asked.

"It seems to me it was—either from him or from Mr. Stanford, general counsel," he replied.

"Well, then, was the initiative taken by your father, or by Mr. Sinclair, in getting you a job with the Sinclair people?" was my next question.

"Mostly by Mr. Sinclair," he answered. "I don't think father had a whole lot to do with it."

I let that "whole lot to do with it" pass, and asked another question.

"That was about the time the Teapot Dome case was starting, wasn't it?"

"The lease had been signed in April of that year," he answered. "The investigation hadn't yet started, but"—he added naively—"we saw it coming."

I let that pass also.

After La Follette, Walsh, Norris, and other Senatorial "busybodies" had started prying into the leasing of the Wyoming naval reserve, which thereupon was to take its niche in the Hall of Fame, the young man conferred with his father on the advisability of keeping his job. He asked the Senator if the latter wished him to sever his connection with Sinclair. The Senator made no such request, but advised that, since he (the Senator) was in politics, it would be better if the son had no dealings with the government on behalf of his employer. So the son moved to Chicago and became one of Sinclair's district attorneys.

"My work here consists of drawing leases, answering questions in case of dispute with customers, going over contracts, and engaging in general corporation practice," he told me. "The country is divided into several districts, and there are one or more such attorneys for each. There are four of us in Chicago. My salary is the same as that of each of the others. I have nothing to do with the government. I try to stay away from it; in fact, I do stay away."

I had been told that Mr. Curtis's duties were only nominal; that he was drawing a large salary for doing virtually nothing, that he appeared in court almost never, was not known to others of his profession in my home city, and that the real reason for his employment by Sinclair was all too obvious. But he was so earnest and so able in his presentation of the case in behalf of the worthiness of his job, that I did not bring up unpleasant topics. I adopted another tack.



"Is it true that your father has grown wealthy through his dealings in oil?" I asked.

"I never heard that he was wealthy," he replied.

Balked at that opening, I resorted to desperate means. I threw out a wild query—and it went home. I had no inkling that Senator Curtis had so much as a single share of Sinclair stock. But it would do no harm to ask.

"Is it true that your father is a large stockholder in Sinclair Oil?"

"No," he said, and hesitated. Then he added: "He has had Sinclair stock, but—I think—he has sold it all."

That frank admission was all I could ask for along that line, and so I again changed the subject.

"Did you have any hand in your father's nomination for Vice-President?"

"I was on duty at his headquarters," he answered, with a show of justifiable pride. "I've been around quite a bit, and know lots of people, and I steered them around where it would do the most good."

"Mr. Sinclair has always supported your father?"

"Oh, yes, he always contributed to father's campaigns out in Kansas."

"And you have no compunction about keeping this job?"

"Why should I?" he retorted. "At least I have definite work to do. It's not like Archie Roosevelt, who capitalized his father's name to get a job with Sinclair and then had to be shoved around, from department to department, because they couldn't find any work he could do."

"Supposing the opposition to your father exposes your connection with Sinclair. Then what?"

"Let 'em come. We're ready for 'em. We'll come right back at 'em and spring something on the Democrats, and it'll be a lot worse."

A lot worse than what? I hadn't the heart to ask him. Once more, I let it pass.

An open letter to Senator Curtis:

As the clans were gathering at Kansas City you proclaimed that any ticket headed by Hoover would at once be placed on the defensive. You must have known whereof you spoke! In March, 1924, it was brought out by the Teapot Dome investigators that Ira E. Bennett, editor of Edward B. McLean's *Washington Post*, had sent this telegram to his chief:

Saw Principal. Delivered message. He says greatly appreciates and sends regards to you and Mrs. McLean. There will be no rocking of the boat and no resignations. He expects reaction from unwarranted political attacks.

The "Principal," it was made known, was yourself. The charge was not denied. You have never satisfactorily explained it to this day. At that time you were the Republican whip of the Senate, and already scheming to succeed Henry Cabot Lodge as majority leader. No doubt even then you had your eye on the Presidency.

In the light of what we now know about you and your affiliations, and—our full cognizance of how you tried to stifle the investigation that would involve both you and your oily benefactor, perhaps it will be best for all concerned if you will at this time retire from the ticket and from political life as gracefully as you can.

## Socrates Sits Upon the Log

By LELAND HAMILTON JENKS

IF there is hope for an intellectual renaissance in the United States, one of its most promising signs is the zeal with which the college world is engaged in self-criticism. It is a poor college that is not trying, if very feebly, to follow some such trail as those blazed by Wilson at Princeton, Meiklejohn at Amherst and Wisconsin, Aydelotte at Swarthmore, Morgan at Antioch, and Hamilton at Robert Brookings. The more venturesome of the many experimenters are not only hoping to reorganize the curriculum but are also seeking to break through the routine of the time-honored lecture-and-quiz methods of instruction. None perhaps has broken so completely with classroom tradition in this respect as has Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida, under the leadership of Hamilton Holt.

It is nothing new for Rollins to be a pioneer. When the college was founded in 1885 under the auspices of a group of Congregationalists from New England, it was the only institution of higher learning in Florida. It was the first liberal college in the Far South. From the first it was devoted to the old Amherst idea of being a Christian college which imposed no religious test upon either faculty or students. Through many difficulties the college was kept true to this generous faith. And last year it had an opportunity to renew publicly its convictions when it was the only college in Florida to oppose the threatened anti-evolution bill. The clear-cut, reasonable statement of the views of the Rollins faculty produced a marked effect upon the

legislature. Rollins is living proof that a liberal college can exist and grow in the most fundamentalist part of the South.

Three years ago the college undertook a further mission. Dr. Holt, former editor of the *Independent*, co-founder of the League to Enforce Peace, and leader in numerous enterprises for international cooperation, was offered the Rollins presidency. Although his career had thus far been that of a publicist, President Holt had some well-defined ideas about education. And his freshness to the academic world emboldened him to launch an attempt at Rollins to get back to first principles in the relations of teachers and students.

Briefly, Dr. Holt proposed to banish the lecture and recitation wholly from the campus, as the normal methods of instruction. He proposed to provide each department and instructor with a laboratory or workshop, equipped with the tools, books, and conveniences for study. Here it was hoped that students and teachers would work together, the former learning especially from the contagion of common intellectual undertakings. It was a thoroughgoing application to the college field of what is frequently called the "project-method" in discussions of secondary education.

"We would have continuous and intimate association of professors and students in the working period of the day," declared President Holt. "Every student should spend the entire morning in intellectual work, two hours of the after-



noon in field work, and perhaps an hour or an hour and a half in the evening in receptive work and play."

In working out Dr. Holt's ideals, several modifications were made at Rollins. The financial condition of the college made it impossible to put the plant in ideal shape for the effective working of the plan in all its aspects. Instructors of national prestige entered their rooms at the inauguration of the experiment two years ago to find some of them without a scrap of furniture. The floor and window-ledges were for a few weeks a very real equivalent of Mark Hopkins's hypothetical log. Yet this very lack of standardized equipment has helped to destroy the obstacles to natural, human contacts between students and instructors. And instruction has come at Rollins to be a matter of conference, suggestion, and guidance, with the student placed increasingly upon his own initiative and held responsible for results.

Thus the student enrolling in chemistry may be handed a text and a book of exercises. "Here is your year's work; go to it," says the professor in effect. "When you strike a snag, come into the office for a talk. When you are ready for a quiz, it will be ready for you." In a literature course, discussion by the Socratic method is the principal feature of the class period. One professor delivers a brief lecture embodying original material at each meeting of the class, and devotes the remainder of the period to individual conferences. Another divides his class into sections for the purpose of making group reports to the class as a whole upon principal topics of discussion. In one history class recently the instructor devoted a portion of the period to individual conferences upon essays previously written, while the bulk of the class engaged in the preparation of another set of papers, with the aid of the departmental library. Presently half a dozen students were discovered on the veranda, heatedly arguing the reasons for the fall of Rome. The instructor joined the group, and ultimately the discussion attracted the attention of the entire class. In another course the instructor lectures informally when the students decide that they need encouragement or enlightenment with respect to a complicated situation. In the education department, customarily the stronghold of aridity and insipidity, the instructor has been approaching problems of educational psychology by way of Plato and Dante's "Inferno."

Whatever Dr. Holt has started at Rollins, it is not a cut-and-dried system. He has given able instructors who were dissatisfied with older methods an opportunity to experiment with more direct means of promoting the intellectual and aesthetic development of their students. And the admitted results have encouraged the indefinite continuance of the experiment.

"What do you do when your class meets?" I have been asked by anxious colleagues at other institutions. This is the precise difference between Rollins and the average college. The class does not meet as such. Individuals come to the department room for reading and research, to make written or oral report, for conference with the instructor, to attend an announced discussion or lecture. If they do not come they must be accounted for. But they are self-starters. The students decide for themselves how they will spend their time, unless they are deficient. When at rare intervals the instructor assumes the role of taskmaster, the event is impressive for its novelty. It is not the duty of students to run if the instructor does not put in an appearance within ten minutes of the beginning of the period.

They have their work cut out for them; and it is their loss if they do not do it when it can be best performed.

It was not easy at the outset to bring students and teachers to realize the full implications of this sweeping break with time-honored college teaching methods. To assist the conference idea in making its way upon the campus, a departure was instituted in the length of class periods. Instead of meeting for three one-hour periods a week, classes were scheduled for the same number of periods, two hours in length, for the same credit. It was assumed that college students, who are generally supposed to study two hours in preparation for every hour spent in class, actually spend only one hour or less in preparation. Hence it was proposed that students should perform all of their required activities in connection with any course during the two hours scheduled for contact with their instructors in the classroom. If they wished to excel, or to master their courses more rapidly than their fellows, they might do so after school hours, in their rooms or elsewhere. The college day, however, was divided into three such conference periods, which, together with a period for athletics in the afternoon, were expected to place the required activities of the school upon an "eight-hour business day."

It must be said that this attempted analogy between college education and the New York business office has not been free from difficulties. Experienced educators have viewed it at all times with distrust, as based upon erroneous premises. The problems of attention involved have been solved at times at the expense of content in the courses. The organization of college work about the average performance of the average student as a standard is out of line with contemporary trends in progressive education. Moreover, the element of supervised study seemingly involved in the eight-hour day principle is at war with the conference ideal itself. And as the college attracts to it, as it is doing, the type of student best able to become master of his own education, this particular mechanism is certain to undergo considerable modification. It has already been abandoned in advanced courses, which are being run along seminar or autonomous lines. And in practice it is safe to say that there is not a student on the campus who actually performs all of his required college work, not to say all that he is moved to do, within the strict and exclusive limits of the office-workers' day. The conference idea will triumph over the time-clock as well as over the lock-step.

It is particularly with reference to the curriculum, however, that the limited number of periods provided in the schedule has proved embarrassing. Because of it the college has thus far done little toward wrestling with the great problem of what to teach, which Dr. Meiklejohn has so adventurously undertaken at Wisconsin. In this respect, as in many others, Rollins stands so far in the same shoes as dozens of her compeers. The college has its unsolved questions of admission, of discipline, of student activities, of fraternities, of academic tenure, of collegiate self-government. Many of these questions are now being studied at the initiative of a group of the faculty of the college. Rollins boasts for president a man who, while campaigning for endowment, indorses the doctrine of evolution in Florida and public ownership in New York City. What college has better right to be proud of its liberalism? Who can doubt that it will be the questing spirit of Socrates rather than the dogmatism of Mark Hopkins which will sit at the end of the Rollins log?



# What Happened in Maine

By PERCIVAL MUSGRAVE

*Augusta, Maine, September 14*

ONE Maine newspaper had the effrontery to declare the week before the State election that "As Maine Goes" was a myth, and to cite the two Cleveland and the second Wilson elections in substantiation of the discrepancy between State and national verdicts in Presidential years. But apparently this was a still small voice. The ballyhoo to indorse Republican prosperity, to rebuke the attempt to re-enthronize King Alcohol (whose first dethronement by Maine is the State spell-binders' pride), to repel the attempt of foreign and Tammanyized New York to lay its tiger claws on the nation—and, above all, the whispered campaign against the menace of a "foreign potentate"—drowned out all other considerations. "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" (the rebellion of those who would upset our perfect order) proved—this time in reverse—as potent as against that famous native son, Blaine of Maine.

Regularity and conservatism triumphed. The sentiment that in the same week in neighboring New Hampshire nominated the gubernatorial candidate, Charles W. Tobey, of the progressive wing of Republicanism against the standpat Ora Brown, supported by Senators Moses and Keyes; that in far-away Washington rejected Poindexter, the renegade progressive—all this was totally lacking in the State whose motto is "I direct." Senator Frederick Hale, whose slogan is service, who in Washington attends the minutest wants of his constituents with Sears-Roebuck diligence, emerged unscathed from his opponents' attacks. Both in the primary and the campaign proper his votes in favor of Newberry, the Fall oil policy, and Vare and Smith—particularly the last—his reactionary labor record, his votes against the utilities investigation and government retention of Muscle Shoals, but in favor of turning over the bankrupt Cape Cod Canal to the government, were brought into the open. He thereupon received the largest majority ever accorded a United States Senator in Maine. Colonel William Tudor Gardiner, of Gardiner—a country squire, with Harvard polish and democratic manners—who avoided discussing any issues but let it be known that he favored export of hydro-electric power, which the power companies want, was likewise elected by the largest majority ever given a governor in Maine.

By the election Maine is apparently headed for the category of one-party States, like those of the Solid South, and without the saving grace of a vigorous insurgency which prevails in the nominally Republican States of the Northwest. The Democrats lost not only every one of the sixteen counties, but every county officer save one, lost their lone seat in the State Senate, and in the House dwindled from twenty-two to sixteen out of a total membership of 151.

The power issue, though taken up both in the Republican primaries and in the campaign itself by the losing candidates, made no appreciable impression on the voters. The issue which was variously termed "Insullism" or export versus retention of hydro-electric power, had its origin a score of years ago when Governor Bert M. Fernald brought about the enactment of a law forbidding the

export by corporations of Maine's hydro-electric power without special permit. For twenty years the power interests have assaulted the law, first with little effect, but since the entry of the Insull interests into Maine with apparently increasing success. Since 1909 every governor has opposed "export." In 1922 Governor Percival P. Baxter, who succeeded to the governorship by the death of Frederick H. Parkhurst, campaigned for reelection successfully on that issue. Against a rising pressure Governor Ralph O. Brewster vetoed the Smith-Wyman export bill, frankly sponsored by the power companies, and threatened to take the matter to the people on a referendum if the measure were repassed over his veto. Sufficient votes to repass were lacking. But Governor Brewster had earned the enmity of the power interests and the Republican machine, which are closely identified, and in the Senatorial primary was defeated by a somewhat less than two-to-one majority. A feature of the campaign was the complete about-face of former Governor Baxter, who, long hated by the machine for his avowed position as "the people's defender," swallowed all his previous utterances and clambered on the standpat band-wagon. His political ambitions within the State were ended in a special election for the Senatorship in 1926 by a crushing defeat at the hands of Arthur R. Gould, who was as liberal in his campaign expenditures as Mr. Baxter was not. It is no secret that Mr. Baxter is now an active aspirant for a diplomatic post. He needs the State party organization's support to get it.

In the Republican gubernatorial primary, two out of four candidates made retention of Maine's hydro-electric power their issue. One of them weakened before the end of the campaign, but a third, who had long indorsed the power companies' views, switched to the other position in mid-campaign on the ground that he had discovered the Insulls were not to be trusted. Faith in that candidate's sudden conversion did not appear to be widespread. Colonel Gardiner, who, beyond an original declaration in favor of exporting "surplus" power, had conducted a campaign of handshaking, received half again as many votes as his three opponents combined. A broken arm might have cramped his style, but none of his opponents thought of that. His political dryness and his record of personal wetness were also used quietly where each would be most effective.

A rift in the local Democratic Party was apparent at its State convention. The pledging of the delegation to Smith alienated the Drys and others—not so dry—whom the prohibition issue served as a cloak for their religious prejudices. The party platform, in a plank written by a power attorney and former party leader, denounced the power issue as "demagogic" and declared for the export of power. The convention nominated a little-known youngster from Rockland, Edward Carl Moran, Jr., a few years ago a famous Bowdoin debater, who had distinguished himself at the convention by a stirring address in favor of pledging the delegation for Smith. Shortly afterward he repudiated the State party's power plank and declared for the retention of Maine's power and an investigation of the



rates which the power companies were charging. He campaigned eloquently but vainly on that issue.

The Democratic National Committee evidently considered Maine hopeless. Previous experience likewise, it appears, had taught it that funds sent to Maine for campaign purposes had often not been disbursed by the recipient politicians. The committee sent but \$5,000 to Maine—not even cigar money—specifically directing that it be used for registration of voters only. Elections in Maine as elsewhere are won on money. Moreover, Moran labored under the handicap of his name, which the Protestant voters in large numbers deemed to be “Irish Catholic.” He is a Protestant, while his running mate for the Senatorship, Herbert E. Holmes, is a Catholic. Each won and lost votes through mistaken conceptions of his faith on the part of the voters. The falling off in the Democratic vote, while the Republican was almost the same as in 1924, indicates that the striking results on September 10 were due to the non-voting of Democrats rather than to the swing to Republicanism. The *Portland Press-Herald* offers evidence that the abstention was wholly among the women.

Although the winners declared that national issues alone were involved and that the local power issue was not an issue at all, the power interests had it all their own way. It is on the cards that a power-export bill will again pass the Legislature, and will not be vetoed by Governor Gardiner. The result on a referendum, which is bound to follow (for it can be compelled by 10,000 signatories), is not easy to forecast. Only one daily in Maine, a newcomer less than a year old, the *Portland Evening News*, appears to have had the temerity to challenge the power interests. The power-trust organs—whose owners are a past Republican National Committeeman and his wife, the present Republican National Committeewoman—promise reduced taxes to Maine through the additional revenue to the State from the great profits which will accrue to the power companies when these are permitted to sell their surplus and as yet undeveloped power in Massachusetts. The *Portland Evening News* vigorously combats these claims, denies there would be any surplus to export if rates were equitable, points to the discrepancy between the prices of power to Maine consumers and that promised to Massachusetts potential purchasers, charges that the purpose of export is to remove Maine's power from State to federal control, and attacks the financial structure of the Insull corporations. It recently revealed that the Maine Insull companies—which have absorbed every important producer of hydro-electricity in the State but one—are controlled by the New England Public Service Company, which in turn is controlled by the National Electric Power Company, which in turn is controlled by the Middle West Utilities Company. Samuel Insull is the directing genius of all these interlocking and overlapping groups. The *Portland Evening News* charges that this too-heavy super-structure rests on the shoulders of the Maine consumer. If that be the case, one might judge that the Maine citizens are, paraphrasing slightly the phrase coined by Lincoln Steffens about Philadelphia years ago, “exploited and contented.”

Hoover sentiment is predominant in Maine. His personal popularity among the rank and file is unmistakable. Before his nomination the more conservative organs of Republican opinion were only lukewarm in his favor. The *Portland Evening News*, which came out early and vigorously for his nomination, sought vainly to secure a Maine

Republican delegation pledged to him. Now the press of the State has become unanimous for him. No Democratic dailies survive. There have been none since the days of the *Portland Argus*, when in the fine flush of power in the wake of Bull-Moosery, Democratic newspapers existed also in Waterville, Lewiston, and Bangor. They extolled the virtues of the party of Jefferson and Jackson, while two Democratic Governors, first Plaisted and then Curtis, ruled at Augusta and Obadiah Gardner and Charles F. Johnson were in the United States Senate. The dwindling of Maine's Democracy coincides with the vanishing of its newspapers. Therein lies the truest approach to a parallelism between Maine and the nation.

## The Way of Boston

By GARDNER JACKSON

CERTAIN individuals, struck by the significance of the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, thought it important to have a memorial meeting on the anniversary of the execution, August 23. They gave their names to the enterprise—such people as Samuel Eliot Morison, the historian of Harvard, Dr. Alice Hamilton of the Harvard Medical School, Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow, and others. They said: “We will hold the meeting in the Old South Meeting House. That place has historic associations exactly suited to the purpose and is in the hands of liberals.”

Speakers were secured, Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn and others. Scant thought was given to the possibility of a refusal by the Old South board of managers. Application was made in person by Miss Catharine Huntington and myself to Richard W. Hale, who is treasurer of the Old South organization and the man to whom one applies for a permit to use the Meeting House.

The discussion was long. Mr. Hale suggested that free speech required that both sides of a controversial issue be represented. We urged Mr. Hale to invite Governor Fuller, President Lowell, and any others of that side to speak at the memorial meeting. Nothing would satisfy us more than to have them, we said. Mr. Hale agreed, in effect, that he was rhetorical in making the suggestion. “We know,” he said, “that they want to forget it.”

Confessing his sympathy with our undertaking, Mr. Hale said that it was futile to call for a vote of the board of managers. He offered a check for \$25 to rent a vacant lot on which to hold the meeting. He said we could never get a hall. If the vacant lot meeting was interrupted by the authorities, he would urge the board of managers to give the Old South Meeting House to us for a meeting to protest such interference.

He pointed out that such a meeting as we wished would be classed as controversial, and that if the Old South was used for it the managers of the Old South would be regarded by the public as taking our side. “It's illogical but it's so,” he admitted. He called Courtney Crocker, another of the managers, on the telephone. He told him what he had told us and asked Mr. Crocker if he did not agree. He hung up the receiver and told us that Mr. Crocker agreed.

He turned to Miss Huntington with a hypothetical case. Supposing, he said, the Old South was controlled by the Quakers and some group outside were considering the ques-



tion of whether women should be allowed to dance naked on Boston Common. Did Miss Huntington think the Old South should be thrown open by the Quakers to such a discussion?

Professor Morison went to Mr. Hale and Mr. Hale reconsidered. He sent out by mail to the board of managers a voting blank on the proposition of giving the hall to the Sacco-Vanzetti group for the meeting providing they could secure no other place in Boston. The hall, which is dedicated to the purpose, among others, of memorial meetings and is considered the final stamping ground of liberalism in Boston, includes the Mayor of Boston, the Governor, and others among its board of managers, ex officio. With the voting blank Mr. Hale, the sympathizer with the Sacco-Vanzetti meeting, sent a letter saying he and Mr. Crocker disapproved of allowing the use of the hall for the meeting. Announcement of the vote has not been made.

We set about seeking other halls. John P. Englert, Superintendent of Public Buildings for the City of Boston, told Miss Huntington he would see the Mayor about Faneuil Hall. He seemed agitated. He said he was intimidated after the refusal of Faneuil Hall for a meeting last summer at the time of the execution. He said two men jumped out at him when he was putting his car in his garage at his home in Hyde Park. In spite of this he would see what he could do. He did not want to refuse, he told Miss Huntington.

It seems to me [he wrote some days later] that this whole affair was very regrettable and that it would be inadvisable to start any agitation either of sympathy or defense, and, furthermore, Faneuil Hall belongs to the people as a whole. There are undoubtedly many more taxpayers of the city against the reopening of this case than there are sympathizers, and their wishes must be considered in the premises.

Considering the foregoing I regret that I cannot allow you the use of the hall on that date for this purpose.

William E. Blodgett, chairman of the trustees of Ford Memorial (Ford Hall), wrote: "We do not believe any good purpose will be served by holding such a meeting, and we decline to rent the hall for it." The superintendent of Tremont Temple, F. F. Plimpton, wrote: "In our opinion a meeting of the kind you propose will be construed as a further criticism of our courts; therefore we cannot permit the use of Tremont Temple for the proposed meeting."

So it went all along the line, including the churches. Temple Israel was refused because the trustees open their halls to nothing but religious or Jewish meetings. Theaters were refused because of repairs and cleaning in process. Once Miss Huntington listed the speakers, including Edna St. Vincent Millay, without stating immediately the purpose of the meeting. The manager of the theater assured her she could, of course, have his theater. Then Miss Huntington mentioned Sacco and Vanzetti. The manager said he would have to make his final answer by telephone. It turned out to be that the repairs would take longer than he thought. The manager of Steinert Hall consented, and after we had sent out letters withdrew his consent. Under questioning he said it was either the Mayor's office or the State police that had made him withdraw his consent. City Censor Casey at the Mayor's office denied influencing him. So did the office of General Foote of the State police. Discrepancies. Whose? The Symphony Hall management would state no reasons for refusing.

Finally, M. Furash of the Scenic Auditorium in the South End agreed to let us use his hall if we could assure him the police would not penalize him. John S. Codman of the American Civil Liberties Union got such an assurance from Michael H. Crowley, Superintendent of Police. So it was arranged with Mr. Furash and his son—Mr. Furash, a Jewish immigrant, the only hall-owner in Boston willing to rent his premises for a Sacco-Vanzetti meeting.

## In the Driftway

THE picturesque country roads are going. And there are many persons, chiefly summer visitors to the country, who bitterly bemoan the fact. What a pity, they say, to chop down the trees, to widen the banks, to dig up the leaning ferns, to cut the clinging locust and alder branches, to straighten out the curves and flatten out the humps. Of course there may be a little mud in the spring, maybe, but what is a little mud to the beauty of the old, narrow, winding road? The farmer, of course, has a different answer to make. To him the mud makes a lot of difference, as do frozen ruts in the fall and snow-piled banks in winter. And on the whole, although he is as alive as anyone to the importance of preserving the country from "modern civilization," the Drifter is inclined to agree with him.

\* \* \* \* \*

NOR is the new, paved road without beauty. It is glistening black asphalt or smooth white concrete; its curves are wide and open, its hills sweep nobly up and down. A road looked at from above has a flashing beauty, a beauty that belongs exclusively to a new age. Lately the Drifter has been on the spot while a new road was in the making. He has only admiration for the process, even though parts of it may be painful to the man who is forced to drive his car over ruts and around trucks. First come the wood-choppers, widening out the shoulders, cutting down fine trees, it may be, but letting the sun in nevertheless. After them the steam shovel marches steadily, biting great holes in the banks, tearing out roots and rocks, moving earth at a pace that twenty men could not equal. With the shovel goes the blasting. The hills rock and resound; the stones fly; trees are split in two, as if from a bombardment with heavy artillery. But the road goes on relentlessly. The rock-crusher and the pick are busy; the shovel wielded by hand makes a smooth bank or digs out a bed for a recalcitrant brook. At last the paving-stone is thrown out with a fine, swinging stroke of the shovel, the same stroke, by the way, that used to broadcast grain. And at last, like a king over the magic carpet that has been spread for him, majestically, slowly, inevitably comes the roller, mashing it all down flat under his great feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

IF the roller is like a king, the trucks that carry sand and gravel are his herd of elephants. The Drifter has always suspected that a truck-driver was permanently attached to the monster he guides; that indeed he does not guide it, but merely moves as it is pleased to move, and stops when in its wisdom it sees fit to stop. But if the truck-drivers are less—or perhaps in a machine age more—than men, the gangs that follow them with a shovel are men indeed. Ajax the Drifter sees every day, bossing his gang with a sweep of the arm; Ichabod in the flesh drives the



caterpillar tractor. He saw the Walrus—without the Carpenter—walking to work this morning, and the shaved, crimson head of a prisoner from Devil's Island burns under the noonday sun. A road is an adventure; even if it were not successful it would be worth watching. But it is successful. Motors that travel on it fairly sing their satisfaction. Even the Drifter, who has expressed from time to time an acute dislike of automobiles, cannot but rejoice when he glides smoothly and swiftly over the new road.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### The Issue Is Tolerance

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Ardent admirer of Norman Thomas, supporter of Debs in 1920 and of La Follette in 1924, disillusioned Wilsonian, scion of a Republican and Protestant family, believer in the real need of a third party in American politics, I am nevertheless going to cast my vote in the coming election for Al Smith.

Mr. Thomas is by all odds the best candidate the Socialist Party in the United States has ever nominated for the office of President. It would be a pleasure to contribute to a large vote of confidence and tribute to him personally, but such a vote at this particular time is a gesture of futility. Even more, it is a vote to send to the White House a Quaker who believes in a huge navy (as Dr. Butler has put it, in the policy of "swagger"), who five years ago waged a fantastic and futile "rubber war" against Great Britain, who has played a conspicuous role in the vicious policy of government control of foreign loans, and who has presided over an aggressive Department of Commerce maintaining abroad an elaborate system of commercial espionage in the interest of American business. It is no exaggeration to say that, with the exception of Belgium, there is no country in Europe in which Mr. Hoover's name recalls pleasant memories. As to the backward areas of the world, Mr. Hoover has personally acted for the greater part of his life as one of the advance agents of that economic imperialism which is one of the principal causes of the war system. How much sympathy can the Chinese, for example, expect from this man? Is there any hope that Mr. Hoover's policy on Russia will be other than obscurantist? Al Smith will have a great deal to learn about foreign relations, but he will have nothing to unlearn. He will appoint, it may safely be assumed, a capable Secretary of State, whereas Mr. Hoover will probably be his own Secretary of State and in the long run will be dominated by the efficient bureaucracy in the Department of State.

Al Smith's Tammany affiliations are admittedly unfortunate. But Tammany Hall has not dominated the government of the State of New York during his four terms as governor. It has not prevented Al Smith from giving the State the most satisfactory code of welfare legislation in the Union. And if Al Smith has Tammany, Mr. Hoover has Thompson and Vare and Bascom Slemp, who are not so far removed from Sinclair, Doheny, Fall, and Hays in their practical influence on politics; Mr. Hoover accepts support from the former group and does not specifically repudiate the latter.

The real issue in this campaign, however, is tolerance. This may not be altogether obvious to the resident of New York City. But to a New Yorker transplanted perforce into an up-State community it becomes of prime significance. I am not speaking alone of religious toleration—although Protestant pulpits are booming with denunciations of a candidate who happens to be a Catholic, whereas Catholic priests are silent lest their words be taken as orders direct from the Pope! I am speaking of a kind of tolerance which is free from snobbery—which is not afraid

of brown derbies, a nasal twang, or an unobtrusive wife. There has suddenly sprung up a new qualification for office in the United States—that the President must be a college graduate! As a professor in a great American university, this strikes me as the choicest sort of nonsense—Al Smith's education in dealing with men and women is much more to be valued than the sort of book-knowledge (or lack of it) which one acquires in our best country-club colleges with their ranking football teams and high social prestige.

Under existing conditions a vote for Hoover is a vote for the Straton, the Hefins, the W. C. T. U., the Anti-Saloon League, the embattled Methodist bishops, the anti-evolutionists, the America First League, the big-navy men, and every other force of intolerance in the United States. If Smith is submerged in a wave of bigotry and snobbery, none can foresee the consequences to freedom of thought and habit in America.

We need, to be sure, a third party which in future will make unnecessary a Hobson's choice between the Republican and Democratic candidates. But the way to build such a third party is not by protest votes for the Presidency. It is by control of the smaller units of government through contesting in each district for the offices of alderman and representative in Congress. On a Statewide basis contests should be made, particularly for seats in the United States Senate. Until a respectable showing can be made by a third-party movement in municipal and State government and in the Congress of the United States it is no longer practical politics to vote for a forlorn hope for the Presidency.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE

*Saranac Lake, N. Y., September 10*

## His Faith Is Slipping

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have voted for Governor Smith every time he has been a candidate. But, like many other Progressives, my faith is slipping.

The Public Service Commission, consisting of five members, three of whom are Governor Smith's appointees, has proved more than once that it is very much on the side of the utility corporations. This is especially true of George R. Van Namee, the Governor's pre-convention campaign manager this year, his former secretary, and an intimate political adviser. When the Public Committee on Power, representing the consumers, asked for a hearing on the merger of the Consolidated Gas Company and the Brooklyn Edison Company, the commission declined to hear it. After much publicity had been given to the request of the consumers' committee Governor Smith, rather feebly as I think, asked that the case be reopened. Then followed a gesture often adopted by politicians to deceive the people. One of the five commissioners, Brewster, was known to be ill at Syracuse. The remaining four, Prendergast, Pooley, Van Namee, and Lunn, divided two to two and the motion was lost. Is the Governor really entitled to the credit for supporting State development of water power and for preventing mergers without a pledge on the part of the merged corporation to reduce rates for electrical service? The merger was authorized by unanimous vote of the four commissioners, including George Van Namee.

During his eight years as Governor, Smith has gone all the way from State development and distribution of power to a plan for public ownership and private distribution. He appears to know nothing of the wonderful Ontario system, nor of the hundreds of excellent examples of municipal ownership.

Throughout this campaign we have heard a great deal about William F. Kenny, a boyhood friend of the Governor, multi-millionaire and large contributor to the Democratic fund. He owns a special railroad car in which Governor Smith, his family, and friends have been traveling. But I hear that Kenny made much of his fortune on cost-plus contracts for Nicholas



F. Brady, president of the New York Edison Company, and large holder in numerous power generating and distributing systems outside of the greater city, including the recently merged plants at Albany, Amsterdam, Utica, and Syracuse.

Is it reasonable to suppose that gentlemen like Owen D. Young, Pierre Du Pont, E. S. Harkness, and John J. Raskob would continue to support Governor Smith if they believed he was committed to State development of water power? Some say that the real water-power battle is between interests allied with Owen D. Young and the Mellon interests.

Albany, N. Y., September 10

JAMES MURPHY

## Blame

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the article, Insull-ating the Coolidge Cabinet, in *The Nation* for September 12, the question is asked: Mr. Common Citizen, what do you purpose to do about it?

If the answer is *nothing*, a good share of the blame should be placed directly on Upton Sinclair, Norman Thomas, and their followers. This group, knowing well it is impossible to carry through its program in one grand sweep, nevertheless stands aloof. Through the candidacy of Governor Smith—the assertion is based on *The Nation's* own words—there is opportunity at last to try with some hope of success to turn the social trend in the direction at least of some of the reforms Socialists proclaim. Socialist leaders might win confidence in their practical judgment and add to their influence later by coming down from the heights for the present and lending a hand to the realists. They seem to prefer bombast to a little genuine accomplishment. That is their privilege, but they cannot escape responsibility.

Whitman, Mass., September 8

MARGARET A. GAFFNEY

## The New Liberia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The trip from Berlin to Paris threatened boredom pretty complete and discomfort. Being nearly broke we had foregone sleepers and were sitting up very much crowded and uncomfortable in a second-class compartment, surrounded and inundated by foreign speech, French, German, Spanish. As dawn was breaking and we seemed to be entering the outskirts of Cologne, the rich molasses of South Carolina dialect trickled into our homesick ears. Peering through the dim light we perceived two colored people, a man of middle age and a woman somewhat younger. Naturally, my first impulse was to ask what part of the South they hailed from. Imagine my surprise when I learned that they had never been in the U. S. A., but were Liberians, attached to the Liberian mission (consulate or legation, I forget which) in Berlin. Their ancestors, it appeared, were among the original settlers in Liberia; they had inherited white American civilization from their grandfathers and kept that torch burning in the African wilds for several generations. American civilization, however, only fringed the coast, had never been able to penetrate the interior. Mr. J. A. said:

We never were able to subdue the wild native tribes, because we didn't have any money or weapons. Also the French and English were always making trouble on our frontiers and stealing our territory. But now that has all changed, with the granting of the Firestone concession. You see we have been careful to give Mr. Firestone his concessions along the frontiers so that now when the British or French want to encroach on us they will have to face the United States Government. Oh, yes, we have a financial adviser, approved by the State Department at Washington, and whatever he says goes. I guess we all are fixed all right now. And then, you know, with the money Mr. Firestone loaned us, we have for the first time in our his-

tory been able to subdue them native tribes. They are all pacified now, and working like everything collecting rubber for export. I tell you, Mister, Liberia hasn't ever been so prosperous as it is now, no, not since the settlement of the country by the American colonists.

This is not a document, but it is gospel true, and probably sheds a more revealing light on the actual arrangements in Liberia than days of argument at Williamstown.

New York, September 2

HENRY G. ALSBERG

## Dwight Morrow's Achievement

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just returned from a trip to El Paso, where I had an opportunity to talk with an American doing business in Mexico, who has been in that country for nearly thirty years. You will be interested in having his testimony as to the very great effect which Mr. Morrow's diplomacy has had throughout, at least northern Mexico. Mr. Morrow has converted the suspicion and dislike of Americans, which was noticeable throughout the whole country among high and low, into friendliness. The whole atmosphere as between Americans and Mexicans in their business relations, my informant tells me, has changed. In place of suspicion of this country there is confidence in its friendship, and instead of fear that an individual American business man is trying to overreach the Government and individual Mexicans, there is a growing sense of cooperation and a willingness to recognize Americans as not merely rapacious concession grabbers.

This evidence of the result of treating Mexicans as people and their government as a real government is worth pondering. Evidently the Spanish Americans are not much interested in oratorical declarations of friendship and respect for the independence of national governments, but they are impressed by having the government treated like an independent government and their people shown consideration.

New York, September 6

J. P. CHAMBERLAIN

## What's the Ukraine?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I pick up *The Nation* and my eye rests upon an ad, in heavy black letters: "All-Russia Tour, including the Ukraine." In 1914 I graduated from one of the high schools of Chicago. To me was allotted the task of speaking at the exercises. And what to speak of? The Ukraine, of course. Had I not been taught from the days of lisping that I was an "Oukrainka"?! Was I not brought up on Ukrainian history, literature, traditions, songs, folk-lore? And to help me in the delivery of the "oration" a teacher of French was chosen—Miss M. Timidly and reverently I brought her the "speech" "to have it looked over." It began: "There are forty million Ukrainians in the world. . . ."

Miss M. frowned. There was a wrinkle between her eyebrows. She was gentle and she spoke softly:

"Mary—there must be a mistake, dear. You better ask your father. Surely you do not mean forty millions! Perhaps it is 400,000, but I'm sure it's not forty million. I would have heard about them!"

The budding orator wept bitter tears that night. Forty million! And the teacher knew nothing about them.

Fourteen years have passed; today even teachers of French are expected to know a little more about the Ukraine and her people than just: "Oh, its something like Russia, or is it Poland?" Today *The Nation* carries an ad. And there will be many who will go to see the Ukraine—her steppes and her poppy-sprinkled fields, to hear her nightingales and listen to the roaring of the Dnieper River!

New York, September 1

OUKRAINKA



# Books and Plays

## The Old Executioner

By McALISTER COLEMAN

Time is a headsman  
In a mask of black and white  
Standing at corners  
Peering at people with glittering eyes.  
Sooner or later Time will get them all  
And thinking of this  
Time ticks contentedly,  
Grimly waiting the inevitable hour.

## Eucharist

By ANNE SINGLETON

Light the more given is the more denied.  
Though you go seeking by the naked seas,  
Each cliff etched visible, and all the waves  
Pluming themselves with sunlight, of this pride  
Light makes her sophistries.

You are not like to find her, being fed  
Always with that she shines on. Only those  
Storm driven down the dark, see light arise,  
Her body broken for their rainbow bread,  
At late and shipwrecked close.

## Versailles vs. Civilization

*The Mirage of Versailles.* By Hermann Stegemann. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

*Locarno: A Dispassionate View.* By Alfred Fabre-Luce. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

HERE are two notable books by distinguished European publicists, one a Swiss and the other a Frenchman, defending the same thesis; namely, that civilization cannot continue without a cessation of international wars on a large scale and that world peace cannot be expected as long as the atrocious Treaty of Versailles and its allied pacts of St. Germain and the Trianon remain the foundation of the European system.

Dr. Stegemann, already well-known for his monumental work on "The Struggle for the Rhine," in which he treated this question in detail as the key to Western European politics from Caesar to Poincaré, surveys the leading problems in the national development and international relations of Europe and the United States. It is not an aimless or superficial encyclopedic summary, but a searching historical analysis, which is organized about the traditional problems, ambitions, and "missions" of the chief European Powers. Especially important are the chapters on the French military hegemony in Europe, the Anglo-American primacy in world relations, and the savagery of the post-war treaties which threaten the future of world peace and European civilization. While in no sense an apologist for Germany and her history, Dr. Stegemann contends that there can be no real prospect of good-will and international cooperation in Europe as long as Germany is morally condemned and severely punished for alleged sole guilt in precipitating the World War. The Treaty of Versailles created a situation which, though designed merely to ruin Germany, bids fair to ruin all Europe. European peace can be

assured only in proportion as Versailles is undermined and destroyed. Even the more hopeful developments, extending from Versailles to Locarno, are practically nullified because of the fact that Germany is denied participation in the new system on anything like terms of physical or moral equality with her associates in the family of nations.

Dr. Stegemann's book may be recommended to American readers as the most useful and cogent historical introduction to contemporary international issues in Europe which has been written in any language, and the most important book on post-war Europe since Alcide Ebray's masterpiece, "A Frenchman Looks at Peace."

Much the same line of argument is advanced by M. Fabre-Luce in a book of quite different scope. Dr. Stegemann's work is historical in character and brings pre-war history to bear upon post-war problems; M. Fabre-Luce's brilliant discussion is confined to an analysis of the post-war situation. Fabre-Luce is already well-known as the author of "The Crisis of the Alliances" and "The Limitations of Victory," having thus established himself as one of the ablest realistic French writers on the causes and consequences of the World War. A member of one of the richest families in France and brother-in-law of M. Margerie, the French Ambassador to Berlin, M. Fabre-Luce cannot be dismissed by M. Poincaré as a radical, a malcontent, or a renegade.

Fabre-Luce begins his book by a brief and lucid summary of the changes in European attitudes, problems, and methods since 1914, especially those transformations related to the conception of the place of war in civilization and the responsibility for the World War. These changes, M. Fabre-Luce contends, require new methods and instruments in dealing with international relations. Toward the League of Nations the author reveals a sensible attitude—"this great institution may become a blessing or a curse." He favors the principle which it represents and answers many of the specious conventional objections to the League. Yet he maintains that the League can have no far-reaching influence for good as long as the present Franco-German *impasse* continues. In a fine chapter he attacks both the Utopians, whose ideals are above criticism but who fail to grapple with the practical realities and the diplomatic limitations imposed thereby upon immediate constructive action, and the Nationalists, who deplore the fact that the post-war treaties were not more severe and that the destruction of the Central Powers was not complete. Like the League, Locarno was splendid in conception, but is as yet nullified in practice because its architects did not recognize and provide the indispensable prerequisites of European peace and good-will. Both the Leaguers and the devotees of the Locarno cult have failed to remember that "the instruments must be tuned before the concert is given." As obstacles to the realization of the goal of Locarno Fabre-Luce cites the absurd Entente doctrine of the unique responsibility of the Central Powers for the World War, the coexistence of the impossible Polish-German boundary with the Franco-Polish military alliance, the Entente opposition to the *Anschluss* between Germany and Austria, the insistence of the Entente upon German disarmament without any appreciable willingness to reduce their own military and naval forces, and the complete deprivation of Germany with regard to colonial possessions. The position taken by Fabre-Luce in regard to war debts and cancellation is sound and conciliatory. He would assure France and Belgium payment for the reconstruction of devastated areas and then provide for general cancelation of debts and reparations.

Like Stegemann, Fabre-Luce agrees that the future peace of the world cannot be harmonized with the continuance of the humiliation and prostration of Germany, and he holds that the development of a real and extensive Franco-German *rapprochement* is the true key to European peace and disarma-



ment. Even in France there are many who realize the truth of this assertion, but they find it difficult to take practical steps to realize this indispensable objective, for it involves by implication at least a repudiation of the whole war-time mythology regarding Germany and the Germans. Patriotic lying, then, which was the chief cause of the war fury and excesses, still remains to plague its authors and to obstruct all realistic plans for peace. He concludes by offering a grave warning and a constructive challenge to Frenchmen sincerely interested in peace:

The policy we have outlined is the one from which France can derive the most honor and advantage, but it is also the one which will call for the greatest effort to cultivate a new spirit. In recommending it, we are taking an optimistic view of the vigor and youth of the country. It is a risk, but it is also the means of winning the stake. . . . Perhaps we shall live to see another carnage. Perhaps those who had dreamed of better things for their country may confess themselves defeated in the end. Perhaps, but they will first try their luck. . . . We shall either be devoured by the Sphinx or we shall guess her riddles. Learn or perish. That is the chance given to modern intelligence, and its tragic value.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

## The Eccentric Century

*The Stammering Century: Eccentricity and Fanaticism in the United States, 1800-1900.* By Gilbert Seldes. The John Day Company. \$5.

HENRY L. MENCKEN has long contended that America is populated largely by a boob class ready to swallow and to sacrifice itself to any silly notion, however lacking in common sense or reasonableness it may be. Not a few persons have been struck by the thought that members of the "intellectual aristocracy" (for the cultivation of which Mr. Mencken has sown so many dragons' teeth) are often equally gullible. Indeed, many a newspaper paragraph has been given to the thought, and there once existed and perhaps still exists a magazine devoted to its propagation. When the idea reached Mr. Seldes, however, he decided that a book was necessary for its proper documentation. Then, some time before he reached page 411 in the writing of the book, Mr. Seldes decided that he wanted to prove nothing after all. He has his wish in abundance.

"The Stammering Century" is concerned with "the minor movements, with the cults and manias . . . fanatics, and radicals, and mountebanks" of the nineteenth century. Mr. Seldes does not believe that "these cults and crazes were isolated phenomena of a specially stupid class" or "aberrations, separated from the facts of common life . . ." He regards them rather as "more or less natural phenomena, as abnormalities closely connected with normal life, as part of the continuous existence of the nation. . . ." With the latter statement not even Mr. Mencken would disagree. With the former he might. He might say, for example, that if Henry Ward Beecher, Julia Ward Howe, and General Custer took phrenology seriously (page 315—an apparent hangover of the desire to prove something) they, too, were boobs. Against such an argument Mr. Seldes apparently is not prepared to contend.

Mr. Seldes devotes chapters to the revivalists, Rappites, Owenites, Oneidans, transcendentalists, abolitionists, prohibitionists, suffragists, phrenologists, mesmerists, Christian Scientists, et al. That on Jonathan Edwards is little more than a watered-down repetition of some of the interesting things Vernon Louis Parrington said in his "Main Currents of American Thought." Those on J. Humphrey Noyes and Bronson Alcott are pleasant enough reading; the material is almost author-proof. Yet there is nothing in either of them which was not perfectly well-known before Mr. Seldes honored the subjects with his atten-

tion. The chapter on William Lloyd Garrison is disconcertingly sparse. That on Christian Science, in view of the fact that Janet wrote his "Psychological Healing" fully twenty years ago, is amazingly simple-minded. It is hardly a contribution, at this date, to tell us that Christian Science arose as an escape from American materialism. One is amazed to discover in this book no mention whatsoever of John Most, Sixteen-to-One, or Populism. Surely they were "abnormalities closely connected with daily life." It is not clear why Mr. Seldes ignores the political salvationists. Of course, their stories are much less interesting than those of Matthias who committed murder, or of the Oneida Community where one man's bride was every man's bride.

The upshot of Mr. Seldes's study is the following set of amazing insights into the nature of radicalism: 1. "The underlying motive of the radical cults was salvation." 2. The radical cults were generally touched by a greater or lesser degree of madness which most Americans escaped. 3. The radical cults had at least this merit, that they did not submit to commonly accepted evils in American life. 4. The cultists were suffering from an inferiority complex, an Oedipus complex or (*vide* their land-hunger) a mother-fixation. 5. They were related to the romantic movement. 6. "The balanced man is rare." 7. To avoid cultism it is suggested that man make a good adjustment, be normal; but would this not mean a great loss since the neurotics have given us so many great gifts of genius?

To reach these remarkable conclusions Mr. Seldes goes through a great many complicated motions. His opening chapter is beplastered with platitudinous and pretentious history, sociology, and psychology. His final chapter is touched by the fine philosophic exaltation of a school principal giving an assembly talk on Arbor Day. The thinking is inconsequential, the writing is generally dull, and the puns are simply horrendous. If Mr. Mencken lets this book get by him it will be because Mr. Seldes—despite an apparently sincere desire to win a commission in the rising army of revolt against Menckanism—is dealing here with typical *Mercury* material—the idiocies of American life. Considered in this light, "The Stammering Century" is less titillating than the books of Messrs. Werner, Asbury, and Merz.

HERBERT SOLOW

## Mexico's Xenophon

*Bernal Díaz Del Castillo: The Discovery and Conquest of Mexico, 1517-1521.* Edited from the only exact copy of the original manuscript (and published in Mexico) by Genaro García. Translated by A. P. Maudslay. Harper and Brothers. \$5.

THE Conquistadores were unusually fortunate in their chroniclers. The written records of four participants in Hernan Cortés's anabasis to Tenochtitlan have come down to us, to say nothing of a score of accounts compiled in closely succeeding years based on the testimony of eyewitnesses whose minds were still filled with the great adventure of the Conquest. Of the four first-hand chronicles none matches in completeness and interest the account of Captain Bernal Díaz del Castillo, written in his old age sixty years after the first successful invasion of the mainland. He wrote in Guatemala, where he lived the rest of his life. Age had not withered the vividness of his recollections; if anything time had freed him from bias, had given him leisure for reflection, permitted the rounding out of an adventure story which is among the few great epics of the human race. It has become almost axiomatic among historians to discount the recollections years afterward of participants in stirring combat. The truth is said to have become blurred with much retelling and respinning. In the case of Bernal Díaz there is ample material for checking the sturdy old soldier's reminiscences. Unquestionably he is the Xenophon of the New World.



The story of his manuscript rivals in interest his own tale. The original has remained to this day in Guatemala, where it was for some generations preserved by his descendants until it became one of the nation's treasures. But a copy was made in the reign of Philip II of Spain—which covered virtually the second half of the sixteenth century—and sent to the mother country, where it was consulted by the royal chroniclers. It was first published in Spain in 1632 by Friar Alonzo Remón of the order of La Merced. Other editions followed rapidly, and translations were made into many tongues—not less than two into English, French, and German, and some of these translations went into more than one edition.

Now the Spanish text and the translations—all of which were based thereon—were something of a hoax because of Father Remón's extensive perversion of the original. Just what motives operated in causing him not merely to suppress entire pages, to delete numerous passages, to alter others, to substitute one name for another, but even to add extensively from his own pen, is not fully known. Doubtless rivalries among the descendants of the various Conquistadores were still keen a century and a decade after the events chronicled, powerful family jealousies at court may have been involved, for the strife over overseas grants still continued—wrangles based in large measure upon the supposed contribution of each warrior to the enlargement of the King's domain in the New World. Be that as it may, the authentic story of Captain Díaz remained unknown to the world until that great Mexican scholar and bibliophile, Genaro García, secured permission to copy the original text and publish it. The first translation into English was made by A. P. Maudslay and published in 1908 by the Hakluyt Society in five volumes. The work was virtually unavailable for popular consumption. The present edition is a reprint in one volume omitting unnecessary passages and ending with the fall of Mexico City, whereas Díaz's narration continues with the march southward into Central America and the conquest of what is now Guatemala and Honduras.

Few indeed are the books that at one and the same time are historical source material and a thrilling yarn. As juvenile literature it is unexcelled. It is meaty for boys from twelve to eighty-four—that being the author's age at the time he wrote how he, in company of some six hundred men, had conquered Montezuma's empire and its millions of inhabitants. It is an authentic account of the greatest adventure of an epoch of epics.

ERNEST GRUENING

## Southwestern Poetry

*The Turquoise Trail: An Anthology of New Mexico Poetry.*  
Compiled by Alice Corbin Henderson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.25.

**E**VEN an anthology is after all a book, and a book must have some principle of unity. Most anthologies of poetry, however, are little more than who's who's of the poets. They have no more internal unity, and only slightly more interest, than the city directory. Mrs. Henderson's collection goes a step farther—it has at least the unity of place. It tells one not merely who the poets are but where they are. At one time or another many of them have fled from the perpetual childish present tense of our great cities to the lunar buttes and mesas, the time-filled solitudes of New Mexico; to that marvelous region which is at once the wildest, the most serene, and the most anciently civilized province of America.

Obviously Mrs. Henderson's intention has been to cause New Mexico to emerge as a physical and cultural entity, through the responses of the poets who have lived there, however briefly. She has measurably succeeded; the book is more than the sum of its poems, and many of the poems are strikingly good. They were bound to be. In that taut desert equilibrium of brazen sky and thirsting sage-brush man's gestures are few and simple.

Genuine artists can scarcely respond trivially or sentimentally to such a landscape; often the response is clear and profound.

"The Turquoise Trail" contains much distinguished work both by well-known poets and by others less known. John Galsworthy, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Alfred Kreymborg, Willa Cather, Edgar Lee Masters, John Gould Fletcher, and D. H. Lawrence are all represented. The strength and substance of the volume are chiefly supplied, however, by the more permanent Santa Fe and Taos residents, such as Mary Austin, Yvor Winters, Haniel Long, Maurice Leseman, Witter Bynner, Arthur Davison Ficke, and Mrs. Henderson herself. It can scarcely be said that even they have possessed this soil, in the sense that the Indian aborigines and the Mexican villagers possess it. But what portion of America have we really possessed? Until America wearies of its mechanical toys, its sterile conquests, and turns inward for power, our artists will be cheated of maturity. Wistfully they sing the corn dances and the rain dances of older peoples who live in a more secure communion with older and truer gods; wistfully, and not very well.

In this sense, of course, the cult of the Indian is dangerous and disturbing. What is really disturbing, however, is the evidence of spiritual exile and homelessness within the hollow shell of our white civilization, and that, surely, is not the Indian's fault. New Mexico is at least a place where one can possess oneself, slough off the gratuitous social impediments of our obsessed extensiveness and acquisitiveness, and prosecute an independent search for permanent values. I do not think it does much harm to invoke the aid of the Indian gods; not much harm and not much good. Ultimately, when we have discovered our own images, we shall have to make our own gods—out of something better than spare radio parts: out of our own desperate and tragic need.

Two general comments suggest themselves: First that the alphabetic arrangement of contributors seems a mistake, resulting as it does in accidental sequences not always fortunate; second, that the idea of regional anthologies is a good one. Plato to the contrary, poets don't lie and vulgarize with as much facility, as, say, realtors or popular fiction writers. Given a chance, they will discover America to herself as fast as any body; part by part and ultimately the whole.

JAMES RORTY

## Books in Brief

*Beauty and the Beast.* By Joseph Gordon Macleod. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

A puzzling and occasionally brilliant piece of literary aesthetic by a young English critic. Much mumbo-jumbo about "Singular Form," "the Anthropomorph," and two strange abstractions known as "Beauty" and "the Beast" is compensated for by a number of illuminating analyses of individual books, such as "Bleak House," "Wuthering Heights," and "The Brothers Karamazov." The courageous reader who is willing to wrestle with Mr. Macleod's preposterous neo-Carlylean style will encounter a hundred interesting pronouncements on the formal technique of the novel and the drama.

*Destinations: A Canvass of American Literature Since 1900.*

By Gorham B. Munson. J. H. Sears and Company. \$2.

Mr. Munson's subtitle is inexcusable. Only with great difficulty and artifice has he succeeded in endowing with superficial unity a collection of disparate literary essays. His book is valuable for its point of view rather than for the validity of its judgments. The conclusion that the dominant generation of American writers has signally failed and the suggestive and sympathetic appreciation of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More will interest the contemporary anti-romantics. They may, however, be alienated by Mr. Munson's pedantic concern with Marianne Moore and Wallace Stevens and by his lyric laudation



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of figures whom one cannot yet appraise, such as Jean Toomer and Kenneth Burke. Their impatience will perhaps come to a head upon encountering Mr. Munson's nebulous mysticism, absorbed from A. R. Orage and Gurdjieff. The author's tentative conclusion that the way out for young American writers lies through an intent perusal of the "Mahabharata" adds a touch of unconscious humor to a rather consciously serious book.

*The Voyage of the Norman D., as told by the Cabin Boy.* By Barbara Newhall Follett. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This latest book by Barbara Newhall Follett seriously indicates the ever growing tendency to exploit the publicity value of children's writing. Such a book has nothing of intrinsic beauty to captivate other children. Barbara is precocious, clever, facile, and at fourteen apparently far more interested in being a writer than in writing. Her sea trip is convincing as an effort at securing copy, not as the momentous personal experience it pretends to be. The book as a whole is self-conscious, insincere, studied in its effects, and this is chiefly because the author is not equipped for adventure; she has merely a sense of excitement.

*The Tale of Genji. Part Four: Blue Trousers.* By the Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

This instalment of a Japanese masterpiece in fiction brings the life of Prince Genji to its close. The book has kept up, and Mr. Waley as translator has kept up, amazingly well; readers of the three preceding volumes will want to have this one too, wherein strength and delicacy combine as before to make a rich, wise, and amusing tale.

Statius. *Silvae; Thebaid I-IV.* Translated by J. H. Mozley. Statius. *Thebaid V-XII; Achilleid.* Translated by J. H. Mozley. Seneca. *Moral Essays, volume I.* Translated by John W. Basore. Cicero. *De Re Publica; De Legibus.* Translated by C. W. Keyes. *The Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius, volume III.* Translated by J. C. Rolfe. Josephus. *The Jewish War; Books IV-VII.* Translated by H. St. J. Thackeray. *The Geography of Strabo, volume V.* Translated by H. L. Jones. Isocrates, volume I. Translated by George Norlin. St. Basil. *The Letters, volume II.* Translated by Roy J. Deferrari. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 each.

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*History of American Foreign Relations.* By Louis M. Sears. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$3.50.

Professor Sears has equipped his book with some of the apparatus of a textbook, and the teacher who uses it in the classroom will not need to add much to it in the way of lectures, but the book is quite as useful and interesting for other readers as it is for students, partly because it is well written, and partly because it offers a successful union of comprehensiveness and detail. It begins with the colonial period, when foreign relations, such as they were, were British rather than American, and comes down to the beginning of the Coolidge regime. Naturally, it does not contain anything really new, for the main subject-matter of American diplomacy, comparatively simple and direct, is pretty well known and has been worked over a good many times, but Professor Sears, who feels that the foreign relations of a country "constitute the highest challenge to the intelligence and good sense of the voter," and who would like to see Americans as much interested in the subject as enlightened Europeans commonly are, has performed very well the necessary task of selection and arrangement. What he has to say about American diplomatic relations since the Roosevelt period is judicious, and the connection between foreign policy and domestic politics is more or less systematically noted throughout.

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*Niccolo Machiavelli, the Florentine.* By Giuseppe Prezzolini. Translated from the Italian by Ralph Roeder. Brentano's. \$3.50.

Prezzolini is an ebullient biographer. Although Machiavelli's life is an enigmatical, almost silent episode, the author rounds out a meager history with his own sympathetic imagination. Machiavelli emerges from the background of a Renaissance Italy of gifted, impious cutthroats. He is "born with his eyes open," has a laugh which is a chuckle; spends equally enjoyable evenings reading from heavy tomes or disporting himself with pot-wallopers and lovely though lively ladies. The humble Secretary to the Committee of Ten divorces public virtue from morals and always faces his world dispassionately and squarely. He closes his life poor and defeated by the very forces he so skilfully analyzed—an unmachiavellic figure. The style is startling. It is impressionistic, impertinent, cynical, and graphic. If belches and navels spell Rabelais, it is Rabelaisian enough. It should prove pleasant reading for those interested in a subjective study, who believe with Prezzolini that "even in scratching his itches a great man shows something peculiar and inimitable."

*Strenuous Italy. Solving a Perilous Problem.* By H. Nelson Gay. Houghton Mifflin and Company. \$3.

Here is the Italian story with exactitude and with the earnestness of a ripe and interested mind, for Mr. Gay of Boston has lived long in the Palazzo Orisini in Rome. Mr. Gay dwells on Italy's past—showing that movements which culminated in Mussolini were not originated by him—and also on her future. He deprecates the tendency toward imperialism and the enlargement of the national property at the expense of other peoples, but he demands for his country of adoption the right to colonial expansion in Africa for the use of Italy's overflowing population. He charges that the unfairness of the Treaty of Versailles left Italy without her share of colonial mandates, though he does not dwell on the enlargement of her frontiers in the Adriatic. We are given the clearest theory of the rise of Fascism, its causes and its benefits, which we have yet seen. What is going to happen between the Church and the Fascisti is not within the range of Mr. Gay's conjectures, though to us who have in mind the latent power of the Hierarchy in Italy, and its growing influence here, this question would be of much interest. If Mr. Gay publishes a new edition it would much enlighten us to have his gloss on this question.

*The Indecisiveness of Modern War and other Essays.* By J. Holland Rose. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.25.

In these essays Professor J. Holland Rose justifies his new position as Harmsworth Professor of Naval History at Cambridge. His thesis is that modern inventions have brought naval warfare almost to a deadlock. It is more and more difficult to surprise the enemy fleet, owing to recent developments in scouting all air-craft, wireless, and submarine. In other words, science has reduced war to a dull and inconclusive occupation. An interesting chapter studies Admiral Duckworth's exposition to Constantinople in 1807. If the British war-dogs had known their history, they might have saved England from the disastrous venture of 1915.

*Great Britain and the Dominions.* The Harris Foundation Lectures. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

Another volume of the Harris Foundation lectures, devoted to the British Empire. Of the seven lecturers, four are government officials and hence the point of view is usually innocuous. Sir Cecil Hurst has interesting articles on the British Empire as a political union, in which he successfully evades discussion of the real dilemma with which the British Empire is faced—namely, of choosing between unanimity, in which one Dominion having a population of a million may block any action of the Empire as a whole, and a policy of Dominion independence,

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which eventually means imperial disintegration. The chapter on South Africa by Eric Louw is a bit too cheerful in depicting the native situation.

*The Diaries of Sylvester Douglas, Lord Glenbervie.* Edited by Francis Bickley. Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes. \$12.50.

Running from 1793 to 1819, these diaries are the work of a rather obscure Scots laird who nevertheless lived through an interesting period and left a full personal account of his relations to the society and politics of that period. For the most part he wrote well, and the present volumes, representing eleven manuscript volumes in all, will be welcomed by students of the time. The editing has been done with sprightliness, yet with care.

## Drama

### Behaviorism and Drama

IN ten brief, often nerve-racking, scenes Sophie Treadwell's "Machinal" (Plymouth Theater) tells the story of a woman who killed her husband with a bottle and went to the electric chair for the deed. Preliminary rumors had it that the play was based upon the Snyder case, and though the events which it recounts resemble those of that particular newspaper sensation no more than they resemble various others the story does seem, nevertheless, to come straight from the tabloids. It is told, not in the semi-realistic fashion of various recent high-speed melodramas like "Crime," but by means of the blinding flashes for which expressionism tries and, thanks to the laconic vividness of the method, it has that same air of being at once true and unbelievable which marks all accounts of the more extraordinary contemporary crimes; so that one leaves the theater exactly as one often puts down a newspaper—knowing that certain events have taken place and yet not believing that such things can be. One reads, for instance, that some quite ordinary people, exasperated by quite ordinary little irritations or inspired by quite ordinary little lusts, suddenly commit the most incredible deeds, but no patient unraveling of the whole story can discover any compulsions which seem adequate to account for them. One does not doubt, but neither does one understand. Facts are facts, but one does not know what to do with them or how they may be accepted. Whether they be told baldly as the police reporter tells them or artfully as Miss Treadwell sets them forth they remain essentially indigestible, not to be made a part of that rational world in which we seem to live. They shock and they bewilder but they remain, like a nightmare, haunting and yet unreal.

Most literature has been based upon the assumption that human actions are, in some measure, to be rationally accounted for; that great crimes are committed by great criminals under the influence of great passions, and that motive and deed are somehow commensurate. Thanks no doubt to literary influence we have come to accept this assumption, and because of it we believe that a great woman like Lady Macbeth could kill King Duncan for the sake of his crown much more deeply and really than we believe that vulgar little Ruth Snyder killed her husband for the love of a corset salesman, or that (to take the case of the present play) an ex-typist could kill her husband for reasons no deeper than those which are given—that he was a maddeningly commonplace man and that she had found a lover in a speak-easy. Yet the evidence of the tabloids is not to be denied. People do daily the things which "people don't do," and it is inevitable that this age, which may or may not produce great artists but which certainly has its crimes set down for it with a detailed accuracy never known before, should endeavor to utilize the facts in its possession, seeking by dramatic or fictional representation some means by which their meaning may

be fathomed. It is this which Miss Treadwell attempts, and if she does not succeed she comes at least as near doing so as anyone else ever has.

Certainly the method which she adopts is the most suitable one yet devised. Most of the murderers whom the police courts know do not think or feel or act after the patterns which literature has created, and they are not understandable by the principles it recognizes. The most ruthless and rapid of new-style melodramas accepts too much of the literary convention to escape from the need to rationalize events which cannot be rationalized and to furnish adequate motive for deeds which in life are not adequately motivated. Any straight dramatization of the news falls back inevitably upon palpably unreal and purely conventional motives in its effort to fill in the background. Only the brief bare episodes which expressionism utilized can relieve the dramatist from the necessity of furnishing the rational explanation which it is impossible to furnish and allow him to give facts too immediate to demand explanation in their place. We know no more of Miss Treadwell's dramatis personae than we know of those individuals who are lifted suddenly from nowhere into the headlines. They have no definite past, no philosophy of life, no complex personalities. And instead of explanation we are given a series of scenes which offer no interpretation except that which is implicit in the fact that they are represented in a slightly distorted form which suggests that they are seen through the eyes of someone whose nerves are tense to the point of breaking. Our typist works in an office a little more maddeningly mechanical than most offices really are, her successful husband repeats his copybook maxims a little oftener than most successful husbands do, but that is about all. The thing simply happens—undeniably and yet incredibly.

The method of expressionism implies a behavioristic psychology. Instead of attempting to explain the conduct of its characters by exposing the rational processes of their minds it treats them as automata responding jerkily to the stimuli which impinge upon them, and if the results which it achieves are often extraordinarily vivid without ever being entirely satisfactory the fact may be an inevitable result of the method. Even behaviorism admits that to ourselves we *seem* to control our acts by conscious and reasoned process. Even if this be mere illusion it may still be that art cannot perform its functions without accepting the illusion as a reality, and certainly Miss Treadwell's play (which is at once impressive and unsatisfying) would seem to indicate as much.

Incidentally it should be remarked that the production which Arthur Hopkins has given it is an extraordinarily accomplished one. The gradual emergence of a blood-red glow out of the darkness in which the play ends serves almost magically to give a concluding touch which the dialogue lacks and is one of the most unobtrusively effective bit of stage technique seen here in a long time.

"Trapped" (National Theater) is a conventional melodrama strongly reminiscent of the ten-twenty-thirty. "The Great Power" (Ritz Theater) is a highly moral drama very earnestly produced by its author. The hero, a ruthless financier, has a dream in which he is summoned before God's tribunal and shown the error of his ways by means of a moving picture film. He wakes a better man.

"Ringside" (Broadhurst Theater) is a stirring prize-fight play apparently adapted from the movies, with a dull-witted boxer, a siren, and a sharper, and a sweet home girl. The best scene is that in which, with the curtain down and the theater dark, a loudspeaker blares forth a radio report of the fight.

"White Lilacs," a German operetta built about the loves of George Sand and Chopin, is a strange melange of over-stuffed romanticism and lean cynicism. Odette Myrtil creates a George who, while a novelty to historians, is an ardent and convincing female.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



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# International Relations Section

## A Nation on Trial

THE following article on Poland's attempt to suppress the efforts of her White Russian residents to obtain autonomy was contributed by William Zukerman to the August issue of *Foreign Affairs* of London:

A trial has just ended in Europe, which for vastness, for the number of the accused, for the spectacularity of its staging, and for political significance surpasses anything that has ever been seen in a court of law in any country since the war. It was a trial not of an individual, not even of a group, but of a nation. Literally the entire intelligentsia of a people was in the dock. The nation on trial was the White Russian, and the country where this unique legal battle occurred was Poland; the specific place—a small courtroom in the city of Vilna. The defendants were fifty-six White Russian teachers, members of Parliament, editors, writers, and social workers. The trial lasted three months, although the court often sat until midnight. Four hundred witnesses were heard for the accusation and 600 for the defense, and the result was a total sentence of 161 years of imprisonment for thirty-nine of the accused. All this, however, was but one small instalment of the vast legal battle which is still going on. About a thousand more White Russians are now in Polish jails awaiting similar trials. The above-mentioned fifty-six were only the vanguard of a vastly bigger army which is still awaiting its fate.

The facts of this remarkable case are as follows:

By the Treaty of Riga Poland has received vast stretches of White Russian territory, extending from Brest-Litovsk to Baranovichi, with a total population of about three million White Russians. These people, Slav by race, are neither Russians nor Poles, but a distinct nationality, with a language, culture, and national aspirations of their own, which are very similar to those of the Poles themselves before the war. Their ultimate aim is the establishment of an autonomous White Russian state, embracing the territories which are now under Poland and Soviet Russia. At the present moment they strive only to the attainment of full national minority rights, which are their due, according to the national-minority clause of the Treaty of Versailles. This guarantees national schools in their own language, full unhampered representation in Parliament, and freedom from national discrimination. Unfortunately, this much-abused clause of the Versailles Treaty, as applied to the White Russians in Poland, is nothing more than another "scrap of paper." The White Russians are denied schools in their own language; they have no autonomous local government of their own, even in places where they are in a preponderant majority; the Polish language and culture are forced upon them; and, what is worse, a system of economic discrimination has been established, which cannot but lead to very dangerous complications.

This system is a kind of "plantation" of Poles in White Russian territory which can only be compared to the Cromwellian plantation in Ireland. Big tracts of White Russian soil are systematically given away to Polish ex-service men and officers, who are brought over from Poland for the special purpose of forming Polish islands in the White Russian sea, and thus eventually Polonizing the country. The evil of this system is a double one. It deprives the White Russian peasants of the land which they need badly, and by its system of Polonization it adds national danger and fear to the grave economic injury; together these form the background of the events which culminated in the remarkable scenes in the little courtroom of Vilna.

For a still better understanding of the situation, it is neces-

sary to mention that that part of White Russia which is under the rule of Soviet Russia enjoys in full all the national and economic privileges which the same people are denied just across the frontier of Poland. Whether as a part of their political maneuvers, or of their philosophy, the Russian Soviet Government has granted the White Russians, Ukrainians, and, in fact, all minority nationalities within its borders a greater amount of national autonomy, both cultural and political, than any country in the world. It is a great pity that the bigger controversies over the Soviet economic policies have obscured this smaller issue to the world, for it is a fact that the grievous problem of national minorities is practically solved in Russia, and many a non-Communist state in Europe could greatly benefit from the Russian experience. White Russia, as well as Ukraine under the Soviets, is now culturally and politically to all intents and purposes as autonomous as Ireland and Canada are within the British Empire.

This contrast served but to accentuate the growing dissatisfaction of the White Russians in Poland, and, following a few futile attempts of obtaining relief by Parliamentary action, Polish White Russia became the scene of a primitive and dangerous peasant insurrectionary movement, which took the ancient form of burning big estates and of armed bandit raids upon rich landowners.

For a time it looked as if this dangerous conflagration would spread, and both White Russia and Poland would be involved in a bloody civil war. But this was avoided by the timely action of the White Russian intelligentsia, who, in July, 1926, formed the now famous White Russian Workers' and Peasant Hromada, which in White Russian means the crowd, the people, or the ancient peasant community. The new organization, it must be admitted, was extremely revolutionary in character and in its demands. It proclaimed (1) that the land must be given to the poor, landless White Russian peasants; (2) that the schools, courts, and local government in White Russia must be conducted in the White Russian language; (3) that the two parts of torn White Russia, under Poland and under Soviet Russia, must be united into one independent White Russian republic; (4) that all this must be accomplished by constitutional means.

In spite of these revolutionary demands, however, the Hromada was essentially a means of saving the people from bloody revolution and anarchy, rather than prompting them to it. At that time the Pilsudsky regime had just come into power (it was only two months after the Pilsudsky revolution), and the new Government, strengthened by the victory of the more Liberal forces in Polish society, did not object to the new movement, and even gave it the legal status of a political party.

The success that followed was phenomenal. Within a period of six months the Hromada had two thousand branches in Polish White Russia, with a membership of over a hundred thousand. Within a year the Hromada became the National Party of the White Russian people in Poland. It stopped the estate fires and the bandit raids, but it fired the imagination and the heart of the entire White Russian youth instead. But this phenomenal success has frightened the big Polish landowners in White Russia, and under their influence the Pilsudsky Government revoked the legal status of the Hromada. The dissolution of the Hromada was followed, in the small hours of January 15, by the arrest of four White Russian deputies in the Polish Sejm, together with most of the other leaders of the Hromada. Proclamations were spread throughout the country, declaring the party as illegal and adherence to it as treason to the state. Alongside with this declaration mass arrests of all the more active members of the Hromada began throughout White Russia. Over a thousand men, mostly teachers, professional men, and social workers, comprising practically the entire intellectual class of the White Russians, were arrested and incar-



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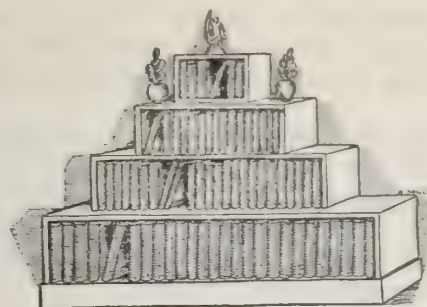
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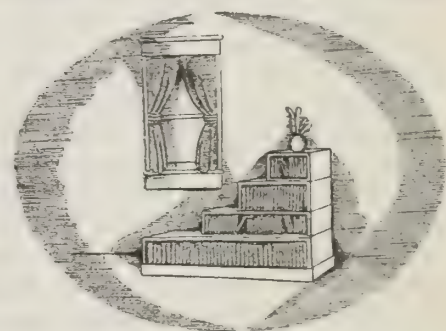
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cerated in various jails in Poland, where they are still awaiting trial. The present trial in Vilna, which has just been concluded, was the case of the first group of these people; the others are to follow.

The official accusation by the Government was that the Hromada under the guise of legal constitutional activity had conducted a revolutionary propaganda, with a view to seceding White Russia from Poland by force of arms, and uniting it with Soviet Russia. For this purpose, it was said, the party had received from Soviet Russia the sum of \$15,000.

The defense denied all and every accusation of working in the interest of Soviet Russia. The accusation of having received the sum of \$15,000 for fomenting a revolution in a vast country like that of White Russia, they declared, was in itself the best proof against the allegations. The defendants did not deny that they had striven and are still striving toward the establishment of an independent White Russian Republic, but such activity, they claimed, was neither morally nor legally wrong, as the Poles themselves were engaged in exactly the same activities a little over a decade ago.

The strongest point of the defense, however, was that even if their activity is illegal now, it became so only after the proclamation of the Polish Government on January 15. Prior to that the Hromada enjoyed the status of a legal organization, and the Government could not try them now for acts which were recognized as legal by itself. But the Vilna court overruled this strong point of the defense, and acted very harshly toward the accused. The four deputies were sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment each. The other thirty-five defendants were sentenced to smaller terms aggregating in all 161 years. When the sentence was declared, the accused all broke out singing the White Russian national hymn "Ot Wjekoff my spali" (For centuries we have slept), which created a weird and powerful impression. The situation was so strongly reminiscent of Czarism that it could not but embarrass every intelligent, thinking Pole in the audience.

It must be said, however, to the honor of the Polish public opinion, that it has remained highly displeased with the sentence. The chief defender of the White Russians, the well-known Polish Sejm deputy, Shmianowsky, who is an influential member of the Government Party, resigned from his party immediately after the pronouncement of the sentence. Similar protests are heard in all Liberal quarters, and strong influence is being exercised to get the Government to revise the sentence or to pardon the prisoners altogether. The accused have now appealed to a higher court in Warsaw, and it is the prevalent opinion, or at least the hope, of all friends of peace that Warsaw will reverse the sentence of Vilna, and that a policy which can lead only to civil war will be avoided.

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## GREETINGS

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for social justice, with prayer, plan, hope for  
the higher civilization of man.

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AL SMITH HAS TAKEN THE OFFENSIVE, and it will be strange if Mr. Hoover does not find himself forced to reply. At Denver and at Helena the New Yorker used Herbert Hoover's own words as text and preached his typical sermons from them. At Denver he demanded to know where the silent candidate stands on water power. His own definition brought commendation even from Senator Norris of Nebraska. He showed the close links between the Coolidge Administration, and even Mr. Hoover's own department, and the public-utilities propaganda which has sought to rob the people of their water-power heritage. At Helena he retold the old, but still pertinent story of Republican corruption. He recited the shameful story of Secretary Fall and Teapot Dome, of Hoover's own letter indorsing Mr. Fall, and asked dramatically:

Is the record, the real record of the last seven and a half years, known to the Republican candidate for President of the United States? . . . He sat in the Cabinet of the President while all this was going on, and you can search the record from one end to the other, you can dive into it in its minutest details, and you will fail to find a single word of condemnation. On the contrary, in his speech of acceptance, let us see what he said about the last seven and a half years:

"The record of these seven and a half years constitutes a period of rare courage in leadership and constructive action." . . . Does Mr. Hoover want the people of the United States to believe that he looks over that record with satisfaction?

THE SORRIEST FIGURE IN THIS CAMPAIGN is not Heflin or Straton, but William E. Borah. It was bad enough for a man of his ideals and standards to sink to nominating Charles Curtis at the Kansas City Convention, but for him to go about the country proclaiming Hoover as a "miracle-man" and generally exalting him to the skies is decidedly too thick. Every newspaperman in Washington knows that there has been no severer critic of Mr. Hoover than Senator Borah. The Senator has just refused to explain why he said in 1918 that Hoover was unworthy of being trusted with \$100,000,000 and now praises him without stint. He sought to explain his charge of January 18, 1919, that "vast monopolies directed and controlled the Food Administration. Hoover permitted them to fix their own prices" by saying that "Mr. Hoover contended he was doing the best possible under the circumstances. I contended to the contrary, but I never questioned his honesty or patriotism." What stuff! A man who permitted vast monopolies to direct and control the food prices the American people had to pay must have been a knave and a traitor. You cannot let food barons rob the American people and still be honest and patriotic. That is a mere juggling with words. To be trusted and be believed now, Mr. Borah must withdraw and apologize for those words of his that fill so much space in the *Congressional Record*. The plain fact seems to be that Mr. Borah is out to be "good" and a "regular." He can no longer be carried on the roster of independents and Progressives. Doubtless we shall hear in a year or so of a boom for him for a regular nomination for the Presidency.

THERE IS NO MEASURE on our statute books today that represents a more fundamental, sound, and important step in true progress than does this new charter of American Labor." Thus Herbert Hoover in his speech at Newark defended one of the most selfish and reactionary bits of legislation ever enacted in the United States—the closing of our doors to aspiring immigrants, the ending of a glorious chapter in enlightened humanitarianism, the yielding of the politicians to a demand of union labor which is on a par with its former efforts to limit the number of apprentices and to oppose the use of machinery. Quite rightly Mr. Hoover links this "new charter" with the protective system. He wants not only to exclude all foreign goods but all foreigners. For the farmers he holds out the hope of excluding foreign foodstuffs. Indeed, he assails the Democrats because they want, he says, to "let in a flood of foreign goods, destroy employment, and lower wages." Thus he outdoes Joe Cannon and Mark Hanna and William McKinley. Their fetish was at first to protect infant American industries and then only industries whose goods could be undersold. It never occurred to them to tax foreign foodstuffs or to protect the American workingman by abandoning the historic American ideal that this country should be an asylum for the oppressed and the ambitious from abroad. Mr. Hoover is for a country surrounded by a Chinese wall. There is only one further step he could take—non-intercourse, the stopping of the arrival of all ships from the rest of the world.



NOW, THE DISHONESTY OF ALL THIS lies in the fact that Herbert Hoover knows that this policy not only hits directly at our foreign trade, and invites foreign reprisals and international bitterness, but also makes impossible the payment of the vast sums owed us by the foreign governments we assisted during the war. He knows that every one of our large industries produces more than it can sell at home and that they cannot sell abroad without being paid, not in cash but in goods. William McKinley, theretofore the highest priest of protection, declared, just before his assassination, "If we will not buy, we cannot sell." Even he felt that brakes must be applied to the protective juggernaut. Mr. Hoover wants none. Yet he is supposedly the great internationalist, the one man who really understands foreign affairs, who knows how to deal with foreign problems, and is always actuated by humanitarianism. Governor Smith properly countered Mr. Hoover's economic nonsense when he declared in reply that the tariff is not the solution of the farmer's troubles. Obviously not. If the tariff were raised so high that not a pound of anything eatable could cross our frontiers it would in no wise settle the question of our food surplus. Governor Smith also made most effective use of a bit of sententious buncombe uttered by Mr. Hoover in 1925 that "the fundamental need is a balancing of agricultural production to our home demand." What Hoover meant then apparently was that the farmers must be so controlled by the government that they would not raise one pound more of anything than the country could consume!

THE DISCLOSURE IN THE HEARST PRESS—and this time the Hearst document turns out to be genuine—of the essential terms of the Franco-British naval understanding makes it clear that the naval officers of the two countries were in fact seeking to outmaneuver the United States. In return for French support of the British claim for an unlimited number of small cruisers—the claim which wrecked the Geneva "disarmament" conference—Britain accepts the French claim for an unlimited number of small submarines. Doubtless the British have as sound a right to urge their position as the American admirals to demand that Congress authorize a billion-dollar naval program (incidentally, there is not the slightest doubt that their claim will lead to a new big-navy howl in this country), but the secrecy with which the negotiations were surrounded can hardly be much more pleasing to the British public than to the American. At first, there was denial of the existence of the pact; then, when the rumors bloated it into a new Dual Alliance, it was asserted that it referred merely to technical details; then came an announcement that it was so harmless that it would be published; then it was kept secret until a Hearst correspondent persuaded some French diplomat to show him a copy of an official memorandum describing it. This was, indeed, a flagrant example of the evil of secret diplomacy. The French and British positions were well known prior to the agreement, but the British Foreign Office, by attempting secretly, in advance of a general international conference, to pledge the French to support their position against the American, has poisoned the international atmosphere.

WE NEED A DWIGHT MORROW FOR COLOMBIA, and probably we shall need one in Venezuela too. Venezuela, in the last three years, has jumped from the

bottom of the list of the world's oil-producing countries to a position where she vies with Russia for second place and is shipping more oil than Mexico. Colombia, which in 1924 exported 447,744 barrels of petroleum, sent out 15,760,797 barrels in 1927, and if she had more pipelines to the sea she would pump more oil through them. Of course, the oil companies and concessionaires are becoming involved in disputes with the Colombian Government, and, of course, the American concessionaires are dragging the State Department into their disputes. Ludwell Denny told a part of the history of the Barco Concession, about which the latest dispute centers, in *The Nation* for July 11, last. The Colombian Government has since issued a second decree upholding the cancelation of the 5,000,000-acre concession, in which the Mellon family, through the Gulf Oil Company, is heavily interested; the concessionaire, through the Ameri-man Minister at Bogota, has asked to file a further memorial in behalf of its title; the Colombian Government has replied, sharply warning the United States to keep out of Colombia's domestic affairs; and the State Department has retorted, vigorously affirming its right to intervene in behalf of property interests. The net result is more anti-Yankee sentiment in Latin America and the beginning of another prolonged diplomatic dispute. Ambassador Morrow seems to have found it possible to persuade the Mexicans that even a Yankee diplomat can be a gentleman; why not put someone of his character in charge in Washington?

THE APPARENTLY UNANIMOUS STAND of the Mexican Congress for Emilio Portes Gil, newly appointed Secretary of State, as the next president of Mexico, has an obvious logic behind it. Shortly after the murder of Obregon, Portes Gil, former governor of Tamaulipas and a well-known lawyer, was given the cabinet position which according to the Mexican constitution ranks after the presidency. Almost simultaneously Dr. Puig Caussaranc, the new Minister of Industry, speaking for Calles, declared that "the law shall be the next president"; Calles himself corroborated this in his presidential message, reaffirming his stand against reelection and stating that "the time for military chieftainship is past." The former Obregonista bloc in the Chamber of Deputies split up; the factions which had been supporting various generals for the presidency dissolved; and the generals themselves, together with most of the lesser military chieftains, declared themselves definitely "with and behind the president" and for a civilian. Portes Gil, almost a dark horse, became the only possible candidate. He has a solid record of agrarian reform in the northern part of Mexico behind him. On loans of the National Agrarian Bank agricultural communities were organized, machinery was bought, and agricultural experts were detailed to give intense assistance to the small farmers. Portes Gil is somewhat of the Calles stamp.

Everyone of you has seen policemen inflict corporal punishment on prisoners. Everyone has seen brother officers intoxicated and has not reported it.

THIS IS NOT A POLICE CONFESSION extorted by some belligerent district attorney uncovering police corruption in Philadelphia or Chicago or elsewhere. It is the calm and deliberate statement of Patrolman R. J. Allen of the Third Precinct in the city of Washington, D. C., at a mass meeting of policemen held in an attempt by the men themselves to discover what is wrong with the department,



and how the wrongs are to be remedied. It is not surprising that the Washington *Herald* declares that most of his comrades who heard him considered that he was "too painfully frank." Naturally, for he convicted them to their faces of constantly committing crimes. Patrolman Allen went on to say that having been present on one occasion at the infliction of corporal punishment on prisoners he attempted to interfere and was reported to his superiors for his trouble. The lieutenant on duty told him to mind his own business. It is time that somebody in Washington acted, for recent figures show that more than one-third of the police of the nation's capital have been brought up before a higher authority on one or more charges within the last three years. Several men are up for trial now on charges of drunkenness, reckless driving, the uncalled-for shooting of a colored man, etc. Yet this story is one than can be told about almost every police force in this country. No wonder there is crime in America.

CALIFORNIA'S BRIGHT PROSPERITY is dimmed a trifle by data recently come to light. In Los Angeles (which is planning to have a population of some several millions of people by 1950 or thereabouts) 31,000 citizens are registered with the Emergency Employment Bureau whose advisory committee is headed by Mayor George E. Cryer. According to a letter recently sent out by the bureau some of these are in "destitute circumstances" while others, home-owners, are in danger of losing their homes through lack of employment. The bureau appeals for aid, emphasizing the fact that the citizens of Los Angeles, by helping the 31,000 out of work to secure employment, will really be helping themselves "by making possible the elimination of soup kitchens, (with all the attendant detrimental publicity in the Eastern papers)." From the grape-growers of California comes another note of distress. Since prohibition they have increased their total yearly production somewhat more than 200 per cent; since 1920 the annual carload shipments out of California have more than trebled. This year the "juice," or wine, variety will come close to the unprecedented figure of 500,000 tons. But this is more than can be profitably sold and distributed, and the California Vineyardists Association has been organized with the aid and support of such big-business leaders as Henry M. Robinson, Paul Shoup, and Herbert Fleishhacker. Of course, this has nothing to do with the prohibition issue in the election. Californians will vote Dry with Hoover and refuse to admit that the grapes will be used for anything but grape jelly.

ON THE COAST of old Santo Domingo where Christopher Columbus and his sailors landed in their first exploration of the West Indies all the nations of the Americas are uniting to build a Columbus Memorial Lighthouse. The project, which is sponsored by the Pan-American Union, has been planned with imagination and a genuine regard for artistic values. No political committee will handle the designing of the memorial but the choice will be left to architects from every nation of the world who care to compete for the grand prize offered for the best design. The international jury of architects, chosen by the competitors themselves, will award prizes of \$2,000 each for the best ten designs submitted in a preliminary competition, and then will set the ten winners competing against one another to perfect the final design. The ultimate winner will receive at least \$10,000, and his earnings may run to several

hundred thousand. Towering perhaps six hundred feet over a memorial park of 2,500 acres, the great lighthouse of sea and air will overlook the island which Christopher Columbus loved more than any other place in the world. It will be more than a monument to Columbus. It will be a symbol of the potential friendship of all American peoples and a reminder that beauty is a more worthy goal of international competition than the range of elevated guns.

A NEW NAPOLEON OF THE PRESS announced himself to the world the other day in full-page advertisements in New York newspapers. The advertisements, bearing the cryptic title "Down the Pilot's Ladder," expounded the career and ambitions of Mr. Albert J. Kobler, lately the guiding genius of the *American Weekly*, the Sunday magazine of Mr. Hearst's many newspapers. Mr. Kobler, who admits he made the *American Weekly* what it is today—"with 25,000,000 readers and advertising \$16,000 per page, it has smashed every circulation and rate record"—has a soul that clamors for greater conquests. He says so himself:

But neither my temperament nor career can be satisfied with a situation that hereafter demands so little personal action. My energies and imagination must have fuller play.

And Mr. Hearst has been so lavish, so generous and appreciative, that my ambition can at last afford to execute a project cherished and deferred for twenty-five years.

And so I have tendered my resignation, turned the ship back to its captain. With this statement I climb down the pilot's ladder to an argosy of dreams.

I am now the proprietor of a New York Daily. . . .

I only bespeak the patience of friends and public for time to "Build my Rome."

Within a few days I will formally announce where I have hung my hat and flung my flag.

The argosy of dreams on which Mr. Kobler has hung his hat and from which he has flung his flag and on which he will build his Rome is none other than the New York *Daily Mirror*, least successful of the city's three tabloid dailies.

IT IS WITH KEEN REGRET that *The Nation* announces the retirement from its active editorial staff, with this issue, of Lewis S. Gannett and Mark Van Doren. For nine years Mr. Gannett has served this weekly with a devotion and ability that make the loss of his gifted and charming pen a serious one, especially in the field of foreign happenings and politics. Of this his articles on the new China, contributed from that country in 1926, afford only one, if a striking, illustration. Mark Van Doren's work as literary editor has spoken for itself. The third of his family to hold this position, Mr. Van Doren leaves to devote himself to other activities in which lie his chief interests, notably the field of poetry. It will, we hope, always be a function of *The Nation*, as long as it exists, to serve as a training school for liberal writers and editors to prepare them for leadership in other fields. It cannot, however, be expected to feel else than a pang of sorrow when it must lose such collaborators as Messrs. Gannett and Van Doren. Fortunately for our readers, their transfer to the board of contributing editors assures *The Nation* of at least occasional contributions from them. As a result of these changes Freda Kirchwey becomes literary editor and Paul Blanshard, of the League for Industrial Democracy, becomes an associate editor.



# Mr. Hoover's Misstatements

IN his Newark speech on labor and prosperity Herbert Hoover played the role of a political magician, showing his audience the empty Democratic hat of 1921, and then pulling out the rabbit of Republican prosperity. Unfortunately his statistical springs were not well oiled, and the false bottom of the hat was plainly evident. How clumsy Mr. Hoover was in his legerdemain may be seen by placing in one column some of his important claims and in another column certain contradictory facts.

## WHAT HOOVER SAID:

An accurate survey of the Department of Labor showed that even including the usual winter seasonal unemployment, about 1,800,000 employees were out of work as contrasted with five to six million in 1921.

## THE FACTS:

Ethelbert Stewart, Commissioner of Labor Statistics, reported on March 24, 1928 (see *Monthly Labor Review* of the Department of Labor for April, 1928, page 26), an estimate of the shrinkage in the number of employed workers between 1925 and 1928 as 1,800,000. *The figure was not an estimate of unemployment; no account was taken of the number of unemployed in 1925.* The Labor Bureau, Inc., estimates the unemployment this year at about 4,000,000.

The foreword to the report of the President's Conference on Unemployment, signed by Herbert Hoover, refers to "four to five million unemployed as a result of the business depression of that year." This conference met in September, 1921. It appointed a subcommittee of experts to report on the number of unemployed. Their estimate, as contained in the official record, says: "It is highly improbable, taking all occupations into account, that more than 3,500,000 persons now remain unemployed in the sense that they desire and are unable to find work suited to their capacities."

When we assumed direction of the government in 1921 there were five to six million unemployed upon our streets. . . . The Republican Administration at once undertook to find relief to this situation. At once a nation-wide employment conference was called. It was made up of representatives of both employers and employees. I had the honor to be chairman of that conference. . . . Within a year we restored these five million workers to employment.

The Republicans assumed office in March, 1921, but President Harding did not call an unemployment conference until six months later, September, 1921. As to Mr. Hoover's claim that they had restored five million workers to employment within a year, compare the employment figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics for the year after the President's Conference with the estimates of unemployment made in the official report of that conference. The *Monthly Labor Re-*

*view* for December, 1922, gives the estimated growth in employment from October, 1921, to October, 1922; this comparison shows that 1,500,000 would be a generous estimate of the number restored to employment during that year.

Despite the great after-war slump they [real wages] have risen until today they are over 50 per cent greater than before the war.

The best figures which we have concerning variations in real wages are those of Paul Douglas of the University of Chicago, published in the *American Economic Review* for March, 1926. Mr. Douglas estimates that there was an increase in real annual earnings from 1913 to 1924 of about 15 per cent. Since 1924 real earnings have increased very little.

Jurgen Kuczynski and Marguerite Steinfeld, in Research Series, No. 6, of the American Federation of Labor, after an exhaustive analysis based on government figures, estimate the increase in real wages of manufacturing workers from 1924 to 1927 at less than 1 per cent, from 1914 to 1927 at 35 per cent.

Some of the slips Mr. Hoover made are unimportant blunders of detail which any busy man might make, but taken as a whole they reveal how Hoover the Republican is corrupting Hoover the engineer. His least excusable error, the underestimate of our unemployment, was borrowed from another Cabinet member, James J. Davis, who used his position as Secretary of Labor last Spring to distort the report of his own Commissioner of Labor Statistics and to send out a false statement concerning the volume of unemployment. The Davis falsehood was immediately revealed in the press and widely commented upon, so Mr. Hoover can scarcely avoid responsibility for repeating it at this time.

When he talks about efficiency Mr. Hoover is on familiar ground. He wades into his subject with a zest and a command of detail that are most refreshing after the limp platitudes of Mr. Coolidge. Between the lines can be read his philosophy of economic life. He is not disturbed by the inequalities in the distribution of wealth in the United States, the greatest inequalities in the history of the world. The Department of Commerce under Herbert Hoover's guidance has cooperated with manufacturing industries to reduce internal inefficiencies whenever the owners desired such cooperation, but when public interest has clashed with the interests of the owners Mr. Hoover has avoided the challenge. Notably in coal and electric power, where a comprehensive program of public ownership and coordination is required to protect the consumer, Mr. Hoover chose to run away from his opportunity because the owners preferred the old way.



# The Protestant Menace

“**T**HERE are two thousand pastors here. You have in your churches more than 600,000 members of the Methodist church in Ohio alone. That is enough to swing the election. The 600,000 have friends in other States. Write to them.” Those were Mabel Walker Willebrandt’s words to the Ohio conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and after her address the conference voted, unanimously, to support Herbert Hoover for President.

“There can be no question as to the plain duty of all Presbyterian church members,” Rev. Dr. Hugh K. Walker, moderator of the General Assembly of that church, writes in its official organ. “The plain duty of every churchman is to work and pray and vote for the election of Herbert Hoover.”

Al Smith was right in what he said at Oklahoma City. It would hardly be possible to persuade any body of Roman Catholics in this country to adopt, by a vote even approaching unanimity, a resolution supporting any candidate for public office. For one thing, they would be afraid to do so. They would be too well aware that such action would expose them to the charge that the church was in politics, that the Catholics were attempting to control the state. And they would be right in so fearing. Any such action by a body of Roman Catholics would bring out a flood of anti-Catholic feeling which would overwhelmingly defeat the candidate indorsed.

But the Methodists indorse Hoover with impunity, and the Presbyterian leader asks his fellow churchmen to vote en bloc. Protestants seek to throw the Protestant vote to Hoover, and have no fear that they will be accused of destroying the balance of church and state. We have become accustomed to the Protestant church in politics; it is so familiar that we have ceased to fear it. Yet the simple fact, due to no special virtue in either of the historic religious groups, is that if there is a church menace in this country it is a Protestant rather than a Catholic menace, simply because the tradition of this country is Protestant and the bulk of its population is Protestant. The danger of religious oppression always comes from the majority church. Catholics, despite a very different attitude in countries predominantly Catholic, have in this country loyally supported the Constitutional principle of separation of church and state, well knowing that the unofficial state church of this country was Protestant. On the other hand, in Arkansas Protestant Fundamentalists, balked in their effort to force an anti-evolution law through the Legislature, have put the question before the voters in the form of a State referendum. What happened in Tennessee is still a familiar and painful story, and for Tennessee’s monkey law and the Dayton trial organized forces of the Protestant church are directly responsible.

We are not of those who would have the churches draw a sharp line between politics and religion. The man who takes his religion seriously inevitably finds it affecting the issues of his daily life and his code of public conduct. If religion and peace are identified in his mind, a minister must indeed voice his Christian protest against war. Prohibition is quite properly claimed as an achievement of Protestant church effort, and we are not among those who feel that

churchmen should have left the issue alone. But when the churches as such attempt to put sectarian legislation upon the statute-books, as in Arkansas, or when they attempt to bar members of rival creeds from public office, they go too far, and a real church menace appears upon the horizon. We do not want sectarian blocs in America.

Mrs. Willebrandt, the skilled politician who was Harry Daugherty’s right hand, knew only too well the depth of the prejudice to which she could appeal. She knew, as every politician knows, the bitterness of the klannish spirit so deep-rooted in many evangelical church groups. Even *The Nation’s* mail reflects the backwash of its appeal. “The progress and advancement of the world depends upon Protestant Christianity,” writes a Louisiana reader. From Kansas City comes a passionate appeal to get our “*Protestant* [twice underscored] friends and relatives to vote,” and the threat that if “Protestants do not wake up and do their duty by a united vote, we are going to have a Roman Catholic for President.” From Idaho comes an hysterical accusation (no sillier than hundreds of others) that Rome inspired the recent race riots for reasons which the anonymous writer does not make entirely clear. A Jewish Republican in Canada writes that her vacation conversations with anti-Catholic Southerners have convinced her that Jews should vote for Al Smith in self-protection against the menace of religious hate.

Anti-Catholicism has thus made religion an issue in American politics. We recognize the right of individuals to believe that the Catholic church threatens American institutions, and to argue the question, as Mr. Marshall and Governor Smith argued it a year ago. But it seems to us beyond argument that Mrs. Willebrandt and the Stratons and Heflins are attempting to make the Protestant churches dominant forces in American politics. This transcends the issue of prohibition. No political issue should be set beyond argument, crystallized as a part of the dogma of a church. When a minority sect sets up binding doctrines, and bids its members vote accordingly, it may be negligible; but when the dominant church group of the nation does that, the historic separation between church and state has ceased to function.

No, we are not alarmed by the Catholic peril in the United States. If his Catholicism has influenced Al Smith in office at all, it has made him rather specially careful to select non-Catholics for appointment. But if the Protestant bigots continue their dire work there will be in this country a real Protestant peril. If they continue they will make decent people hope, as an object-lesson, for the election of a Catholic President in 1928, a Jew in 1932, and an atheist in 1936.

## An American Resume

“**A**MERICANISM” got back to an older meaning when the International Congress of Americanists met under Franz Boas’s presidency in New York City, September 17 to 22. These Americanists were anthropologists from some twenty-five countries, and men with names like Bogoras, Hrdlicka, and Tello were among those who contributed most to an understanding of the remote American past. Anthropology has broadened in recent years. It is no longer a branch of biology; it is pre-history, and includes phases of psychology and sociology. And in



the last decade we have learned more about American pre-history than in a dozen earlier decades. It is not yet possible to make precise statements regarding the antiquity and origin of the American civilizations, but the papers read at this conference gave a new, vivid picture of pre-Columbian culture.

It seems agreed that man inhabited this continent at least a few thousand years before the Christian era, having come from Asia by way of Behring Straits, and the remarkable civilizations of pre-white America may be explained as native growths. But there agreement ends. In America a beginning of culture has as yet been fully traced only in the Southwest of the United States. The great civilizations to the South seem to have sprung up mysteriously full-born, already inter-related across great spaces, yet not demonstrably indebted to any special spot or impulse except as the development of agriculture contributed to a sedentary national life and a powerful religious tradition.

An impressive vision of the age and power behind these civilizations was afforded at the conference by the results of the Carnegie Institute expeditions, dramatically presented in the discoveries and reconstructions at Chichen-Itzá, under Dr. G. S. Morley, and the newly uncovered most ancient site of Huaxactun, dated before the Christian era, excavated by Dr. O. G. Ricketson; a concept of their scope across space was given in the results of the explorations of the Tulane University Expedition, under Dr. Franz Blom, which traversed on mule-back the whole of the Maya area, through the jungles from Central America to Yucatan; a further demonstration of high development at an early date was given in the newly reconstructed pyramid of Tenayuca in the Valley of Mexico, work undertaken by the Mexican Government under Dr. Jose Reygadas Vertiz, and in the study of pre-Aztec and pre-Toltec potteries of the Valley of Mexico, presented by Dr. G. C. Vaillant of the American Museum of Natural History.

Such civilizations as America produced do not die easily, despite the onward sweep of European culture. How elements of them survive, how they assimilate new factors and reshape themselves to new conditions, was suggested by Dr. S. K. Lothrop's discovery of a modern Maya calendar, directly fitting into the old, used today in Guatemala; by the Maya ceremonies and customs investigated by Oliver La Farge; by the evidence of fertility cults surviving in Guatemala, investigated by Dr. Franz Termer; by the primitive cults and "picture-writing" discovered by Dr. Erland Nordenskiöld in South America; by the Bush Negro culture in Dutch Guiana, built up by runaway slaves out of African, European, and native American elements, investigated by Dr. J. M. Herskovits; by Dr. Barbeau's studies of the assimilation of art motifs by North American Indians, and Dr. Benedict's analysis of the psychological basis of the preservation of local traditions.

Apart from the scientific value of these investigations, they suggest experimental applications of anthropology, such as that initiated in Mexico by Dr. Manuel Gamio, and more recently among the primitive peoples of Russia by Dr. Waldemar Bogoras, both on a similar principle of education on the basis of old customs and beliefs. To most of us today pre-Columbian America is more remote than pre-Christian Europe. These Americanists are opening the way for a coming American generation which will feel closer to its own continent.

## The Woman's Party and Mr. Hoover

THE uncompromising National Woman's Party has compromised. After having declared repeatedly in its official organ, *Equal Rights*, as well as in statements by its leaders, that it could not give its organized support to any candidate for President who did not forthrightly, specifically, and unequivocally declare himself in favor of equal rights between men and women, a conference of its national and State officers and founders and life members has adopted a resolution "to support the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President for the reason that of all the candidates before the country, these are the only ones whose election offers any hope to the movement for equal rights between men and women."

What hope did Herbert Hoover and Charles Curtis offer to the movement for equal rights? The Republican platform "accepted" a non-existent equality between men and women, boasted of its appointment of women to government positions, and urged women to "participate even more generally than now in party management and activity." Later, however, the Republicans segregated women from the Eastern party conference into a little conference of ladies only.

In his speech of acceptance, Mr. Hoover said:

Conservative, progressive, and liberal thought and action have their only real test in whether they contribute to equal opportunity, whether they hold open the door of opportunity. If they do not, they are false, no matter what their name may be.

When a deputation from the Woman's Party went to Mr. Hoover on September 12 and asked him, on the basis of this statement, to support the Equal Rights Amendment, his only suggestion was that he might have some of his friends make an investigation. In his reply to the Women's Party delegation, he said, according to the stenographic report later approved by him:

There is on the statute-books of all States much legislation designed primarily for the benefit of women and children. I hesitate to say without a thorough and exhaustive study that all of these statutes should be brushed aside with one sweep of the hand.

"Women and children!" It was this sub-title in the Democratic platform which roused the Woman's Party to scorn and derision. It is a classification which they have been fighting ever since there was an organized demand for the rights of adult women. Yet only a few hours after Mr. Hoover used the hated phrase, the Woman's Party adopted a resolution to back him. Its indorsement of Mr. Curtis is, of course, logical since the Senate leader has consistently supported the Woman's Party and its program.

We have no quarrel with Mr. Hoover for his hesitation to support an amendment which would wipe out all protective industrial legislation. It is an attitude which he shares with the candidates of the Democratic and Socialist parties and with which we ourselves have sympathy. We quarrel only with the National Woman's Party, which in coming out for Mr. Hoover is abandoning an historic and successful policy of political strategy. But perhaps the days of militancy are over.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

HERBERT CLARK HOOVER has performed the extraordinary feat of managing to make dignity almost as offensive as billingsgate. Last week he declared that his campaign for the Presidency was based upon "the issues and conditions in the Republican Party" and that it was "not a campaign of opposition." In other words, so great is the exclusiveness of Mr. Hoover that he likes to pretend that there is no other candidate. The great humanitarian is quite above the tiresome necessity of answering any questions propounded by a man named Al. The famous engineer resents the fact that he should be called upon to explain to the voters his plans and purposes. With all an expert's contempt for commonalty, it suffices him to talk vaguely of prosperity and acres of diamonds and let the rest go hang. The textile workers starve, and if they clamor loud enough perhaps Herbert Hoover may hear and toss out a handful of statistics. The trouble with the farmers is that there are too many of them. Are coal miners hungry? Let them drop their picks, leave their children, and seek other jobs in busier regions. White is white and a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Mr. Hoover in his own person has said a harsh word against no man and he has been bold enough to declare that he believes in righteousness, honesty, and tolerance. It is a rocking-chair campaign and the Republican nominee has not once come out from behind the sheltering potted palms.

As a matter of fact, Herbert Clark Hoover is not running for anything. He's being run. The holier-than-thou attitude of the man would be annoying enough in itself, but when this attitude serves merely as a false front to conceal the dirtiest political fight waged in this country in fifty years the composite picture becomes obscene. Public life knows no greater hypocrite than Mr. Hoover. He is deserving of the scorn of decent men.

After Governor Smith's speech in Oklahoma the Republican campaign managers had the audacity to reply that after all their man had already come out for tolerance and long before Al Smith. But Hoover's references to the subject were the veriest generalities. Not one word has he uttered to offend the Klan and all its kleagles. They may not be his men but he is theirs. Fanatics, trimmers, rascals have joined the train of Herbert Hoover and nothing has come from the great humanitarian to discourage such support.

Indeed the pretense has been set up that Mr. Hoover knows nothing about it. The voters are asked to believe that he is too aloof from petty politics to notice such things. Accepting such statements at face value, one would have to mark the man down as a magnificent recluse or someone not quite bright. But there is no reason why we should accept disclaimers from Work or Moses. The lies which they give out while their chief preens himself in silence are just a shade too gross. The religious issue, so they say, was dragged into the campaign by a desperate, undeserving Democrat.

Mabel Walker Willebrandt had already addressed a conference of Methodist pastors before Smith defied the Klan and all its allies. And then to emphasize Republican men-

dacity Mrs. Willebrandt did it once again. To be sure the lady said that she was not seeking to stir up religious prejudice. She merely invited all Methodist preachers to stand up in their pulpits and work for Mr. Hoover. Prohibition, according to her definition, is not a matter of politics at all but a moral issue. Seemingly she is willing to let the Protestant churches decide certain vital public questions in the light of their own dogma and bar all outsiders from having any voice in the matter whatsoever. But if prohibition is a moral issue and belongs beyond the range of politics, then so do divorce, birth control, and Sabbath observance. Is America calmly to turn all such questions over to the churchgoing members of the evangelical Protestant sects and refrain from making any decision through the weight of numbers?

Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt is no outsider exempt from party discipline. It seems to me an evil thing that a representative of the Department of Justice should mingle so vociferously in any campaign and still more when she lights the torch of denominational prejudice. But aside from being close to the Attorney General in the cabinet which Hoover has just quitted Mrs. Willebrandt is closely linked to the candidate in other ways. She was his right hand at Kansas City and served upon the Credentials Committee where she did yeoman service for the great humanitarian. Even though it disturbs the dignity of Mr. Hoover, somebody should take his statistics away from him and wake him with a resounding slap between the shoulders. And let this messenger from the outside world of hurly-burly shout loudly in his ear: "Herbert, I wish to call your attention to Mabel."

Immediately after the conventions there was comment by many newspapers tending to express the belief that both parties had put their best foot forward and that the country would be well served no matter who won the election. In a small way this commentator contributed to that fallacious reasoning. By now I wish that it had been Curtis or any one of the Old Guard stalwarts. No standpatter could possibly have succeeded in so debauching national politics by smearing them over with hypocrisy. Of course Herbert Hoover is not the first stuffed shirt set up as a breastwork for rogues and regulars. The pity of it lies in the fact that his camouflage has been successful with so many. All the aerated blood of Borah is on the hands of Herbert Hoover. If Curtis had only received the nomination we should have been spared the pitiful spectacle of seeing the Senator from Idaho whooping around the country with the tricks and postures of an old-line machine politician. Borah is dead. The cross which marks the spot should rest upon the abdomen of Herbert Hoover, for he has devoured a good man and swallowed him.

Naturally Mr. Hoover has been obliged to dispose of his own soul as well during the exigencies of the campaign, and in this respect he has proved himself a superb business man. According to tradition the deal can be made just once. Mr. Hoover has bettered the technique of Faust. His soul, and not a very big one either, has been bartered off a score of times. In fact, whenever he saw a group of voters.

HEYWOOD BROWN



# Will Rogers, the Bunkless Candidate

By DOROTHY VAN DOREN

"**W**HATEVER the other fellow don't do, we will." Thus refreshingly Will Rogers, the bunkless candidate for President, begins his campaign. It is, of course, a dangerous doctrine, but Mr. Rogers does not mean it that way. In announcing himself as the candidate of the Anti-Bunk Party, he says: "Our support will have to come from those who want nothing and have the assurance of getting it." Within these limits, therefore, he—and the country—is perfectly safe. He can say what he likes, he can thumb his nose at politics, he can make saucy faces at government. There is not the slightest chance of his being elected, and the American people, which is said to be noted for its sense of humor, is willing to let such a man have his little joke and to laugh heartily at it.

The idea of running Will Rogers for President was conceived by *Life*, the humorous weekly, and in its columns he duly sets forth his views on politics and the other candidates. There are campaign buttons with Rogers's picture, burlesque political rallies are broadcasted over the radio, and *Life* is besieged by a large number of persons desirous of voting for Rogers and anxious to find out how to do it. A national committee of fifteen prominent citizens has solemnly agreed to indorse his candidacy. Henry Ford, Harold Lloyd, Nicholas Murray Butler, Roy Howard, Glenn H. Curtis, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Babe Ruth, William Allen White, Clare Briggs, Grantland Rice, General William Mitchell, Ring Lardner, the Rev. Francis P. Duffy, Charles Dana Gibson, and Tex Rickard make up the committee. Thus it appears that Candidate Rogers has the support of Industry, Sport, Art, Journalism, the Army, the University, the Church, and the Bench. What more could a candidate ask? Radical and conservative, rich and—comparatively—poor, swell and proletarian, man of letters and ignorant financier, all these are not only among his anonymous supporters but his publicly announced committee. The Press and the People, the Catholic Church, the New York 400—surely no candidate was ever championed with such glorious variety from one end of the social scale to the other. And Will Rogers holds their support, he says, by eschewing bunk. "We are going to try and eliminate slogans. Slogans have



Rogers Refuses to Admit that Sex Appeal is an Issue.

been more harmful to the country than Boll-Weevil, Luncheon Clubs, Sand Fleas, Detours Conventions, and Golf Pants." Thus the candidate of the Anti-Bunk Party. "No matter what's on our platform now," he says, "on November 6 we will have a bonfire and burn the platform." However, a few of the planks in the Anti-Bunk platform are as follows:



Whatever Hoover or Smith promises you, we'll raise 'em at least 20 per cent. (And I can come just as near keeping my promise as they can.)

We absolutely promise to make no effort to get votes by sex appeal. (We are glad to have so much support from the ladies, but if it turns out that it is only sex appeal, then they'll have to stop printing my picture in the paper.)

Our plank on the liquor question is: "Wine for the rich, beer for the poor, and moonshine for the dregs."

We will not only give the farmer relief, we will cure him of being a farmer.

I also pledge myself that, if elected, I will not have any Official Spokesman.

The last plank ought to be good for a million extra votes anyway. But more encouraging even than his attitude on the Official Spokesman is Mr. Rogers's animadversions on the farmer. "I am the only candidate," he declares,

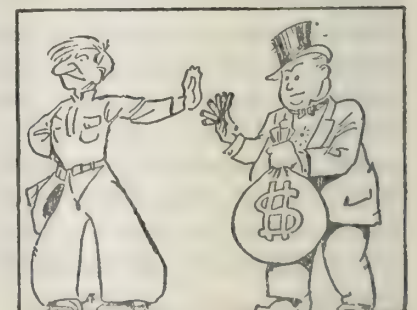
that is running on either side that has ever looked a Mule in the face (or otherwise) down a corn row. I know what the farmer needs, but I can't give it to him. But I am going to tell him before election that I can't give it to him—and not afterwards.

I can tell you in a few words what the farmer needs. He needs a punch in the jaw if he believes that either of the parties cares a dam about him after election!

That's all the farmer needs, and that's all he'll get.

Mr. Rogers has nothing personally against his rivals. "They are both able, fine men," he says, "but they wasn't chosen on that account." They were chosen because they were vote-getters, he goes on, and Wet and Dry will forget their principles in the final crisis and stick by the party of their grandfathers. "All you hear now is the Politicians of both partys hollering about what great Candidates they have. Al Smith is really Thomas Jefferson disguised in a brown derby and Hoover is Abraham Lincoln with a college education." Thus the Anti-Bunk Party tells the truth about the opposing leaders. The politicians are running them because each looks like a good bet. Party leaders want to win. Mr. Rogers says he will eliminate party leaders; "no party can be as bad as its leaders," he adds. And the party leaders, having picked their candidates to win, now pretend that they "carry on the glorious traditions of our party" because—according to the relentless anti-bunker—"they're in favor of Motherhood, Virtue, the Constitution, and anything else that seems to call for a word of praise, including the Farmer."

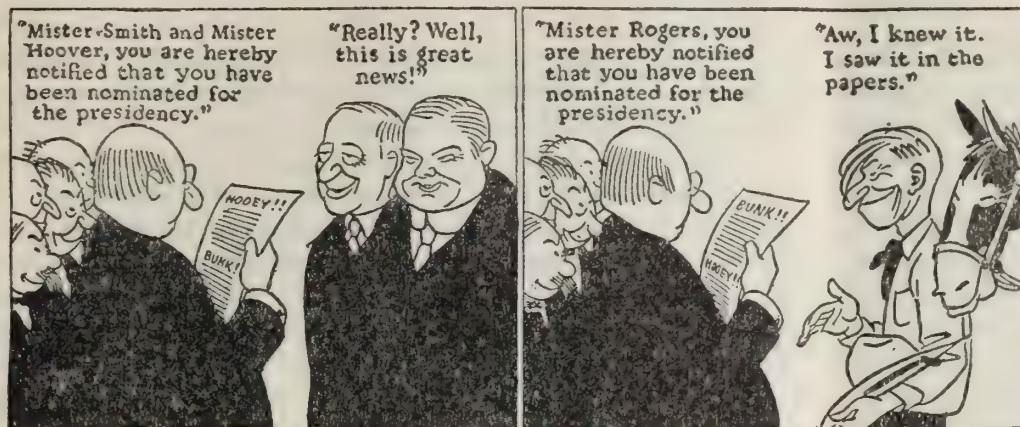
All this is as invigorating as a bright fall day. In place of the stale windiness of political promises, we have wind, it is true, but wind of a refreshing



And Rejects Contributions of Money and Chewing Gum.



sort. The Rogers wind blows cobwebs away, cobwebs that both the major parties have been guilty of weaving. A good deal of this amiable truth-telling, of course, is due to the fact that Candidate Rogers doesn't expect, or even hope, to win.



Not even in his funniest dreams, I imagine, can he see himself in the White House as its rightful tenant. So he can afford to tell at least part of the truth, and it is evident that he derives considerable enjoyment from the telling. He knows, as every intelligent man knows, that politics is no longer the recreation of gentlemen or, save at least rarely, the profession chosen by aspiring men who love and want to serve their country. It is a business, like any other business. You spend money to get in; if you don't spend enough money, you get out. "It's fine of these other candidates to want to run a campaign on a High Plane," says this Bad Boy of Politics,

but it would be just like me wanting to conduct my campaign on a strictly grammatical basis. I would like to but I just ain't equipped for it, and that's the way they are. With politicians as the tools you just ain't equipped to conduct anything on a high plane. The whole election won't be a month old till everybody in it will revert right back to type. So this will give you a sort of rough idea of how low it will get by fall.

So there's where the Anti-Bunk Party is lying low, just to grab up the fellows that can see these other two boys are nice kids, but they are just running for the job.

They got their minds set on the tail end of Pennsylvania Avenue, and they will promise anything short of perpetual motion to have Senators eat breakfast with 'em.

This, says Mr. Rogers, is the truth about politics. And it is not necessary to set oneself up as a professional cynic in order to agree with him. This is the Age of Bunk. We eat it with our cereal at breakfast, we ride to work with it posted before our eyes, we see it in the movies at night, we hear it over the radio. Bunk is the American staple of existence. In love, in war, in work, in play it is busy making things seem what they almost certainly are not. Bunk greases the wheels of industry; bunk furnishes the home. Mr. Rogers, of course, did not originate this idea. Nor is he the first man to see that bunk colors politics as well as everything else in American life. The truth of the matter is that the American people like bunk, they choose it deliberately, it is the breath of life to them.

Doubtless Mr. Rogers is perfectly aware of this. At any rate, it is part of the joy that he gets out of life to be the debunker

of persons, safe or otherwise. His quips in print or on the stage and lecture platforms long before he was nominated for the Presidency have spared nobody—that is one reason why he is such a popular candidate. Not even the holy Calvin Coolidge has been safe from him. Indeed, the longer the President has remained in office the sharper the humorous barbs, and the greater the reported coolness between them. In June last he wrote:

I see by this morning's papers that Mr. Coolidge is sending somebody to Kansas City to protect his interest. If I had an interest to be protected at a political convention, I believe I would send the marines. It would be a good joke on the Republicans, if they went and nominated somebody else, if Coolidge would veto the nomination. He is liable to do it just through force of habit.

It is not his fault that the bunkless candidate has not appeared more largely on the political stage, for he challenged both Al Smith and Herbert Hoover. His challenge to Al is so characteristic that it deserves its place in this record:

Dear Friend Al:

Now this is the open season for debates, and I believe you and I could put on about as good a one as one of these others. So I hereby challenge you the way I challenged the other fellow last week.

Now the trouble with most debates, they are confined to a subject. Now we won't let that worry us, we'll just rent Madison Square Garden. All we do is sell tickets, and let the money go to poor Democratic widows who have given their husband's lives to trying to get elected to some office in the Democratic Party. Those are the most deserving women I know of.

And there's farm relief. You know how a farmer votes. When he gets to the polls he reaches in his pocket and sees how much he's got. If it's only a few cents, why, he says, "Throw the rascals out," and he votes Democratic. But if he's got as much as a dollar he guesses that the rascals is on his side after all, so maybe he'd better leave 'em in.

I wrote Hoover and challenged him, but he wanted to make it over the radio. Hoover wants to get on the radio where they can't see him, but with you it's different. You want the gang to see you. You want to make your appeal to the common people. Well, you can't make any commoner appeal than I can.

So come on, be a good fellow, Al, and name the time, place, and subject (if any). You and I can pack 'em in.

So long, Al, and good luck to you till we meet in debate.

Yours,

WILL,

Candidate of the Anti-Bunk Party, without campaign buttons or cigars.

The pity of it is "Will's" candidacy has not received even wider attention. However, thousands of Americans are giving thanks to Mr. Rogers for providing the one cheerful note in an otherwise trying political campaign.





# Electric Rates Need Readjustment

By EDGAR J. KATES

FOR a number of years the electric light and power companies have been "regulated" by the several States; that is, before they could issue new stocks and bonds or change their rate schedules the companies were obliged to obtain the approval of State public-service commissions. It was recognized that it would be wasteful to have more than one electric company serve a single locality, but on the other hand, the privilege of exclusive service could not be safely granted unless there was some control in the public interest. And so laws have been enacted by most of the States, giving the electric companies the valuable privileges of exclusive territories and the rights of eminent domain, but imposing upon them supervision by State commissions.

Because the free conduct of their business would be hampered, the electric companies at first looked with disfavor upon State control, and many attempts were made to prevent the functioning of the public-service commissions. In the last few years, however, the attitude of the power companies toward the commissions has been completely reversed, and the companies are now staunch supporters of the principle of State regulation despite occasional controversies on specific details.

Why this change of mind? Can it be because the power companies have found State regulation profitable beyond their fondest hopes? Instead of unrestricted competition they now have monopolies—regulated monopolies, to be sure, but regulated in a manner highly advantageous to them.

In effect the public utilities are operating on a "cost plus" basis, and this bears great resemblance to a business man's idea of paradise. According to the regulative laws of most of the States, it is the duty of the public-service commission to limit the income of each power company to an amount not exceeding a "fair return" (usually put at 8 per cent) on the "rate base" or value of the property. While the stated purpose of the law is to prevent the return *exceeding* this limit, the nature of the business is such that few companies earn appreciably less than the maximum allowed. Two-thirds of the utility income being derived from current sold for lighting, which is almost entirely non-competitive, the income necessary to pay an 8 per cent return is easily assured by a sufficiently high-rate schedule for lighting service.

This "fair return" upon the value of the property used by the electric power company is the foundation upon which has been reared the type of financial pyramid so clearly brought to light by last year's report of the Federal Trade Commission's investigations. The 8 per cent earnings upon the total investment of the operating company not only suffice to pay the holders of the bonds and preferred stock their 5 to 7 per cent, but the remaining earnings yield 12 to 15 per cent to the holders of the common stock equities in these operating companies. Furthermore, by means of holding-company ownership of these common stock equities, the multiplication process is repeated, whereby the promoters who own the common stock of the *holding companies* receive, according to the official report, earnings ranging from 16.50 per cent to as high as 55.22 per cent! The ordinary investor

who supplies most of the money in the business is excluded from these huge profits and receives merely 5 to 7 per cent on his holdings of bonds or preferred stock.

The profit in the pyramiding process results from the fact that the public-service commissions allow a return of 8 per cent on the *total* investment while the promoters pay the public an average of less than 6 per cent for the capital it supplies. The arithmetic is simple. Take the case of an electric generating system costing \$100,000,000 and having the following typical capital structure:

5% bonds, held by public.....	\$60,000,000
7% preferred stock, held by public.....	20,000,000
Common stock, held by promoters.....	20,000,000
Total investment .....	\$100,000,000

The public-service commission allows a return of 8 per cent on the investment, or \$8,000,000. This income is distributed as follows:

To bonds, held by public.....	\$3,000,000
To preferred stock, held by public.....	1,400,000
To common stock, held by promoters.....	3,600,000
Total distribution .....	\$8,000,000

Thus the promoters, with an investment of \$20,000,000, receive an annual income of \$3,600,000, or 18 per cent!

By forming a holding company, the promoters can greatly increase their dividend rate beyond this already substantial figure. Instead of keeping the \$20,000,000 common stock of the generating system, they transfer it to a holding company which is capitalized at the same amount. The holding company thereupon distributes its own securities in the following way:

5% bonds of holding company, held by public.	\$10,000,000
7% preferred stock of holding company, held by public .....	5,000,000
Common stock of holding company, held by promoters .....	5,000,000
Total capitalization of holding company..	\$20,000,000

Through its ownership of the entire common stock of the generating system the treasury of the holding company receives the \$3,600,000 earnings thereon. This income is then distributed as follows:

To bonds, held by public.....	\$500,000
To preferred stock, held by public.....	350,000
To common stock, held by promoters.....	2,750,000
Total distribution .....	\$3,600,000

In this way, the promoters, with an investment of \$5,000,000, not only exercise complete control over property worth \$100,000,000 but also receive annual returns of \$2,750,000, or 55 per cent!

There is probably nothing illegal about this sort of pyramiding and it could be, and is, applied to other classes of business beside that of producing electric energy. In fact, its name conveys a wrong impression of its stability unless the pyramid be pictured as standing upon its apex. The inflated profits accruing to the small managing group are completely dependent upon the maintenance of the 8 per



cent return. Let this fall off and the promoters' profits decline swiftly. This is the deterrent in pyramiding propositions in most lines of business. But the difference between the electric-power industry and the others is that it is a monopoly under State protection, and its earnings, though not guaranteed by the State, are assured by our present system of regulation. Assure the 8 per cent return on the operating companies' property and you render certain these handsome earnings of 16 to 55 per cent to the controlling financiers.

In view of this delightful situation is it surprising that the financiers are eager to increase the investment in the electric power industry? The bigger they can build the business, the bigger will be their own returns. Since the earnings are proportional to the value of the property, technically called the "rate base," there is a strong incentive for promoters to increase their profits by enlarging the rate base.

Now the rate base cannot legally be increased through indiscriminate additions to the property in the form of unnecessary electric-generating equipment or transmission lines. The law requires that all additions be approved by the public-service commission, and the commission is charged with the duty of disallowing any addition which it finds to be unnecessary. So the promoters' aim is to show cause for plant enlargement and thus obtain the public-service commissions' authorization. Obviously the simplest reason for plant enlargement is an increased demand for electricity.

For the purpose of establishing this increased demand the industrial power user is an ideal prospect. Manufacturing establishments consume large amounts of electric power which can be supplied either by the manufacturer's own plant or by the public utility company. To obtain this load for its own lines, the central station need only quote a price low enough to cause the manufacturer to give up his own power plant. Of course the more efficient the private plant is, the lower price will the central station have to quote in order to make its own proposition attractive.

In many cases where industrialists can generate their own power quite cheaply, the central station must quote an exceedingly low price, one that means little or no profit. Though in an ordinary business such a procedure would not be regularly practised, because it would not pay, there is no such deterrent in the case of the public utilities under the present form of regulation. On the contrary, there is every temptation for them to quote as low a price as is necessary to get the business, practically irrespective of cost, since they will be allowed an 8 per cent return on the enlarged rate base. The inadequate profit on the power load can easily be compensated for by charging sufficiently high prices to certain other classes of consumers, particularly lighting customers, who use but little current and must pay whatever rates are charged.

The records show that the electric companies have not resisted this temptation to favor the industrial power user as against the lighting customer. From 1922 to 1926 the amount of electric energy sold in the United States increased 20,308,000 kilowatt-hours, or 58 per cent. Of this increase 14,087,000 kilowatt-hours, or 69 per cent was the result of enlarging the power load, while only 5,264,000 kilowatt-hours, or 26 per cent, was due to increased residential usage. (The small remainder applies to electric railways.) Nevertheless, the lighting customers contributed \$414,800,000, or 74 per cent, to the increase in gross revenue, while the power

consumers, who were mainly responsible for the plant enlargement, paid only 25 per cent toward it. The accompanying changes in rates are interesting. The average lighting kilowatt-hour which sold for 7.07 cents in 1922 had advanced to 7.36 cents in 1926, while on the other hand the average kilowatt-hour for power use actually dropped from 1.50 cents to 1.29 cents in the same period. It was only through such rate reductions that the existing power business could be held and the enormous additional load obtained.

This discrimination is obviously against public policy. By means of excessively low rates charged to industrial users of power, the central stations have added an enormous amount of load to their lines. The public-service commissions have duly authorized the corresponding plant enlargements, with the accompanying increase in rate base. In 1926 no less than \$900,000,000 was invested in such enlargements in the United States.

What is the result? The central stations are permitted to earn a fair return on this increment to the rate base. Roughly this amounts to 8 per cent annually on \$900,000,000, or \$72,000,000, which is what the public will pay every year thereafter as the return on the utility enlargements during 1926. No criticism could be made if a fair share of this huge sum were derived from earnings on the industrial power load that was responsible for the plant enlargement. But that is not the case; the industrial power load has been acquired at low rates, in many cases so low that there is no profit whatever in it. No, the increased earnings cannot be obtained from that source, but they are derived from the far more tractable class of residential consumers. They are the ones who, by paying excessive electric rates, produce the 8 per cent earnings on the additional plant investment, which in turn becomes a profit of 16 to 55 per cent on the money that the financiers themselves have put into the business.

The mere exposition of the facts exposes the faulty principle in our system of utility regulation and indicates the remedy. Regulation at present is ineffective because it is founded on the principle that the sale of electric current is altogether a monopolistic business, that all classes of customers need to be equally protected, and that this can be accomplished in a simple manner by limiting the *total* earnings. The fact is that only a small part of the electricity is sold monopolistically, while the majority of the current is disposed of under highly competitive conditions. Limiting the *total* return does not at all prevent one class being exploited in order that the total return may be made the full legal maximum on an economically unsound enlargement of the business.

We need legal cognizance of the fact that part of the consumers can produce their electric power requirements at a competitive price while others cannot. The central station's customers should be divided into classes, and the *return on each class* should be limited. Such a limitation of the return on the investment utilized in serving the residential consumers will at once stop the mulcting of that class. The companies will be ordered to reduce their rates to the home, and then something will take place that is common enough in other industries but which most central-station men have not visualized. When prices are reduced, the falling off of income will be but temporary, inasmuch as the lower prices will induce a larger usage. This has always happened with commodities of the convenience or luxury type, where the saturation point is practically non-existent,



and indeed has actually occurred in the few cases where it has been tried in the sale of domestic electricity. Lower rates have not only induced the householders to use more current to obtain better lighting, but also to make greater use of such electrical conveniences as flat-irons, vacuum-cleaners, dish-washers, washing-machines, and mechanical refrigerators. Electric cooking, with its amazing ease of control and its freedom from waste heat, is an unsurpassed improvement in the kitchen, and if rates were lowered, the only fault of the electric stove—costly operation—would be eliminated.

Engineering studies have shown that if electric rate schedules were lowered sufficiently to induce such greater use of electric appliances in the home, the volume of business would be increased so greatly that the net profits to the central stations would far exceed those under the present restricted usage.

Thus the electric companies would not lose by an enforced reduction of rates to the home, and the community would greatly benefit by the full enjoyment of those unique services that only electricity can supply.

## Bombing London

By LEE SIMONSON

*Nayland, Suffolk, August 23*

EVERYONE, as the evening express for Suffolk and points east pulled out of Liverpool Street station, leaned out to see a great V of airplanes overhead with others looping above and swooping below them. It was the second day of the raids realistically staged by the Air Ministry. "How we bombed London," read the headlines in the evening paper in my lap. After supper we watched the last defenders, a triangle of three pinpricks of light over our garden, returning to their base. "Pretty, isn't it?" said the cook. As she made the fire in the drawing room she recalled how her home town, Sudbury, nine miles west, had been hit by a passing Zeppelin in 1916, and the brains and livers of various farmers blown out of them as they slept. Sudbury is a market town. There hadn't been an encampment, a war factory, or a depot within miles. "Funny, wasn't it?" said our cook.

It is funny. But it is still funnier to speculate as to what has happened to the well-known sense of humor of the average taxpayer. The *Observer* admits that according to the official umpires "200 tons of bombs could have been dropped on London. Moreover, any hit within the target is a bull's eye. The target in this case is Greater London with its 10,000,000 inhabitants." The Student of War in the *Times* concedes even more: "No local defenses can possibly prevent an air raid over London, and the same is true of every large town in the country. The real defense against air raids is our power to do worse to the enemy's capital before he can do it to ours."

Thus, if the precise military objective isn't hit—an arsenal or an aerodrome—something will be in any case, mothers, children, curates, seamstresses, cooks, hairdressers, cabmen, green-grocers, and such. Of course, not all of them will be blown to bits in their beds or at their supper tables. The lingering fate of the rest was sketched by the whiff of phosgene gas that got loose in Hamburg recently and

sent its fumes far enough to strangle a few suburban cows. But the survivors will, at any rate, have the immense satisfaction of reading the very next day how many more mères et enfants, abbés, midinettes, cuisinières, coiffeurs, and marchands des comestibles have been efficiently pulverized. Even if 10,000,000 gas masks aren't on tap when the next war is declared, the moral is obvious and the *Times* trumpets it: "Every man, woman, and child must exhibit the qualities of a disciplined soldier under fire."

This is, of course, a romantic prospect for non-combatant stay-at-homes who haven't read or who will have forgotten what the emotions of combatants in the last war were really like. But the emotions of civilians of former wars will be experienced by all the slackers at the front in tin helmets, snuggling in dugouts, gloating over their comparative safety, fortified by the occasional relaxation of aiming a gun or taking a bayonet jab at a visible opponent. The only strain will be the news of the home casualties as they reach the front each evening, and the anxiety as to whose family has been wiped out. A wife's earring forwarded; unfortunately nothing else could be recovered from the debris of Brompton Road. Ten-year-old Lilian's last words as she choked to death in the gas hospital: "Tell father I helped to defend London." Johnny, aged twelve, had said only the night before: "I'm helping fight this war. I don't care if I am only a target." Unfortunately, no souvenir of Johnny could be found.

The gold-star fathers! Poets in profusion will be needed to portray their emotions. How much more they will have to revenge! And how much better they will fight, urged never to forget by the bishops and editors who have not yet been air-raided.

There will at least be no question of the morale of the fighting troops under such circumstances. And thereby the high commands will be relieved of one great problem and the press spared for the more important work of sustaining the morale of the home army of women and children. For, as the *Times* points out also, raids will be undertaken for the purpose alone of shattering civilian morale regardless of factories and ammunition dumps, presumably to the farthest counties. Morale, so difficult to aim at in the trenches, is so easily hit from the air. The population must stand firm. With the pertinacity of the human animal they doubtless will, and mop up each other's viscera in the cause of civilization.

The next war will naturally be as brief as the last one was expected to be. The obvious tactics will, of course, be to raid the enemy's capital first and not be too messy about missing arsenals and army headquarters at the first blow. Under the circumstances it seems surprising that no Ministry of Defense has calculated just how much of the home town's population could be temporarily housed in the subways, a gas mask hung from every strap, if all the cars were stood end to end.

It's too bad we can't have a sample war just to be certain of what it would be like instead of having to rely on umpires as to how many tons of bombs were dropped and precisely what they hit. But we have had sample wars in Nicaragua and elsewhere, and taught women and children the penalty of having husbands and fathers who held the wrong opinions. That doesn't seem to help much. Reviving our imaginations is probably too vague a project after all. It is much more practical to wait for the next war and put the subways into a state of preparedness.



## In the Driftway

AT a London exhibition of engineering models just opened the prize exhibit was Eric the Robot, the steel man with electric bulbs for eyes, which—who—stood up, bowed, delivered a speech in a dreadful, hollow voice, and sat down. This reminds the Drifter that as soon as he can take the time he means to make a list of things which may be profitably performed by the mechanical men now being constructed by the General Electric Company. At present these creatures are being used to shout a warning when the Washington water supply reaches a dangerous level. Probably they have other functions as uninteresting; they can turn electric current on and off, they can operate electrical machinery. But, in the Drifter's opinion, it would be far better to have tasks like these performed by men of flesh and blood, and train the mechanical man to do something really worth while.

\* \* \* \* \*

TAKE, for example, the business of social functions. How simple it would be and how agreeable, when asked to a tea or reception, to send one's mechanical man instead. It—or he—could ring the door bell, give his hat to the butler, mount the stairs, shake hands with the hostess, and engage her daughter in conversation. A few well-chosen remarks might be talked into him, as in a phonograph, before the occasion; they would certainly suffice for tea conversation, provided there were as many as ten or a dozen of them. At a dinner party the mechanical man could eat the chicken without indigestion, at White House breakfasts he could safely stow away the sausages and griddle cakes. He could go to the movies without being bored, he could sit by the hour—or stand, for all the Drifter cares—and listen to the radio, turning it off when it tired even him. Each professional man could have his personal Mechano, which would stand at his elbow during most of the day. When a lady came up to him and said brightly: "Oh, Professor X., I am so delighted to meet you! I hear you are a philosopher, and I do so love to talk about philosophy ever since that course I took last winter," the professor could smile kindly—surely that takes no effort, but perhaps the mechanical man could even learn to smile—and urge forward his steel companion, who, in a voice full of all the proper respect, could satisfy the lady.

\* \* \* \* \*

BUT, after all, this is mere child's play compared to what mechanical creatures could do if they tried. So far the Drifter has merely, in his imagination, saved himself from being bored. How much pleasanter it would be to save himself from being tired! It requires only another step to fancy Mechano taught to do work of any kind. Thus one could sit home of a morning and dawdle over breakfast, secure in the knowledge that one's occupation down town was being conducted with acumen and dispatch—or at least enough acumen and dispatch to meet all requirements. Thus the subways would be filled with creatures protected by armor plate from the crowds, thus business would boom without the necessity of considering the troublesome human equation. Even the Drifter, who has been accused of never doing anything useful, could let the Robot perform his drifting for him. Which is probably the only thing that would stop him from being

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Houston's Shame

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Did you note this dispatch?

Houston, Texas, Sept. 13. (A.P.)—Finis was officially written here today in the murder case against Robert Powell, Negro, who was lynched on the morning of June 20. Powell was in a hospital with a bullet wound in his stomach and charged with the slaying of City Detective A. W. Davis when a group of men entered the hospital, took the Negro from his bed, and lynched him from a bridge over a shallow ditch (just before the Houston Democratic convention opened).

The grand jury today wrote on the docket against Powell's name: "Defendant dead—no action taken."

It looks as though the prosecution were a mere sop thrown to the Northern people visiting the Convention.

Quonah, Texas, September 15

H. R. SOUTHWOOD

## Tight Walkers?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Shakespeare says that consistency is a jewel, but this evidently does not apply to the domain of politics. The millions of Dry Democrats who are going to vote for Smith and the like number of Wet Republicans who will cast their ballot for Hoover are agilely carrying a pail of water on one shoulder and a keg of beer on the other.

Washington, D. C., September 14

KELLY MILLER

## Do It Now!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read Professor Earle's letter in *The Nation* of September 26. When will the liberals and progressives stop saying, "just this time" or "on this occasion"? Every year when a "red herring" is thrown across the path of progress as bait for the Liberal and Progressive votes a large number of liberal and progressive voters are so glued down by their old traditions that rather than really break away from the two old parties they try to look up excuses why they should support one or the other of the old party candidates. They admit that the two old parties are rotten, yet they choose between the lesser of the two evils.

Governor Smith has not Tammanyfied the State government, not because he did not want to do so but because he could not do so. The Republicans are all-powerful up-State and Governor Smith was being reelected because of the sufferance of many Republicans up-State. But does the professor not forget the connection of Governor Smith with the Sulzer case? As the Speaker of the Assembly, he was Boss Murphy's main mover in impeaching a man for alleged crimes committed before he became Governor. This was done presumably because Boss Murphy could not dictate the actions of a governor who wanted to go straight and become independent after receiving the suffrage of the people.

Governor Smith has no more chance of being elected than Norman Thomas. Hoover will win. If a vote is to be "thrown away," a progressive and a liberal should throw it away for a party and candidate that is working for the common good. Both Mr. Earle and *The Nation* express a hope for a third party in the future. Why keep on putting it off? Why not have all the forces of progress unite this year as never before and roll up a tremendous vote for Norman Thomas and James H. Maurer, the



Socialist candidates, thereby giving hope and courage to the forces of enlightenment that have kept the flag of "peace, freedom, and plenty" flying for these many years? Do it now!

*New York, September 20*

SAMUEL ORR

## The One Issue

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In this campaign, the Catholic focuses the fight for religious liberty and all those who abhor bigotry, in any of its forms or manifestations, should rally round Al Smith.

Through bitter experience, we Jews know only too well the negative value of religious discrimination. We paid the bloody price of it in the dark Russia of yesterday, and are still paying it now in some so-called civilized countries of Europe. And so we are going to fight, to the last ditch, any attempt of that devastating monster permanently to intrench himself in our new home. That, I maintain, is the all-important issue of the day. All the rest is bunk. Prohibition, farm relief, foreign relations—all great problems, I agree. But neither of the candidates of the two major parties has, so far, offered a definite solution, probably for fear of incurring the ire of the powers-that-be.

All that is rotten in America today—that despicable bunch of cheap notoriety seekers, demagogues, and religious fanatics—are all aligned against Smith. This in the year 1928. Are we reverting to the dark ages? Let the true lovers of America, of which the Jew has always been one, storm that Chinese wall of intolerance and bigotry!

*Brooklyn, N. Y., September 13.*

NATHAN M. HARRIS

## Anonymous, of Course

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I once thought you were getting your eyes open to Truth, but alas, you snore now in your sleep. The greatest fakir of all generations has you in his coils. Holy Writ says: "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" Why always "Governor" Smith and "Mr." Hoover? Who hobnobs with the kings of earth more than Rome? Your days of usefulness are numbered. Already Rome has vomited enough stuff to nauseate any decent man. You have the "dizzyotis."

*Lafayette, Indiana, September 18*

EX-JOURNALIST

## Religion and Liquor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Won't you please tell us why a man cannot object to a candidate for public office on the ground of his church affiliation, and still not be a "bigot"? Do you think that any man in the Presidency who is under the influence of any strong church or other organization can fill the job as fairly as a man without such connections? Without whispering or apologizing I maintain that Governor Smith can legitimately be opposed because he is a Catholic. I would not want a Catholic's tutored views on divorce, birth control, the rights of women, public education, etc., to be overshadowing the administration of our national government. I cannot see why *The Nation* would want it. No more would I like to see militant Methodist supervision of morals, which, however, does not bother me much, since I consume only about a quart of good wine a year and have no trouble finding where to get it.

Non-Catholic Smith supporters think that he would not be swayed by his church and they point to his governorship as an example. What question important enough to gain public notice in which the Catholic church was interested ever came up

before Smith as Governor? Also, hasn't it been a tradition in New York that if a man could get to be Governor of this State he could follow in the shoes of Cleveland or Roosevelt, providing he were on his good behavior? I do not doubt that Tammany realized this as well as the young Theodore Roosevelt.

I was in the Middle West this summer and spent a month in Methodist localities which were dripping wet. We must not consider the Prohibition issue a whisper—it is a smoke screen. Almost everyone in the Middle West seems to be making his own wine and home brew, and after seven or eight years of practice he has it down pat. They are all proud of their accomplishments, too, and ask you if you ever bought anything as good as that in the old saloon days. And they are all for Prohibition. It has done away with the saloon and keeps the city feller on the job.

*New York City, September 15*

DAVID MCCARL

## The Frontier of Decency

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Heywood Broun affirms in *The Nation* for September 19 that "it is silly to bring any sort of criminal indictment against vowels and consonants"; therefore indecency is all right. Admirable. But why pause? Why not overturn two or three other superstitions with this nimble magic? The name a man forges on a check is made up of vowels and consonants. Vowels and consonants make up the words by which a man lyingly swears away his neighbor's life in the courtroom. It is silly to indict vowels and consonants. Therefore forgery, perjury, and legal murder are right. Mr. Broun cannot be the dupe of the fallacy that the innocence of the tool vindicates the purposes of the user.

"There is no such thing as a bad word," says Mr. Broun. "Language was created by man and in (is?) his own language." Language reflects man. If, then, weak men utter weak words, silly men silly words, proud men proud words, and great men great words, why not bad men bad words? Mr. Broun probably values the difference between his mother's English and that of a barmaid. Society also values that difference, and, to insure its maintenance, sets up, wisely or unwisely, a usage called decency. Why does Mr. Broun quarrel with society for agreeing with him?

Our critic would approve a world in which everybody would say everything; that is "Utopia." But why does he enjoy "The Front Page"? Plainly, because somebody in "The Front Page" says something that somebody else doesn't. His everybody in abolishing his somebody else would abolish his somebody. Mr. Broun owes to decency his chuckle at indecency; it is a pity that he does not thank his benefactor.

Man rejoices in sex and is worried by it; his manners and his speech will reflect both those feelings. That is why the line of decency, where these two feelings meet, though shifting, is ineffaceable.

*Mineapolis, Minn., September 18*

O. W. FIRKINS

## Justice to Judge Murray

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I think your article Blasphemy a la Mode, with which in the main I heartily agree, is unfair to my friend Judge M. J. Murray of Boston, who dismissed the charge against Dr. Kallen. I have known Judge Murray for more than thirty years and in my judgment no fairer or more sympathetic judge toward all mankind is on the bench anywhere. It does not seem to me that your interpretation of his words is necessarily the only one and, in any case, I know that the article misrepresents the man.

*Boscawen, N. H., September 17*

A. A. BERLE, SR.



# Books and Plays

## Two Poems

By S. BERT COOKSLEY

### Late Reaping

Always the fear was there, always there walked  
Into the day a shadow of the night.  
And my lips cooled, my lips would be lines chalked  
Thickly on a mask of fright.

I thought: One day I shall be running where  
The thin road ends, running there and holding  
My heart against the green sky—standing there  
Watching the moon unfolding

Along the field and the stars clinging fast.  
Running there quickly, needing love at last!

### Beggar's Sonnet

Better be blind than see what beggars see  
In their brown sacks when the day is over,  
And the wind in his rags walks down the lea  
And the spent lark pushes into clover.

Better be mute than speak what beggars speak  
Round their green fires when the moon is coming,  
And the gaunt lizard paddles to the creek  
And the brittle locust begins drumming.

Better be deaf than hear what beggars hear  
In the pitch night when they draw their covers,  
And the star-crazy wood rats blunder near  
And the blank owls become noisy lovers.

Rather than dream their dreams till day returns,  
Better stretch dead across the loco ferns.

## Literary Epitaphs

By ERNEST HARTSOCK

### FOR MR. BABBITT

He organizes Heavenly Business Clubs  
For God's Miltonic after-dinner speeches;  
Calls Michael "Mike" between his sillabubs,  
And has no time to practice what he preaches.

### FOR (MR. ERSKINE'S) GALAHAD

His strength, you know, was as the strength of ten,  
His heart was Ivory pure, he always said.  
Alas, in Heaven Goliath falls again  
When David finds his weak spot—in his head.

### FOR ELMER GANTRY, JR.

Here lies a little son of Elmer Gantry,  
Worried to death by Jonah and the Whale;  
He now swipes milk and honey from God's pantry  
And ties tin cans to the Hound of Heaven's tail.

## Jesus for the Rationalist

*The Son of Man: The Story of Jesus.* By Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

THE many lives of Jesus fall in the main into one of two categories depending on whether the founder of Christianity is regarded as a natural or a supernatural character. While each type of life has its own problems, both have been affected by the progress of rationalism. Indeed, one of the chief extrinsic interests of every biography of Christ is its character either as a positive or as a negative reflex of the rationalist spirit. From the time when the very notion of a life of Jesus was blasphemy, rationalism has made the conception of Jesus as the Son of Man less and less revolutionary. The great problem of the first studies was to explain away the miracles. Then came a more skeptical period which subjected the gospel narratives to a more fundamental and searching historical criticism to establish their relative value as documents. Upon this followed attempts to reconstruct the life of Jesus psychologically in accordance with human probability. Indeed, most "lives" of Jesus have been less lives than studies of the sources for a life of Jesus, in other words, biblical criticism.

The very title of the present work shows that it is intended for the rationalistically minded modern who experiences religious emotion vaguely but is nevertheless interested in the character of Jesus. In the preface Herr Ludwig makes much of the originality of his conception of Jesus as the son of man, but it will hardly come as a revelation at this date to educated men. The life now offered to us is rather labored than inspired. While Ludwig has perhaps realized its problems critically he has been unable to solve them creatively. To write a life of Jesus the prime requirement is a bold imagination, and he has been too timid to do more than build very tenuous bridges across various episodes of the gospels. It is true that he has motivated various individual incidents with a great deal of plausibility, not to say ingenuity, but he has failed to connect the great gaps in our knowledge of the life of Jesus. The motivation of his personality as a whole remains unaccomplished. Ludwig is primarily the documentary historian who is quite helpless without a profusion of documents, but in the life of Jesus the authentic documents are so few that his very historicity has been doubted. Indeed, Ludwig naively apologizes that his book is so short! The caution he exhibits moreover is so great that many whole chapters are little more than summaries of the gospel teachings. Besides, although advanced theologians have long ceased to place much importance upon the naturalistic explanation of the miracles, Ludwig is still greatly preoccupied with this trifling. This is a fault to which German theologians have always been especially prone since the days of Paulus and Schleiermacher, and so it is less strange that Ludwig has gone astray.

His life of Jesus belongs rather to the increasing biographical studies of these days than to devotional literature. One imagines him resolving to "do" a life of Jesus, who with Napoleon and Bismarck has been one of the great men of the earth. As it appears consciously to have been written to be "popular" among a growing class of at least superficially educated readers, it is particularly interesting as a rationalistic reflex. Essentially Ludwig has undertaken to rewrite Renan, who appealed to much the same class of readers without, however, much concern for anything but his own tastes, and Ludwig frequently betrays his indebtedness to his model. Although Renan's purpose was as much aesthetic as religious, he was too much of a scholar to do away entirely with the controversial footnotes on the sources; but the conventions of the new biography are evi-



dent in the bold omission of all such concessions. The weakening of the religious spirit since 1865 is manifest in the considerable toning down of the excessive religious emotionalism which at that time made for the success of Renan's work. The diffusion of the rationalist spirit also has worked to make Ludwig take a more charitable view than Renan of the part played by the Jews in the life of Jesus. He has adhered so strictly to the dictates of reason that he failed to capture the fire of religious poetry and truth which is in the gospels and, in lesser measure, in Renan.

Ludwig has apparently attempted to write a shrewd life of Jesus. The insincerity of such an object is less flattering to the author than he has aimed to be toward his public. Even an honest rationalist must regard a life of Jesus so conceived as "blasphemy." It has been said that the first and only Christian died upon the cross. It is perhaps no less true that the first and only life of Jesus is in the gospels. The life of Jesus, the Son of God, will never be better written than in them. A life of Jesus, the Son of Man, must sacrifice too much of their essential truth and beauty. Biblical criticism, of course, is another matter. Thus rationalism, which first made any other versions of the life of Jesus possible, has put almost insuperable obstacles in its way.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

## England's Holy War

*England's Holy War.* By Irene Cooper Willis. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

IN the years before 1914 the Liberal Party in England, apart from one or two Cabinet Ministers consciously or unconsciously working for war, was so pacifically inclined that it could not believe danger of war existed. Most of its members were absorbed in domestic problems and had little understanding of the ominous way international events were shaping. Even when the crisis broke in the closing days of July they failed to realize what was happening. The Liberal press, taking Asquith's and Grey's pledges at their face value, protested that Britain was not bound to France and should remain neutral.

Nevertheless on August 4 Britain took the plunge: the diplomatists and soldiers had made sure of that. The Tory press, firmly convinced that the war was one of vital national interest, continued happily to beat the Jingo drums. But the Liberal press was acutely unhappy. It had been pacifist; now it felt a conflict between its patriotism and its principles. The quandary gave it a violent attack of brain fever. At its bedside Miss Willis sat through four long years, feeling its pulse and noting its ravings. Her diagnosis of the painful case and her report on its strange symptoms are to be found in "England's Holy War," which originally appeared in London in three small volumes, "How We Went into the War," "How We Got on with the War," and "How We Came Out of the War."

The *Daily News*, the chief London Liberal organ, declared on August 5 "that it would have been just and prudent and statesmanlike for England to have remained neutral," but, it concluded, "being in we must win." The Liberal editors were rational and idealistic men and a position as negative as this was impossible for them. Rapidly they began to idealize the conflict, to see it as a struggle between the powers of light and the powers of darkness. They took it upon themselves to supply, not only for Britain but for the Allies at large, war aims of a highly moral nature. They invented the slogan "The War to End War." They worked strenuously to square their consciences with eloquent rationalizations. It was a pitiful effort, "the offspring of an enforced union between abhorrence of, and submission to, the war."

As, with Miss Willis's aid, we follow the course of the Liberal press from day to day during the early months of the war, we feel sick and sorrowful. The men who sought in its columns to whiten the face of Mars with an emotional lather were

those whom we have many reasons to respect: Gardiner of the *Daily News*; Massingham of the *Nation*; H. G. Wells; and, alas, even the editors of the *Manchester Guardian*.

At first they maintained a fairly high level of argument. Kaiserism, not the German people, was denounced as the offender. The Allies, determined to overthrow the former, were, it was argued, plainly furthering the interests of the latter. But, after all, Kaiserism was a charge equally applicable to Britain's noble ally, the Czar of all the Russias, who, not so long before, had been anathema to every good Liberal. The atrocity stories, which soon put in an appearance, were useful in settling this difficulty. Miss Willis writes:

The *Daily News* searched even more assiduously than the *Daily Mail* for traces of German moral defects because these discoveries helped it to overcome its twinges of conscience about fighting as the ally of Czardom. It struggled throughout August and September, 1914, with that twinge, but, by the end of September, what with Louvain, Malines, Rheims, and the atrocity reports it was almost quite happy about the Russian alliance. It wallowed in German's immorality.

Liberal belief in the holy war continued almost unabated for more than four years. It was shaken somewhat by the publication of the Secret Treaties, but President Wilson and the Russian Revolution helped to restore the faith. Only when the peace treaty and its aftermath blew up the whole Utopia which had been so elaborately and painfully concocted did the Liberal idealists perceive that the powers of darkness had been hovering impartially over both camps.

Miss Willis has told the story of this unparalleled campaign of self-deception mainly by quotations from the daily press during those years, linked by a running commentary. The coolness of her own thinking and the acid quality of her style can be indicated by brief quotations from her conclusions:

The war, from the intellectual point of view, was a flow of unbridled impulse; the thought that ran alongside the engines of destruction was of a rotten quality. The world's moral currency has been debased by the extraordinary issues of beliefs, with less and less substantial backing in fact.

What is wanted to avoid such catastrophes as this which has almost ruined us is not so much a creed as a skepticism.

It is not for nothing that Miss Willis has been a distinguished student of Montaigne.

KEITH HUTCHISON

## Journalism from Russia

*The New Russia.* By Dorothy Thompson. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.

TO call this book excellent journalism is to challenge two possible opposed conceptions of the term. Miss Thompson is no provider of hot copy for a hectic press, and neither is she a George Bernard Shaw. But when Shaw claims the title of journalist on the ground that "what the journalist writes about is what everyone is thinking about (or ought to be thinking about)," he admits Miss Thompson to his company, if not his class. To her Russia is hot copy, because its rulers are attempting to overthrow the accepted economic order and ideology, a far more stupendous revolution than either physically effected in the spring and fall of 1917. Miss Thompson's sense of human news values is, then, unassailable. Her failure adequately to cover her assignment, noticeable only in two main instances, is due to no deficiency of judgment. In one case it may be attributed to lack of self-confidence. In the other she has bitten off not more than she can chew but certainly more than she had completely digested before she sat down to assemble the material for her book.

Miss Thompson is revolted, and, in a way rightly, by the



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discrepancy between the everyday life of Russians and the dreams of Russia's self-assigned rulers. But when it comes to depicting this life for the information of American readers, she shirks her job and substitutes for her own perception that of one Michael Sostchenko who describes his work as "a carnival of grotesque masks, written by one who sees life as a stupid joke." Sostchenko's vignettes may be true to life, but they are drawn to a different scale from the rest of Miss Thompson's narrative, and by their very intensity are, therefore, untrue.

Misleading for a different reason is her italicized statement that the "peasants . . . are brutally discriminated against in the composition of Soviet congresses." Their representation is, as she says, roughly one-fifth that of the town population, but they are 83 per cent of the total population. If they lack organized influence, it is because they lack organized interest in the life of the country. Their organization is effective enough when it comes to guarding their individual interests, as the government has cause to know. Again to say that the "peasant is materially worse off now than before" is not true. Any man sure of his roof, his job, and his food is not badly off in Russia today—or yesterday. Not only has the peasant got his land, as Miss Thompson admits, but he *cannot lose* it. He is, again according to her admission, eating more and better food. It is true he suffers temporarily under a system that refuses him an adequate return in manufactured goods for his agricultural products. But an explanation of the Gosplan, which Miss Thompson mentions only once in parenthesis, would have shown the reason for this. It is not due to any deliberate discrimination against the peasant. Miss Thompson should remember that before the war, according to a rough estimate, the amount of cotton available in Russia was not sufficient to give each peasant one handkerchief. The peasant, however, did not need a handkerchief until the Soviet began to educate him—much less a cream separator, which would have struck him as magic in the "good old days."

Where Miss Thompson makes her special contribution to the discussion of the Russian situation is in her analysis of Communist doctrine and its application to the everyday life not only of its devotees but of all Russians. Russian communism, as she sees it, is a new religion unapplied and even opposed to a knowledge of any god—unless, indeed, that god is Lenin.

"All," she declares, "which in communist Russia is vital and realistic, as opposed to what is arid and intellectual, arises from the Lenin faith."

In deifying Lenin, his followers have ascribed to him precisely those virtues which Christians consider the peculiar attributes of Christ, the man. A vow of poverty, obedience, self-sacrifice, and humility is exacted from those admitted to the Communist Party. Miss Thompson draws an analogy between its composition and that of a Catholic religious order. Miss Thompson is the daughter of an American Methodist minister, and I was educated by Catholic Irish nuns. Yet, on my return from Russia, I wrote in 1924 in the *Irish Statesman* that I believed there were more practical Communists in proportion to the population in Ireland than in Russia, because proportionately I think there are more men and women in monasteries and convents. Miss Thompson, while paying high tribute to the incorruptibility and devotion of Communist Party members, complains that they are the slaves of a "collective ubiquitous, inhuman system." The weakness of the new religion lies, indeed, in its lack of spiritual comfort for those with a special "vocation" and its lack of emotional appeal for those unaffected by the present revolutionary passion in Russia. Man does not live by intellectual bread alone, however excellent the bread may be, for he is an emotional before he is a rational being. To supply the lacking spiritual content of their doctrine for the masses, the Communists have resorted to a sort of apotheosis of Lenin. His picture supplants the icon in the honored corner of Communist household and meeting-hall. He will be ousted from his implied godship, his disciples declare, when his doctrine has

been accepted on the earth. A strange reason for reduction to the ranks! Why he should be chosen for deification instead of Karl Marx Miss Thompson explains as follows: "Marxism is the conclusion of a brilliant, synthetic mind, drawing its knowledge of life and sweaty workmen from the British Museum. Leninism is the working faith of a primitive people."

And the founder of this faith, the new defender of the poor, is usually presented to his people as a workman, dressed in "baggy trousers and a cap, a quizzical expression in his eyes, an attitude keen and yet casual—hands carelessly thrust into pockets, but eyes concentrated, body at attention." This is the new "little father" of the Russian people, and under his aegis they are moving forward.

NORAH MEADE

## Books in Brief

*The Peacemakers of 1864.* By Edward C. Kirkland. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

This book is a study of the attempts that were made in 1864, chiefly on the Union side, to arrange a peace between the North and the South. The Presidential campaign of that year was a good deal influenced, especially in the nomination of candidates, by the existence of a strong peace sentiment among the Democrats, but actual negotiation was mainly the work of Republicans. Horace Greeley and John Hay appear as accredited representatives of Lincoln in abortive interviews with some bogus Confederate spokesmen in Canada, and two other Northern emissaries sought out Jefferson Davis. What was left of this midsummer dream was apparently dissipated by the November election, but the Blair family, past masters of the politician's art, lent their weight to a revival of the peace project until the Hampton Roads conference wrote failure across the final chapter. There was never any sound reason for hoping that the peace efforts might succeed, but there was undoubtedly an increased desire for peace on both sides as the war went on, the difficulties of reconstruction and Negro status were beginning to be perceived, and political turmoil gave the politicians their opportunity. Mr. Kirkland brings a wealth of research to the unraveling of this interesting story of mystery and intrigue, and has made a book which is a real contribution to the history of the Civil War.

*Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China, 1844-1846.* By Régis-Evariste Huc and Joseph Gabet. Translated by William Hezlett. With an Introduction by Paul Pelliot. Harper and Brothers. Two volumes. \$5.

Here at last is the full text of the Abbé Huc's story of his two-year journey across Mongolia to the Forbidden City of Shessa and back to Canton. The old woodcuts which brightened the edition published by Alfred Knopf last year are missing, but both volumes are here and there are no omissions, and Pelliot's introduction gives hints as to when to believe the Abbé and when not. His would be a remarkable journey today; it was still more remarkable eighty years ago, and the Abbé had eyes to see and a pen to picture what he saw. It is one of the great adventure-stories of Oriental travel.

*The Paradoxes of Legal Science.* By Benjamin N. Cardozo. Columbia University Press. \$2.50.

Judge Cardozo sighs for logarithms which would give his juristic reasoning the certainty which the applied sciences claim with such iterated emphasis. He is too humble by half. Bridges and aqueducts built with five place logarithms have crumbled upon the heads of their builders and perfect equations on white paper or blue have not always meant complete certainty in concrete applications. But the most striking paradox of legal science is if the certainty he desires were attainable law would probably cease to exist. Law is a prediction of the result of specific processes. If the prediction could not be falsified by the event, there would be no need of making



it. We should be living under the detestable sovereignty of Tropisms. Judge Cardozo views the One and the Many, Rest and Motion, Liberty and Rule, with a certain melancholy doubt whether these ancient antinomies can really be reconciled by the judicial processes he administers with such eminent distinction and ability, but he leaves us in no doubt that in his mind legal science is primarily concerned with this reconciliation. And he makes it further clear that as between the opposing claims of ensconced power and crying need the reconciliation is to be sought, not in a mathematical mean between two extremes but in a path deflected, however unscientifically, by the force of non-calculable human interests.

*Hanging Johnny.* By Myrtle Johnson. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

A naive and wise girl has written a tale of a whimsical, superstitious, and charming character whose occupation is that of hangman in Dublin. This is indeed a charming novel of Irish life with the lilt of Irish humor and laughter, mingled with the dour superstition and despair of poverty. Hanging Johnny hanged his best friend and was plagued by remorse and conscience into marriage with a stalwart lass of practical nature who could not understand his poetry of soul nor his remorse.

*The Wars of the Godly.* By Reuben Maury. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.50.

In this book, which is another one of those obviously inspired by the politics of this Presidential year of grace, is related part of the story of religious intolerance in America from Colonial times to the rise of the Klan. The myth of complete American religious liberty since the patristic period is one which is widely believed. The present work will illumine somewhat the prevailing ignorance, but as the first general work upon the subject it leaves a very great deal to be desired. It is confessedly partial in its scope, and anecdotal in its method, and confined practically to attacks upon Irish Catholics. The other Christian sects and the Jews particularly are hardly mentioned, although anti-Semitism has existed in this country in the past. A few Catholic church histories have been the author's main sources. A book such as this would have profited greatly by a more systematic exposition especially of the constitutional theory of religious freedom. The apparent haste in which the book has been compiled, however, prevented this. In other words, its faults are typical of the occasional volume. Its worst one, however, is peculiarly this author's own. He has seen fit to write this history of religious intolerance in a breezy and snickering manner which is all but intolerable. He reveals his mental immaturity by mistaking boorishness and vulgarity for wit and humor. He confesses in the introduction that he was at one time a member of the Klan.

*How We Got Our Liberties.* By Lucius B. Swift. Bobbs-Merrill and Company. \$2.50.

The author of this book, an Indianapolis lawyer, has set out to relate those events in Anglo-American history which are supposed to have given us our present political and religious liberty. We hear again the stirring stories of Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, the Declaration of Independence, in a manner which is refreshing. The author has no skepticism and takes superficial political events at their full value, eschewing entirely the heresies of economic and social determinism. His account of the American constitutional convention is motivated entirely by a lofty altruism, and he quotes several times Gladstone's dictum to the effect that the American Constitution is the greatest instrument ever struck off by the brain and purpose of man. Here, in short, is one of those naive and almost mythological Americans who still believe that the Bill of Rights and the Constitution are respected. He deserves to be encouraged, and his book, which is apparently one of the "story" books intended for the general public, may

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perhaps serve a useful purpose as a civics primer in the high schools. Perhaps some day he will undertake a sequel: “How We Lost Our Liberties.”

*Saint Louis.* Par Georges Goyau, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Librairie Plon.

There have been many lives of Louis IX, but this is one of the best. Readable, judicious, authoritative, the only serious criticism which could be brought against it might emanate from the liberal who objected to its extreme orthodox, ultra-montane animus. Georges Goyau sees clearly, and he makes his readers see clearly, that Louis was not only a good man but a great one, with certain definite contributions to civilization to his credit, namely, a keen consciousness of the rights of the lower orders, the discovery that peaceful persuasion may accomplish something with non-Christian nations (here was the beginning of modern Christian missions), and the conviction that nations cannot get on except by mutual concessions, from the strong to the weak as well as conversely.

*Contemporary Economic Thought.* By Paul T. Homan. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

This is an informing and illuminating book which endeavors to present contemporary economic theory by means of a detailed analysis of the doctrines of certain representative writers instead of through an encyclopedic bibliographical summary of all leading present-day contributors to the field. Professor Homan selects for his purpose John Bates Clark, Thorstein Veblen, Alfred Marshall, John Atkinson Hobson, and Wesley Clair Mitchell. John Bates Clark is presented as the foremost American exponent of the view of economics as an exercise in precise dialectic. Alfred Marshall is expounded as the greatest of the Neo-classicists, attempting to adapt the older Ricardian analysis to the changing facts of the economic environment and the chastening influence of the quantitative method. Veblen is set out as the great critic of economics as pecuniary logic, and as the founder in America of institutional economics, based upon evolutionary and pragmatic philosophy. Hobson is the great English critic of respectable classicism and Neo-classicism, and the leader of what may be called “welfare economics.” Mitchell is held to be representative of the contemporary trend in America toward institutionalism, synthesis, and the ever greater use of the quantitative method. The chief impression gained from a perusal of the book is that of the triumph of institutionalism and the quantitative method over arid and unreal dialectic, and the substitution of a realistic psychology for the hedonistic metaphysics of Jeremy Bentham's felicific calculus. The book is clearly and interestingly written and is free from dogmatism and partisanship. It is not only a valuable contribution to economic theory in particular, but is equally significant as an addition to the current discussion of the social sciences and their interrelation in general. As a contribution to the history of economic theory it is as novel and commendable as the writings of Veblen and Hobson in the field of economic theory.

*Art and Germany.* North German Lloyd Steamship Company.

A collection of brief essays by various authors intended as a guide to travelers in their adventures among the art treasures of Germany. Though it is in no sense a Baedeker with exact address and hours of admission, the book is full of useful and suggestive information authoritatively presented. The essays treat of art in its widest ramifications: primitive, peasant, and academic art, interior decoration, architecture, and city planning—in brief, every phase of art old and new, pure and applied, comprising even art education and a cinema experiment on the manual workmanship among artists. Making due allowance for a certain excess of superlatives and a metaphysical generalization on the special nature of the German spirit, the book may be recommended as answering fully the purpose intended.



*The Mexican Side of the Texan Revolution.* By the Chief Mexican Participants (General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, D. Ramon Martinez Caro, General Vincente Filisola, General Jose Urrea, General Jose Maria Tornel). Translated with Notes by Carlos E. Castaneda. P. L. Turner Company. \$5.

A book of general interest chiefly because of the light its documents throw on our whole past and present relations with Mexico. It contains not only Santa Anna's defense of his ill-fated Texas campaign, together with counter-charges by his secretary and leading generals and an endless attempt to shift the responsibility for the massacre of Fannin and his men at Goliad; it offers also a vigorous and rather prophetic analysis of the part which the United States Government played in the Texan Revolution. This is the work of General Tornel, written at the time he was Secretary of War, and showing with unmistakable clearness the feeling which the patriots of Mexico and Latin America had toward our policy of expansion as early as 1830. It suffices that the general's prophecies turned out to a letter. The book should make a nice text for schools and colleges in the Lone Star State and a splendid antidote for George Creel's biography of Sam Houston. It is well supplied with index and maps.

*The Constitutional Jurisprudence of the German Republic.* By Johannes Mattern. Johns Hopkins Press. \$5.

An explanation of a system based upon the juristic conception of the state, likely to become standard in its field. It deals with general principles rather than with fundamentals, and is supplemented by an impressive bibliography.

## Drama Murder With Music

**P**HILLIP DUNNING'S "Night Hostess" (Martin Beck Theater) follows the formula of the same author's "Broadway" as closely as decency permits and seems to have been written on the doubtless quite justified assumption that what "knocked 'em cold" the first time is pretty sure to awaken a profitable (even if less tumultuous) enthusiasm the second. On this occasion the author has moved his scene from the back room of a night club to the reception hall of a similar institution, but the ingenuity required to conceive that variation seems to have pretty well exhausted his imagination and the rest of his play is made up of the same melodramatic incidents recounted in the same jazz rhythm which in the former piece, delighted all the childish hearts of two continents and helped convince the European producers that though we may be a little silly on the subject of Eugene O'Neill America is, nevertheless, the real hope of the modern drama.

The new comedy has no bit of bravura quite equal to those recurrent scenes in "Broadway" where members of the chorus, mechanically detaching themselves from the excited group in the green room, danced out the door to the waiting audience, but every effort is made to obtain the same effect. While the stage is given over to various sinister intrigues, the doors leading into the bar and the gambling room are thrown open at appropriate moments so that the raucous gaiety of the customers may throw the desperate deeds of the chief characters into violent relief and the main requirements of Mr. Dunning's formula—murder with music—may be fulfilled. In "Broadway" the not-too-good girl shot the villain while the last strains of the jazz were still echoing in the ears of the audience; in "Night Hostess" the villain dispatches the not-too-good girl with a napkin on the very spot which the revellers have recently quitted, and you may make your Hobson's choice between the two with full con-

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fidence that you will get your money's worth in either. The inexhaustible fascination of Sin in Evening Dress was first thoroughly exploited by the movies, but the stage still knows how to turn a trick now and then and no one before Mr. Dunning ever succeeded so completely in showing how the background afforded by a Gilded Palace of Sin could be combined with the ageless thrills of the ten-twenty-thirty to form what innocent Broadwayites call a real novelty.

The villain and the not-too-good girl (sound at heart though unfortunately strayed) are permitted by the defects of their character a sufficient latitude of conduct to furnish the thrills, but there must also be an ingenue to introduce the note of simple sentiment and in this play the author allows her to be loved by a nice boy who happens to be a vaudeville pianist instead, as in the former one, an ambitious "hoofer." Now these sweet heroines are, it seems, the real chef d'oeuvres of this kind of drama, and they most certainly bear witness to the fact that the populace has not lost faith in human nature, for they are characterized not only by a virginal purity but by an innocence of the world which would be remarkable in anybody, let alone in one following the profession of what is euphemistically called a "hostess" in a night club.

In the older literature, disillusioned men used to go to the country in search of uncorrupted girls; a character in Wycherly's "Country Wife" betook himself to Wales and was disastrously unsuccessful even there; but one would judge from the present and similar plays that the New Yorker need go no further than the nearest speakeasy on any evening after twelve o'clock. Apparently the question so often asked by critics of our society—"Whither has Innocence flown?"—is answered at last. In this age of flaming youth and dancing mothers our daughters grow disconcertingly knowing even in the most sheltered drawing room of the selectest boarding school, but guilelessness, modesty, and that old fashioned self-respect which refused to cheapen itself by permitting unlicensed familiarities has found refuge in the night club.

Doubtless stranger things have happened. We have it on good Latin authority that not even the wolves will touch the man who is armored with virtue, and perhaps that will hold for women too. And yet, much as one dislikes to confront the optimism of the playwright with a cynical skepticism, one wonders just how a girl may nightly entice suckers to a gambling hell without losing a little of the delicate bloom of innocence. Just how, one asks, does she get her victims and just how does she hold them? Nor is the question impertinent since night clubs, like other business institutions, exist through the sufferance of satisfied customers. Is it possible that the ingenues whom they employ charm their patrons because they remind an old roue of his sister or do they, perhaps, like the professional corespondent in one of Maughan's comedies, know a lot of delightful card tricks by the aid of which a night may be pleasantly whiled away? "This," says one of the characters of the present day in the penultimate line of the piece, "is a hell of a town." It is indeed.

Frederic Lonsdale's "The High Road" (Fulton Theater) shows signs of becoming a success. The form is smart English comedy rather plentifully larded with good old-fashioned hokum of the American sort. There is a charming young actress who teaches an aristocratic family (into which she is about to marry) that social distinctions do not count where love is concerned, and much is made of a scene in which a pompous old nobleman is convinced of the virtue in American cocktails. This latter seemed to please the audience greatly but to me it was strongly reminiscent of the stock scene in which Aunt Mary, come disapprovingly to the city, takes one drink and decides to bob her hair. Two musical comedies—"Luckee Girl" at the Casino and "Cross My Heart" at the Knickerbocker—follow closely the models of their kind. The former has a new team of precision dancers who are well trained and a fat comedian named Billy House who is sometimes amusing.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## Announcement

ON Wednesday evening, October 3, at 8:20, Dr. H. W. L. Dana will give the first lecture in his course on Literature 1918-28 at the New School for Social Research.

Dr. Dana has spent the last year in Europe and Russia studying the literary outlook in each country and meeting the great writers.

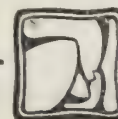
Dr. Dana was one of the speakers at the Tolstoi Centenary, celebrated last week at Moscow. Among other speakers listed on the program were Bernard Shaw, Romain Rolland, D'Annunzio, Knut Hamsun and Gorki.

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# International Relations Section

## Hindu Farmers at Bay

By N. B. PARULEKAR

**E**IGHTY thousand farmers in Bardoli—men, women, and children—are facing unarmed the machine-guns, tanks, and airplane bombers of the British Government.

What is happening in Bardoli, and what is repeating itself in other parts of India, is this: A military-ridden government (60 per cent of India's income goes to feed the army directly or indirectly) is trying to increase its revenue to meet growing expenditure. India, being poor, the Government cannot expect to raise this revenue from a general rise in the income tax nor from a tariff increase, as it would hinder the flow of the British-made goods into India. Besides, to encourage industrial development of the country is to invite the same danger by another door. Farmers are the only class of the population that are subjected to heavy taxation. And they have borne the burden meekly so far. The Indian farmer represents 80 per cent of the population, lives in far-off villages where Government agents penetrate twice a year to collect land revenue, withdrawing themselves for the rest of the year to enrich the few cities they live in and use as centers of export and import. The farmer gets little benefit from a Government of which he has become willingly or unwillingly the principal feeder.

From an intended increase of 30 per cent land revenue in Bardoli, the officers of the state came down to 29 per cent and finally made up their mind to collect a 20 per cent increase at the point of the bayonet if necessary. The farmers protested, sent deputations, and urged upon the Government to submit the whole assessment to the judgment of an impartial committee. The Government, of course, is not prepared to surrender the divine right to tax the farmer according to official discretion. In India land-revenue settlement is kept out of ordinary legislation as a matter for purely executive will. The Bardoli farmers refused to pay without arbitration, and the war of peace started against the war of force.

Confiscation of lands and attachment of movable property followed. There are 130 villages in Bardoli with 126,000 acres of arable land. Forty Pathans—an alien element known for its underworld activity in Bombay—were imported by the Government to frighten the people and harass them into submission. Bullocks and buffaloes were attached, beaten, and tortured to incite the peasant, to whom agricultural animals are part of his family. The farmers remained unmoved. Furniture and grain bags were appropriated only to be left where they were, because no porter would lift his finger to remove them to the government storehouse. Carts were attached either to be abandoned or to be driven by the officials themselves. No driver could be had to do it.

The "japti" officers, i.e., the government men intrusted with the task of confiscating property, have to walk miles before they can get a shave. Their automobiles would remain buried in bad roads but for the generosity of Vallabhbhai Patel, the leader of the Satyagrha (pas-

sive resistance) movement. The Collector of the District, the highest and all-powerful official, cannot get even a conveyance from the station except by permission of Mr. Patel.

The Government is doing its level best to break the backbone of the farmer. It is blowing away the farmer's property as so much sawdust. A buffalo worth 150 rupees and a young buffalo calf worth 60 rupees are sold by the Government for four and a half rupees. For a total assessment of about 700 rupees one man has had lands of the value of between 30,000 to 40,000 rupees forfeited. Another lot of 33 acres worth more than 15,000 rupees was sold for 161 rupees. As if this was not enough, the man's cooking utensils were attached, his pair of horses was sold for a nominal sum, and his nephew is being criminally prosecuted for an alleged false declaration. Cotton worth 250 rupees was sold for 21 rupees. For failure to pay 300 rupees Dorabji, the Parsi saloonkeeper, had liquor worth 2,000 rupees attached and his saloon closed, and yet a balance was shown, for which his lands worth 30,000 rupees are forfeited.

The Government has dispatched armed police, regular army divisions—tanks, airplane bombers, and other engines of war—to occupy every inch of this territory so that the farmers may not be able to till the soil nor sow the crops and the confiscated lands shall remain under the possession of the Government in reality and not merely in name. On the other hand, the farmers have decided to keep working on their lands as if there was no Government, and 80,000 men, women, and children are waiting for as many officers of law to arrest them and lead them into jails. The Government is faced with the dilemma either to shoot these agriculturists as outlaws or prosecute them in the courts of law with all severity, in which case instead of collecting the revenue it will have to spend large sums to feed these people in jail! And all this for a paltry sum of 100,000 rupees, which is but a straw to the Government, though to the farmers it is the straw that breaks their back.

At the head of this movement are men recognized to be among the best and the noblest in India. There is, of course, Mahatma Gandhi, whose spirit is pervading the whole affair, though he himself is living in his hermitage on the banks of Sabarmati. The next man and the man on the spot is Vallabhbhai Patel, the former mayor of Bombay and Ahmedbad, whose services were not long ago praised so highly by the Government in organizing relief work during the recent floods in Gujraht. The farmers have faith in him as one who has shared their sufferings in their worst days. His brother, Vithalbhai Patel, is the president of the Legislative Assembly at Delhi. He sends 1,000 rupees a month from his salary to the cause—an example of how government money is used to fight the Government itself.

Last but not least are those young college men, "Gandhiwallas," or the workers of Gandhi, as they are known among the farmers. They are volunteers. Two hundred and fifty of them are scattered in different camps throughout the affected area supplying the farmers with the necessary means of organization. They run a publicity department which puts out 13,000 leaflets a day and distribute them free. They manage "thanas," or offices to parallel government offices, serve as watchers to match



the official detectives, run errands, serve the sick and the old, and so on. These youngsters under the guidance of their leaders have organized themselves into as many parallel departments as the Government generally has, except of course the police, which the peasants do not require. There has not been one single case of crime reported during the last four months of agitation. Thus there is coming into existence a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, beside which the old Government looks like an impostor, helpless with all its military power.

The amount of moral energy brought forth during this movement is stupendous. For over four months the farmers have been marooned in their houses, their cattle gone, their lands laid waste. They refuse to resort to violence, or to succumb to any temptation of promotion or fear of complete ruin. They have declined so far to receive any pecuniary help from other parts of India, the only money collected being used for the purpose of organization and education. The young volunteers are subjected to mock trials, and sentenced to hard labor of six months or more. They decline to pay fines and cheerfully accept imprisonment. They are "framed up" for "rioting and obstruction." The watchers are prosecuted as "ruffians and suspects loitering near public places to cause mischief and worse." Many of them are led "handcuffed and roped in pairs." Yet no violence, no abuse, not even a sigh of sorrow either from them or from their relatives.

Students in schools deny themselves butter and milk for days, go out to do manual work, and send in money thus saved and earned in the sweat of their labor. When over 100,000 textile workers in Bombay are on strike and need every succor, their comrades from Ahmedabad are sending money to the farmers' cause out of their meager wages. The majority of the revenue collectors, village headmen, and other village officers have resigned, leaving in some cases twenty years' service behind rather than aid the Government in its attempts of coercion.

Bardoli is not the first of its kind. India has been resorting to this method for the last fourteen years in attempts at redressing wrongs in political, social, and other departments of human intercourse. Mahatma Gandhi insists that all such experiments point to the one conclusion, that civil power is greater than military and that cooperation is the only element on which any organization, even the most autocratic, can stand. You deny this cooperation and the whole social fabric lays itself open for a new adjustment. This is nothing short of a revolution, except that the process is rendered harmless by keeping it strictly within the bounds of non-violence. The opponents may take to force, but they are bound to find it futile.

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## Contributors to This Issue

DOROTHY VAN DOREN, associate editor of *The Nation*, is the author of three novels: "Strangers," "Flowering Quince," and "Brother and Brother," the latter published this autumn.

EDGAR J. KATES is a consulting engineer.

LEE SIMONSON is the editor of *Creative Art*.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is co-author with Morris L. Ernst of "To the Pure," to be published this autumn.

KEITH HUTCHISON is an English journalist.

NORAH MEADE is a student of Russian affairs.

N. B. PARULEKAR is a Hindu.

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NEXT WEEK

## The Nation's Fall Book Number

MORRIS ERNST and WILLIAM SEAGLE

*The Literary Critic as Censor*

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

*Remy de Gourmont*

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

*The Future of the Movies*

S. K. RATCLIFFE

*Asquith and Allied Aims*

WILLIAM MacDONALD

*Beveridge's Life of Lincoln*

Selected List of Fall Books



# The Nation

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HOW WILL AMERICAN LIBERALS VOTE in the election next November? The extraordinary confusion of issues in this campaign has induced us to take a post-card poll of our subscribers in the United States. Our mail does not give us the usual index, for it indicates the same perplexities and the same differences of opinion that have made it impossible for the editors of *The Nation* to agree upon one candidate. Whereas this journal is entirely opposed to Herbert Hoover, our correspondence indicates that a certain number of Progressives who voted for La Follette in 1924 are going to vote for Hoover, not because they like him, or like his party, but simply and solely in order, as they think, to save prohibition. In view of the shortness of the time remaining we earnestly request our readers to return their ballot with the least possible delay in order that there may be presented an adequate cross-section of liberal opinion which cannot, of course, be represented in any of the polls taken by daily newspapers.

IF HERBERT HOOVER is making headway it is not due to anything that he has said or done, or to the work of the Republican National Committee. The management of Hoover's campaign is ridiculous, it is so inept and so futile. The other day one of the prominent men in the party visited headquarters. He received hardly any attention and, although the announcement that he was there to offer his services to Herbert Hoover would have been first-page copy in the newspapers, nobody told the press that he was there. When asked subsequently why this happened, a responsible person in the headquarters said sarcastically: "We are too busy knifing each other here to think of giving out a big story like that." In characteristic manner Mr. Hoover now tries to duck responsibility by letting it be known that he has nothing to do with the campaign, although it was announced in all the newspapers when he returned from California that he had come to supersede Dr. Work and would thenceforth direct his own fight. Without question Dr. Work is so poor a national chairman that the shades of Quay and Hanna and many others must be wringing their spectral hands. Mr. Hoover himself is producing next to no newspaper publicity; Mr. Smith gets the first-page stories every day. None the less, Republican confidence grows. The allies who fight for them are bigotry, intolerance, prejudice, snobishness, and the reluctance of those who have special privileges to yield them. But in the unusual confusion of issues, and the bitterness of prejudice, the real progressive issues are lost to sight. Only Mr. Thomas speaks for them.

SWINGING AROUND THE CIRCUIT from New York to California and making part of his trip by airplane, Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President, made sixty speeches in seventeen States in the month of September. Since he cannot pay \$16,000 an hour for a sixty-station radio hook-up, and since there is only one Socialist daily paper in English in the United States, Mr. Thomas's chief reliance must be upon mass meetings. The West has given him a good response, recognizing in him a gallant fighter for an intelligent program. He has sought to stem the liberal drift toward Smith by emphasizing the inadequacy of the Democratic power program.

The public development of water power sites [he declared] and the regulation by contract and commission are good as far as *development* is concerned, but they are a million miles from what we need. They will never curb the Power Trust or substantially reduce rates to consumers. All the water sites still in public possession are capable of producing only a small part of the total electric power which America needs. The heart of the problem is *transmission*, and Governor Smith does not conceal his program of turning over the *distribution* of power generated by the government to private companies.

Such candid criticism may not win many votes from an electorate which is absorbed in the exciting personal fight between Smith and Hoover, but it needs to be said.

ALFRED E. SMITH has beyond question furthered his candidacy by his Western speaking tour. The most detached observers are sure of this and believe that he has captured at least two States and moved several into the



doubtful column. If his managers are wise they will keep him on the stump continually; therein lies his only hope. He wins his audiences invariably. People like the warm human qualities of the man, his humor, his naturalness, so rare in politicians, and his obvious honesty. At Milwaukee he again showed his courage by coming straight out on the liquor issue and declaring that he wished to be the leader of a national movement to bring about the alteration of the Volstead Law. That is forcing the fighting; that is being honest and above board; but it will also arouse to a still higher pitch those who are for prohibition with all its faults. With them the campaign now becomes a holy war. Gradually, we regret to say, the flames of intolerance and bigotry rise higher. Tammany, being a Wet and a Catholic—these are crushing burdens that Al Smith carries. If he can bear them and still reach his goal it will be an extraordinary personal achievement.

ONE POLITICAL EVENT gives us the greatest satisfaction—the nomination by the Republican Party of Alanson B. Houghton, now Ambassador to Great Britain, for the position of Senator from New York. We are unqualifiedly for his election. Mr. Houghton has for the last six years rendered in Berlin and in London services of the greatest moment not only to his own country but to Europe. We are inclined to think that, when the history of post-war Germany is written, much credit will be given to the American and English ambassadors who were in Berlin during the most trying years of the Republic, 1922-1925, and gave to it a warm and hearty support and a friendly interest which were of incalculable aid. In London Mr. Houghton ranks high, not as a talking but as a working Ambassador. It is a commonplace in London that he has been the ablest American Ambassador in decades. But even if Mr. Houghton had been less successful abroad, we should still be for him if only because of his devotion to the cause of peace and his demand that the war-making power be taken away from governments and placed in the hands of the people. As for his opponent, Dr. Copeland, he has made no such record at Washington as to obligate the State to return him to the Senate. He is an excellent doctor and a popular medical writer for the daily press, but no statesman. Mr. Houghton would again make the position of Senator from New York a powerful one. We are gratified, too, by the nomination by the Democrats of Franklin D. Roosevelt for Governor of New York.

THE PUBLIC UTILITIES INVESTIGATION has received considerable publicity since it was resumed recently in Washington by the Federal Trade Commission—much more, in fact, than during the earlier session several months ago. Indeed, some of the men implicated have protested against what they term unfair publicity. Possibly in a few cases they are justified. There was, for example, nothing wrong in William Allen White's acceptance of \$500 for an address before the National Electric Light Association in 1926. His son commented that the only wrong that he could see in the transaction was the smallness of the sum paid. For the honeyed words of "Bill" White, heralding the men of the public-utilities industry as "priests of a new era," it probably was. On the other hand, a great deal of material has been revealed that cannot be passed over so lightly. There is the case of Professor James S. Thomas receiving \$666 per month from power interests while en-

gaged in "research" and extension work of the University of Alabama. When he was asked at the investigation if it was known that, while he was teaching his regular classes in sociology and economics and making speeches on utilities before various State meetings, he was also in the employ of the power company, he replied: "I don't suppose was." There is similar evidence of other propaganda work in the schools of New Jersey and at the Iowa State Agricultural College—with the "power trust" supplying thousands of dollars but staying quietly in the background.

THERE IS STILL DISCUSSION as to which team won first honors in the Olympic Games of 1928. In our issue of August 22, taking our data from an Associate Press dispatch of August 12, we stated "according to the final score the German team led with a total of 45½ points, the United States was second with 39, and Holland third with 34½." Two weeks later Major General Douglas MacArthur, president of the American Olympic Committee, issued a tabulation of results which placed the United States first, Finland second, and Germany third. Several *Nation* readers have asked an explanation. There is no official method of awarding points in the Olympic; each nation—or individual—can choose the method which shows its team to best advantage. This is intended to help promote good-will among the athletes. The tabulation which we quoted in our earlier paragraph awarded points according to team achievements in each sport and team standing separately, on the basis of ten points for first place, five for second, four for third, three for fourth, two for fifth, and one for sixth. This method of scoring weighs more heavily the consistent performance of an entire team in a sport, and less heavily individual records. General MacArthur's tabulation, on the other hand, is based on individual achievements, awarding three points for each first place, two for second, and one for third.

ACHMED ZOGU IS KING OF ALBANIA, but Wilhelm of Wied is still Mpret. Perhaps the Albanians have forgotten Wilhelm, but he has not forgotten his six hectic months of mpretship, and evidently he hopes his son will have as lively times, for he salutes Achmed's coronation with the solemn announcement that he "retains all his claims upon the Albanian throne intact, for himself and his descendants." He adds that the Albanian people "is still true to its prince." That, as the *Berlin Tagebuch* points out, is a craven gesture of democracy; why should a king or a mpret bother about the will of the people? Conrad von Hötzendorff's memoirs recall a different consideration for the will of the people evinced by the mpret upon his arrival in Albania in March, 1924. Wilhelm wanted to live on a good, safe battleship in the harbor of Scutari, but when his sponsor, Count Berchtold, remarked on this to the chief of the Austrian general staff, Hötendorff answered that the mpret must make a "pompous" entry into Scutari, and accordingly it was arranged for him. "But what shall we do if the prince is assassinated?" asked the Austrian Foreign Minister. "Find another candidate," replied the military king-maker. Twenty-five days after his arrival the poor mpret was faced with an insurrection. Only the arrival of a foreign fleet kept his capital safe for him; and when the outbreak of the European War called the cruisers to other service the mpret, on September 2, sneaked off to the safety of Venice. "A few spirits misled by passion have not understood the value of the re-



forms," he said, "and do not trust the new government. . . . I must go to the West for a time." He is still there; and the Albanians, apparently, do not yet trust any government, for already there is an uprising against Zogu.

**WHAT'S THIS?** Here is Eugene Lyons, United Press correspondent in Moscow, declaring that the Russians are "the world's worst propagandists." We have it on the word of some of our foremost Daughters of the American Revolution and members of highly patriotic societies that they are the most dangerous propagandists on earth, so skilfully propagandizing the United States that our beloved republic is actually rocking on its foundations. Mr. Lyons, to be sure, does not refer to the direct dissemination of Communistic propaganda. He is outraged because the Bolsheviki failed utterly "to make adequate use of the truly heroic behavior of Chukhnovsky, Babushkin, and the others," aviators and members of the crew of the icebreaker Krassin, who were responsible for the recent brilliant and dramatic series of rescues in the Arctic. It was an unprecedented opportunity for the Bolsheviki to blow their own horn. "One need only think what America or Italy or Germany would have done with a similar opportunity," says Mr. Lyons. Instead, the Russians not only did not encourage the foreign correspondents in Moscow to exploit the story but actually hampered them in obtaining information. He continues:

The correspondents, in short, had to fight for every bit of news, and, having wrested it by the sweat of their brows, they then spent more time searching for the censors. If the Soviet officials had the faintest right to their reputation as propagandists, they would have lifted the censorship on this one story.

No wonder that the Bolsheviki appear so wicked to foreign journalists! The idea that any people may accept the heroic deeds of their fellow-citizens as something to be taken for granted and expected, as not calling for personal exploitation and national aggrandizement, is certainly something to make the journalistic gods weep.

**WHEN LINDBERGH LANDED** in Paris many young gentlemen in the streets of Mexico fell enthusiastically into each other's arms, and many young ladies wept—partly because it was Lindbergh, but chiefly because it was flight. Ever since, Mexico has been so devoted to airplaning that not even the tragic end of the beloved Emilio Carranza had any effect on the characteristically sudden and exuberant growth of a popular idea. Now an official government postal line has been established from the capital to Laredo, a private mail-and-passenger line is operating from Progreso to Vera Cruz, and a semi-official similar line is shortly to be initiated from Mazatlan, on the west coast, to the capital, while still another is planned from Tamaulipas to Mazatlan. The government has declared itself ready to cooperate with such private enterprises, and an aviation club has been organized in the metropolis for their development. Enrolment in the National School of Aviation has jumped, and now includes several girls, among them the young daughter of the President, Señorita Alicia Calles, whom her schoolmates have chosen, in good Atlantic City style, Queen of the Air. Apparently, it takes more than death by flight to discourage a people for centuries familiar with death and for millenniums the worshipers of flying gods.

## A Lusty Literature?

**W**E are familiar with the theory that contemporary American literature is in a great state of health. We hear of renaissances, resurgences, and re-awakenings; and in the past two years we have been asked by numerous book clubs and guilds to consider the additional advantage of a large new public created almost overnight to enjoy this large new literature. Nor do we wish to deny that American letters flourish. There are simply a few contradictions to be noted.

Here is "The Second American Caravan"\* for instance, a volume of 864 pages purporting to offer a cross-section of our best literature and announcing on its jacket that "it does not conform to any preconceived pattern, stand for any particular group or clique, represent any particular part of the country; nor does it seek to please a standardized body of readers." All it does is give us the best there is. And the editors—Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, Paul Rosenfeld—believe that best to be symptomatic of "a growing American literature," believe it to be "essentially a response to the developing and growing forms of American life," claim that it "furthers the expression of a 'large, lusty, loving' America."

The figures, borrowed from biology, are a little deceptive. In what direction, judging purely by the contents of the "Caravan," is our lusty infant growing? And is it lusty? The answer would seem to be that the infant is no infant at all, but an ancient weary creature groping through thick twilight to the grave. Open almost any page of the prose and you will find a paragraph like this:

The hired man was sitting in the hammock in the dark. She threw the mail in his lap and lay down on the grass beside him. She was hot and tired. She tried to think about what had happened, but her head ached. The tears were all gone, but her head ached and ached. She cuddled up alone on the grass near the man, and went to sleep.

Or this:

And all the time he knew that he was waiting upon the coming of death. His business about the house, his watering the garden, his turning up the earth with a feeble willingness, his weeding—all acts and motions that stirred and carried about his meager body were blended in a long ritual before the inevitable god.

Always this monotone, always these short, gray sentences uttered out of mouths too tired to express anything but death, dirt, and despair, or too skeptical to explore anything but the recesses of minds across which half-thoughts mope as these sentences mope across the page. Lusty? If so, we do not know the meaning of the word; or perhaps we do not appreciate the use to which it has been put.

The excellence of most of the work in the "Caravan" is undeniable. Jonathan Leonard, Evelyn Scott, Margery Latimer, Philip Edward Stevenson, Francis Gregg, "H. D.," Gertrude Diamant, Josephine Herbst, and Nathan Asch have contributed stories which do indeed represent the best that is being done in America today, and in general the book is brilliant. The question comes down, then, to the larger question as to what we mean when we say that our literature is growing, or that it is vigorous.

\* The Macaulay Company. \$5.



The answer has been made that we are growing as adolescents grow, with necessary pains. It has been pointed out that although our outstanding authors—Dreiser, Anderson, Lewis, Cabell, O'Neill, Robinson—deal always with frustration and end almost always in mockery or contempt or despair, they are nevertheless clearing the ground for honest days to come when there shall be brightness without fatuity, hope without ignorance, and strength without brutality. In other words, we could not have a healthy literature until our life and our morals had been overhauled.

It is getting a little harder all the time to accept that answer—partly because it has been given so often and partly because its rational grounds are none too clear. For one thing, as the "Caravan" shows, the discipline we have

been undergoing seems to have resulted in a sophistication far too fine for a national literature ever to be founded upon it. America cannot read this book either with ease or with excitement. It, along with the literature it represents, is the product of an intellectual class, and unless we are mistaken a lusty national literature never came from such a source. And, for another thing, we do not understand the biology of any art—if there is such a thing—well enough to be sure just what follows what in literary time. So we prefer to wait quietly for the things that chance and change will bring. And meanwhile we shall expect for a long generation to enjoy as best we may the beautiful, sad burden of the "Caravan" and its companions.

## College Morality

Why wait till marriage? If this is a normal impulse, if marriage is unavoidably postponed, if knowledge of contraception makes sex relationships physically safe, if the world in general is reconstructing its moral codes and its standards with respect to monogamy, why should postponement be necessary?

**S**O run the rebellious questionings of certain American college students according to a new study, "Undergraduates," made for the Institute of Social and Religious Research by R. H. Edwards, J. M. Artman, and Galen Fisher. The study is based upon 1,100 interviews with undergraduates and officers of American colleges. Altogether the revelations of college life are not startling. Considering the insistence of rebellious questions about sexual life among the younger generation, and the long delay after sexual maturity before marriage, there seem to be surprisingly few undergraduates who defy the conventional moral code. In Russian universities men and women live together freely; in American universities, in spite of occasional headlines about student excesses, the undergraduates do not seem to be any more revolutionary in moral habits than the people of their own age outside of the colleges. "Petting," says one undergraduate, "has always existed but just suddenly has been given a name and is done in public. That is all the difference from yesterday." Probably there are other differences from yesterday—more candor, more love-making, perhaps more actual sex relationship—but these changes can surely be explained as part of a new American attitude toward sexual life.

The tension due to sex attraction and repression is evident in any college—or for that matter in any prison, convent, or monastery where men and women who have attained maturity have no sexual life. The problem of control is made doubly difficult for the modern dean because the colleges include physical children and physical adults, weaklings who cannot use freedom wisely and responsible men of the world. Because the newspapers and the public judge the "morality" of a college in terms of its conspicuous weaklings, the dean is in a dilemma. If he tempers the winds of temptation to the black lamb, he must treat the rest of the students like children. Also he must stand as the guardian of chastity in a world where chastity is on the defensive. Against him are arrayed the automobile, the sexual instinct, and the women who want husbands.

"There are many sorority girls who are well dressed, well painted, and whose real object for being at ——— is to secure a man," says one girl student in reporting her opinions to the authors of "Undergraduates." "Parties," complains one professor, "have official chaperones who sit laboriously all evening, then go home, while couples get into the automobiles and go on necking parties." If these quotations seem to reflect upon the morals of our coeducational schools, let a lonely girl from a woman's college report: "The problem here is the lack of men. Very few girls 'date,' and those who do would not be seen at home with the type of man they find here."

But the sex problem is by no means the most serious problem in our college life; the outstanding sin is the undergraduates' absorption in triviality. Practically every college in America has its undergraduates overorganized in a hundred varieties of "student activity" which assume a higher place in the estimation of the students than class-room distinction. In most colleges thought outside the class room is positively unpopular. Only the "radicals" and a few isolated, brilliant students enjoy the give and take of fundamental conversation. "You might as well be at a summer resort," said one student in describing his college.

Student activity undermines the intellectual morale of the college by creating an alternative set of values in contrast with academic values. At the time of graduation it is true that the college senior begins to realize the sham and insignificance of the "pep" meeting, the club membership campaign, the fraternity presidency, and even the varsity letter. But then it is too late. In the last half of his senior year he will vote for Phi Beta Kappa as the one genuine distinction at college, but for his first three and a half years he would sell a thousand scholarship keys for one fullback's sweater.

It would be sheer quackery to say that any one remedy or any set of remedies will cure the ills of American undergraduate life. The creation of junior colleges and upper-class universities, the abolition of fraternities, the limiting of athletics to intramural competitions, the tutorial method of instruction—all of these reforms are being advocated and tried in various American schools. They will doubtless improve the undergraduate life but they can scarcely destroy the predominant triviality of that life so long as the college is chiefly a passage-way to the upper economic classes.



# Fighting Against Disarmament

**D**ISARMAMENT is still a rosy mist on the far horizon. The peoples may demand action, but the governments tread warily at the mere mention of the dangerous word. Neither Washington nor London nor Paris has the slightest desire for any radical step toward disarmament, and the hullabaloo about the Franco-British agreement is, in fact, a series of maneuvers designed to throw the burden of the failure upon the other fellow. Each government wants to build more ships of certain kinds, and resents efforts to limit such action; and all the governments are willing to welcome open-armed any step toward reducing other navies if only it will not disturb their own.

Yet it seems to us that the American Department of State has a special right to protest against the secret Franco-British understanding. There is no reason to mince words; it was a secret agreement designed to checkmate American plans at the next international conference to limit armaments. The French have consistently refused to limit submarines or to compare their conscript army with the small volunteer armies of the Anglo-Saxon countries; the British have refused to accept limitation of small cruisers carrying six-inch guns and had refused to accept the French position on submarines and on land forces. The two Powers met (secretly) and agreed (secretly) to support each other's positions and to accept limitation only of the large cruisers so dear to Washington's heart. They say that this was intended to facilitate the cause of disarmament, but they can hardly expect to be believed. While the British press has in general accepted the government thesis that a vast armada is necessary to protect Britain's trade routes, not a single British newspaper, so far as we are aware, has defended this compromise with France, or the manner of its negotiation.

The American reply was sharp. The Franco-British "proposal," it should be recalled, had not been communicated to the United States until after a storm of protest in the press on both sides of the Atlantic had produced a counter-storm of contradictory explanations in the British and French parliaments and semi-official press. Washington rejected the proposal outright. It called it "even more unacceptable than the proposals put forward by the British delegation at the [Geneva] conference, not only because it puts the United States at a decided disadvantage but also because it discards altogether the principle of limitation as applied to important combatant types of vessels."

The United States, the note said in a passage which deserves emphasis, would be glad to agree to abolish submarines altogether; but it would not except from limitation small craft carrying as destructive torpedoes as the large craft which would be necessary for defense of our long coast-line. The Franco-British proposal, it said, "would actually tend to defeat the primary objective of any disarmament conference for the reduction or the limitation of armament in that it would not eliminate competition in naval armament and would not effect economy. . . . [It] would inevitably lead to a recrudescence of naval competition disastrous to national economy."

That is a vigorous tone for a peaceful diplomatic communication. It was, we believe, justified by the circum-

stances. And it would be supremely justified if it should lead to some new step toward a Franco-British-American agreement intended, not as was this discredited proposal, to block disarmament, but to check naval competition and to limit the growing rivalry in various classes of fighting ships. The Washington note reverted to a suggestion made by M. Paul-Boncour of France at the first session of the preparatory conference on disarmament held under the auspices of the League of Nations; possibly steps can be taken along that line.

The most disquieting aspect of this whole series of negotiations is its revelation of the complete absence of any really impulsive drive for peace. The foreign offices, having signed the carefully guarded Kellogg pact and advertised it as a far greater step toward peace than it was, are continuing to plan for war. The Paris correspondent of the *New York Times* cables that "It seems months and, indeed, years since August 27, when the Kellogg pact outlawing war was signed at the Quai d'Orsay. For since then no one has ever heard of the pact except to hear it sneered at. . . . It certainly seems as dead as the dodo."

We now know that while France and England were arranging with the United States the details of the historic scene in the Salle d'Horloge, when all the nations met to outlaw war, they were secretly scheming to outmaneuver Washington and prevent effective limitation of land or sea forces. (Washington's note replied only to the Franco-British naval agreement; but it is now admitted that France and Britain also reached certain conclusions hostile to any attempt to abolish conscription or reduce land forces!) Britain was simultaneously organizing a mock air raid on London to advertise to the Londoners the need of spending more money on military airplanes. France was preparing to refuse to evacuate the Rhineland unless Germany should agree to accept a system of refined blackmail by which she would pay extra for fulfilment of her treaty rights.

It is not a pretty picture. And, despite the sun that shines alike upon the golden beeches of Europe and the flaming maples of America, this is not, in any political sense, a pretty world. The discouraging nationalisms of pre-war days persist, and, while the names of the foreign secretaries sometimes change, the old crew of officials schooled in pre-war and war diplomacy still rule the chancelleries. A genuine spirit of peace is not in them. And the will for peace of the masses will have to become more articulate and intelligently directed before it can be finally effective. If Germany is disarmed, and Russia ready for disarmament, France still adores Poincaré; England thinks that peace means a world wherein Britannia rules the lands as well as the seas; and here in America we seem to be about to elect as President a man who talks in terms of prestige-diplomacy and thinks that a nation must be feared to be respected.

Fiasco as it is, this latest revelation of the shallowness of British-American friendship, of the weakness of the drive for disarmament, is not a backward step. Progress cannot be based upon illusion. The extravagant hopes that clustered about the Kellogg pact have been shattered. Very good. We know better where we are. We understand better the magnitude of the task that still lies before us.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

IT is quite possible that New York's favorite son will not reach Washington, but our city may still find its place in the sun by winning the World's Series. In baseball, public sentiment plays a smaller part than in elections and yet it is well not to overlook the fact that all the nation is rooting against our representatives on the diamond. In part this disaffection rises from the circumstance that New York has had very many championships and pennants. But back of that there lies the animus of the hinterlanders against all things metropolitan. As William Allen White has so well illustrated, Puritan America does not like the culture which flourishes on Manhattan Island. Even a winning baseball team is somehow interpreted as a sign of metropolitan decadence and an effete civilization.

So bitter is this feeling in the remoter hamlets that fans have been known to hiss even Babe Ruth as he advanced up to the plate three bats in hand. And if, by any chance, a pitcher fools him and he swings in vain all the Philistines set up a caterwauling in their ecstasy.

Now that the issue is joined between New York and St. Louis our Yankees need expect no sympathy in any quarter save the home land. Not even there can they count upon 100 per cent loyalty. Traitors are freely admitted to Colonel Ruppert's gigantic stadium. It is no uncommon thing to hear some person in the grand stand remark quite audibly, "I hope the New York Club will take a licking." Once I heard a faithful soul rebuke just such a fellow roundly. Turning to the viper a superb old gentleman remarked, "If you don't like it here why don't you go back where you came from?"

Unfortunately not all the folks in New York who cheer the visiting team are aliens. Some are citizens from our own sidewalks who have become tainted by a certain international point of view. It is their contention that a good play should be applauded whether made by friend or foe. This type of mind does not belong in New York. Baseball thrives on limiting the scope of patriotic feeling. If St. Louis wins it is my intention to go and live four years in France as a protest against a rank injustice. I trust, however, that I shall not be forced to extreme measures.

It has been said that it is silly to work up any feeling over the fate of the home team since many of the athletes are not truly residents of the city which they represent. This seems to me a quibble. As soon as a ball player puts on a shirt emblazoned with the words New York he becomes a symbol of the city and its fame and honor. Of course I see by the papers that Earl Combs is a Kentucky school teacher and that Lazzeri lives in San Francisco. For all emotional purposes these men are as truly native as Al Smith and must serve the uniform they wear till death or victory. Of course, in the meantime they may be sold or traded to some other city; whereupon they become instantly rogues and rascals.

Babe Ruth himself was not always with us. Born in Baltimore he played his first big league engagement with the Boston Red Sox. But Ruth has been a Yankee long enough to become naturalized in soul as well as body. One does not have to read the letters on his shirt to recognize him as a true New Yorker. Though born and reared in

Mencken's town Ruth is in no real sense a product of the *American Mercury* philosophy. There is nothing cynical about the Babe. He does things with a largeness of spirit which is characteristic of Manhattan men. "Shoot it all" is Babe's motto. As is the custom of the town he's always ready for a feast or famine. Naturally he prefers the feast. But when Ruth puts all his energy in some mighty swing he is content to risk everything upon the possibility of some gigantic drive. It is better to miss than to dawdle along with puny bunts and singles.

There used to be a man over in Brooklyn who led a school of thought which has since been demolished by Ruthian prowess. Willie Keeler explained his batting theory with the injunction "Hit 'em where they aint." Accordingly, he would niddle along with little taps just beyond the reach of the opposing players. All this looked well enough in the batting averages but it was a Coolidgean kind of practice. There was a miserly economy of effort and a stinginess of display.

Ruth would never hold himself within the cramped confines of any such school of conduct. His motto is more brave and glorious, for he seems to say: "Hit them where no one has been or will ever get to." It is not his desire to tantalize third basemen with dragging bunts or pop up Texas Leaguers just beyond the reach of the short stop's outstretched fingers. Instead he aims only for the most distant fences. The cities of the American League are strewn with glass shattered out of residential windows by the mighty wallops of the Big Bam.

At the moment of going to press the great man is a little ailing. One leg is not so good and the other is also bruised and painful. And something is the matter with one shoulder. But there is no reason for us to despair nor for St. Louisians to rejoice in these misfortunes. The Babe is too flaming a spirit to be hampered much by mere physical disabilities. "Ruth crushed to earth will rise again. The Ruth is mighty and shall prevail." I quote from an eminent authority on Ruthiana.

Still in all sober consideration one cannot quite forget that New York comes to the vital test sadly crippled. Herbert Pennock, known for short as the Silver Fox Farmer of Kennett Square, is not likely to appear in the series, since his good left arm has been knotted by neuritis. At last reports the throwing hand of Combs was broken. Wilcy Moore has been retired for the season on account of some ligamentary disturbance.

The Cardinals, on the other hand, are in the very pink of condition. Grover Cleveland Alexander has never known better health in all his forty-five-odd years of service. Frankie Frisch has a normal pulse and blood pressure. Wee Willie Sherdel was seldom better fitted to pursue his nefarious calling of making gallant Yankee players bite at slow balls and bad ones.

Somehow the children of darkness always seem to have better health than the children of light. But no matter. The handicaps being what they are, triumph should be all the sweeter when it comes. And so may the best team win just so long as it is not St. Louis.

HEYWOOD BROUN



# As the Farmers Go, So Goes the Election

By W. G. CLUGSTON

*Topeka, Kansas, September 21*

**N**EVER before, perhaps, have the farmers—especially the Middle Western farmers—carried the balloting responsibilities which will be theirs when they go into the election booths on November 6. Surveys of the national campaign, as the home stretch nears, make it appear that half a dozen agricultural States, where the farm vote will be the deciding factor, may—probably will—determine who will be the next President.

It is generally conceded that Governor Smith will get something more than a hundred electoral votes in the South, and, to have any chance at all, he must get approximately a hundred from the Eastern sector. In the Middle Western agricultural area there are eight States with a total Electoral College vote of 106 where the farmers, although predominantly Republican in the past, are pretty generally on the "war path" this year, and are openly threatening to throw aside party ties in an effort to improve their economic conditions. These States, set down in the order of their likelihood of going Democratic, are Missouri, Wisconsin, Nebraska, South Dakota, Minnesota, Illinois, North Dakota, and Iowa. In every one of these States, with the possible exception of Missouri, the outcome depends upon the way the farmers vote. If a majority of them go Democratic, and Smith attains his expectations in the East, he can give the Republicans Kansas and Oklahoma and need not worry much about what the so-called border States may do. Wisconsin to Smith would exactly offset Kentucky's going to Hoover; Nebraska would offset Oklahoma, and Illinois would make up for several losses.

There is no question that the farmers throughout the more progressive sections of the Middle West are in revolt against the economic conditions which have made it impossible for them to get what they consider their rightful share of the blessings of the much-heralded era of Republican prosperity. Since the big agricultural deflation which followed the end of the war, the grain-growing farmers have been disgruntled, and have, through their organizations, demanded that the national government give them something equivalent to the protective-tariff benefits provided for other industries. The refusal of President Coolidge's administration to do so, together with the general belief that Herbert Hoover approved the Coolidge attitude and helped the President maintain it, made the grain-growing States very decidedly anti-Hoover—and very doubtful about the boasted Republican corner on the supply of prosperity formulas. On top of this, wheat prices during the past summer went generally below 85 cents a bushel on the farm; corn also has gone down so much the farmers can hope to make the profits they had expected only by buying cattle and hogs and feeding them—a precarious plan at present livestock prices; and the potato market has been so badly demoralized that many potato growers have left their crops to rot in the ground.

These conditions put the farmers of the Middle West in a receptive frame of mind when Governor Smith made his invasion of the section. And there is no one who has watched developments during the last few weeks who will

dispute that Smith made good use of the opportunities opened to him by that trip. The result has been that thousands upon thousands of farmers are aroused to the point where they are asking themselves if their responsibilities as voting citizens do not transcend party ties. In every State I have mentioned the rural voters are honestly seeking to determine the vital issues and to vote upon them in an intelligent way. In many instances there are farmers of the Republican faith who have been driven to the verge of revolt because they believe security in the ownership of their homesteads—and from peasantry-threatening tenantry—will depend upon the action taken by the next administration in the matter of farm-relief legislation.

There are, however, so many cross-currents in this campaign—so many phantom issues—that the untrained mind is often confused, and it is not easy to concentrate on the real issues with clear-thinking, prejudice-shorn courage. Smoke-screen artists have been abroad in every township; almost every cross-roads telephone pole has been made into a whispering post. Religious prejudices have been played for all they were worth, and, beyond question, many Republican voters have been held in line by the circulation of stories to the effect that Smith is merely a puppet of the Pope—and that the public-school system will be wrecked if he wins. Methodist conferences generally have gone on record as against Smith and for Hoover, and this has brought many of the more liberal-minded to an honest belief that religious intolerance, more vicious than when Thomas Jefferson gave his best energies in fighting it, will, if Smith is defeated, destroy freedom of conscience and equal opportunities. There has been much mouthing of malicious slanders similar to those for which poor "Bill" White was made to stand sponsor. To injure Smith there have been criticisms of his "Bowery talk"—and belittling whispers about Mrs. Smith's cultural qualifications to preside over the White House; but also many "Sir 'Erbert 'Oover" fabrications have been told for no higher purpose than to arouse prejudices against him. There has been much talk of the past corruptions of Tammany by many newspapers and men of such eminence as Senator Arthur Capper, with no memory, apparently, for the more recent conspiracies of Fall, Doheny, Denby, Doherty, and others.

The prohibition question also is playing a prominent part in every one of the farming States. Under the charge that Smith is a "Wet," many are masking the real cause of their opposition to him—their prejudices against his religion. A great many of the church organizations are using his stand for a modification of prohibition enactments as an excuse for their actions in converting structures erected for the worship of God into political pursuits. But in the States I have enumerated above sentiment for prohibition as a phobia is not nearly as strong as in many other Western and Southern States; in fact, in most of them there is a pronounced public sentiment in favor of a change in the method of handling the "great experiment." Two years ago the people of Montana, one of the early bone-dry commonwealths, wiped the State enforcement act from the statute books. Last June North Dakota, another dry State,



came within a few thousand votes of doing likewise. Wisconsin voted wet on a referendum two years ago, and there is a strong sentiment against the political Drys in Minnesota. Prohibition is hardly the stuffed club with which the Republicans can keep the farmers in line in the States where the farmer votes may decide the election. But it is playing its part along with pumpkin seeds and poison ivy and preachers full of prejudices.

Perhaps the most pronounced farmer-revolt against the Republican attitude toward agriculture, as it is believed to be exemplified by Mr. Hoover, centers in Iowa. From that State came the most emphatic demands for enactment of the McNary-Haugen bill. But Iowa presents the spectacle of such leaders as Senator Smith W. Brookhart, Representative J. L. Dickinson, and Governor John Hammill—political leaders who have been placed in power as a result of their activities in championing the demands of the dissatisfied farmers—now trying to persuade their constituents to forget their dissatisfactions, along with their depleted resources, and vote for that faction of the Republican Party which at the Kansas City convention defied them to bolt. It remains to be seen whether these men, and other leaders like them in several of the other States mentioned, have merely become Lenroots or whether they have the power to make the farmers follow them.

Possibly the farmers of no State hold the future of the nation in their hands so nearly as those of Illinois. This State, undoubtedly, will swing the way the farmer vote goes. The Illinois farmers are largely Republican. They can easily overcome the Smith lead in Chicago if they stand behind Hoover; but with such outstanding leaders as George N. Peek refusing to swallow Hoover—and refusing to forget the Lowden drubbing at Kansas City—enough Illinois farmers may step into the breach to close the lines for Smith if Brookhart and his associates break up the revolt in Iowa.

In Nebraska the revolt sentiment comes largely from the grassroots, as it does in most of the States, but the Democrats have got much encouragement from the fact that Republican leaders such as Senator Norris and Governor McMullen have not only said nothing commendable of the Republican platform or candidate, but have declared that the Democratic campaign platform, and Governor Smith's declarations, are more satisfactory to those who are striving to aid agriculture. In Wisconsin it is conceded that much of the La Follette vote will go to the Democrats. Former Senator Magnus Johnson of Minnesota has joined former Senator Hansbrough in declaring for Smith; in North Dakota the Non-Partisan League refused to act with the Republican State committee in indorsing Hoover; in Missouri the most effective of the farm leaders are for Smith, making the State more promising to him than it would be if he had to rely mostly on the majorities he will get in St. Louis and Kansas City. South Dakota has a strong Democratic Governor, an early-day farmer, who has a good chance of being reelected, and he, with all the machinery of his administration, is supporting the Democratic national ticket.

To expect a bloc of such traditionally Republican States as most of those I have mentioned to swing into the Democratic column seems like folly—especially in face of all the handicaps the Democratic candidate is carrying, his Tammany connections, his religion, his enmity to Volsteadism; and all the preacher-prejudices that are in action against

him. If such a thing can happen, then there is an agrarian uprising in the Middle West of greater proportions than the country in general has imagined. A conservative prophet would probably advise a prized customer to put his money on a majority of these States remaining Republican. I wouldn't. The handicaps which Hoover carries are more real to many farmers than those which have been hung on Smith. Whether it be deserved or not, there is a widespread belief throughout the agricultural sections that Hoover dealt unfairly with the farmers when he fixed food prices during the war—that "Hoover kept down the price of wheat and hogs and kept up the price of sugar." There also is a general belief that he was one of President Coolidge's chief supporters in the Administration's successful efforts to prevent the farmers getting the relief legislation they demanded. Besides, the farmers throughout the entire bread-basket belt are agreed that the Democratic platform meets their demands more completely than the Republican platform—and there is no comparison in the aroused farmers' minds between the appeals of the candidates personally. Mr. Hoover in his home-visiting speech at West Branch, Iowa, did not satisfy them nearly so well as Governor Smith did when he accepted the principle of the McNary-Haugen bill in his Omaha address—and few revolting farmers have been won back by the prosperity recitals of the last eight years of Republican rule. They have not been won back because they feel that they have been denied their share in whatever prosperity there has been.

Senator Curtis, the Republican Vice-Presidential candidate, has probably made some headway with the tariff talks he has made in his swings across the corn and wheat belts and his pledge that Hoover, if elected, will take steps to relieve the distressed and disgruntled agriculturist. But to many observers it seems that much more must be done in the hectic last-day drives if the Republican managers are to have pleasant dreams on the night after the election. As it now appears, they have more to worry them in most of the States I have mentioned than the Democratic managers will have in all their weak spots in the Southland.

Just as the above lines were finished a report came from Des Moines that the Iowa Farmers' Union State convention had adopted resolutions calling for the defeat of Herbert Hoover, despite the fact that Senator Brookhart made an impassioned plea before the convention for an indorsement for the Republican nominee. The resolution adopted calls for the defeat of Hoover as a "protest of the American farmer at the insulting and high-handed manner in which the Republican national convention turned a deaf ear to the plea for justice for agriculture." This, of course, is only a straw indicating the direction the wind is blowing. But there are many similar straws. The Corn Belt Committee, meeting only a short time previously, adopted resolutions of a similar trend as expressing the sentiments of the farm leaders of ten States; one of the largest farm organizations in Missouri has openly thrown its influence behind the Democratic cause; the North Dakota Nonpartisan Leaguers, as previously stated, refused to indorse Hoover. In Nebraska the Federation of German-American Societies, at a meeting as late as the middle of September, passed resolutions vigorously condemning the religious whispering tactics, declaring: "We therefore vigorously resist any attempt to require a religious qualification for public office, even though it be the Presidency of the United States."



Also, there are straw-vote polls of threshing crews and farmer picnic gatherings which are startlingly off-color to Republican eyes.

By the sixth of November all such signs may have been blown away by the hot winds and cyclones of political oratory which will sweep over the land for the next few weeks. The newspapers, it must be remembered, are largely Republican, and are pounding away for Hoover with insidious cunning while pretending to be fair; the political machinery from the township trustee boards to the top floors of the State capitol buildings are Republican, and ready to use any ruse necessary to keep the voters "regular"; the Catholic-hating parsons have quit sleeping nights in order to keep abreast of the Ku Klux processions; the ardent prohibi-

tionists are exerting themselves to the utmost. All these forces were aroused to more frantic efforts by Smith's invasion of the West, and the dashing, daring bravery with which he attempted to drag into the open—and across "the great open spaces"—the big issues of the campaign. I have seen the most promising of bumper corn crops curl up in a day under the blasts of a hot August wind, and I have seen wheat fields, haled out until they were considered total losses, revive and produce near-normal yields at harvest time. I have seen political structures crumble in a fortnight, and I have seen popular idols put into power in spite of every agency that could be employed by the opposition. So I shall continue to be an optimist regardless of the outcome.

## California Is for Hoover

By GEORGE P. WEST

*Sausalito, September 17*

IT is scarcely news that Herbert Hoover will carry California by a large majority. In normal years the State is overwhelmingly Republican. The Hiram Johnson progressives, whose snubbing by Hughes and subsequent defection threw the State to Wilson in 1916, are this time working in harmony with the party's right wing. So are the independents, who, caught by Wilsonian "idealism" and then antagonized by the frank and almost illiterate toryism of Harding and Coolidge, now recognize in Hoover their own genteel and orthodox brand of righteousness and are further attracted by the fact that he has ridden on many steamships, acquired many respectable dollars, won worldwide fame, and read quite a number of books. His being an engineer appeals to a vast number who refuse to realize that the Presidency is politics and that politics is itself a highly skilled trade, if not a profession. It is a campaign slogan that we need the expert in government. By a curious confusion of ideas, Hoover the engineer is an expert, Smith the masterly politician is not.

Hoover's dulness in the field of general ideas, his complaisance as a Cabinet officer during shameful years, his final speaking out only to recite the Coolidge-Harding ritual and bid for the continued support of their crowd, his ineptitude in the selection of men (at least in the political sphere, *vide* Dr. Work and Curtis D. Wilbur, whom he urged on Coolidge for the Navy Department)—not any or all of these are permitted to count against him in the appraisal of Californians. From admiring Hoover it seems but a step to idolatry, and in typical California groups to criticize him even moderately is to arouse resentment. There is something about this silent, bashful man who has successfully managed engineering works in many quarters of the globe and who won, in 1914, the admiration of the world by his direction of Belgian relief that either bores and irritates or makes of his cause a cult. Perhaps it is that his dulness caters to the dull man's distrust of cleverness, and in Hoover's case dulness is combined with really distinguished achievement. For it is the dulness of the "practical" man, a dulness which he shares with nine successful business men out of ten, and therefore the orthodox American brand which is not dulness at all in the eyes of those who regard the Coolidge era as a golden age. It is,

that is to say, the dulness of the extrovert who is an immensely able executive in accomplishing any purpose (Mississippi relief, feeding the starving, making a mine pay), on the goodness of which all men are agreed, but who becomes confused and irritated and ineffectual when his purpose is challenged by the raising of those philosophical and sociological questions that are the stuff of politics.

Also it is very important in its bearing on the California result that Hoover, now a Californian, was born on an Iowa farm and that his people were hard-working, pious Protestants. To be born in the Middle West and then to come and live in California is, for hundreds of thousands of Californians, the perfect way of life, and reason enough to vote for the only candidate who has achieved it.

Hiram Johnson's support of Hoover is in compliance with an agreement by which he received the Republican nomination for United States Senator without opposition. Johnson gained nothing except a summer free from the strain of a campaign, for his renomination was already assured. And he gave very little, for he would probably have had to support Hoover in any case. Mercifully freed of his own Presidential ambition, he is today a happier man and a more engaging figure than in many years past, but with his mellowing has come a philosophical acceptance of things that can't be helped. Johnson's personal meeting with Hoover at Palo Alto was formal and probably a little strained. He did not hesitate, a week or two later, to "jam" Hoover by declaring in a speech in southern California that no man was too big to be required to tell where he stood on Boulder Dam, and Hoover's slightly ambiguous declaration at Los Angeles a few days later in favor of the project (he carefully refrained from indorsing the Swing-Johnson bill by name) was accepted as the carrying out of a bargain. But whatever Johnson's personal and private estimate of the Republican nominee may be, there is no question that his organization, and Governor Young in particular, is wholeheartedly for Hoover. Johnson personally has kept whatever remains anywhere of the fervor and conviction of the California progressive movement of 1910-1916. While he has usually worked and fought with the left wing of his party in Washington, his crowd in California have grown fat with years and success until no issue and no difference in temperament



or philosophy separate them from old-guard Republicans.

San Francisco is the Smith stronghold and will probably give him a fair-sized majority. It would be a huge majority if the gang were not held in the Republican Party by that party's control of State and federal jobs. Dripping wet Irish Catholics—graduates of saloon and trades-union politics who belong by every test in the Smith camp—are unhappily serving on Hoover committees because they must keep control of the local Republican organization if they wish jobs for themselves and their friends.

All the newspapers in San Francisco and Los Angeles are for Hoover, the two in each city that circulate among Smith followers being owned one by Hearst and the other by Scripps-Howard, and hence getting their national policies, as they get their comic strips, by mail. Hearst's personal indorsement of Hoover probably carries no weight, but his cartoons and news columns do, for Californians are ignorant of the sound thrashing with which Smith closed Hearst's grotesque political career. Indeed outside of the villages Smith has only the three newspapers owned by C. K. McClatchy and his son Carlos—the *Sacramento Bee*, the *Fresno Bee*, and a paper at Modesto recently purchased. McClatchy is the choleric old-time owner-editor who demanded lamp-post justice for the I. W. W., imprisonment for Anita Whitney, and the election of La Follette in 1924. He is an admirable, cantankerous, unpredictable old hater, sadistically Puritan in lusting for the punishment of moral male-

factors, violently opposed to prohibition, as angry about Hoover as he was about the Wobblies. I have not seen his newspapers, but Chester Rowell, a Hoover enthusiast, writes in his syndicated column that their intemperate abuse is helping the Republican candidate. In any case, they circulate only in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, whereas the State's voting strength is concentrated around Los Angeles and San Francisco Bay.

Governor Smith's campaign is just beginning as this article is written. A Smith supporter who assigns any reason except the prohibition issue for his preference faces surprised challenge on every side and realizes that Al Smith has not "got over" at all at this distance from Albany. The Hearst-Republican effort to classify him as the usual cynical Tammany politician succeeds because that classification is confirmed by the bare facts of his career leading up to the governorship. What California does not comprehend is the simple old-fashioned "goodness" of the man and the humane intelligence that has won him the good-will of the most critical public-spirited groups in New York.

A foot-note should be added to chronicle the prevalence in California of a phenomenon that must be general in this campaign—the snobbishness encountered everywhere that chooses Hoover on two odious counts: one, that his wife would better grace the White House, and the other that Hoover's incumbency would add to the prestige of Americans traveling abroad. It is reason enough to vote for Smith.

## Asquith Reveals War Secrets\*

By WILLIAM MACDONALD

COMMENTING in his recently published "Memories and Reflections" upon the "debatable problem in the minor ethics of literature" of "the relations between what is called the professional or political diarist and the world of his actual or potential readers," the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith remarks, apropos of the "Greville Memoirs," that there seems to him to be "no occasion why, after a decent interval, such a journal should not, with all possible verification of details, be published with the same freedom and fullness as the correspondence of the dead." Asquith himself, save for a brief period, did not keep a diary, but he made extensive memoranda from day to day, and a good deal of what he recorded, all of it informing and some of it sarcastic or entertaining, may now be read.

At the moment when the war clouds of 1914 began to gather, the Irish question was absorbing the attention of the Asquith Government, and it continued to be a disturbing issue for some months after hostilities were well under way. On July 24, however, Sir Edward Grey laid before the Cabinet a statement which, according to Asquith, showed a European situation "about as bad as it possibly can be." With Austria, Serbia, Russia, Germany, and France actually or potentially involved, "we are within measurable distance of a real Armageddon." "The curious thing," he wrote two days later, "is that on many, if not most, of the points Austria has a good and Servia a very bad case, but the Austrians are quite the stupidest people in Europe. There is a brutality about their mode of procedure which will make most people think that this is a case of a big Power bullying a little one."

The main question, of course, was what to do about it. "It is one of the ironies of the case," he notes on July 29, "that we, being the only Power who has made so much as a constructive suggestion in the direction of peace, are blamed by both Russia and Germany for causing the outbreak of war." "The City, which is in a terrible state of depression and paralysis, is for the time being [July 30] all against English intervention." There was Belgian neutrality to consider, however, and "France, through Cambon, is pressing strongly for a reassuring declaration [July 31]." On August 1, when the news of the Russian order for mobilization arrived, Asquith called a taxi and drove to Buckingham Palace. "The King was hauled out of his bed, and one of my strangest experiences was sitting with him, clad in a dressing gown, while I read the message and the proposed answer."

The same August 1 saw the beginning of the Cabinet divergence which thereafter, with only short periods of harmony, ran its vexatious course. "Lloyd George, all for peace, is more sensible and statesmanlike for keeping the position still open. Grey declares that if an out-and-out and uncompromising policy of non-intervention at all costs is adopted he will go. Winston Churchill very bellicose and demanding immediate mobilization." The next day John Burns resigned, followed by John Morley and Sir John Simon, after Grey, in a speech in the House of Commons, had committed the Government to the war which had then begun.

\* This article sets forth the political aspects of Asquith's "Memories and Reflections." The book is reviewed in this week's book supplement—EDITOR THE NATION.



On August 5 Asquith decided to give up the War Office portfolio and install Kitchener, who proved a tower of strength to his chief but a source of extreme annoyance to Sir John French, who fares rather badly in Asquith's memoranda, and to the bellicose Churchill. "It will be amusing," Asquith wrote, to see how Kitchener, who was not a politician, "gets on in the Cabinet." The dispatch of the Expeditionary Force, begun in profound secrecy, was ordered, but a discussion of plans for attacking Germany in Africa and China moved Asquith to remark to his colleagues that "we looked more like a gang of Elizabethan buccaneers than a meek collection of black-coated Liberal Ministers." By August 21 the center of interest had shifted to Turkey, and again Asquith found the varying views of his Cabinet amusing: "Winston violently anti-Turk; Kitchener strong that Rumania is the real pivot of the situation; Masterman eagerly pro-Bulgarian, but very much against any aggressive action vis-à-vis Turkey which would excite our Musselmans in India and Egypt; Lloyd George keen for Balkan confederation; Grey judicious and critical all round; Haldane instructive, and the 'Beagles' and 'Bob-tails' silent and bewildered."

The Continent, what with the Belgians and the French, jealousies and recriminations over questions of command and cooperation, and the speedy emergence of a demand that Italy and the Balkan States should be brought in on the Allied side, was as troublesome as Turkey. On October 3, with the Belgians reported as on the eve of abandoning Antwerp, "the intrepid Winston set off at midnight" to see what he could do. "I do not know," wrote Asquith while awaiting the result, "how fluent he is in French, but if he was able to do himself justice in a foreign tongue, the Belges will have listened to a discourse the like of which they have never heard before." The mission had some success, but an unexpected consequence was Churchill's plea to be allowed to command the Seventh Division which had been sent to the Belgians' aid. "Winston," Asquith notes, "is an ex-lieutenant of Hussars and would, if his proposal had been accepted, have been in command of two distinguished major-generals, not to mention brigadiers, colonels, etc., while the Navy were only contributing their little brigade." Kitchener, meantime, was fearful of a German invasion, and Lloyd George and Kitchener waged a "royal row" over recruiting in Wales.

The year's close found Asquith gloomy and perplexed. Sir Maurice Hankey wanted to "clear the Turk out of Europe," Churchill wanted to close the Baltic so that Russia might "land her troops within 90 miles of Berlin," and Delcassé was "extremely anxious to bring the Japanese into the European theatre." To this latter plan Japan was averse, and Asquith, who was "not very much enamoured of the idea," could not see "what inducement in the way of material gain could be offered them, except the certainty of retaining Kiauchau"; but Churchill "derides any scruples as born of perverted sentiment, and remarks with truth: 'The great thing is to win the war.'" On January 5 Lord Fisher, who proposed to shoot all the German prisoners in England by way of reprisal for the Zeppelin raids, abruptly resigned when Churchill "refused to embrace this statesmanlike suggestion." The one bright spot was a cable from Sir Cecil Spring Rice, British Ambassador at Washington, who reported on Christmas Day his conviction that "both the German and Austrian Ambassadors there are working for peace."

Asquith appears to have surrendered early to the idea of bringing in other Powers. Referring on January 7, 1915, to the question of a choice of theaters and objectives, he notes that "one must always keep in view the chances of bringing in Italy, Rumania, and such minor but not negligible quantities as Greece and Bulgaria." Two weeks later he wrote: "I have urged Grey to put the strongest possible pressure upon Rumania and Greece to come in without delay, and to promise that if they will form a real Balkan bloc we will send some of our troops to join them and save the situation." If Lloyd George could have had his way, he would have set out at the end of February for Russia and the Balkans "as a kind of extra ambassador and emissary," but Grey was "dead opposed." By March 6 Asquith thought the situation acute. Russia, apparently with the approval of France, had refused absolutely to allow the Greeks any share in "the Dardanelles business," while the Greeks, on their side, "wish to avoid committing themselves to fighting against anybody but the Turks and possibly the Bulgarians," will not "raise a finger" for Serbia, "and even want all the time to keep on not unfriendly terms with Germany and Austria." "Two most infernal problems" had arisen. Italy was probably "coming in," although Russia "strongly objects," and Russia also intended to take over Constantinople and the Straits.

A memorandum entry on March 25 shows Asquith opposed to Churchill's land-grabbing program. He had been discussing "the whole international situation" with Grey, and notes that "Winston is very anxious that if, when the war ends, Russia has got Constantinople, and Italy Dalmatia, and France Syria, we should be able to appropriate some equivalent share of the spoils—Mesopotamia with or without Alexandretta, a sphere in Persia, and some German colonies, etc. I believe that at the moment Grey and I are the only two men who doubt and distrust any such settlement. We both think that in the real interests of our own future the best thing would be if at the end of the war we could say that we had taken and gained nothing"—a statement somewhat suggestive of Wilson's "peace without victory." The reason, Asquith hastens to explain, is not merely moral or sentimental, but practical, as evidenced by the difficulties that would be met with in administering Mesopotamia. "The great thing for the moment," he goes on at once to set down, "is to bring in Italy." On March 29 Grey tells him that the Italians "are slightly contracting the orifice of their gullet and would now be content to neutralize the Dalmatian Coast from Spalato southwards, provided they can keep and fortify the outlying islands." On April 5 the Italians were "still holding out for their one and a half pounds of flesh, but I do not mean to give them up." The secret treaty of London, it will be recalled, was signed by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia on April 26, but there is no mention of the fact in Asquith's memoranda.

As far as his notes show, Asquith appears to have learned only on March 25 of Churchill's intrigue to turn Grey out of the Foreign Office and put in Balfour. Massingham brought the "horrible tale." Lloyd George, who had dropped in for "his favorite morning indulgence, ten minutes' discursive discussion on things in general," thought the story "substantially true" and expressed the opinion that Churchill "has, for the time being at any rate, allowed himself to be swallowed whole by A. J. B." "It is a pity," Asquith observes, "that Winston has not a better sense of



proportion. I am really fond of him, but I regard his future with many misgivings. I do not think he will ever get to the top in English politics with all his wonderful gifts." On the other hand Lloyd George, whatever he may have thought of the intrigue, was "red-hot with a plan, or rather an idea, for nationalizing the drink trade. He has had a lot of brewers with him at and after breakfast and has already made an appointment with two skilled accountants to go into figures this afternoon." Asquith warned him that a state monopoly in drink would be "a most dangerous thing politically," but Lloyd George clung tenaciously to the idea, and it was not until past the middle of April that Asquith was able to record that "the Great Purchase Folly is as dead as Queen Anne," and that "we also cleared out of the way total prohibition."

On May 17, 1915, Asquith asked for the resignations of his Cabinet, and a Coalition Ministry was presently formed which continued until December, 1916, when it was broken up and Asquith himself retired. It cost him some pangs, in remaking his Cabinet, to drop Lord Haldane, who had been bitterly assailed by the press for his alleged German sympathies and whom Bonar Law and his associates insisted should be displaced as Lord Chancellor, and to transfer Churchill to a minor post and put Balfour in the Admiralty. The change, which Asquith declares "was to the knowledge of all concerned a hazardous experiment," worked better than was to be expected, although nothing short of the exigencies of war could preserve the semblance of harmony in such an ill-assorted political aggregation.

Asquith's contacts with the French evoke, in his memoranda and familiar correspondence, repeated sarcasm and depreciation, mixed with comment upon the manhandling of the French language by some of his colleagues. "I have never heard so much bad French spoken in my life," he wrote from Calais, on July 6, 1915, where he had conferred with Joffre, Millerand, Delcassé, Viviani, and others. "Not one of the French could speak a word of English. . . . Viviani is the cleverest, though he looks sleepy and rather commonplace." Later, in December, again at Calais, where Balfour spoke "in moderate but intelligible French," he succeeded, with Kitcheners's help, in persuading the French to agree to the abandonment of Salonika, although the next day they were "once more in full cry for its retention." The return passage across the Channel "on one of the foulest nights I have ever seen" wrecked Balfour's stomach. "I said to him when at last we reached Dover: 'Well, at any rate, we have not been mined or torpedoed.' To which he replied: 'I wish to God we had.'"

So went the holy cause behind the scenes. Asquith hated war and was deeply moved by its horrors. His criticism of military or naval plans and operations was often sound. Once the war was fully under way, however, he fell in with the procession, deplored the early apathy in England, and did his best to drag in as many of the Powers as possible on the Allied side. His first Cabinet was a bear-garden, and while he exerted himself with success to curb the wild schemes of Churchill and the fantastic ambitions of Lloyd George, he lacked the rude strength needed to knock heads together and compel order from discord. It would be idle to suggest that any one else might have done better, for the times themselves were out of joint, and the unbridled performances of politicians jarred harshly upon the temper of an old-school gentleman such as Asquith was, but one puts down the "Memories and Reflec-

tions" with a feeling that British statesmanship, as Asquith pictures it during the war period and as he himself illustrates it in the months of his greatest test, is not a thing to be remembered with regard.

## In the Driftway

AT least once a day a man or even a woman in these degenerate days comes moaning to the Drifter. "The same old routine," they say, "every morning and every night. The same old desk, the same faces opposite, the same boss." If not of the monotony, they complain that they are slaves of a tyrant. "I can't ever do the sort of work I want. The boss wants only to make money. I'm an artist and I have to work for a man who thinks art is indecent." Thus they cry and wring their hands. And at the end of their plaint they point to the Drifter. "You're the lucky one," they say. "Nothing to do all day but poke around in odd corners for something a little out of the ordinary; and not so much out of the ordinary at that. I've even known you to write about the weather. If I could make my living that way, how happy I should be!"

\* \* \* \* \*

THE Drifter does not reply when thus addressed. He refuses to tell whether he likes his job or not. But he sometimes thinks that if he does, he is unique in the world. He has wondered if a general reassortment of workers would bring happier results. Thus he hears of a certain publisher that he is a poet and a dreamer, that he "knows nothing about business." What if all the young, aspiring poets and dreamers could be his clerks and salesmen? Would they be a happy family, understanding each other's weakness and strength? Would they despise each other for the same futile ambitions? Cynics would say that the business would not be solvent long enough for either of these eventualities to happen. Yet poets have moved empires and built machines to advance the centuries. If all the hard-headed business men worked only for hard-headed bosses, what a dull world this would be!

\* \* \* \* \*

THIS brings us to the highly moral if scarcely comforting doctrine that the world thrives on discontent. Long ago, when the Drifter was so young as to be a student in college, one of his more ambitious pieces of literary creation was looked on with disfavor because, in the words of its critic, "it lacked struggle." The Drifter thought this very humorous when it happened. But now that gray hairs are descending upon him he acknowledges that it is not without truth. Paradoxically enough, the wheels of the world turn because of the sand that is in them. If everybody loved his job and could find nothing to criticize in his superiors, half the joy would be taken out of life during office hours and considerably less work, the Drifter feels sure, would get done. Not a few tasks are completed to "show that old curmudgeon I'm not as big a fool as he thinks I am." And one way of escaping the deadly monotony of a pursuit is to invent new ways of doing it.

\* \* \* \* \*

LIKE all rules, this one has its exception. The Drifter knows one person who actually loves his job, who begins early and quits late, not because he must but because he will. Nor does he put his daily work aside when the



day is finished; he takes it home with him in the evening, it accompanies him while he dines, while he makes merry, and doubtless while he sleeps. It would be agreeable, for the sake of the Drifter's theory, to add that this contented one is on the point of being ignominiously dismissed. Exactly the contrary is the case! What the moral is the Drifter does not know. Being merely a Drifter, he does not have to find out.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Mr. Tilson Denies All

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After waiting two weeks for a response to my request for the name of the anonymous writer who, in your issue of September 19, charged me with taking part in an alleged "whispering campaign," it seems that I am to be allowed the poor privilege of denying through your publication in some later issue something which everyone who knows me knew at the outset was false.

I still think that you should have furnished me with the name of the anonymous writer because any newspaper correspondent who will deliberately manufacture statements and charge them to another, as your correspondent did in this instance, is unworthy of the confidence of the public or of public men, and should be singled out so as to be shunned thereafter.

Likewise, your failure to have your correspondent indicate the source of the alleged information leaves a cloud upon the reputation of a score of the best newspaper men in the country, who are covertly charged by your anonymous correspondent with furnishing the foundation for his groundless accusation. If it should develop that even one of the twenty newspaper men who accompanied Mr. Hoover on his western trip was willing to stoop to falsehood in order to give point to an otherwise pointless article, his identity should be made known. I am sorry that the policy of your publication is such that you do not find it advisable to reveal the name or names of those who are ready to attack only in the dark.

At any rate, I thank you for the opportunity to say through the same medium carrying the original accusation that any charge to the effect that on the Hoover western trip, or at any other time or place, I sought to inject into the campaign a religious issue, or that I ever referred in any manner other than reverently to any church or to anyone's religious affiliations, is either maliciously or ignorantly false, for it is surely without the slightest foundation in fact.

New York, September 28

JOHN Q. TILSON

[We are very glad to have Mr. Tilson's assurance in the above letter. We must, however, point out that:

1. The delay in printing his letter has been due to unavoidable difficulty in communicating with our own and other correspondents who were on the train with Mr. Tilson and are still traveling in the West;

2. The anonymity of our correspondent must be upheld because our agreement with him compels it; the custom of anonymous writing from Washington is directly due to the fact that otherwise correspondents who have other newspaper affiliations are subject to pressure and attacks from those whom they criticize, even to the extent of having their positions jeopardized;

3. Our correspondent, in whose integrity we have fullest confidence, still believes that he heard Mr. Tilson make the remarks attributed to him. In view of Mr. Tilson's emphatic denial we can only attribute the incident to a misunderstanding of words in a crowd. Neither our correspondent nor *The Nation* has the slightest desire to do else than justice to Mr. Tilson.—

EDITOR THE NATION.]

## Catholic Bigotry Too

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps you do not make enough allowance for anti-Catholic bigotry. Is it not in many cases more or less of a reaction to Catholic bigotry? Are we Catholics not largely to blame ourselves?

You will guess that I have something on my mind . . . some grievance . . . and I have. Three years ago I left the Jesuit order, but not the Church. Last year I published a book, "The Jesuit Enigma," which criticized the Jesuits severely but was in no sense an attack upon my Church. But for publishing that book I have been vetoed as a lecturer on psychology by the New York Board of Education, although I had previously been acceptable. In effect this means that W. J. O'Shea and J. M. Sheahan, both of course Catholics, exercise their control over New York City public money with an eye to the religious behavior of city employees. Is not this a case of benighted bigotry on the part of Catholic officials? I told Father F. P. Duffy about it and he described it as "medieval bigotry"! Why should not a non-Catholic expect that there would be much more of that sort of thing if Al Smith were elected?

New York, September 19

E. BOYD BARRETT

## Too Dense

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the first page of your current issue the statement is made that "Porto Rico's territory is more densely populated than any other portion of the Western Hemisphere."

You give the population of Porto Rico as 378 to the square mile. If this is correct, it may interest your readers to know that there are several territories in the Western Hemisphere which are much more densely populated than Porto Rico. Bermuda has over 1,400 to the square mile, Barbados about 1,000 and Carriacou more than 500.

Catskill, N. Y., September 22

ALLEYNE IRELAND

## Editor's Troubles

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No man that can indorse a Catholic for office can edit a paper for me. I must part with *The Nation*.

Peach, Texas, September 5

J. N. DAVIS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Drop my name from your list. The article about Hoover and the Whispering Campaign is enough to disgust any fair-minded person.

St. Louis, September 25

HATTIE GOODING

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mrs. G. T. Packard's subscription will not be continued. She agreed with Mr. Villard in his article in the November 30th issue of *The Nation* upon the undesirability of a presidential possibility who drank too much for his own good. There is nothing left but to part company.

Philadelphia, Pa., September 16

MRS. G. T. PACKARD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read and re-read your editorial "Should Liberals Vote for Smith?" in *The Nation* for September 26, to find cogent reason for your attitude. How can a truly liberal paper fail to indorse the candidate of the Socialist Party, the only party that has for its chief aim the creation of a new economic order based on production for use instead of for profit?

Brooklyn, N. Y., September 25

LOUIS EPSTEIN



# International Relations Section

## The Filipino's Land

By ANDRES V. CASTILLO

THE Philippines are essentially an agricultural country and for a number of decades to come the main reliance of the people will be on the products of the soil. A program of economic exploitation must face the problems of agriculture, and with the problems of agriculture is closely intertwined the question of land ownership. Who shall own the land and who shall cultivate it? Is small-land proprietorship compatible with economic progress in the Philippines? Is large-scale farming better for the country than the present system? These are some of the questions that must be answered.

Governor General Stimson has shown solicitude to effect a rapid economic exploitation of the Philippines. Through his initiative investigations of various aspects of the economic life of the people have been undertaken. Lyman P. Hammond spent nearly three months investigating the economic conditions of the Islands. Another investigation on the financial condition of the country, with special reference to banking, is being carried on by a New York economist. The result of the Hammond investigation points to the need of large capital and a kind of cooperation known as big business. That capital, American capital, is needed to carry on a vast economic program has been conceded by Americans as well as Filipinos. The reasons why American capital has not come to the Philippines as it should have never been made clear. Various reasons have been advanced, the most important the unsettled political status of the Islands and the fact that the land and corporation laws do not permit the entry of American capital as in Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and various countries of Central and South America.

The economic program of Governor Stimson calls for a revision of these laws so as to permit the coming of capital on a large scale. It has been said that these laws are antiquated and America has long abandoned the legislation upon which the Philippine acts were patterned. In other words, American capital would come to the Islands only with big land grants—beyond what the present laws permit. Mr. Stimson says in his message that "what capital demands and what it has a right to expect is safety of investment and the certainty of fair treatment under the law of the country where the investment is made." He recommends "a wise and conservative revision of the land laws, as well as of all the laws under which capital comes in contact with government," so as to insure the capitalists that the enterprise in which they invest their money will be fairly, justly, and equitably treated by the officials.

To discover the merits of such a plan let us go back to a segment of Philippine history. During the Spanish administration the Philippines, like all the Spanish colonies in America, was divided into *encomiendas* under the charge of an *encomendero*. These large tracts of land, usually the most fertile part of the country, were the counterpart and survivals of the manorial system in England. The feudal system with all its pristine tyrannies did not spare the Philippines. The friars owned large agricultural areas with all the privileges and immunities from taxation accorded

to church property. The question of the friar lands, which amounted to 400,000 acres, was one of the main causes of civil disturbances during the Spanish regime. The Americans came in 1898, and with their idealism and altruism these abuses were corrected. Mr. Taft issued the now famous dictum "The Philippines for the Filipinos." Congress embodied that pronouncement in its act of 1902. This act, among other things, provided for the transfer to the Philippine Government of all property and other rights in the Philippines acquired by the United States from the kingdom of Spain through the Treaty of Paris. Section 15 of this act authorized the granting or sale of public agricultural lands by the Philippine Government in amounts of not more than 16 hectares (40 acres) to a person or 1,024 hectares (2,530 acres) to a corporation. Sales were to be conditioned on occupancy, improvement, or cultivation of the land. The Jones Law of 1916 amended Section 15 of the act of 1902 by increasing the allotment to an individual from 16 hectares to 24 hectares (54 acres). In the case of a corporation the allotment is the same.

The present land law of the Philippines is very liberal indeed. Any citizen of lawful age of the Philippine Islands, or of the United States, and any corporation or association of which at least 61 per cent of the capital stock, or of any interest in said capital stock, belongs wholly to citizens of the Philippines or of the United States may purchase a tract of public land not to exceed 247 acres in the case of an individual and 2,530 in the case of a corporation. Public lands may also be leased, 2,530 acres in both cases. Leases last for twenty-five years and can be renewed for another twenty-five years. If improvements have been accomplished to the satisfaction of the Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources, another twenty-five years can be granted. The rental of leased land is 3 per cent of the appraised valuation, subject to appraisal every ten years from the date of the approval of the contract. Lands sold are appraised by the Director of Lands with the approval of the Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources. The appraised value is to be at least equal to the expense incurred by the government. Citizens of foreign countries may buy land not in excess of 247 acres with the express authorization of the Legislature.

It has been argued that under the present land law rubber, sugar, and other products exported to foreign countries cannot be produced at a profit because of the limited acreage allowed by the law, and there has been an agitation on the part of big business to make the Filipinos change existing legislation so as to give a chance to big corporations to come in and exploit the natural resources. In the light of the testimony of persons engaged in the rubber industry in the Philippines, such a demand is unjustified. Dr. James W. Strong, vice-president and general manager of the American Rubber Company of Mindanao, writing in the *American Chamber of Commerce Journal* of June, 1926, makes this interesting observation:

There is no reason why America cannot grow her own rubber in the Philippine Islands under present conditions. The present land law permits the buying of 2,500 acres and the leasing of an equal amount. This area is a good economic unit. Were it permissible to hold larger areas, they would certainly be split up into smaller sizes for advantageous management. Why not start it off in this way?



# PROPHETS TRUE AND FALSE

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A book of timely portraits, as daring and lively as they are pertinent to this presidential year. Hoover, the "Supersalesman," is there, and Al Smith, "Governor Extraordinary," and all the other figures of the year's political drama. Mr. Villard's book is confidently recommended to all who wish to meet some politicians without their masks. \$3.50

## *Some Comments from the Press*

Mr. Villard is one of the finest analytical writers on politics now alive.

*Charleston (S. C.) Post.*

All are like portraits drawn from the life with exact knowledge and from a personal experience of public life almost unrivalled among present-day journalists.

*Manchester Guardian.*

It matters not whether or no you find yourself in agreement with Mr. Villard, for he is stimulating even when most antagonistic.

*Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.*

Each of these sketches is concise, colorful and trenchant. From every standpoint they are models of biographical study.

*Buffalo (N. Y.) Times.*

. . . these portraits are singularly illuminating. They are shrewd, discerning, informed, and extremely well written. They are indeed a refreshing contrast to the mountains of twaddle usually written about the figures in American life.

*New York Sun.*

So thorough is his knowledge of the men and events he discusses that a reading of this volume is almost like reading a political history of the past two decades.

*Norfolk (Va.) Virginia Pilot.*

More than being merely one of the most brilliant journalists we have today, Oswald Garrison Villard is an unusually shrewd observer of human nature. It may be that the latter qualification is essential to the former; whatever the case may be, he possesses both, a fact to which the candidly drawn word portraits in "Prophets True and False" attest.

*Milwaukee (Wis.) Journal.*

One comes away from "Prophets True and False" with an enhanced respect for its author and a wealth of provocative information.

*New York Herald Tribune.*

It is high praise to say it, but I do not see how a serious student of personalities and policies in present-day American public life can afford to neglect reading this most important and readable book.

*Birmingham (Ala.) Age.*

Mr. Villard is shy of rhetoric, but he knows very well how to write. He gets his effects simply, but with the quiet assurance of an old journalist. Few men of his time have known American politics and politicians better than he, and none has dealt with them in a more illuminating manner. He is not impartial, thank God!

*Henry L. Mencken in The Nation.*

Alfred A. Knopf



Publisher, N. Y.



An American sugar planter, Francis J. Cooper, writing in this same publication in February, 1928, claims that sugar cane could be grown profitably on a plantation the size of which is a little over 100 hectares (225 acres). The report of the committee authorized by Congress to investigate rubber growing in the Philippines entitled "Possibilities for Para Rubber Production in the Philippines" reads in part:

The present land laws, designed to retain a diffused land ownership, do not lend themselves to large corporations in rubber lands. Nevertheless, moderate-size plantations are possible with foreign capital and, moreover, the small native planter might become a producer of important further supplies.

The Governor General draws largely from the experiences of America for methods to attain a more rapid economic development of the Islands. He wants to introduce large-scale production controlled by big business to carry out his economic program. Economic development by way of big business, now in vogue in America, would not necessarily succeed in the Philippines or elsewhere. What is the hurry in the exploitation of the natural resources of the Islands? A sudden change in the economic life of the people not followed by a corresponding change in their habits, manners, and customs will prove disastrous.

The land laws of the Philippines today afford equal treatment to Filipinos and Americans; they give equal opportunity to all and special privileges to none. What the Governor General wants is a piece of legislation protecting big capital, which means the doom of the average and individual business man. In other words, he means to say just what the Republican Administration in the United States has said, that the government should take care of those at the top and they will take care of the rest. "Profitless prosperity," charged against the present Administration in America, as shown by the prosperity of the big corporations and the decay of the average business man, would arrive in the Philippines. The Governor General is working toward exacting the same terms as the United States got in Liberia—a monopoly of the agricultural and financial opportunities of the country. Mr. Firestone asked the Filipinos three years ago for big land grants for rubber production, but the Philippine Government refused to pass the necessary legislation.

A program of vast economic development brings with it the problem of labor. How would the Filipino laborers fare in this economic system? Philippine labor would have to face foreign competition. Right at the door are the hungry and unemployed millions of China seeking employment. The exclusion act also applies to the Philippines, but it is also a fact that the Chinese continue to come to the Philippines through Borneo and other back doors in spite of the law. The cheap labor afforded by the Chinese would prove to be a strong temptation to American capitalists whose profits would necessarily depend upon cost of production, the most important item of which is cost of labor.

The land laws of the Philippines are designed to encourage and preserve the small farmer, the ordinary people, the backbone of the nation. The spirit behind the laws is to build a nation of small landowners, which is fast being realized, and to eliminate the absentee landlord. We need not scan the pages of industrial history long to find the abuses of the plantation system. Conditions in Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and some countries of Central and South

America should not be overlooked. These countries are economically exploited to the highest degree, but what is the economic, political, and social status of the native inhabitants? They simply labor for the foreigner's profit, work for another man's gain.

## Contributors to This Issue

W. G. CLUGSTON is a Kansas journalist.

GEORGE P. WEST is a writer of California.

MORRIS L. ERNST and WILLIAM SEAGLE are New York lawyers.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD has just published "Travelling Standing Still."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is the dramatic editor of *The Nation*.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY, author of several books on the theater, writes on motion pictures for *The Nation*.

CLARENCE E. CASON is a university professor.

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S. K. RATCLIFFE is an English journalist, now on the staff of the *New Statesman*.

WILLIAM MACDONALD frequently reviews books on American history for *The Nation*.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN reviews books regularly for *The Nation*.

CARL VAN DOREN is the author of "The Ninth Wave" and the editor of the Literary Guild.

KUNO FRANCKE is professor emeritus of German literature and culture at Harvard University.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS contributes frequently to *The Nation*.

MARK VAN DOREN is publishing this fall a third book of poems, entitled "Now the Sky and Other Poems," and an "Anthology of World Poetry."

B. H. HAGGIN is studying music in Europe.

ANDRES V. CASTILLO, a Filipino, is a graduate student at Columbia University.

## □ T H E A T E R □

EMPIRE Theatre, B'way, 40 St. Eves., 8:30.  
Matinees WED. & SAT., 2:30.

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## □ D I N N E R □

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SOCIALIST CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT

Contributing Editor of the Nation

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Robert Morss Lovett, Chairman.

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# Supporting AL SMITH



**T**O realize the good that is in him, what Governor Smith needs is not warm sympathy, but immediate and effective support—in other words, lots of votes. If he is not elected, progressives, in so far as they are responsible for his failure, will have proved blind and false to the one man who at this moment is capable of putting an end to the post-war stagnation of political opinion and to issue new marching orders to American Government.”

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## Some Notable Fall Books

### BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS

- Agate, James. *Rachel*. Viking. \$2.  
 Alexander, Ryllis Clair. Ed. *The Diary of David Garrick*. Oxford University Press. \$8.50.  
 Asquith, Earl of Oxford and. *Memories and Reflections, 1852-1927*. Little, Brown. 2 vols. \$10.00.  
 Barrus, Clara. Ed. *The Heart of Burroughs's Journals*. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.  
 Belloc, Hilaire. *James the Second*. Lippincott. \$4.  
 Bertrand, Louis. *Louis XIV*. Longmans, Green. \$5.  
 Beveridge, Albert J. *Abraham Lincoln 1809-1858*. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. \$12.50.  
 Bie, Oscar. *Schubert, The Man*. Dodd, Mead. \$3.  
 Boas, Ralph and Louise. *Cotton Mather, Keeper of the Puritan Conscience*. Harper. \$3.50.  
 Boyd, Thomas. *Simon Girty*. Minton, Balch. \$3.50.  
 Canot, Captain. *Adventures of an African Slaver*. Boni. \$4.  
 Chapman, Guy. Ed. *The Travel-Diaries of William Beckford*. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. \$12.50.  
 Church, Richard. *Mary Shelley*. Viking. \$2.  
 Chotzinoff, Samuel. *Eroica*. Simon and Schuster. \$3.50.  
 Curle, Richard. *The Last Twelve Years of Joseph Conrad*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.  
 Dorr, Rheta Childe. *Susan B. Anthony*. Stokes. \$5.  
 Drew, John. *My Years on the Stage*. Dutton. \$3.50.  
 Drinkwater, John. *Charles James Fox*. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$5.  
 Dupré, Henri. *Purcell*. Knopf. \$2.50.  
 Edwards, W. E. *The Tragedy of Edward VII*. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50.  
 Falstaff, Jake. *The Life of Rabelais*. Doubleday, Doran. \$5.  
 Farington, Joseph. *The Farington Diary*. Vol. VII. Doubleday, Doran. \$7.50.  
 Federn, Karl. *Richelieu*. Stokes. \$4.  
 Fife, Robert H. *Young Luther*. Macmillan. \$2.  
 Flower, Newman. *Franz Schubert*. Stokes. \$5.  
 Forester, C. S. *Louis XIV*. Dodd, Mead. \$4.  
 France, Anatole. *Rabelais*. Holt. \$4.  
 Fuller, Robert H. *Jubilee Jim: The Life of Colonel James Fisk, Jr.* Macmillan. \$5.  
 Fülöp-Miller, René. *Rasputin, The Holy Devil*. Viking. \$5.  
 Geer, Walter. *Napoleon and His Family*. Vol. III. From Moscow to St. Helena. Brentano's. \$5.  
 Goldberg, Isaac. *The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan*. Simon and Schuster. \$5.  
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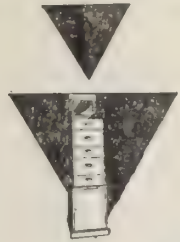
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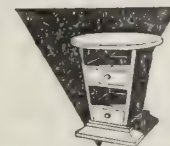
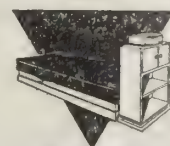
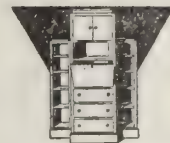
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Lecture by Dr. G. F. Beck on:

- |             |  |
|-------------|--|
| Oct. 7..... | Parsifal (Medieval).                     |
| 14.....     | Paradise Lost (Milton).                  |
| 21.....     | Dante's Hell.                            |
| 28.....     | The Book or Play of the Month.           |
| Nov. 4..... | Dante's Purgatory.                       |
| 11.....     | Dante's Paradiso.                        |
| 18.....     | The Twilight of the Gods (Scandinavian). |
| 25.....     | The Book or Play of the Month.           |
| Dec. 2..... | Thus Spake Zarathustra (Nietzsche).      |
| 9.....      | The Wandering Jew (Medieval).            |
| 16.....     | Don Quixote (Cervantes).                 |
| 23.....     | Cupid and Psyche (Apuleius).             |
- Admission to above 25c.

7:15 P. M. American Inter-  
national Church Service.  
Address by Dr. Chaffee on:

Labor Temple Night—Special  
Program  
Churches and Politics.  
Is Jesus Any Guide for Today?  
Moral Issues in this Campaign.  
The Kellogg Pact—Does it Out-  
law War?  
Moral Gains and Losses Since  
1918.  
Belief in Immortality—Does it  
Matter?  
American Imperialism—Fact or  
Myth?  
Is the Church Slipping?  
Can a Social Revolution Come  
Without Violence?  
Science and God.  
Christmas Program  
These addresses will be preceded by  
a brief Organ Recital by Stanley A.  
Day, Labor Temple Organist.  
Admission to above free.

8:30 P. M., Labor Temple  
Forum: Speakers and dates  
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Labor Temple Night—Special  
Program  
Dr. G. F. Beck.  
Harry A. Overstreet.  
V. F. Calverton  
Speakers for Four Political  
Parties.  
Senator Royal S. Copeland.  
  
Zechariah Chafee  
  
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# Fall Book Section

## The Literary Critic as Expert<sup>1</sup>

By MORRIS L. ERNST and WILLIAM SEAGLE

**W**HENEVER a book believed by most sane men to be an honest work of art is suddenly suppressed as "indecent" under our obscenity laws, many men of letters can be heard to say that the fiasco might have been avoided if the determination of such matters were left to qualified literary opinion. The literary critic as expert has been urged during the Boston book massacres as he was in the days when "The 'Genius'" and "Jurgen" came under the ban. It has been observed that it is impossible to imagine the suppression of these books by men of letters. The judicial tests of obscenity may be poor, but it is asked if part of their inadequacy does not lie in the very fact that they are judicial. Judge and jury are not fit to pass upon an author's work, but critics are equipped to make delicate distinctions. Standards of literary criticism should not be intrusted to amateurs. A writer is not judged by a jury of his peers when he is judged by an ordinary petit jury. Thus the argument runs.

In so far as the appeal to the literary critic involves the alternative of censorship in advance by a Committee of Authors and Publishers (whether such a censorship is voluntary or compulsory) his exclusion under the present system, it will be agreed, is much to be preferred. But how if the critic is not to act as censor but is simply to be called as an expert witness in a subsequent criminal obscenity trial, and asked his opinion of the challenged book as a work of literature? The obscenity laws are to remain, but prosecutions under them are to be ameliorated by the presence of the literary critic to guide the judge and jury. At first glance, the critic as literary expert appears to have a great deal to recommend him. It seems absurd that a work of literary art should be judged not by literary standards but by the rules of the criminal law which for the most part exclude them. Nevertheless, the compromise presented is an impossible one. The difficulties are both practical and theoretical, leading to numerous inconsistencies of position. There are to be considered the limitations of aesthetics, the limitations of individual critics, and the limitations of the legal system.

When the critic is called to the stand and declares that a book is "obscene" or not "obscene," he must be presumed to base his conclusion upon some standards. A doctor taking the stand as an expert can be examined as to the symptoms of a disease he has diagnosed in a patient. If the critic is to act as expert, he must be prepared to make similar explanations. Naturally, he will rely upon the canons of aesthetics, and will ask: "Is the book art?" Certainly, if aesthetics were a science, it should be able to limit the boundaries of the obscene. Its definition is of such vital moment to literature that one might have expected Anglo-Saxon critics especially to have devoted themselves to formulating a solution to the problem in terms of a system of aesthetics. But it is only necessary to recall the theory of art for art's sake as the leading contribution. The trouble

lies in the fact that aesthetics is only a pseudo-science. Many a critical utterance as to the nature of "art" is highly ingenious but not very illuminating. A judge may have his shortcomings, but generally speaking he is far less generous in his dispensation of words than men of letters are. Except when moral fervor has interfered, the canons of construction have usually been kept more rigorous than the canons of aesthetics. All aesthetic speculation leads into mysticism. A great deal of it is charming and upon emotional levels affords satisfactions that are doubtless indispensable. The question is simply its authority for juristic purposes.

At once the first sacrifice of consistency is perceived. Most of the criticism of the obscenity laws has come from rebellious men of letters. They are the ones who are constantly saying that the standards of the obscenity laws are "subjective." They never tire of asserting that there is no uniform sense of the "obscene" and are always asking (of course, rhetorically) if it is so easy to recognize "the moral sense." Having delivered themselves of very scathing remarks concerning the "Comstocks" and the "Sumners" at their corner speakeasies, the critics depart for their studies and begin to explain to their publics the nature of "art," the conditions of "significant form," and the way to recognize immediately "the aesthetic sense."

But it must be obvious that art, too, is highly "subjective." For any number of judges who have defined "lewd" as "lustful," there are any number of critics who have defined "art" as the possession of "the aesthetic sense." But "the aesthetic sense" is no clearer than "the moral sense," and the test of "art" is as indeterminate as a working principle as is the test of "morals." The test of art is simply a highly organized complex composed of the difficult and far from exact tests of sincerity, truth, and intention. The appeal is simply from one mystery to another. One has only to consider the well-known remark of George Meredith that if a novel "is deeply conceived, it cannot be immoral." One has only to read some modern essays on the aesthetics of the obscene to discover that the greatest variety of attitude exists among critics as well as judges. A great deal naturally will depend upon a critic's position in the different aesthetic camps. Aesthetics, it is true, once offered some semblance of finality when few dared to dispute Aristotle's doctrine of katharsis. But literary authoritarianism is past and impressionism is the prevailing mood of modern criticism.

True, at times there have not been wanting critics who could infallibly recognize the obscene. "For the moral tendency of books," once observed John Ruskin, "no such practical sagacity is needed to determine that. The sense to a healthy mind of being strengthened or enervated by reading is just as definite and unmistakable as the sense to a healthy body of being in fresh or foul air." Again, John Erskine has remarked: "Well, if it is obscenity we war against, by all means root it out, for it can be recognized at a glance." But each of these instances of critical dogmatism has its

<sup>1</sup> From Chapter XI of "To the Pure . . ." a study of censorship soon to be published by The Viking Press.



special irony. Whistler's suit for libel against Ruskin for calling one of his nocturnes "a pot of paint flung in the public face" may well stand as a general warning against debating art in the law courts. Some time after Mr. Erskine declared that obscenity could be recognized at a glance, he published "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" only to have it denounced by Rabbi Wise in a public sermon as "moral filth" and "corruption."

The history of literary criticism is full of confusion upon the subject of literary decency. Thackeray, who deplored the loss of the freedom of the days of Fielding, nevertheless excluded Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem Lord Walter's Wife from the *Cornhill Magazine*. Robert Buchanan, who attacked Rossetti so savagely, was one of the warmest defenders of Walt Whitman. Swinburne, whose "Poems and Ballads" shocked England in his time, was himself shocked by Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," but on the other hand defended the language of Aristophanes. Emerson asked of Shakespeare: "What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy?" But Coleridge observed: "Decency is a gift of reason and morals, as indecency is rooted in nature and passion. Shakespeare's words are too indecent to be translated."

The enthusiasm for the literary critic is predicated fundamentally upon the erroneous assumption that all critics are "good" critics. From this point of view a "good" critic presumably is one who is less sensitive to morality than to art. It is a common delusion derived from such object lessons as Marlowe, Villon, and Wilde to regard writers as a class as immoral. There is as little reason to look upon them as Olympians free from the prejudices of their times. The Victorian critics exhibited the same nausea as the middle class over what one of them called "the Ptolemaic system of sex." Charles Lamb held Fletcher's "The Faithful Shepherdess" to be "unfit for boys and virgins." Robert Hall found the moral tales of Maria Edgeworth debasing. Henry James accused Maupassant of picturing "a world where every man is a cad and every woman a harlot." Wendell Phillips remarked upon looking into "Leaves of Grass": "Here be all sorts of leaves except fig-leaves." The whole period in this country was perhaps best summed up in William Dean Howells's matter-of-fact observation: "Generally speaking, people now call a spade an agricultural implement."

If it is true that modern men of letters are on the whole freer from the preoccupations of decency, it must be remembered that members of the old guard still live to uphold Victorian standards. There is a group of writers which is almost regularly quoted in the literature of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice and of the Clean Books League: they are such erstwhile rebels as Hamlin Garland, Irving Bacheller, and Edwin Markham. Many authors refused to sign the protest against the suppression of "The 'Genius'" even as in 1923 others refused to join in the protest against the suppression of "Jungen." Professor Linn of the University of Chicago went so far as to call Cabell "a prosperous and affected pseudo-litterateur." His self-righteousness was equaled only recently when Professor Bliss Perry, speaking at a dinner of the Watch and Ward Society, referred to George Moore as "a satyr in his seventieth year."

There still remains the intelligent and liberal critic who can perhaps be trusted. When he understands, however, the only manner in which he can function as an "expert,"

he will not be very eager for a call. The limitations of the legal system interpose. As at present constituted it is unfortunately not adapted in any way to the adjudications of problems of literary art. The bewilderment of critics at present when they are called to testify in plagiarism suits should serve as ample warning. In a criminal obscenity trial a great many more ludicrous turns may be expected when the critic presumes to take the stand as expert. A light-minded public prosecutor might make a great deal of the preliminary examination of the critic's qualification for "expertness." A doctor's, an engineer's expertness is easily established. But the state does not yet license poets, novelists, or literary critics. What will constitute an "expert" in literary criticism? Will it be inclusion in "Who's Who" as an author? Will the proffered critic have to be a member of the Authors' Club? We may yet hear a public prosecutor thunder in Part I, or VI, or XIV of the criminal courts as jurors and bailiffs listen agape:

"Do you mean to say you believe in art for art's sake?"

"What do you mean by 'art'?"

"Have you ever reviewed a book of the prisoner either favorably or unfavorably?"

As the critic will have to act as expert in the present criminal courts, he will be bound by its rules of evidence and procedure. These fairly require that if the indicted author or publisher is permitted to call literary critics to testify, the public prosecutor also be allowed the privilege. At once the literary critic as expert proves to be such a boomerang that one wonders why all the forces of morality have not hitherto united to welcome him with open arms. When the secretary of a vice society is put upon the stand, a decent-minded jury can be often made to feel that he is a literary spy and informer who is trying to make trouble for a reputable publisher. The cross-examination reveals the unpleasant tactics of vice-hunting. But with the literary critic as expert the defense would be in a much more difficult position. After it had called its radical critics, the prosecution would begin to call its conservative critics, and there might appear upon the scene Professor Bliss Perry or Professor Linn to say that the challenged book was very bad art and detrimental to morals. The effect upon the jury can well be imagined. If professors of literature in our higher institutions of learning denounced a book, it must obviously be criminally obscene. The verdict will be guilty.

Of course, the conservative critic might not necessarily think that the book should be suppressed. But again the rules of evidence would hamper him. The way the book should be treated would be a conclusion of law for the court and jury. When a psychiatrist is on the stand upon an issue of insanity in a murder trial he is allowed to say that he thinks the prisoner sane or insane, but it is beyond his province for him to add that he should or should not be hanged. Similarly the critic would not be able to state his whole position. The critic who thought a book bad art would be in a deplorable situation indeed. If he valued literature above the obligations of his oath he would simply have to lie. For instance, would Mr. Heywood Brown, who said in reviewing "Jungen" that "In the hands of Cabell the joke becomes a bar-room story refurbished for the boudoir," say the same thing upon the stand?

It is unnecessary to repeat all the general objections to trial by expert in the law courts—the modern equivalent of wager of law and wager of battle. It is significant that



the testimony of literary critics is also excluded in France and Germany, which have been more tolerant. The judge as literary critic certainly leaves much to be desired. But the confusion would only be increased when men of letters trooped before the criminal bar to save one of their number from the fell clutches of the law. It is undoubtedly desirable that judges and juries should proceed in as civilized a manner as possible, but it is better that they get their aesthetic appreciations elsewhere than in court. The fundamental incompatibility of the artist's and moralist's positions makes it idle to attempt any reconciliation. The assumption of the obscenity laws is that it is morality that is endangered, and if this is true, then it is obviously no answer that the ends of art are being served. The point is not that a book be judged by this standard or that but that it be not judged at all. It is only when the need for censorship is admitted that there can be any question of the literary critic as expert. His admission may spell an enlightened Puritanism but it is Puritanism none the less. The issue must be squarely fought until the case of either the moralist or the artist is invalidated.

## Remembering Vaughan in New England

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

I saw reality the other night  
By New England moon-light.

All of my life, living had been  
One, or another, kind of dream.

Now nothing festooned itself between  
Me and the substance of moon-beam.

The land is honest, small, and swept  
Bare as a barn-yard floor

In winter. And no third thing crept  
As it had, times before.

No feeling its mist to intervene;  
No inner thought to warp,

I stood: And behold, the trees were lean,  
And lo, the hills were sharp.

Moon's no ephemeral faint stuff,  
First seen, painted upon

Windows and walls—it is yellow as dawn,  
After dream, it is marvelous rough,

Coarse as hoar-frost—texture no dream  
Can invent.

Cut my vague dreams away!

Moon in New England, O pure moon-beam,  
Let it be day.

## The Nihilism of Remy De Gourmont

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN 1921 Harcourt, Brace and Company published under the title "Decadence" one volume of selections from the work of Remy de Gourmont. About that time he was enjoying a considerable though somewhat esoteric vogue in America and his name was being invoked by the more "advanced" writers and readers in an awesome way not unlike that in which the name of Paul Valéry has been more recently cited. Since that time several of de Gourmont's books have been issued here in what appeared to be a rather random and aimless fashion, but his cult seems to have dissolved and to have illustrated by the rapidity of its dissolution the fact that the tastes of the intellectual are not always very much less changeable than those of the vulgar.

Now Richard Aldington has prepared two large volumes\* which illustrate the whole range of de Gourmont's work and which afford to the reader ignorant of French his first opportunity to form anything like a just estimate of the work of one of the most distinguished critics of our time. The skill of Mr. Aldington's excellent translation is shown especially by his success in the difficult task of preserving the sharpness and the force of various detached *pensées*, and to gain or to renew an acquaintance with the critical and philosophical side of de Gourmont's genius through these pages is to be convinced that the indifference with which he is now generally regarded in America can hardly be due to any absolute defects in his work.

Certainly he deserves a place alongside of Anatole France in the great line of French skeptics, for if he lacked France's felicitous facility, and produced nothing so brilliantly easy as the latter's most popular tales, he had a far wider intellectual curiosity and a more strictly original genius. The two men were alike in cultivating doubt until their skepticism was Pyrrhonicly absolute and in professing the most uncompromising Epicurianism in the realm of ethics, but de Gourmont was less often content than was his more popular contemporary merely to ring stylistic changes upon the commonplaces of his sect. France, indeed, seldom wandered far from his few simple themes. He regarded with complete indifference all the fields of human knowledge which have been opened up since the Renaissance and he stated his eternal problems in terms hardly different from those which Lucian employed. De Gourmont was, on the other hand, for all his professed love of paganism, as completely modern as Anatole France was timidly pseudo-classical. Since nothing which could be made the subject of analysis was indifferent to him, he went to science in search of the new weapons which science had forged for the use of the skeptic but which France never attempted to wield, and with them he attacked the faiths of the modern world in the very terms in which those faiths were stated. His central contention that there is no Truth as distinguished from the Truths which various men have variously held was the same as that of France or of any other absolute skeptic, but the route by which he reached it was dif-

\* "Remy de Gourmont. Selections from All His Works, Chosen and Translated by Richard Aldington." Illustrated with Photographs, Drawings, and Woodcuts by Andre Rouveyre. Two Volumes. Covici-Friede. \$10.



ferent and so also is the whole intellectual background against which his mind worked. Unlike France he made full use of the fact that Darwinism gave the satirist's trick of identifying human with animal traits an apparent cogency which it never had before, and when, for example, he dismissed the attempt to presuppose a meaning to existence by asserting that life has no purpose except its own preservation, he was drawing, not upon the speculations of an ancient philosopher, but upon the argument which Schopenhauer documented with facts drawn from the data upon which the theory of natural selection was based.

The difference in temperaments was, moreover, no less marked than the difference between the fields of study which the two men chose. For France, the exquisite voluptuary, intellectual pessimism was the key which made accessible various delicate delights for mind and body. He could cultivate pleasure as the pagans cultivated it and he could achieve something of their lightness of heart. To de Gourmont, on the other hand (as to most nineteenth-century pessimists), loss of faith in any ultimate meaning of existence brought with it a certain depression of animal spirits and made of him a recluse. It would seem, indeed, that while the *a priori* skepticism of ancient times was joyous, the documented doubt of naturalism is almost inevitably dreary, and de Gourmont, for all his reiterated assertion that the sense of freedom which a profession of nihilism brings is the most precious thing which man can achieve, felt to the full this dreariness of the natural world. "I think," he said, "that we should never hesitate to bring science into literature or literature into science; the age of fine ignorance is gone." And yet the result of his determination to be rational and informed about everything was to destroy the meaning of the very conceptions in which he was most interested. Plagued by the conviction that man is, even at his best, only a rather complicated animal he could, for instance, write:

Beauty is so certainly sexual that the only undisputed works of art are those which show the human body in its nudity. By its perseverance in remaining purely sexual, Greek sculpture placed itself for all eternity above dispute. It is beautiful because it is a beautiful human body, like that with which every man or every woman would wish to unite to perpetuate themselves according to their race.

And yet he got only a bitter satisfaction out of so absolute a statement, for naturalism, which begins by seeming only an invitation to eat, drink, and be merry, ends by depriving the guest of his appetite. Having committed himself to the exclusive cultivation of rationality, reason itself convinced him that the pleasure which it recognized as the only good was not to be had through the reason and thus he was brought face to face with a dilemma which he never solved: "Man is an animal who has the privilege of watching himself act; and the older he is in civilization, the more cultivated he is, the more delight he takes in watching himself." But "consciousness contaminates the will," and it is the will, not the consciousness, which leads one to do things worth the watching.

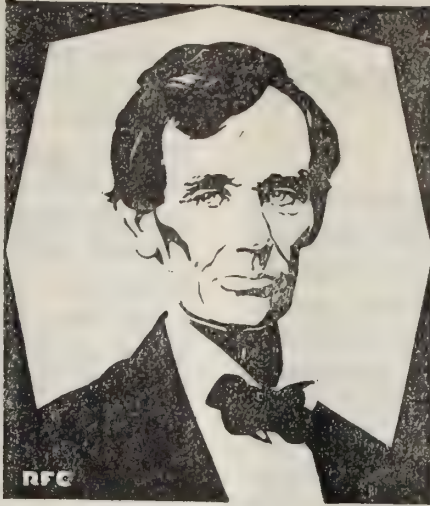
Probably no one touched nineteenth-century thought at more of its crucial points than de Gourmont did, and probably no one furnishes a better epitome of its tendency. The name—"dissociation"—which he gave to the object of his favorite intellectual process might, indeed, be used not inappropriately to describe the whole effect of scientific rationalism so far as general social, moral, and

aesthetic ideas are concerned. He loved to cut through a whole complex of ethical conviction with a single stroke by remarking, for example, that the major part of the current conception of sexual morality was based upon a merely arbitrary association of the idea of "pleasure" with the idea of "procreation," or through a whole complex of social enthusiasms by pointing out that "political liberty" was generally celebrated by people who associated it quite unjustifiably with "individual freedom." And when he did so he was merely reducing to a formula the most characteristic process of nineteenth-century thought, since, to choose two simple illustrations, the whole task of Nietzsche was to dissociate the idea of "virtue" from the idea of "self-negation" and the whole task of Ibsen to dissociate the idea of "rectitude" from the idea of "respectability."

It is true that when he attempted to assert rather than to deny de Gourmont himself had to depend upon associations no less arbitrary than those which he attacked in others. Distrusting socialism he was capable, for example, of ridiculing a specific proposal of some radical platform of his day ("Suppression of bounties for capability") by assuming that it implied the untenable proposition "one man is as good as another," and he did not stop to consider that his argument was based upon a by no means inevitable association between the idea of "capacity or virtue" and the idea of "reward or recompense," which he accepted but which his opponents did not. To say this is, however, merely to say that no conviction is possible except upon the basis of some preliminary associations without which every fact and every idea is separate from every other and no thought concerning them possible. It was indeed toward such a completely fragmentary mental world in which no fact had any relation to any other fact and no conclusion could be drawn from any premise that de Gourmont was headed, and with him were going all those who had learned from him, from Nietzsche, or from others the technique by means of which all tablets may be broken.

Doubtless it is the very fact that de Gourmont so adequately represents the tendencies of his time which is responsible for the lack of interest in his work manifested by the present generation. To say that he was, for a brief period, regarded with a superstitious awe like that now accorded in some quarters to Paul Valéry is to suggest how unfashionable his particular kind of thought must have become, since the new watchword "synthesis" is the exact opposite of that "analysis" which de Gourmont sought everywhere to effect. His enthusiasm for doubt and freedom and his hatred of "standards" and absolutes no less than his contempt for "pure" metaphysics and his determination to reduce all aesthetics and all morality to psychological and physiological principles, stand at every point in opposition to the aims and principles of those contemporary intellectuals who are endeavoring to erect structures to replace those which he tore down. In truth one could hardly go much further in his direction. Even skepticism must be supplied with beliefs to dissolve and even the Nihilist must be supplied with affirmations to be denied. Nor is it likely that there will ever be a permanent lack of either. New faiths will be generated, new associations made, and new tablets written. The very fact that his weapons are capable of destroying at least many of them is good reason why no strenuous efforts will be made to keep those weapons from being forgotten.





# Abraham Lincoln

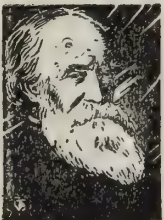
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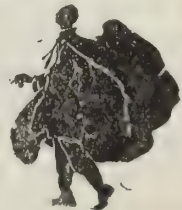
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# The Future of the Movies

By ALEXANDER BAKSHY

THE movies of today are a vast industry supplying the nations of the world with a standardized, machine-made entertainment. The standards are those demanded by the world market which the industry serves. Consequently they are inevitably determined by the lowest common denominator of the movie-consuming intelligence of the moment. It is said that the American "hick" is the arbiter of taste who dictates the fashions of Hollywood, because today his appreciation of a picture spells its success or failure. The time does not seem to be far off when this proud position will be held, probably, by the humble Kaffir or Hottentot of the movie-civilized kraals of Africa, whose intellectual and moral reactions to the unhappy ending, for instance, will then be carefully studied, with the help of charts and diagrams, in the selling and producing offices of Hollywood.

On the other hand, even if the future Napoleons and Genghis-Khans of Hollywood, to spread their world dominion, do develop respect for the Hottentot ideal vamp, or perfect lover, or man-about-town, it is just as possible that their efforts will have as little influence on the production of worthwhile movies as they have today when these valiant gentlemen "realize their lifelong ambition" of putting this or that popular classic on the screen. It is one of the gratifying signs of the present situation that leadership in the art of the movies seems to be definitely passing into the hands of the smaller producers who meet with ever-growing and already ample support of cultured people all the world over, because the standards of quality, and not those demanded by the world "boobery," are the standards governing their work. In this respect it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the so-called "little-theater movement," and particularly of the home movies, both of which promise an assured outlet for the work of the independent artist. Judging by the trend of the present development it is quite likely that the future movie will be largely an entertainment at home obtainable either through a broadcasting station or, for the more discriminating, through a film library supplying films, probably printed on paper by the colotype or photogravure process, and at prices only a little higher than those at which books are sold or hired today.

More, however, than in the question from whom and how we shall be getting our movies we are interested in the mystery of the future movie itself. What is it likely to be? Will it be all talking, or all silent, or mixed? And what will be its forms, and how will it affect the theater of the live actor?

In so far as the talking picture is concerned there can be not the slightest hesitation in saying that it is bound to oust and supplant, in the field of popular entertainment, both the silent picture and the theater of living actors. The silent picture will give up its present position of dominance simply because the talking one has a more obvious and more easily workable means of carrying dramatic appeal to the audience. And the theater of live actors will have to go into retirement because the talking movies, technically developed as they are certain to become in time under the stimulus of competition in the same field of entertainment,

will outdo the theater in all those effects of representation, whether naturalistic or "artistic," which stand for so much in the eyes of the average playgoer. There is no need to shed tears over the coming substitution of a machine for the live actor. The machine does not dispense with the actor, and is entirely subservient to the will of the artist. But the danger of the machine is that it is just as subservient to the will of any boob who may have enough money to buy it. And when it comes to money it is seldom the artist who has enough of it, as one observes by the condition of things in Hollywood. The danger of the talkies, therefore, is merely the danger of the Hollywood methods submerging completely even the not particularly inspired methods of Broadway.

There is one consolation left to those genuinely concerned in the future of dramatic art whether on the stage or on the screen. The industrialization of the popular forms of drama will leave the artist free to concentrate on those qualities of his medium which contribute most to the creative potency of his work. In the theater the artist will emphasize the direct contact between the actor and the audience, and the fact that the play is actually performed on the stage in front of a number of spectators who have gathered there for that special purpose. In the talking movie, in so far as the independent artist will have the opportunity of handling it, he will develop the combination of speech and picture in which the dramatic effect will depend on the unique and complementary qualities of both. And, finally, there will be the silent movie—the movie in the strict sense of the word—in which the artist will continue to express himself through the various forms of visual movement—forms the wealth and significance of which are still but dimly realized even by the most venturesome among the artists.

How greatly underestimated the resources of the silent movies are is revealed in the present stampede of Hollywood producers for the talking movies. Through sheer technical as well as artistic incompetence, in spite of all the big talk that comes from Hollywood, the American film producers have suffered an inglorious defeat in their effort to sustain the drawing power of the silent picture. With the growing popularity of the so-called system of "presentation," the motion-picture houses have been more and more changing into regular vaudeville theaters. The talking picture has now delivered the coup de grace, and the Hollywood silent movie can be seen taking the full count, with its seconds shouting "foul" and swaggering in the usual manner about its hidden prowess. Nobody will put any trust in the ability of Hollywood to come back, though attempts, and well intentioned ones at that, will undoubtedly be made here and there. But it is Hollywood and not the silent picture that has suffered defeat. The silent picture is perfectly able to stand up for itself, provided it is allowed to use its full force and to fight in its own way.

The metaphors of the ring are more appropriate here than may seem at first glance. The photoplay, after all, is a form of drama, and dramatic effects are essentially impacts on the emotional sensibility of the spectator, with the dramatic climax playing the part of the knock-out blow which in the popular phrase "brings the house down" (nothing less than the whole house, be it observed). The cold sweat which follows this experience must be that consummation of dramatic thrill which Aristotle calls "catharsis." All this seems pretty elementary and obvious. And yet even



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these axioms of dramatic art are persistently ignored by the producers of movie drama.

The classic example of such blindness one finds in the case of William Randolph Hearst, the gentleman who according to his recent biographer lost \$7,000,000 in furthering the art of the motion picture. Of course, anybody who can lose \$7,000,000 can lose \$7,000,000. But for Mr. Hearst to have done so in making screen drama seems hardly believable. We know how he made his great fortune. He did so by *dramatizing* information in his newspapers. He bent his every effort on one main purpose, which was to attract the reader's attention, to strike his imagination, to rouse his emotions. He knew that the appeal had to be made to the senses, and so he applied "sensationalism" in the form of lurid stories and shrieking headlines. There may be some who still believe that information should be supplied pure, or at least with not more than 1½ per cent of intoxicating dramatic content. That is, of course, a matter of personal preference. The fact remains that as a dramatizer of news Mr. Hearst was supreme. And now observe Mr. Hearst as a producer of screen drama. According to his biographer "everything had to be *real* with Hearst. If the script called for the ladies of the ensemble to wear Irish lace, Belfast was asked to send entire bolts of its best and most costly hand-woven product. The result often was that . . . plays that should have cost two or three hundred thousand dollars actually required two or three millions."

This was the extent of Mr. Hearst's sensationalism in the movies: real Irish lace, and, one assumes, real silks and velvets and emeralds and pearls. Was this used to attract the attention of the spectator, to hit his eye, to rouse his emotions? No, it was just "art," which in Mr. Hearst's understanding obviously did not mean drama. Ah, what an irony of fate! Here was a man, perhaps one of the greatest masters of our age in the art of playing on human emotions (whether base or noble is a separate question), a man who not only knew all the old tricks of the game but who enriched them with a thousand of his own—and this man, when he came to deal with the screen drama, forgot all about his sensational stunts, his banner headlines, his four-inch type, and the innumerable other devices with which he assailed the public. Instead he spent a goodly fortune in providing real Irish lace and real this and that, as if it mattered two pins whether they were real or not.

If ever there was a case of genius misapplied and wasted, Mr. Hearst's was one. The silent motion picture, which cannot shriek and cannot bang, must learn to shriek and to bang with silent images. It must adopt Mr. Hearst's methods of sensationalism. It must learn the uses of emphatic statement, of dramatic accent—not of those produced with the help of music and sound devices, which would be like pasting miniature rattles in the places in the newspapers where bold-faced headlines should be. But to give dramatic accent by changing the form and the position of the visual image on the screen—this would be the way of sensational makeup in the newspaper, and the way of drama on the screen.

To demand this from the movie artist is to demand an emotional or dramatic progression which is represented by a combination of all the basic movements of the medium welded into a single dynamic pattern. Some of these movements have already been pretty thoroughly explored and effectively turned to dramatic uses. The principal one is

that of the independently moving objects. Human beings, animals, automobiles, trains, rivers, and waves have all movements which can be manipulated and organized to fit a certain pattern. Here one finds effects of tempo and rhythm in the actual movement of objects. In "The Big Parade" and "Potemkin" we see these effects very skilfully and forcibly exploited for dramatic purposes. Contrast in the direction of moving objects is effectively brought out in the abstract picture "Ballet Mecanique," and even more so in the German film "The Symphony of Berlin," in both cases, however, without much dramatic significance.

Another important form of movement is contributed by the combined movement of the camera and the film. It may result either in merely effective camera angles, as in "The End of St. Petersburg," or in a certain fluidity of the visual world which, as in "The Last Laugh" and especially "Sunrise," renders it more malleable to dramatic effect. The so-called close-up, which is a special type of camera angle said to have been introduced by Griffith, is extensively used in Hollywood, alas, without any reference to its dynamic or dramatic significance. There is an important problem here which will be solved only when the relationship between the scale of the object, its absolute size and the size of the picture, is thoroughly studied.

But perhaps the most revolutionary change in the form of the movie will be brought about by treating the screen itself as an arena of dramatic movement. Considered at present so devoid of merit that it is usually hidden behind a curtain, the screen in the movie theatres of the future will be the most important part of the building. It will occupy the largest area architecturally possible in the theater, and it will be used for effects of movement obtained by changing the position of the picture, by changing its size, and, finally, by employing simultaneously a number of separate subjects which are organized to form a single dramatically dynamic pattern. There are already many evidences pointing in this direction. The device called magnascope, demonstrated in "Old Ironsides" and "Chang," indicates the dramatic possibilities of mere enlargement. Abel Gance in France, in his picture "Napoleon," obtains the effect of overwhelming grandeur by using a triptich screen with a simultaneous projection of three films. King Vidor in "The Crowd" puts one picture inside the other to give a realistic representation of the thoughts passing through one's head. And, finally Murnau in "Sunrise" combines a number of different sequences within a single frame in order to convey a symbol. We are thus on the threshold of a new development. It is suggested by both practical and artistic reasons. Most narrative subjects reviewed in single file, so to speak, have to be ruthlessly pruned to conform to the requirements of time. On the other hand, there are stories which cannot be properly appreciated unless they are unfolded simultaneously along their several and interweaving channels. For such material the contrapuntal or symphonic treatment seems to suggest the only effective dramatic form.

There is yet another possible development of the motion picture drama in which the screen in its bodily form is likely to play an important part. Like the theater artist of today, the movie artist is confronted with the problem of pure cinematic entertainment. So far this problem has been attacked, with considerable though incomplete success, only in the pictures of Charlie Chaplin, where it finds its partial solution in the superb and purely conventional



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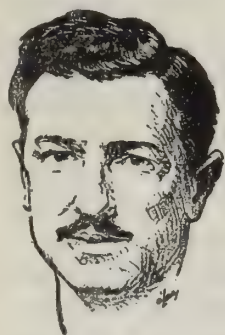
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acting of Chaplin himself. But Chaplin is an exception. Nor are his pictures quite consistent, since his method of frank entertainment extends only to his own acting. To be completely cinematic and at the same time theatrical, the motion picture must appear as nothing but a motion picture which is exhibited on the screen to provide a dramatic entertainment before a spectator. It will be able to do so only if it treats the screen not merely as an inert canvas but as the actual bearer, in fact, as the very locale of the dramatic development portrayed in the picture.

When the motion picture reaches this stage of complete liberation from aiming at effects of illusionistic representation, and proclaims itself openly as a means of dramatic entertainment, it will stand revealed before the admiring spectator as the wonderful mechanism in which profound experiences are given almost tangible form through the magic combination of lighted objects, the camera, the film, the projector, and the screen. Such will be the final glory of the silent movie drama, unless the latter be killed in its coming fight for existence by its quickly growing and rapaciously inclined little brother—the talking picture.

## Literary Bushwhackers

By CLARENCE E. CASON

I HAVE 319 books for sale. They are not much good, and I shall expect only a little money for them. They are all collections which college professors have compiled to sell to helpless members of their classes. I have paid freight on these books twice. They have occupied ninety of the 1,800 cubic feet in my study for a period of six years. Simple calculations demonstrate that the space thus occupied has cost me \$144, not including the expense of dusting, which has been enormous.

The original cost of these books was practically nothing. All but seventeen of them were presented to me by hopeful authors (if one should call them authors) or by publishers desirous of adoptions within my jurisdiction. If I can get \$60 for the entire outfit I shall subscribe to three magazines, buy the complete works of two legitimate authors, enjoy four trips to the theater, and dine twice at a famous restaurant I have in mind.

I have felt it incumbent upon me to compose a sort of epitaph for these literary bushwhackeries, for tomorrow the drayman comes; and I shall soon have quotations from a second-hand dealer. It is my desire to establish unity, coherence, and emphasis among my notes regarding these books. Seventeen of the freshman rhetorics are agreed that such steps should be taken. As an only token of respect to the departing members of my library, these *fundamental* principles (three of the rhetorics say *cardinal* principles, but *fundamental* wins by a majority of fourteen) shall be partially observed. Were it not that I have for several years been bothered by certain insurgent thoughts, I should not dare to write such an epitaph on a perfect afternoon of Indian summer.

During these last days it has irked me beyond relief to find by explicit calculations that college students in the last year have paid a little more than \$3,000, and that professor-editors have cleared slightly over \$450, on stories

written by Edgar Allan Poe, stories for which Mr. Poe himself received about \$97 in all.

Reference to the current *Publishers' Trade List*, and an assiduous use of pencils and paper pads, discloses the fact that there are on the market 1,453 reprints of English and American literature designed by college professors for use in their classes and those of their friends. The average length of these books is 255 pages; the average amount actually written in each book by the royalty-drawing professors is 11 pages—including introductions, prefaces, indices, explanatory notes, proofs that the book "fills a long-felt need," selling talks, and other devices supposed to make the volume singular and authentic. Average retail price is \$1.90; average royalty, 15 per cent.

The contents of the books in each class—essays, stories, poems, individual authors, or what not—are as imitative as sheep. Any professor with a passable background in his field could design such a book in an afternoon, complete his selections after dinner, find copies of the material between classes the next day, assemble introductions and notes while the classes are doing written exercises, and be fresh and free for church on Sunday morning. At some convenient time later he could have a brace of young instructors read proof sheets, and so be done without a dissolving loss of time and creative energy. Say he sells 2,000 copies during the first year; with a 15 per cent royalty \$570 drops from the sky. And to the mere money add the fun of having jealous colleagues forced to use the book and the exhilaration of seeing one's name stamped in gold on the back of texts being carried everywhere about the campus.

One might conclude that the process of selling the world's best literature to one's students on a 15 per cent commission might, with respect to ease of operation and unencumbered profits, be favorably compared with the sophomore's established custom of selling seats in chapel or dormitory radiators to newly arrived freshmen. Such, however, is not the case. The compilation itself is simple enough, and the matter of obtaining a publisher—after adoption—is routine. The real skill, of course, is needed in gaining adoptions for the prospective book. And the grace here demanded is no mean thing.

It has been my late pleasure to examine thirty-two collections of short stories aimed at college classes. Calculations show that they contain an average of twenty-nine stories each, that the mean length is 485 pages (of which the editor writes 31.2 pages), and that they wait upon purchasers at an average price of \$1.60. These collections were used last year, circulars and personal letters inform me, in 317 colleges and a few high schools. Allowing 100 buyers for each institution, I find that the cost to students was \$50,720. The editors gained approximately \$7,608, or about \$238 each. Four out of these twenty-one editors have written and profited from original fiction; the others find it more advantageous to be experts in the general field.

Among these 928 stories there are, if my mathematics is correct, 1,490 duplications; that is, if every book is compared with every other book, it will be found that an average of three stories are repeated in each case. Either *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *The Mask of the Red Death*, *The Cask of Amontillado*, or *The Pit and the Pendulum* is in every one of the books. The same is true of Dr. Heidegger's *Experiment*, *The Great Stone Face*, *The Ambitious Guest*, or Mr. Higginbotham's *Catastrophe*; and of *The Necklace*, *The Piece of String*, *The Little Soldier*, or *Hap-*

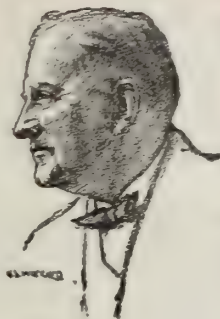


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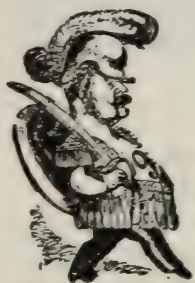
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piness. The stories of Stevenson, O. Henry, Bret Harte, Kipling, W. W. Jacobs, and Irving are repeated again and again. Reasons for these duplications are not far to seek.

Reasons for these duplications are not far to seek. In the first place, if a fair number of favorite titles is not found in any proffered collection it would be idle to try to persuade the committee that such a book really contained short stories. In the second place, copyright laws and privileges are influential: an editor does not, under any reasonable circumstances, wish to pay anything for a story. That is why so many second-rate stories of modern authors are found in the college books.

Though undoubtedly there is a considerable amount of sport for the amiable gentlemen who gather together bits of fiction over rainy week-ends, the amount of money wasted in the present methods of this pleasant business is rather serious. If the money spent in paying printers to duplicate story after story were in some way saved, there would be enough in a few years to build several quite noteworthy college halls. But who is interested in building college halls when it is possible to have one's name in gold on the back of a handsome green book?

So long as authors' agents, writers' magazines, and romantic instructors continue to persuade large proportions of all freshman classes to be story writers, we shall be blessed with comparatively few compilers of other persons' essays. Yet let no one believe that the essay field is to be despised. As a matter of fact, most college classes read more essays than stories. Out of a book of thirty stories the class might actually read about six; but out of a book of thirty essays a class might be asked to read as many as ten or eleven.

In my pile of volumes awaiting the second-hand dealer are twenty-two collections of essays. Some are labeled "English" and some "Modern"; there seems to be a struggle between the two, as to which shall get the trade (rival sales talks flourish in the introductions). All the English essays are practically the same—*Spectator* papers, Poor Relations, Roast Pig, Sweetness and Light, Compensation (few Americans make the grade), Aes Triplex, On Going a Journey, Of Truth, Of Studies, and in the preface the gripping account of how Michel de Montaigne in 1580 retired to his cylindrical country house and wrote the first "Essais." The modern essays contain expositions chosen mainly from the current magazines (which, incidentally, pay for them), selected by professors who doubtless compensate for their indicated enthusiasm by roundly aspersing journalism in their calmer hours.

Bushwhacking is also practiced widely in the field of individual authors. Suppose one is chairman of a freshman English course—the freshman courses not only present the largest number of prospects but also are compulsory nearly always—and wishes to have the class read "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" or "Vanity Fair." The chairman obviously finds it desirable to procure a special edition, with perhaps an introduction by himself. In such cases it is often far more profitable to compose introductions than mere novels themselves. From my pile of books there peers a "David Copperfield," and from the back of it one would hardly get the impression that Dickens ever had anything to do with it. The name, however, of the illustrious professor, who seems to have spread his talent over the first twelve pages, is more prominently displayed than the title.

Both bushwhackers and publishers regard spring and

fall as open seasons. During the summer many professors move away from their seats of power, and during the winter many reach the melancholy end of their indulgence. Circulars fly; committees ponderously weigh and select; and, prodded by innumerable bickerings, unabashed by wasteful and useless duplication, the game goes cheerfully on. One looks back to Tottel's "Miscellany" (1557) and to Percy's "Reliques" (1765) and must with charity allow that 250 years is too long for any practice to remain altogether respectable.

## Orthodox

By ROBERT BOOKER HUNT

Some one, I know, is hurrying to my door  
Whose feet are tipped with lightning, shod with wind,  
Dispatched to hush my rebel tongue before  
I loose ideas that beat against my mind.  
I see him in blue distance hastening on,  
Striking a stride that keeps apace with time.  
From never he strode forth when I was born  
To stop my lips and seal my urgent rhyme.

O what escape have I, who am equipped  
With bone that crumbles and with flesh that rots?  
What speed might this small spirit gain, though stripped  
Of comforting divinities it plots?  
And who shall wonder that I hold my tongue,  
Confine the blasphemies I might have sung?

## Books

### Asquith on Himself

*Memories and Reflections, 1852-1927.* By the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Little, Brown. 2 vols. \$10.

FROM the chair of a meeting in London some six years ago, an affair at which Philip Guedalla and A. G. Gardiner were discussing biography, H. H. Asquith declared, in reply to a demand that he should record his own life, that he had no intention of writing an autobiography, adding that he left such things to other members of his family. A few years later, we are now informed, Lord Balfour expressed to Margot Asquith the opinion that her husband ought not to neglect this duty, and, the pecuniary value of autobiographies having been abundantly proved, the last of the Liberal prime ministers agreed. Asquith had already done two things in this field. He had published a brief and formal statement on the genesis of the war, and had assembled two large volumes on "Fifty Years of British Parliament." In 1926, when he set to work upon the more personal task—if "personal" is a word to use in any connection about Asquith—he was already 74. He had been defeated in his final encounter with Lloyd George; he had ceased to be titular leader of the Liberal Party; his vigor had departed, and he was looking back from an invalid's chair upon the last margin of a great epoch.

It is obvious that in such circumstances as these Asquith could not write an autobiography. No later Victorian had less of the autobiographic temperament or habit. Product of a class that carries reticence to its extreme, trained in a school that was devoted to the gentlemanly tradition, he could not talk about himself. Asquith as Prime Minister was the despair of politicians and journalists. He would not play even the most refined game of publicity.



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Nevertheless, in the end he had to give way, or at any rate he tried to. There is internal evidence in these two volumes that Asquith had not much heart in putting down his "Memories and Reflections," and the suggestion has been made by at least one well-informed reviewer that the material embodied in the later sections may not have reached publishable form at the time of the old statesman's death. The book, however, is all Asquith: there can be no mistake about that. And, while no one could call it a good book, or a record in any sense commensurate in its subject's powers, place, and name, it contains not a little interesting stuff, and, needless to say, it must take its place as a source document.

In August, 1914, Asquith occupied the crucial position of the world. He was head of the British Government at the moment when the destiny of Europe hung upon the decision that had to be made in London. The Cabinet over which he presided contained all the important Liberal statesmen of England, with the exception of James Bryce. It had been engaged for eight years in carrying through a program of social legislation which progressives in other countries looked upon as setting a new standard. Among Asquith's colleagues in the Government were a few, among whom Winston Churchill was most conspicuous, who believed in the inevitability of a European war. There were others—notably Edward Grey—who hoped war was avoidable, but knew that if it came England would be in it. Asquith agreed with Grey, though there is no evidence that he had thought much about it. When, in the moment of the supreme crisis, he wrote down what he himself would have called the main and governing issues, he was clear in mind as regards certain things, as, for instance, that the neutrality of Belgium constituted an obligation and that, as Prince Lichnowsky did his utmost to make Berlin believe, England could not afford to allow France to be reduced to the level of a second-rate or third-rate Power. But it was not until July 24, 1914, one week before the German armies began to march, that Asquith noted in his diary the signs of a European crisis; nor did he know within twenty-four hours of Grey's momentous speech whether the Cabinet would vote for war or be rent in two. Until the morning of the fateful Sunday, the day upon which Grey uttered the first definite word to France, Asquith believed that if war were actually coming the Cabinet would split.

Read these pages indeed, make your way through the first half of the second volume, and you will be astounded at the Prime Minister's coolness, his complete detachment, his apparent insensitiveness. To Asquith, it would seem, all events and all public men were of about the same interest. If anything stirred him, it was at any rate impossible for him to show it in the written word.

Of course there is a certain greatness in this and beyond all question something that was of inestimable value for England in 1914-1916. The English mind is appalled when confronted with the thought that a Churchill or a Birkenhead might conceivably have been Prime Minister in 1914. (Needless to inject that he could not: the Providence that has watched over England and the United States would not have permitted it!) Nor did Asquith make any difference as the war went on. His enemies had resolved to remove him in May, 1915; he defeated them by inviting them into the Government. It took them another eighteen months to get him out. There is remarkably little here upon the policies of the war and the purposes of the Allies. But there is at least one new document of the deepest interest—a careful memorandum laid before the Cabinet by Lord Landsdowne just before Asquith's fall. It was written ten months earlier than his celebrated letter to the press, and contained the facts that seemed to portend a peace without victory, two months before Woodrow Wilson made use of the phrase. There is, however, one admirable revelation of Asquith's clearness of sight. In 1915 he observed that Winston Churchill was anxious for British annexations. "I believe," wrote Asquith, "that Grey and I are the only men who doubt and distrust any such settle-

ment. We both think that in the real interests of our own future the best thing would be if, at the end of the war, we could say that we had taken and gained nothing, and *that not merely from a moral and sentimental point of view.*" The words I have italicized have led some readers of "Memories and Reflections" to utter severe or contemptuous words about the statesman who wrote them. Why in the world? Asquith was convinced that for England to take or to gain anything out of the war would be mean, unworthy, un-English, as well as unwise. That, I suggest, should please us all. S. K. RATCLIFFE

## Beveridge's Lincoln

*Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1858.* By Albert J. Beveridge. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$12.50.

WHAT the late Senator Beveridge's final estimate of Lincoln might have been must remain, unfortunately, only a conjecture. The two volumes of biography that have now been published are only the first half of the four that he planned, and they bring the narrative down only to the close of the great debate with Douglas in the Illinois senatorial contest of 1858. Even the last chapter of the second volume was left without final revision, and a continuation of the story to the election of 1860, added to give the work an impression of completeness by leaving the narrative where Beveridge intended to leave it, is by an unnamed hand. One gathers, however, that if Beveridge had lived to finish the great task which he undertook, that, namely, of giving an "institutional interpretation of America" such as he began in his life of John Marshall, he would have succeeded in accomplishing at least two things. He would have sifted to the last straw the facts of Lincoln's life, and he would have shattered the Lincoln myth. That either of these things should need to be done more than sixty years after Lincoln's death is an illustration of the large fields that American historical scholarship has still to conquer, and a striking commentary upon the beclouding haze with which a sentimental people have been content to surround their national heroes.

From the standpoint of facts, these volumes are a monument of zeal and thoroughness. With a painstaking industry which seems never to have flagged, Beveridge has traced to its lair every name, date, incident, tradition, or assertion having anything whatever to do with Lincoln's early years, verifying, comparing, correcting, refuting, and reconstructing, massing the evidence in footnotes and setting out the results in the text, until one feels that here, at last, is the veritable truth of the matter. When, on the other hand, in the second volume, the period of the predominance of the slavery issue is reached, biography expands and becomes history, with Lincoln as only one of the figures. Fully a third of this second volume is taken up with a description of slavery as an institution and extended accounts of the compromise measures of 1850, the Dred Scott case, the Kansas-Nebraska Act, and the Kansas struggle—all, of course, true historical "background," but on a scale uniquely large.

And what of Lincoln, the Lincoln of tradition, after the work of research has been completed and the historical setting duly displayed? The story will not be altogether pleasant reading to those who have been accustomed to seat Lincoln from his youth among the gods. The myths are scattered right and left as Beveridge sweeps the field. There was no midnight reading as a boy by the fireside, and no thorough reading of anything later, notwithstanding that reading was long the great preoccupation. Lincoln showed no early interest in slavery, spoke against both slavery and abolition in the Illinois legislature in 1837, denounced mob violence at the time of the Lovejoy murder without mentioning Lovejoy, and supported the Mexican War without discussing its bearing upon slavery. He began his political life as a Jackson Democrat, became a Whig in 1830 largely, it would seem, because of his liking for Clay



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and his interest in internal improvements and banks, made but little impression, and that unfavorable, during a term in Congress in which his associates were mainly Southern Whigs, delivered an anti-Administration speech which was bitterly assailed in Illinois but ignored at Washington, was not called for as a speaker in the 1848 campaign, and went to New England, where he made political speeches, on his own account and not by invitation.

Meantime, while unmistakably advancing as a politician in his State, his mind had become affected. The exciting cause, as Beveridge expounds it, was apparently the tangled love affairs which eventually ended in his marriage to Mary Todd, a silly virago whose outrageous conduct he was to repay with touching patience and devotion; but his nature was melancholy and secretive, and his flood of stories and enlivening talk rolled along against a background of mental gloom. Somewhere, somehow, there emerged out of an unfavorable past certain instincts of a gentleman, but he remained throughout incredibly careless of his personal appearance, lazy and unmethodical in his temper and habits, and a dispenser of stories too vulgar, often, for the printed page. Politically, Beveridge places the turning-point at October, 1854, when Lincoln, in his Peoria speech in reply to Douglas, for the first time publicly denounced slavery. Three years before he had been opposed to the repeal of the Fugitive Slave act, and in 1853, in replying to Douglas's Richmond speech supporting Pierce, had made at his own request a speech in which he discussed "none of the real and very grave questions of the day," and which Beveridge pronounces "the strangest written and published utterance of his life." Not until the senatorial campaign against Douglas was under way did Lincoln, apparently, begin to find himself intellectually. When, at the Republican national convention of 1856, he received more than a hundred votes for President, the possibility of attaining the office dawned upon him, and what he said and did thereafter is to be considered with that ambition in mind.

This was the Lincoln whom the Republicans were shortly to make their leader, and who, after his death, was to be ranked by public opinion as one of the greatest Americans. Here, however, one must stop. What Lincoln became after 1860 will always overshadow what he was before, but no man, even in the greatest crisis, can ever break wholly with his past. It will be matter of profound regret that a book so learned, so masterly, so mercilessly dispassionate, and so well written must remain only an imposing fragment. The best that could be hoped for is that some later historian, with the ground of Lincoln's earlier career prepared as Beveridge prepared it, may with equal ability and masterfulness carry on the story to its end.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

## Cable and Fine Wire

*Strange Fugitive.* By Morley Callaghan. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

*The Children.* By Edith Wharton. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

**N**EITHER of these books, taken individually, remains very long with the reader, and both, it is perhaps safe to state, represent minor efforts on the part of their authors; but read in conjunction with each other they furnish a double springboard from which to launch some interesting comparisons.

Mr. Callaghan is a pat example of a good, hard-boiled writer. He is typical of a rapidly growing school. One can trace quite clearly in his work the things the school has rejected: variability or beauty of style, complication of character, neatness of construction, the exposition of a thesis or problem, the intrusion of the author's point of view, and—most important of all—the division of his personages into sympathetic and unsympathetic characters. In "Strange Fugitive" the world is the world of the tabloids, divested of romance. Jerry Trotter, the

protagonist, is a primitive being with sufficient power of reflection to be uncertain about his desires, which are mainly reducible to money, power, and women. By a series of steps, too rapid and schematic to be quite real, he rises from the position of unsuccessful foreman in a lumber yard to the estate of bootlegger king. The extension of his blind will-power to power is accomplished, as is usual in such cases, by a diffusion of his sex awareness. He leaves his wife but is sufficiently uneasy in his mind to be unhappy away from her. The denouement of the story is straight cinema: sawed-off shotguns, racketeers' battles, and the brutal abrupt murder of Jerry. The entire story is conceived in terms of incident and told in a cold, vernacular prose. As has probably been remarked before, it is Hemingway carried to the point of absurdity. The style is so expressionless that it is insufficient even to project the simple figures of Jerry and his wife and their universe of bootleggers, prostitutes, and gunmen. The characters are conceived as primitive and animal: but by a curious irony they turn out to be artificial, almost dreamlike. We cannot believe in them, even as we cannot believe in the murderers and gunmen served up to us in the tabloids.

Turn to Mrs. Wharton's latest novel and you seem to step into another world. A minute ago there was nothing but blind pigs, onion sandwiches, smuggled whiskey, assault, brutality, murder, bestial lust. All this—signifying naught. Vicious energy in action, from which nothing is to be learned, no morals are to be drawn. Then, in a moment we are whisked into the Riviera with its cocktails, American millionaires, decadent heiresses, a deracinated and tired cosmopolitan society, chattering, twittering—and divorcing. Plenty of problems here: the problem of the children of divorce, the problem of the ageing woman, the problem of a rootless transplanted American society. These are not people merely coolly noted by a reportorial mind, as in "Strange Fugitive," but a group carefully selected and elaborately maneuvered so as to bring into sharp focus a set of ultra-civilized social dilemmas.

There is a corresponding difference in style. Mrs. Wharton, ever mindful of the Master, still glitters, winds, and surprises. Her paragraphs are all shows of subtlety, whereas Mr. Callaghan works equally hard to show us he has nothing up his sleeve, that he has whittled his prose down to the bone. In both cases the effect is unsatisfactory. There is a point at which directness transforms itself into banality and a point at which refinement becomes mere meticulousness.

Similarly with the question of the point of view. Mr. Callaghan, the fashion-plate hard-boiled novelist of 1928, has none at all. His characters undergo no interpretation, no criticism. The corollary is that his characters are neither sympathetic nor unsympathetic. You neither like nor dislike Jerry. Indeed, this particular result of the objective method is in modern fiction becoming so significant a factor that an entirely new attitude toward novels is becoming established. The query, Did you like the book? no longer has any meaning in terms of our identification with any of the characters. This sweeping change becomes clearer still when reference is made to Mrs. Wharton's book, which, true again to the Henry James formula, is careful to build up a character (intelligent, sympathetic, and essentially colorless—the regulation Henry James hero) through whose eyes the story, or rather the problem, is seen and who is obviously at times the mouthpiece of the author. The function of such a character is to provide for the reader a resting-place for his sympathies, to make the reader feel at home and comfortable and certain that he understands completely and judges sympathetically all that is going on (although, of course, it is the hero who is really doing this for him).

Curiously enough, however, the two books, apparently so dissimilar, are alike in their final emotional impact. Mr. Callaghan's world is so simplified and stripped that it becomes an abstraction and we believe in it no more than we believe in the crude truths which daily journalism offers us. On the other hand, the complexities of Mrs. Wharton's universe, which is a



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universe of enormous wealth and enormous decadence, are so foreign to most of us that they become merely farcical. (Parenthetically it may be remarked that the farcical possibilities implicit in the novel are not developed as fully as they could be: healthy absurdity is sacrificed to "thoughtfulness" and "the problem"). It is as impossible to believe in Mrs. Wharton's divorcées and precocious hotel children and ex-movie-star marchionesses as it is to believe in Mr. Callaghan's steely-eyed gunman, lush-limbed kept women, and steak-eating truck-drivers.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

## Marlowe Mysterious

*The Assassination of Christopher Marlowe.* By Samuel A. Tannenbaum. Privately Printed. New York: The Tenny Press.

THEY keep on killing Marlowe in new ways. The Puritans of his own days had it that he was killed by their private island God for loose living and looser thinking. The romantic dramatists and story-tellers of the past century delicately embroidered his tragedy with chivalrous motives and with Stevensonian—not to say Cabellian—gestures. J. L. Hotsen seemed, two or three years ago, to have discredited both these methods of romance by producing the report of the coroner who sat upon the case, with some associated documents, and showing that Marlowe died at the end of a drinking-bout, at the hands of a man who was defending himself against the poet's own dagger. But now comes Samuel A. Tannenbaum with an argument to the effect that Marlowe was, after all, the victim of a plot—only, of a plot so large and dim as to have been hitherto overlooked by all the investigators.

Briefly, Mr. Tannenbaum holds that the plot goes back to Sir Walter Raleigh. Thomas Kyd, arrested on charges of atheism (with other charges), believed that Marlowe had informed against him to the Privy Council. Kyd had therefore accused Marlowe of being himself atheistical and of being the companion of certain men of quality who shared his theological opinions, and moreover were in secret communication with King James of Scotland. Marlowe was under arrest, but had not been confined to prison, presumably because the Council knew that he was an agent of the Queen and of Sir Francis Walsingham. The men of quality had less to fear from Kyd, who was not a member of their circle, than from Marlowe, who was. They therefore took the shortest way with the difficulty, had Marlowe murdered by three rogues, and saw to it that the coroner found out only what he was told. Raleigh, the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Northumberland, and Sir George Carey may have been, indeed, pained by the sacrifice of a man whom they had taste enough to consider a fine poet; but they were realists, and it is unlikely that they ever claimed that the murder hurt them more than it hurt Marlowe.

Mr. Tannenbaum's argument is necessarily intricate and hypothetical. It really depends, however, upon one point: the contention that the coroner's report was falsely rendered. The wounds described, various medical authorities have assured Mr. Tannenbaum, would hardly have been fatal. But may not the coroner have been merely unscientific? The evidence taken, Mr. Tannenbaum points out, was not taken very exactly. But may not the coroner have been negligent? Was not Marlowe, a tavern-haunter, as likely to have gone to Deptford Strand solely to drink with the three rascals as to have been lured there to be murdered? Is it easier to find a finished plot in the whole affair than to view it as a chapter of ironical accidents? Different natures will no doubt judge differently, and there can be no final judgment without further and better information. Nevertheless, it is possible for one who naturally suspects accident more often than he smells tragedy to conclude that Mr. Tannenbaum has made a very good case.

CARL VAN DOREN

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## The German Outlook

*Politische Prognose für Deutschland.* Von Willy Hellpach. Berlin: S. Fischer.

*Deutschland, das Herz Europas.* Von Ernst Jäckh. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt.

*The Effect of the World War on European Education.* By Fritz Kellermann. Harvard University Press.

**M**ARKEDLY dissimilar as are these three books in weight and volume, and widely divergent as is their scope, they are all three symptomatic of the wave of sanguine and daring idealism which, as a reaction from military defeat, has swept with constantly increasing force through German thought ever since the breakdown of the old order.

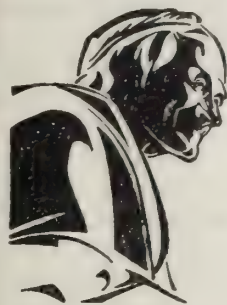
By far the most ambitious and comprehensive performance of the three is Professor Hellpach's attempt at a prognosis of German political life of the future. In large-mindedness and versatility there is something of a Keyserling in Hellpach. A pupil of Wundt's, a doctor both of medicine and philosophy, he devoted the decade before the war to research in anthropology, sociology, neurology, psychiatry, served during the war in military hospitals both at the front and at home, after the war took charge of the Institute for Social Psychology at the Karlsruhe Polytechnic, entered politics as a member of the Democratic Party, became Prime Minister of Baden, won the nomination of his party as Presidential candidate at the primaries of 1926, but retired after the election of Hindenburg to the comparative quiet of a Heidelberg professorship. That a book by such a man upon the great public questions confronting the Germany of today should be crowded with striking ideas and original views is not surprising. Perhaps one might say it is overcrowded with them. There is something bewildering in the flood of affirmations, informations, suggestions, negations that burst upon us throughout the book, from a sharp refutation of the racial unity of the German people to a brilliant characterization of the mental traits of all its different tribes, or from a doctrinaire condemnation of voting by party ticket as undemocratic and demoralizing to the serious proposal that Frankfurt should be paired with Berlin as twin capital of the empire. With all its theoretical vagaries, however, the book is held together by one central idea and one supreme practical aim: the proof of the necessity and the possibility of making the German democratic experiment a complete and lasting success.

Is it true, as has often been affirmed, that the Germans are by nature an essentially unpolitical people? For an answer to this question Hellpach points to the last ten years. Here was a people threatened by its victors with national extinction, suffering from hunger and cold, impoverished and disarmed, torn by dissensions, without any leaders of unquestioned greatness, without any universally recognized governmental authority, facing disintegration into a multitude of political fragments. What were the forces which led from this anarchical state of 1918 to the Weimar Constitution, the withdrawal of the Ruhr invasion, the stabilization of the currency, and finally to Geneva and Locarno? Hellpach enumerates four as the principal forces.

First, the bureaucracy of the old regime. Had the old monarchical bureaucracy refused to function under the revolutionary masters of the day, complete disorganization of the empire and the states would have followed inevitably. Political instinct induced the bureaucracy to remain at their posts, even though this entailed a sacrifice of their own monarchical preferences. Second, the socialist trade unions. Had they given in to the demands of the extreme left, toward which their sympathies naturally inclined them, a bolshevist reign of terror would have been the inevitable consequence. Political instinct taught the unions to resist and to suppress every communist uprising, thereby rescuing Germany from the clutches of civil war. Third, the Catholic parliamentary leaders. Had the German Catholic Party given support to the separatist movements in Bavaria and the Rhineland—movements toward which com-

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mon ecclesiastical traditions seemed to dispose it favorably—the end of the German empire would have come. Political instinct impelled the Catholic Party to discountenance all such separatist movements, and thereby made it one of the chief strongholds of German unity. Fourth, the liberal party groups. If they, having for the most part been beaten at the polls, and therefore been reduced to a small minority in the Reichstag, had pursued a policy of sulking opposition, they would have seriously retarded the process of national reconstruction. Political instinct made them a most influential factor in furthering this process. For the most outstanding members of the various coalition ministries, and in fact the intellectual leaders of a new forward-looking German policy, have been liberals of the type of Rathenau and Stresemann.

A people—this is Hellpach's conclusion—which in time of direst need has shown such instinctive cohesiveness, such unerring sense for political necessity, such intuitive determination to make individual sacrifices and party compromises for the common good, has thereby proved its capacity for true democracy. The call of the future is to continue upon the lines so clearly and successfully marked out in these ten momentous years.

Professor Jäckh's little book—a collection of radio talks delivered at Berlin in the early winter of 1927—is concerned only with the foreign problems of German policy. Its lyric and seemingly chauvinistic title, "Germany, the Heart of Europe," is, as a matter of fact, meant to be the very antithesis of nationalistic sentimentality. It presents in a telling manner the central and unfenced-off position of Germany—geographical, economic, racial, intellectual—within the circle of its (now fifteen!) immediate neighbors; it brings out the inextricable and vital interdependence of this whole system of European political forces; and it draws from this situation conclusions about what seem to be the obvious demands of German conduct in international matters. Germany, unprotected by natural boundaries, without the possibility of alliances with other Powers, deprived of every means not only of aggression but even of efficient self-protection against foreign assault, intertwined with every financial, cultural, ethical interest of all her neighbors, must seek, and is seeking, fundamental safeguards of her national existence in moral international leadership.

The enlightening lectures on the effect of the World War on European secondary schools, delivered before the Harvard Graduate School of Education by Dr. Kellermann, Studienrat at Kassel, are mainly concerned with the German school reform set in motion by the Reichsschulkonferenz of 1920. They, too, are striking proof that defeat has had a truly liberating and liberalizing effect upon the German mind. For while both France and Italy since the war have restricted the programs of secondary schools to classicist and nationalist standards, Germany has internationalized them and introduced the greatest variety of possible courses of study from the whole domain of modern knowledge.

KUNO FRANCKE

## Mr. Bromfield on a New Tack

*The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg.* By Louis Bromfield. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.50.

FROM his first appearance in print, Louis Bromfield has known how to write a book that sounds like a major novel. We could settle down comfortably before a library fire to one of his four American panels, as we had in youth with Dickens and Thackeray, but as we could never again with Dickens and Thackeray, because of the long moralizings and sentimentalizings which somehow faded out of the pages twenty year ago but which sickly over the whole book today. We could settle down to it as we did later to the first Bennett and the first Galsworthy and the first Lawrence, although we no longer settle down with any of them. If, after we had



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settled down for an hour or so, we discovered that Mr. Bromfield had resorted to a rather youthful theatricalism to give his characters significance, if we realized that the smoothly flowing competent sentences, which sounded rather like reminiscent music, lacked more than a little of Trollope's wit and Jane Austen's pungency, we were still grateful to him for writing so much better and understanding so much more than most young novelists. We even went on reading him when the second and the third and the fourth novels proved to be no better, and only a little worse, than the first. But "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg" is something new—or almost new.

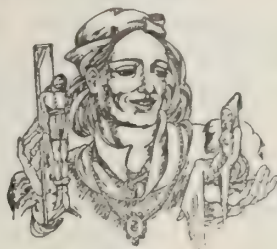
When Thornton Wilder launched "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" on an unbelieving world, he accomplished many unexpected things. Several volumes of commentary could profitably be written on the reception of this book. It overturned accepted gods; it restored forgotten ones. And among those it restored was the story. At the time of its appearance the reader who wanted a story must for the most part choose between the mechanical oblivion offered by detective yarns and the palpitant novels written for illiterate romantics. No self-respecting novelist, or almost none, told a story. On opening the pages of a self-respecting novelist one read long confused accounts of the thoughts that were supposed to pass through the characters' minds. Or one read long painstakingly accurate accounts of wholly trivial happenings, as that the hero got up in the morning, ate his breakfast, walked to the office, dictated to his stenographer, who had a wart on the little finger of her right hand—but one read no story. And so the literate took to reading biographies when they wanted to know about people and Willard Huntington Wright when they wanted suspense. Into this condition of affairs Thornton Wilder launched his "Bridge." Not content with telling one story, it told five. And now one of the best groomed of our young novelists spins a yarn for us. The result is equally delightful whether this is due to coincidence or represents cause and effect.

"The Strange Case" has much in it besides the story, of course. It has always been a merit of yarns that the man who told them could tell much besides. But in addition it has the story, put together with no little cunning, and told in that same flowing effective style that makes it sound like a major novel. One reads it through, resentful of interruptions. Quite as resentful toward the end, long after one has discovered that it is not, in fact, a major novel.

In seizing upon the story of one of those almost legendary prairie men who became God, almost legendary although they lived so short a time ago, and in bringing this story to bear upon the lives of a group of unsuspecting people in Italy, Mr. Bromfield has spun a yarn that shows its heels to any detective story I have read. The suspense is there, the plot is there, and the materials out of which plot and suspense are concocted are interesting in themselves. Cyrus Spragg was interesting as he journeyed across the prairies, preaching the word of God, and leaving children behind him at every cross roads. Uriah Spragg was interesting in his cruel atonements for his father's lecherous life. Annie Spragg was more interesting than either, since in her curiously inexpressive and yet potent nature the qualities of Cyrus struggled with those of Uriah. The Princess D'Orobelli and Father D'Astier were interesting. It was interesting to bring into juxtaposition, as Mr. Bromfield has done, the ascetic superstitions of Primitive Methodist Americans and the pagan superstitions still cherished by peasant Italians. Priapus throws a light on Cyrus Spragg, as St. Francis and St. Catherine do on Annie.

But the book is not a metaphysical discussion. It is not, like "South Wind," a compendium of ancient learning and modern interpretations. It is the story of the scars discovered on the body of Miss Annie Spragg after she died, of how they got there, and of who inflicted them. If in the course of reading the story one thinks of many things, of the closeness of religious ecstasy to the ecstasy that comes from love, and of the closeness of religious cruelty to the perversions that spring from

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love denied, if one encounters an amazing number of interesting people whose lives are closely affected by the strange case, all this is so much velvet which does not for a moment detract from the interest of the story, but which instead enhances the story.

And one realizes again that Mr. Bromfield is wrestling with a big talent. If other men of smaller stature are taken more seriously by those reviewers against whom he rages, perhaps it is because they have paused in their stride to perfect themselves. Granted that one traces on every page the literary influences that have worked on Bromfield, as one traces them in almost all writers of importance, granted that he went for a while to school to the same sibylline oracle from whom Mr. Anderson learned some of the tricks of his style, granted that Mr. Horace J. Winbery and Bessie Cudlip are reminiscent of the best English literary whimsical tradition, and that Mr. Winbery's nephew's interest in the mystery of Annie Spragg is reminiscent of Brother Juniper's interest in "The Bridge," and that the sprightly vivacity of the style sometimes falls down to the level of the first sentence of Aunt Bessie's Tale—"She was not a bad girl, not really"—granted even that Mr. Bromfield never writes any unforgettable sentences or phrases, or surprises us by unforeseen felicities, this is nevertheless an exhilarating, intelligent, often brilliant book. It reveals Mr. Bromfield clearly, as reviewers sometimes like to say in moments of human frailty, as one of the most important among American novelists. This fifth and latest book is much the finest of his list.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

## W. H. Hudson

*The Collected Works of W. H. Hudson.* E. P. Dutton and Company. Twenty-four volumes. \$192.

I HAD done my reading of Hudson in volumes of all shapes and sizes, and of all ages from 1885 to 1923, which last was the year when the posthumous work "A Hind in Richmond Park" appeared in America. And I had so associated the qualities of certain books with their bindings that when I saw their titles standing in the stately green row of this final edition I was both delighted and uncomfortable. Perhaps the old quality had gone with the old binding. But I had only to open, for instance, "Idle Days in Patagonia" to realize how well Hudson had stood the test of elaborate and beautiful publication. On the sixth and seventh pages I read this in the clear, spacious type he so perfectly deserves:

From the summit of the sandy ridge we saw before us an undulating plain, bounded only by the horizon, carpeted with short grass, seared by the summer sun, and sparsely dotted over with a few sombre-leafed bushes. It was a desert that had been a desert always, and for that very reason sweet beyond all scenes to look upon. . . . To my mind there is nothing in life so delightful as that feeling of relief, of escape, and absolute freedom which one experiences in a vast solitude, where man has perhaps never been, and has, at any rate, left no trace of his existence.

In that passage all of Hudson came back. It is, I think, the essential man speaking—the man who through twenty-four varied volumes and through a long series of friendships with some of the most interesting people in England remained gauntly alone, remained fiercely content with the world he had made for himself out of sand and tree and bird; out of almost everything, indeed, except man. The greatest literary naturalists—for another example take Thoreau—have loved solitude in some such way as Hudson did, and possibly for some such reason; solitude is the scene in which they come to life, the medium out of which they seem to walk and into which they would like to return. At any rate it is in those terms that I see Hudson. If it is not a whole view of this man who possessed so many parts, it is at least a clear view of him.

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He wrote seven volumes of fiction, among which are "The Purple Land" and "Green Mansions." But it is not important fiction because it is the work of a man who was not really interested in men. Such of it as runs into autobiography is good, as all Hudson's autobiography is good. For mostly he treated himself, whether explicitly as in his masterpiece, "Far Away and Long Ago," or implicitly as in the fifteen volumes of essays which he devoted to animals, landscapes, birds, and only incidentally men. The sixteen volumes together compose as impressive a record as I know of one man's walk across the earth. Hudson, first in South America and then in England, walked an earth whose desolation for him was redeemed as much as might be by the beautiful strange cries of birds—everywhere these are sounding through his books, everywhere he is stopping to hear them and to make one more effort to do them justice in the words he worked so scrupulously to employ. Other things are there—a shepherd and his dogs, a hind in the city, a puma in La Plata, a yew tree in Hampshire with the graves of a whole village beneath it, a vole that runs across the road, an adder on a warm stone, a farmer's wife who smiles and gives him tea—but when these things have had their say there remains the man who walked doggedly on with some secret in his soul and who endured the earth best when across the waste of a favorite marsh there floated the voice of a hidden, awaited bird. Hudson was a wise man who had read many books and whose own books are rich in the human way. His ultimate commentary upon humankind, however, is the value he set upon a pair of wings in a lonely sky.

MARK VAN DOREN

## Fiction Shorts

*Day's End.* By H. E. Bates. The Viking Press. \$2.

Twenty-five short tales by the author of "The Two Sisters," one of the most interesting of last year's first novels. These stories are frankly conceived in the tradition made famous by Katherine Mansfield. They are all short, poignant studies of little, frustrated lives, done with gravity and honesty. They fail to achieve real distinction largely because, while Mr. Bates's situations are invariably tragic, his people are not. They are too simply conceived and too briefly rendered. Mr. Bates's lean narratives remind one frequently of a dictum that seems obvious enough to be true: the trouble with short stories is that they are too short.

*Vasco.* By Marc Chadourne. Translated by Eric Sutton. Preface by Ford Madox Ford. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

An extremely interesting novel which is unfortunately spoiled by a misty-mystic conclusion. Here is perhaps the clearest presentation in modern fiction of the deracinated post-war young Frenchman. Vasco's restlessness, his escape-longings, his desire to absorb elemental quietness in far-off Tahiti, and his recurrent disillusion are all characteristic of France's lost generation. It is the powerful handling of this central theme rather than the accidental de-romanticizing of the South Sea myth which gives the book its arresting quality.

*King Akhnaton. A Chronicle of Ancient Egypt.* By Simeon Strunsky. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

Superficially this is a carefully documented historical novel dealing with the attempted political and social reforms of the "heretic king" Akhnaton and their tentatively tragic end. Actually it is a subtle *roman à clef* in which a parallel is drawn between the ideals of Akhnaton and those of Woodrow Wilson. We have learned to expect from Mr. Strunsky witty and incisive political analysis. We are not disappointed. As a novel, however, the book is not at all points satisfactory, suffering as it does from the great weakness of all *romans à clef*: our atten-

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tion is bifurcated—we are torn between our desire to follow the story and our eagerness to make the series of modern identifications which the author constantly suggests.

*Extraordinary Women.* By Compton Mackenzie. Macy-Masius. \$2.50.

Farcical variations on the theme of Lesbianism. Mr. Mackenzie's single-track ladies cavorting on their Norman Douglas island are seen by a humorous and civilized eye. This seems to be the one right method for treating fictionally what are called perversions. Perhaps eventually some of our over-serious young Americans, taking courage from Mr. Mackenzie, will see fit to handle normal love-making with the same entrancing absurdity. The world do move.

C. P. F.

## Books in Brief

*The Natural History of Revolution.* By Lyford P. Edwards. The University of Chicago Press. \$1.75.

Professor Edwards has written an extremely suggestive book. In opposition to those who regard revolutions as more or less isolated phenomena chiefly distinguished by violence and social disruption, he undertakes to show, primarily from a study of the Puritan Revolution in England and the later revolutions in America, France, and Russia, that a revolution has its place in the evolutionary course of things, that its origin, rise, decline, and end present features which admit of generalization, and that much of the popular conception of what a revolution is like is untrue. Every great revolution develops slowly, and reaches an advanced stage only when, among other things, the allegiance of the intellectuals has been won and those who still hold power resort to oppression. Misery and oppression, however, he insists, have been greatly overstressed, as have the violence and bloodshed commonly pointed to as a characteristic of revolutionary mobs. The aim of revolution is always peace, not continued disorder, and as soon as the resistance of what remains of the old order has been broken, the work of reconstruction begins. The latter end of a revolution, on the other hand, is undramatic; it "dies out in a curiously insignificant and almost inconsequential way," leaving as a part of its legacy a period of economic chaos with which the new revolutionized order must deal. Professor Edwards admits that his study is incomplete, and that the history of minor revolutions probably has a good deal of light to throw upon the general subject. As far as he has gone, however, he has made a historical and sociological contribution of sterling quality.

*The History of Hitchin.* By Reginald L. Hine. Volume I. London: George Allen and Unwin. Sixteen shillings.

This is a history of England seen through a microscope focussed upon the village of Hitchin—a rich work of creative research.

*Quantitative Methods in Politics.* By Stuart A. Rice. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.25.

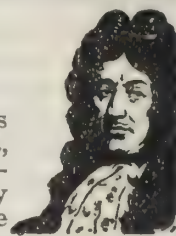
This book expresses the present-day tendency to study social phenomena in a realistic manner. This method can be traced as far back as Aristotle, and in our own generation has been long advocated by the Webbs, Graham Wallas, and Walter Lippmann, to mention only major prophets. In the first part of the book Professor Rice discusses the problem of methodology in the social sciences. It is rather doubtful whether the author is here fully confident of himself. His analysis perhaps does not attain the solidity of that of Professor Catlin. The bulk of the book, moreover, is devoted to a statistical survey of certain subjects of political import. These studies are interesting and ingenious, and will most likely be followed up by more elaborate and ambitious efforts by other investigators. Yet it is reasonably arguable that if the present

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studies are typical, then the scope of the statistical method in politics is not extensive. Unlike some of his too sanguine co-workers, Professor Rice states his conclusions with admirable reserve and moderation.

*Adventures of an African Slaver: Being a True Account of the Life of Captain Theodore Canot, Trader in Gold, Ivory and Slaves on the Coast of Guinea: His Own Story as Told in the Year 1854 to Brantz Mayer.* Now Edited with an Introduction by Malcolm Cowley. Illustrated by Covarrubias. Albert and Charles Boni. \$4.

This is an intermittently interesting account of the new contraband slave trade which developed after the Napoleonic wars, a trade which, as Mr. Cowley points out in his excellent introduction, closely resembled our own bootlegging industry (or *Stiefelkunst*, as Mr. Mencken's latest contribution would have it) not only in its romantic glamor, its violence and pitilessness and its tendency to develop a highly piratical type of freebooter, but in the actual technique of its illegal operations. Captain Canot's life seems to have been one colorful round of murders, mutinies, massacres, and mulatto mistresses. Despite all the Trader Hornish exaggeration of some of the episodes, the Captain's brutal casualness enables us to feel clearly that remarkable psychology which the highly moral Victorian age developed, a psychology that enabled them to think of black human beings purely in terms of merchandise and bills of exchange, as so much perambulating coinage. The illustrations by Covarrubias, done too obviously from photographs or sketches and executed with too single an eye to melodramatic effect, are hardly representative of his most genuine talents.

*The Temptation of Anthony and Other Poems.* By Isidor Schneider. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Mr. Schneider is best known as a poet for his long title-piece, a "novel in verse" which first appeared in "The American Caravan" and is here reprinted. Like the shorter poems in the volume, it is rich with energy and suggestion, though so heavily packed that it makes difficult going for the reader. The whole book, however, is the work of a deeply and strangely gifted mind; the thinness of contemporary verse will be immediately forgotten by anyone who opens it and reads it with the attention it demands.

*Bambi. A Life in the Woods.* By Felix Salten. Translated by Whittaker Chambers. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

In the admirable prose of Whittaker Chambers this Viennese idyl of the woods—or so it has been called—comes as a very fresh gift from Europe to the United States. It is hardly a cheerful book, since its burden is the brutality of man, the animal with the acrid smell, toward other animals—in this case the deer. Bambi, a young deer, grows up in the book and learns wisdom chiefly from a remarkable old stag whom he meets from time to time in the forest. Their conversations, like the other conversations which Bambi has with the male and the female of his kind, are perhaps as good as such things can be, and the whole work is certainly good. But we should like to see the thing done once without conversation. It would be both more moving and more convincing.

*The Tower.* By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.  
*Sophocles' King Oedipus.* A Version for the Modern Stage. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Mr. Yeats's latest collection of poems, "The Tower," shows him old and tired, though still a poet with whom very few of his contemporaries deserve to be compared. Sailing to Byzantium, the first and best piece in the collection, is a declaration for the deathless and the abstract—an appropriate gesture for a poet with Mr. Yeats's past to make. And it is one the success of which should be recorded; though it should be said that anyone seeking for the first time an acquaintance with Mr. Yeats's poetry should begin farther back than this and grow old with

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him. The version of "Oedipus Rex" is in plain prose for twentieth-century audiences.

*The Noble Savage. A Study in Romantic Naturalism.* By Hoxie Neale Fairchild. Columbia University Press. \$5.

A full and highly intelligent study of an idea which ran through English literature—and of course through European literature—in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, and which still, according to Wyndham Lewis, ferments in the contemporary mind, where it takes the form of an inferiority complex felt by the white man of the Western world in the face of his black and red brothers. Mr. Fairchild traces the idea of the noble, innocent, pure, and uncontaminated savage through a great deal more literature than any public will ever want to revive, yet emerges with conclusions—not only about the creature of his research but about romanticism in general—which are of genuine interest.

*A Leaf of Grass from Shady Hill. With a Review of Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass.* Written by Charles Eliot Norton in 1855. With an explanatory preface by Kenneth Ballard Murdock. Printed for the John Barnard Associates by the Harvard University Press.

Mr. Murdock seems to establish that the poem and the review here given, the one for the first time and the other in a reprint from *Putnam's Monthly* for September, 1855, are by Charles Eliot Norton; but there is not much to say beyond that. The poem, *A Leaf of Grass*, is evidently the work of one just come under the influence of the newly published first edition of "Leaves of Grass," but it is a very feeble performance in itself; and the review of Whitman, while it is, of course, interesting as proving Norton's concern with the subject, betrays none of the enthusiasm which Mr. Murdock attributes to it. The whole story, however, has its importance, and Mr. Murdock's best labor has been done in writing the history in a preface of Norton's attitude toward the bard of Manahatta.

*Carlyle, His Rise and Fall.* By Norwood Young. William C. Morrow and Company. \$3.50.

Like Nietzsche and other dealers in paradox, Carlyle may be represented as the purveyor of much silly and dangerous doctrine by anyone who will wrench sayings out of their historical context or quote a vigorously stated half-truth while suppressing the equally vigorous statement of the qualifying half-truth. Mr. Young has used these methods without the charm of style and sparkle of malice which we have come to expect in the present tradition of iconoclastic biographies. His compilation of Carlyle's historical errors, not exceptional in the treatment of his subjects at his time, may give a salutary shock to hero-worshippers. But even the unsophisticated will hardly credit his revamping of the charge that Carlyle's German sympathies were a cause of the World War.

*The Interpreter Geddes: The Man and His Gospel.* By Amelia Defries. Horace Liveright. \$3.

John A. Hobson has said that "among the great thinkers and workers of our age, Patrick Geddes is perhaps the least widely recognized." This skilful portrait of the man by his student-friend, Miss Defries, renders the great service of making more clearly known his thought and achievement. Myriad-sided though his activity has been, he has expressed himself consistently as a biologist through teaching; but he has taught mainly by planting gardens and planning cities. The poet is in his blood and takes honors in his philosophy, yet his creations have been not castles in Spain but solid habitations—Outlook Tower, Edinburgh; St. Andrews University, Dundee; the Encyclopaedia Britannica; the Ghent International Exhibition; the Civic Pageant at Indore; the University of Bombay; a life of Sir J. C. Bose; the University of Jerusalem; the Collège des Ecossais, Montpellier. All this in very deeds, while specialists in varying fields, ranking Patrick Geddes, use the

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names of Leibnitz, Aristotle, Pythagoras, Bacon, Kant, and Darwin.

*The Pilgrim's Progress.* By John Bunyan. With fourteen illustrations after William Strang. The Bunyan Anniversary Society: G. A. Baker and Company, New York, agents. \$5.

Bound in an excellent blue buckram, this volume does very well as a memorial to Bunyan in the three hundredth year after his birth. It is handsomely printed in Holland, and the etchings by William Strang are admirably reproduced. These in themselves are works of the most subtle and appealing sort, though it may be questioned whether in their soft simplicity they render the frosty peasant light of Bunyan's genius as it should be rendered. They are both more realistic and more refined than he probably would have liked.

*Doctor Arnold of Rugby.* By Arnold Whitridge. Henry Holt and Company. \$5.

In this scholarly volume Dr. Arnold's educational theories are carefully examined by his great-grandson. Briefly, Dr. Whitridge's thesis is that, instead of being in the rear of Victorian experiments in education, politics, and religion, Dr. Arnold was actually in the vanguard. Dr. Whitridge substantiates his arguments by presenting an imposing array of textual citations and footnotes.

*A Dog-Puncher on the Yukon.* By Arthur T. Walden. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

A middle-aged survivor of the Klondike madness of '98 has been persuaded to recount his hoary reminiscences, and the result is a volume that is not unworthy to be placed by Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi." The astounding knowledge of the minutiae of their trade that Mississippi pilots had at their fingers' ends is almost rivaled by the information that Mr. Walden picked up as a dogsled runner in the great Alaskan Gold Rush. Furthermore, he has Mark Twain's love of breaking a narrative at any point to relate a salty adventure, his eye for the grossly picturesque, his sentimentality about mountains, his everlastingly conversational tone, and not a little of his Brobdignagian robustness.

*Bryan the Great Commoner.* By J. C. Long. D. Appleton and Company. \$3.50.

Though never profound, this book is frequently penetrating and always readable. Mr. Long is perhaps too fair-minded to be a great biographer, but he is a thoroughly competent one.

*All Kneeling.* By Anne Parrish. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Chosen by the Booksellers Association as their first book of the month, this novel is a clever demolition of a stupid, vain, selfish, posturing woman who succeeded, so the author alleges, in keeping her world at her feet. Selfish, vain posturing women sometimes do. But it is a bit difficult to conceive the type of youth who would have been moved to admiration rather than amusement by Christobel's preposterous literary speeches. The book would have been cleverer if its arch fiend had possessed some of those redeeming qualities that are to be found in good and bad alike, in Mephistopheles and Aimee Semple McPherson, in Beatrice D'Este and Louis XI. It is a caricature rather than a portrait, and a full-length novel seems too liberal a canvas for its meager lines.

*Rising Wind.* By Virginia Moore. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

This is a historical romance of the time of the Civil War with passages of real feeling embedded in a sentimental, unreal, and unconvincing tale which, for this reviewer at least, completely lacks that ability to transport the reader into another world which is the first essential for the writer of romances, good or bad.

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*The Central Americans.* By Arthur Ruhl. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

The book is subtitled "Adventures and Impressions Between Mexico and Panama," and is the running account of a journey northward through the Central-American republics—a second visit after an interval of fifteen years. The "adventures" consist of the commonplace mishaps to any voyager in tropical countries unprepared for the tourist. The "impressions" are conventional description, an occasional anecdote, a smatter of recent history, a few data concerning commerce, agriculture, and population, the author's views on the benevolence of United States aims in the Caribbean—the whole generously seasoned with foreign words and phrases—some incorrectly rendered. In the absence of Baedekers for the tropics such a collation may be useful to mid-winter, thirty-day Caribbean cruisers who want to retain the names of the countries visited, their capitals, and whether the chief product is bananas or coffee. Those who seek new or vital information about glamorous regions still largely unrevealed, or savor akin to that of the better South Sea literature, will find neither. Mr. Ruhl obviously had the correct letters of introduction, met and was entertained by the right people, has a kind word for everybody, and has brought forth another travel stereotype for a region which could yield the equivalent of a "Bible in Spain," an "Arabia Deserta," or a "Viva Mexico!"

## Music

### The Orchestra Merger

THE months that have passed since the announcement have not revealed to me any of the blessings that should result from abolishing the New York Symphony Orchestra and its concerts, and combining its subscription list and board of directors with those of the Philharmonic. The official announcement offered me only nonsense, which editorial comment has gravely accepted as its initial assumptions. For example, the notion that the Philharmonic's concerts would gain artistically from the increased financial backing; when it was clear that no matter how many more millionaires paid its deficit, the orchestra would play under Mengelberg or Toscanini in the future as it had played in the past. There were decided gains from the merger, but they were all economic and accrued almost entirely to Mr. Flagler; while it is easily shown that the no less decided losses accrued solely to art.

It is a loss, for one thing, to disband an orchestra of the quality of the New York Symphony, which needed only a first-rate conductor to demonstrate that it, too, could be first-rate. Thus, under Goossens it gave the most brilliant of all the performances of Stravinsky's "Sacre" in New York, and under Bruno Walter and Gabilowitch it distinguished itself again. One of these men should, then, have been retained, or one or another of the brilliant conductors in and about New York secured, as no doubt he could have been for a price (this was all that was needed to lure Toscanini himself away from the Philharmonic). Instead the Symphony Society held on to the third-raters, and finally it quit because they did not fill the hall, as a first-rate conductor would eventually have done. Next year's Philharmonic concerts for former New York Symphony subscribers are already oversubscribed.

This, however, is itself an artistic loss. The excitement and tension at recent Philharmonic concerts have been disturbing; and so have been the people whom the excitement has caused to occupy the last available seats. I long for the time when I listened to a Philharmonic concert in a hall that was not completely filled; in an atmosphere, therefore, that permitted me to hear.

That was the time, incidentally, when I could buy a

ticket for the program that interested me, instead of having to buy a whole set of tickets (and being glad to get them) for programs I do not know in advance and most often do not care to hear when they are announced.

And in this matter of programs, too, there is bound to be artistic loss. With the decrease in the total number of concerts there is bound to be a decrease in the already insufficient number of performances of the less hackneyed works; and this also because it was the New York Symphony, of the two orchestras, whose programs were the slightly less routine, the slightly more adventurous (and it was precisely for the New York Symphony that one could obtain single tickets). If at least Mr. Damrosch could make proper use of the opportunities created by his leisure, his freedom from the responsibilities of the routine conductor, his residence in America; if only he would justify his retention as guest conductor by making his few programs out of all the music which the visiting conductors neglect; but it is a safe bet that instead he will show that he can play what the others play.

The Philharmonic subscription series would better have been divided in two for Philharmonic subscribers. That would have relieved the pressure upon the Philharmonic concerts; it might even have caused a few seats to remain empty. But this blessing is precisely what the present arrangement—of dividing the Philharmonic concerts between Philharmonic and New York Symphony subscribers—was designed to avoid; increased pressure is what it was designed to achieve. For it is precisely the last few empty or filled seats that determine artistic policies for the poverty-stricken millionaires who manage our orchestras.

B. H. HAGGIN

## Drama

### Genius on the West Coast

OUT of Jim Tully's "Jarnegan" two gentlemen named Beahan and Fort have made a play of the same name now to be seen at the Longacre Theater. It gets off to an encouraging start, for there is a refreshing cynicism in the atmosphere and a promise that Hollywood is about to be described by someone with an eye for its ribald absurdity. But from the moment the earnest young blue-stocking comes upon the scene things begin to go from bad to worse, and before long the dramatists—aided and abetted by the author whom they are adapting—have got themselves so involved in "star-dust" and "dreams" that even a caption writer might envy them their diction, and what started out to be a satire on the movies becomes a very good imitation of a Deluxe Super Feature. (Ask your Naborhood Theater when it is coming.)

Jarnegan, it seems, was a wild fighting Irishman who arrived at the dignity of riding breeches and a megaphone by way of jail, ditch-digging, and a medicine show. For a time he pandered to the taste of his employers and seemed subdued to the stuff he worked in, but in his heart he agreed with the blue-stocking and once he was firmly established he began to turn to those Finer Things which, in the other arts, do not cost any more than vulgarity but which, for some reason or other, can never be achieved in the movies with less than three thousand supers for the mob scene and a couple of million dollars for running expenses. It was here that the trouble began. The New York office grew restive and the local managers decided to frame a scandal on Jarnegan in order to get rid of him via the morality clause in his contract. It goes without saying, however, that the plot does not succeed and that the scandal is really fixed where it belongs upon the narrow shoulders of a man whom the audience has never liked anyway; but Jarnegan gives up what he would not allow to be taken from him. The magician of the silver screen, the one hope of the movies, goes out the door. The



motley collection of pimps and tarts (pardon me if I adopt the dialect of the play) collected at Nathan Leedman's mid-night orgy is wrong if it believes that he will waste his talents in that atmosphere. For him the movies have been merely a stepping stone on the way toward what the prose poets of Hollywood call symbolically the "Dawn," the "Stars," or, sometimes, just the plain "Future."

Now the chief defect of the play lies in the fact that no one except the authors can be made to believe in the greatness of Jarnegan. They have given him all the vices which are popularly supposed to go with the Strong Man but nothing about their rough diamond is convincing except his roughness. He bellows his defiance, he spits on the floor, he drinks large quantities of gin, and he speaks very roughly indeed to all the adoring women who sleep with him whenever he is so inclined, but in the best of his better moments he says nothing which serves to distinguish him from any ghost-writer on *Photoplay* who is explaining in behalf of some flapper-star how seriously she takes her duty of expressing the great heart of America. As he makes his final exit he explains in a broken voice that he is "just a dung heap in search of a lily," and though that phrase is perfect cinema it is not convincing as the utterance of a man about to transcend the celluloid.

Jim Tully is known as a brutal realist. His picturesque career as hobo, prize fighter, and circus roustabout is generally accepted as *prima facie* evidence that he is the real thing in hard-boiled literature and it is, indeed, perfectly true that he is an excellent writer as long as he confines himself to the realistic description of low life. But there is no more naïve assumption than that which takes it for granted that the man who has seen much of the seamy side has of necessity what we call a "tough mind," for a "tough mind" is certainly a very different thing from the "mind of a tough." The heart which beats under a ragged coat is very often not only honest but sentimental as well, and there is no one who is more easily taken in by meretricious ideals than the man who has spent most of his life where there are very few, meretricious or otherwise, to be found. Now though these generalizations are not to be applied to Mr. Tully in any offensive fashion and though it is possible that he saw in Hollywood some genius whom he has been unable to draw, it is far more likely that he was himself taken in by the same sort of bluff which took in Hollywood itself. Personally I never met anyone really "hard-boiled" who had not spent most of his time learning to see through the pretense and the rhetoric of the high-falutin in those books and pictures where they express themselves most persuasively, and I have never found a triple-brass cynicism acquired anywhere except in a library. Moreover, the freest use of "hells" and "damns" is perfectly consistent with a cherubic gullibility where "aspirations" are concerned, as "Jarnegan" well proves, for it is at once profane and guileless.

In the present production Richard Bennett plays the hero with obvious enjoyment and with a fine sense of the external possibilities of the role. It does not appear to have any internal ones.

"This Thing Called Love" (Maxine Elliott's Theater) is an unpretentious but quite diverting comedy which undertakes to prove that two reasonable and considerate people almost inevitably lose all sense of the decency due from one person to another when they fall in love. The generalization is at least as true as any other ever made about the Thing in question, and the play, fragile as it is, is about as amusing as any to be seen at the present moment—when, as a matter of fact, nothing excruciatingly amusing or remarkably profound is to be discovered on Broadway.

"New Moon" (Imperial Theater) is a musical operetta with competent principals including Gus Shy, a comic with a sense of humor. There is extravagant but tasteful costuming, and music which, if reminiscent, is generally tuneful.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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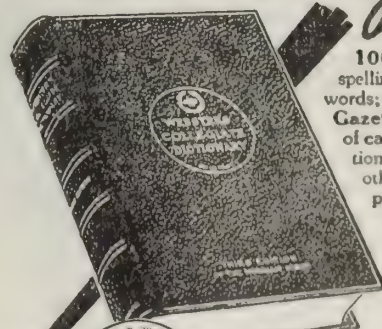
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A PROMPT AND ENTHUSIASTIC response has been made to *The Nation's* poll of its subscribers in the United States to learn their preferences among the candidates for President. Up to and including October 8, scarcely a week after the ballots were mailed, 6,414 votes had been received—mostly, of course, from east of the Mississippi River. Of these Smith (Democrat) has 3,338 votes; Thomas (Socialist) 1,401; Hoover (Republican) 1,227; Foster (Communist) 231; Will Rogers (Anti-Bunk) 14; Varney (Prohibition) 9; Reynolds (Socialist-Labor) 7. In 187 cases ballots were returned stating that the recipients were undecided. Half of the total return as of October 8 was from New York State, where Smith had 1,771 votes, Thomas 783, Hoover 406, Foster 156. Illinois gives 362 votes to Smith, 194 to Hoover, and 154 to Thomas, while Massachusetts gives 183, 125, and 105 votes to the same candidates. New Jersey returns 229 ballots for Smith, 108 for Hoover, and 106 for Thomas, while Pennsylvania gives the same men 300, 131, and 92 votes respectively. Against these figures, indicating the preferences of the more progressive-minded voters, may be set the results of the poll of the *Literary Digest*, indicative of the more average citizenry. According to a tabulation in the issue of October 6, 514,397 votes had been cast for Hoover; 231,061 for Smith; 4,033 for Thomas; 1,972 for Foster. Of those choosing Hoover 54,789 voted Democratic in 1924. The Smith vote reveals the striking

fact that 100,419 such ballots are from persons who voted Republican in 1924 as against only 85,203 who voted Democratic.

THAT HERBERT HOOVER added to his reputation for statesmanship by his speech at Elizabethton, Tennessee, no discriminating and unbiased person can assert. In the main he followed the policy he has laid down for his campaign—dwelling upon the prosperity of our people and boasting of our own country. The Scripps-Howard newspapers tried desperately to interpret him as indorsing the government ownership and operation of Muscle Shoals, but he would not be budged from his allegiance to the Coolidge policy. In a supplementary statement he makes it clear that he does not advocate the government operation of Muscle Shoals for electric power, which is the crux of the whole problem. At Elizabethton, in a panegyric on the home, he said:

From the homes of America must emanate that purity of inspiration only as a result of which we can succeed in self-government. I speak of this as a basic principle that should guide our national life. I speak of it as the living action of government in the building of a nation. I speak of it as the source from which government must itself rise to higher standards of perfection from year to year.

After reading this we are quite ready to admit that Herbert Hoover is a worthy successor to Calvin Coolidge in the art of putting words together which mean precisely nothing. It remains only for Mr. Hoover to discover the Ten Commandments and he will have reached the zenith of the oratory of statesmen in America. If he has not yet achieved this goal, he trotted out all his old stalking-horses, declaring at once that it is the Government's duty to put prosperity into the home and to see that bureaucracy does not throttle business.

NOW, MR. HOOVER made this speech about the Government's putting "material benefit and comfort into the home" in a town in which, according to the Socialist National Campaign Committee, working hours average ten or more per day. In the large rayon plant there, some three thousand girls and women are employed who begin at eight dollars a week! But waiving that, there is one most serious aspect of Mr. Hoover's speech. Whether intentionally or otherwise, he gives the impression that he has gone over to the Southern point of view on the Negro question. Thus he declared that there are no longer "mental or physical boundaries" and that "we have the same hearts and the same ideals and aspirations." This the South will interpret in only one way. Again, even the *New York Times* is startled by his statement: "I believe further that appointive offices must be filled by those who deserve the confidence and respect of the communities they serve." The *Times* perceives clearly that this, too, will mean only one thing in Southern ears. It declares that these words "will be taken there as tantamount to a promise not to appoint colored men as postmasters, United States marshals, or federal collectors of internal revenue." It will be universally accepted as meaning that if Hoover is elected he



will do his best to make the Republican organization in the South "lily white." This lends particular timeliness to the article by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, which we print elsewhere in this issue. It is a shameful record that both of the leading candidates have made on the Negro question, and ought finally to convince Negro voters that they should cut loose from both Republicans and Democrats.

**T**HE NEW BEDFORD STRIKE came to an inconclusive and unsatisfactory ending when the conservative local unions of the American Federation of Labor accepted a compromise wage-cut of 5 per cent against the advice of their own national officers. The original 10 per cent cut which precipitated the strike on April 16 would have reduced the average wage in New Bedford cotton mills to about \$17 a week; the workers now go back with a wage slightly above \$18. Was the extra dollar a week worth fighting for when the sufferings of 27,000 workers and their families are reckoned in the balance? We believe that it was worth fighting for if it had been accompanied by a thorough-going victory for labor organization in the mills. As it is, the workers are going back to work as badly organized as they were before the strike and with no adequate protection against future wage-cuts. The leaders of the conservative unions in New Bedford are honorable men who felt that they were making the best possible bargain for starving workers when they accepted the wage-cut—and no one who has an overcoat, coal, and three meals a day has the right to condemn them for compromising. But they showed a lamentable lack of foresight in not pressing more vigorously for union recognition and collective-bargaining machinery. The manufacturers in the final settlement agreed not to make wage changes in the future without a thirty-day notice, but the union is recognized only by inference.

**M**EANWHILE LEFT-WING LEADERS who control several thousand Portuguese strikers in New Bedford are attempting to continue the strike on their own account. They are denouncing the settlement as a betrayal, defying the police, and continuing their picket lines. They point out, what is undoubtedly true, that the great majority of the strikers were not involved in the settlement and had no voice in the vote. (Of course it can also be pointed out that the great majority of the strikers had no part in calling the strike.) Their protest has much to justify it, but the hope of continuing the strike to a completely successful conclusion is faint. The left-wing leaders are effective agitators, but they have not demonstrated the kind of wisdom which is required to deal with employers in peaceful negotiation. Most of the strikers have accepted the compromise of the conservative unions and have applied for reinstatement in the mills. The community has stood solidly with the strikers from the beginning of the strike, but the tragic fact emerges that a little group of willful employers can starve a whole community into subjection. While New Bedford employers denounce the Communists for preaching violence, these same employers have scored a partial victory against the almost unanimous moral judgment of their community by using the accepted, traditional force of class control in industry.

**W**HILE THE PUBLIC UTILITIES were spending millions to tell their side of the story to the public (but thriftily passing these millions on to the public to be paid

on their light and gas bills and street railway fares), they were unwilling to let their own people listen to the other side of the story. They would not have Senator George Norris speak to them. They hesitated even to have Josephus Daniels, whom they considered as "harmless" as any government-ownership advocate, address a power conference unless they had someone carefully planted to answer him. Professor J. A. Switzer of the University of Tennessee, secretary of the Southern Appalachian Power Conference, wrote to Joseph Hyde Pratt, chairman of the executive committee of the conference, with regard to inviting Mr. Daniels to address the conference at Chattanooga, Tennessee, last year: "Now, if we were sure that we had somebody ready to answer the arguments of Mr. Daniels, and prepared to correct any misstatements of fact, which are the stock in trade of men like Senator Norris, I would certainly favor inviting Mr. Daniels." Mr. Daniels did not address the conference. Whether it was because he refused an invitation or because the utilities interests found no one to answer him, and so did not invite him, was not brought out in the testimony before the Federal Trade Commission. The *Nashville Banner* published what Professor Switzer called "a very nasty editorial" about the conference. The writer was invited to speak, but not before some one had been primed to answer him. Yet sovereign States paid for memberships in this conference, and its officials exerted efforts to make it appear that the conference was not dominated by the power companies. Meanwhile, Professor Switzer's articles against government operation of Muscle Shoals were not submitted to magazines until after officials of the Alabama Power Company had approved them.

**T**HAT IS AN ADMIRABLE STATEMENT which Senator Raoul Dandurand, Government leader in the Canadian Senate, has made upon the question of naval disarmament. Speaking in Paris, he declared that there could be no useful results from the work of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations unless Great Britain and the United States made an appreciable reduction in their naval armaments. He continued thus:

Both have signed the Kellogg Treaty by which they forever renounce war between themselves. We cannot understand why an agreement cannot be reached between the two great English-speaking peoples, allowing that their fleets instead of being opposed in naval competition should be conjoined in the sole desire of assuring the peace of the world.

This is sound common sense except that we have no desire to see the conjoined fleet of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations imposing their will upon the world. Nor is it necessary that they should. But it is obvious that those who say that the Kellogg Treaties are already as dead as door-nails will have right on their side unless there is immediate disarmament. We have pointed out from the beginning the hypocrisy of the policy of having nations declare that they have renounced war for all time and then continue to remain armed to the teeth. As it is, President Coolidge has already announced that we shall go on with the big cruiser building program which was defeated by Congress last spring and that he expects to see it enacted as soon as Congress meets in December. The one hope is that the public opinion of the world, voiced by such men as Senator Dandurand, will make itself felt, to shame Great Britain and America into action.



FOR THE FIRST TIME since the brightly gilded Diaz days Mexico has a real symphony orchestra. It was organized by the National Philharmonic Syndicate, that is, the musicians' union, on a cooperative basis. It is aided financially from government sources and also by private subscription. Among the subscribers are most of the cabinet ministers, the president of the National University, and the American Ambassador. The orchestra is controlled by the syndicate and directed by Carlos Chavez, a composer well known outside of Mexico for his extremely personal, evidently Mexican, and honest work. Since the Diaz days ingenious bolstering has been necessary to keep the unfinished National Theater from sinking into the spongy site mistakenly chosen for it. This enormous and ornate structure, with its famous Tiffany glass curtain, was designed chiefly for grand opera by an Italian architect. The revolution of 1910—which overthrew Diaz—as well as the spongy site, proved the project to be over-ambitious. With the organization of a new orchestra, however, interest has again arisen in the sadly magnificent theater, and construction has been undertaken on funds provided by popular subscription reinforced with labor-union contributions.

THE VOYAGE OF RICHARD BYRD to the Antarctic has caught the imagination of America more completely than any expedition of discovery in many years, but it does not seem to us more dramatic and meaningful than the expedition of young Dr. Stratman-Thomas, who is going to the heart of Africa to conquer sleeping sickness. Most of our readers will ask: Who is Stratman-Thomas? He is a chevalier of modern science, only twenty-eight years old, who gained his Ph.D. and M.D. at the University of Wisconsin, studied the chemo-therapy of trypanosomiasis for five years, and then decided to try his knowledge on equatorial Africa where sleeping sickness kills 100,000 people a year. Armed with six arsenical compounds which scientists consider the most effective weapons in fighting the disease, he will push into the Belgian Congo, 1,500 miles up the Congo River, and turn central Africa into a vast laboratory with thousands of natives and horses as his clinical material. The special object of his attention will be the dreaded tsetse fly which carries the germs of sleeping sickness. This fly, which was present in America in prehistoric times, is believed to have killed by its germ-carrying attack the vast herds of horses that inhabited this continent—at least there seems no better explanation of the fact that there were no horses in America at the time of Columbus. If Dr. Stratman-Thomas succeeds in his expedition he will not only protect America from another invasion of the tsetse fly but he will do for the natives of Africa what the Rockefeller Institute did for our Southern mountaineers in destroying the hook worm.

ONE SURPRISING FACT has just been established by the National Industrial Conference Board in a study on "The Cost of Living in Twelve Industrial Cities." It costs an American industrial worker almost as much to support a family at a decency level in a small city as in a large city. The difference between minimum family budgets in Cleveland and Dayton is only ninety-two cents a week; the difference between Dayton and Marion is \$1.18 a week. The Conference Board chose twelve industrial cities which were classified as large, medium, and small, and the greatest "spread" which it discovered in the cost

of living was that of \$4.19 a week between New York City and Marion, Ohio. A wage-earner who supports his family in Reading, Pennsylvania, needs only eleven cents a week less than a wage-earner in Philadelphia. Food and clothing cost more in Leominster, Massachusetts, than in Boston. Of course these estimates are for the minimum budget only; when luxury creeps in, the cost of living in the large cities leaps up prodigiously. But the figures make an interesting commentary on the transformation of the United States into a nation of large cities. In the great city the industrial worker finds higher wages and increased freedom because of the variety of possible jobs. He gains at least partial compensation for crowded tenements and smothering subways in the speed and excitement of metropolitan life. When he is forced to live at the subsistence level, he finds that the bill is only a trifle more than it is in the small city. It is not surprising that our large cities are growing steadily larger through the influx of industrial workers.

GATE CRASHERS at a polo game! Where is there a sacred spot left in these United States for monocles and spats? Five thousand people, excluded from the grandstands, overcrowded by many thousands at the final polo game between the United States and the Argentine, waited patiently for a half-hour outside the turnstiles until they saw in the distance the twinkling feet of polo ponies, then calmly brushed the policemen aside and "crashed" the gates. What they saw was an unforgettable spectacle, an American team overwhelming by sheer brilliance one of the strongest combinations in the world. Led by the only Tommy Hitchcock, the Americans captured the unofficial world's championship, and the public captured a new toy. It is a beautiful toy, this game of polo, and one of the most fascinating of sports to watch. Horses rolled on men and the men came up smiling; mallets flashed in the sunshine and drove balls with astonishing accuracy while riders were cavorting full tilt in the opposite direction; photographers snapped consciously unconscious society folk; over there in the box sat Lord So and So. The public gaped. Never again will polo be a joy for the aristocracy alone. The American people have crashed its gates.

## G. O. P. Muses

Mabel Walker Willebrandt—  
 Shall she talk or shall she shan't?  
 Is she still my Darling Child  
 Or a Something Bad and Wild?  
 Shall I take her to my heart  
 Or keep twenty feet apart?  
 Or, instead of either honor,  
 Take her out and step upon her?  
 Is she oracle or bigot  
 When she turns her verbal spigot?  
 Will the votes come pouring in  
 When she mixes Drink with Sin?  
 Will it seem a tasty bait  
 When she couples Church and State?

Gift of God or Satan's curse,  
 Since you're mine—for good or worse—  
 Mabel Walker Willebrandt,  
 Dear One, can't you can the cant?



# Herbert Hoover as a Quaker

We feel bound explicitly to avow our unshaken persuasion that all war is utterly incompatible with the plain precepts of our divine Lord and Lawgiver, and the whole spirit of His Gospel, and that no plea of necessity or policy, however urgent or peculiar, can avail to release either individuals or nations from the paramount allegiance which they owe Him who hath said: "Love your enemies."

**T**HUS reads the "Declaration of Some of the Fundamental Principles of Christian Truth," issued by the Richmond Conference of the Orthodox branch of the Religious Society of Friends in 1887. To its members of that faith are generally expected to conform. The Constitution for the American Yearly Meetings declares "The Friends believe war to be incompatible with Christianity and seek to persuade peaceful methods for the settlement of all the differences between nations and between men. Opposition to war and non-resistance to evil have been the historic fundamental tenets of the faith of brotherly love." It was for them that thousands upon thousands of Quakers let themselves be tortured, abused, starved, and killed, as has recently been set forth anew in Mary Best's "Rebel Saints." It is, moreover, the rule of the society that "if the member does not make such profession [of faith] when he reaches matured years, his name may be dropped from the list of members, at the discretion of the Monthly Meeting." This latter rule relates particularly to those who, like Herbert Hoover, have been admitted to the Quaker faith by inheritance. When a new member is admitted, he is examined by a pastoral committee to ascertain "whether he will conform to the Rules of Discipline"—which include abhorrence of war. Three times every year, as the discipline provides, there is to be read aloud in Monthly and Quarterly Meetings this query: "Do you maintain the Christian principle of peace and consistently refrain from bearing arms and from performing military service as incompatible with the precepts and spirit of the Gospel?"

When the World War came on, Herbert Hoover, the Quaker, was overcome by those pleas "of necessity, or policy, however urgent or peculiar" which the Declaration of Christian Truth expressly says shall never release individual Quakers from their "paramount allegiance" to love and not to fight their enemies. Mr. Hoover wanted us to go into the war, worked to put us into the struggle, and with tears in his eyes on occasion declared that he did not wish his children to grow up in this world if the German militarists prevailed—an amazing position for a professed Friend to take in view of the Quaker belief that any evil may be overcome by righteous living. Since he has become a candidate for the Presidency Mr. Hoover has been going regularly to Meeting; indeed he goes to both Hicksite and Orthodox Meetings. Yet he is quite willing to take, and sees no inconsistency whatever in taking, the oath of office—and, as a *believing Quaker*, to become Commander-in-Chief of the American army and navy. Can he even take the oath, or will he affirm? Quakers are constantly admonished to refrain "from taking or administering oaths." More than that, in his speech of acceptance he completely abandoned the Quaker doctrine that love and not

force shall rule the world by declaring that while he is possessed of a deep passion for peace, he is for great armaments on land and sea, asserting "that in an armed world there is only one certain guarantee of freedom—and this is preparedness for defense."

That, we submit, is a complete throwing overboard of the fundamental Quaker spirit and teachings. Nor are we affected by the fact that technically Mr. Hoover is not a member of the Five Years Meeting group. The true Quaker spirit is what is at stake. Some time ago we dubbed him a renegade Quaker; we do not now withdraw these words. We are well aware, of course, that thousands of Quakers bore arms voluntarily on both sides of the Atlantic in the World War and that no action against them was ever initiated within the Society of Friends. We are aware, too, that the Declaration of Faith declares that "*conscience should be free* and that in the matter of religious doctrine and worship man is accountable only to God." We are aware, also, that in the Constitution of American Meetings are these words: "By this high calling the Friends are pledged to the proclamation of the truth *wherever the spirit leads*, both in home and in foreign fields." We are conscious that this was held to excuse the notorious A. Mitchell Palmer and other Quakers, who not only threw themselves into the war but countenanced some of its most anti-Christian acts.

Yet for us, as long as words are words and deeds are deeds, we cannot see anything else than a dreadful and inexcusable lapse from the faith in any Quaker's willingness to assume command of an army and navy. Moreover, Mr. Hoover during two Cabinets has connived at murder and violence by American forces in Haiti and Nicaragua in the face of his church's injunction that there is no situation in civil or national life that cannot be otherwise settled than by force of arms. Entitled to his conscience Herbert Hoover is; in justice to the Quakers themselves he should not have redoubled his attendance at Meeting, he should have withdrawn from Hicksite and Orthodox Meeting alike. He cannot now escape the charge of insincerity and of treason to the faith he professes.

We are glad to find ourselves in accord with many Quakers on this subject. There is the *American Friend*, the organ of his own sect. It writes thus in its issue of September 13: "We knew that Herbert Hoover had world experience, and we had hoped that out of that experience there would be born a high idealism for World Peace. We find it is otherwise. He whom we had expected to lead the world toward disarmament points toward preparedness." This attitude of Mr. Hoover is the more extraordinary because even his chief, Calvin Coolidge, whom he praises as a model of rectitude and statesmanship, has publicly uttered words that should have fallen from the lips of the Quaker. Speaking to the American Legion at Omaha on October 6, 1925, the President said: "In spite of all arguments in favor of great military forces, no nation ever had an army large enough to guarantee it against attack in time of peace or to insure its victory in time of war." And he added this exact statement of the Quaker belief: "We know and every one knows that these old [military] systems, antagonisms, and reliance on force have failed."



## Roosevelt and Houghton

**F**RANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT has done a noble and a most self-sacrificing act in consenting to accept the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York. Nobody could have blamed him if he had insisted on staying in private life to complete the laborious and exacting cure which he has had to follow since his attack of infantile paralysis. He has chosen to risk the retarding of the recovery of the use of his legs in order to serve his party and its leader, Governor Smith, to whom he is devoted. But he is also serving his State. For Mr. Roosevelt is precisely the type of man who ought to be in our public life—had he been born an Englishman he would have been in Parliament years and years ago. An independent anti-Tammany Democrat, he has graced public life every time he has entered it.

One may differ with Mr. Roosevelt, as *The Nation* did while he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy under Mr. Wilson, but one cannot challenge his integrity, his unselfishness, or his desire to do what is right in accordance with old-fashioned American principles. It goes almost without saying that, if his health is completely restored, he will probably be nominated some day for a still higher office than that of Governor.

As for Mr. Roosevelt's ability, there can be no question about that, or about the steadiness of his intellectual development. Facing a personal disaster which would have broken and taken the heart out of most men, Mr. Roosevelt has met it with heroic courage and complete serenity of spirit. The remarkable speech delivered by him on Governor Smith at the Democratic National Convention, entitled "The Happy Warrior," is not only a measure of Mr. Roosevelt's growth but one of the best written and most honest political utterances of recent years. Differing with him as we do on certain policies, we nevertheless unqualifiedly urge our readers to split their tickets if necessary and to vote for Mr. Roosevelt. His chief rival, Attorney General Ottinger, has shown himself unworthy of public trust in that he is absolutely wrong on the water-power question. His nomination is merely a sop to the Jewish voters of the cities of the State in order to draw them away from Governor Smith. It is a political subterfuge which deserves rebuke.

Last week we gave our support to Ambassador Houghton, who is the Republican candidate for the United States Senate from New York. The desirability of his election is a matter of moment far beyond the confines of the State. He is one of the few men in the diplomatic service of whom it can be said truthfully that they have the attributes of statesmanship. His entire influence has been thrown in the direction of good will, peace, and reconciliation in Europe. He is, it is true, a manufacturer who has profited by the American tariff; it has not kept him from realizing that the worship of tariffs can become an element of extreme danger to the world; that the tariffs of Europe are a grave hindrance to its recovery. But it is the question of peace and war which concerns him most deeply. His speech at the Harvard Commencement in June, 1927, upon which we commented at length in our issue of July 13, 1927, remains one of the most remarkable utterances recorded from the lips of a diplomat.

## The Law and the Lady

**I**N the spring of 1927 Miss Mae West fell afoul of the law while appearing in New York City in a drama of her own composition entitled "Sex." At the time of her arrest Miss West was an obscure actress playing in a small side-street theater in the upper sixties and her performance had been seen by few except the assistant critics of the daily press. But a sentence of ten days in the workhouse made a Broadway celebrity out of her, and a new piece, "Diamond Lil," shared with "Strange Interlude" the distinction of being one of the few plays which survived through the summer just past into the present season.

One might reasonably suppose that these events would have convinced the police that if they really wished to suppress the redoubtable actress-author they had best proceed about the business in a manner as quiet as possible, but instead of doing anything of the sort they have just turned on the spotlight again and given not one but two spectacular performances. On the opening night of Miss West's latest drama, "Pleasure Man," they raided the theater while the audience was still present and hauled all the performers, still in costume, to the police station. Next day the producer secured an injunction against further police interference and gave a second performance to a crowded house, but the injunction was then vacated and at the following matinee the officers of the law repeated their dramatic spectacle. During the course of the second act they mounted the stage, stopped the show with upraised hand, and before a hysterically thrilled audience once more loaded all the players into a patrol wagon. Indictments have been returned against author, producer, and stage manager, as well as against the fifty-four actors, and a speedy trial is promised.

*The Nation* has no intention of rising passionately to the defense of Miss West. The best that even her admirers have found to say of her is that they consider the very raucousness of her vulgarity intriguing, and it is generally admitted that she had rendered no great services to either art or sociology by her examinations of the cruder phenomena connected with that force which gave its name to the first of her successful dramas. But we have always doubted that, in general, the good accomplished outweighed the attendant evils in any sort of police interference with books or plays or pictures and, more particularly, that there was any justification for spectacularly righteous crusades like the one at present under consideration. What except a desire for sensational display can account for twice raiding a play in the most public way possible, and why should detachments of police be twice dispatched to arrest alleged criminals from whom no violence was expected?

New York remains one of the most desperately lawless cities in the world. Only Chicago rivals it in the number or atrocity of its unpunished murders, and other crimes of violence are proportionately frequent. Surely it is not over-policed and surely it needs all the time of all the policemen it has to grapple with the violent section of its criminals. Just who was being robbed or who was being killed at the exact moments when the two raids took place we do not know, but even if the answer should happen to be "No one at all," we are nevertheless convinced that the police engaged in arresting a company of mild actors—upon whom it would have been necessary merely to serve a few



formal papers—would have been better employed looking for, let us say, the parties who killed one of New York's citizens in the very midst of the Times Square district in plain daylight last spring.

Now the police have richly earned the right to plead the excuse of mere thick-headedness on most of the occasions when they blunder. In general, it is not only kind but just as well to assume that mere stupidity is sufficient to account for the more ridiculous of their antics. But in the present case it is to be doubted that mere innocence is sufficient to explain their conduct and that of those who sent them. Elections are approaching and how can the watchfulness of the force be more readily or safely demonstrated than by a timely and spectacular raid upon an allegedly vulgar theatrical performance—especially when all the newspapers are sure to give the exploit full publicity? Murderers are hard to catch and also ticklish to handle. They often get away and they often hurt policemen in endeavoring to do so, but Miss West could easily be found by looking up the address of her theater in any newspaper and there was no danger that she would shoot.

The usefulness of a campaign against the stage is exactly the same as that which the thief in public office conducts against the Bolsheviks or members of the Klan against the Roman Catholic church. All are easy, all are spectacular, and all furnish an admirable means of distracting the attention from something else. Who can doubt the rectitude of a man who stands up for Pure Womanhood? Who can doubt the efficiency of a police force which swoops down so crushingly upon allegedly reprehensible actors?

## Science Says—

**W**HEN the flivver magnate talks about history or the elevator king about the higher learning for women, his divigations are generally described as peculiarly American. These Yankees, it is said (particularly by foreigners who demonstrate their familiarity with American traditions by applying that term indiscriminately to the Kentucky colonel and the Texas ranchman), think a knack for this or that particular trade implies a general omniscience and assume that a fortune made in can-openers confers upon the maker an intuitive understanding of international politics or biblical exegesis.

The truth of the matter is, however, that when the Henry Fords and the A. B. Sees reveal an itch to exploit their incompetence they are yielding to a very widespread human weakness and, if one may judge by the newspaper accounts, the distinguished gentlemen who assembled in Glasgow recently for the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science spent a very considerable part of their time in exposing their opinions upon a subject about which they knew nothing at all—namely, the alleged immortality of the soul. Last year, if we remember correctly, Sir Arthur Keith wandered a very considerable distance from his subject, the antiquity of man, to express at length his personal agnosticism; this year, on the other hand, the believers seem to have it. Sir William Bragg, the new president, "declared his belief in the existence of a soul and a divine being after life," while Sir Oliver Lodge thumped a Bible and expressed his conviction that "the dead live on with bodies of ether."

Now the scientists have led us to believe that they differ from all ordinary human beings in that they hold no opinions except those which are based upon evidence. They are very contemptuous indeed of all lay knowledge and they like to give the impression that no brain specialist would dare have an opinion about the stomach and that no colloid chemist would presume, even in the privacy of his home, to venture a reflection upon crystallography. We therefore wonder just what discoveries have been made between the day when Sir Arthur Keith made last year's presidential address and the day when Sir William Bragg made his. One turns eagerly to the accounts of his speech, as well as those of Sir Oliver Lodge's discourse, and one is surprised to discover that their arguments are precisely those which have been in the mouths of every piously inclined layman for the last fifty years. Lodge spoke vaguely of the magnificence of the visible universe controlled by one law, and nothing is reported of Bragg except a profession of faith. Is it possible that these distinguished men, so careful where minutiae are concerned, are willing to lend the prestige of their names to the support of the most far-reaching guesses when they have no more information than anyone else to support them? Is it possible that Sir William Bragg not only knows as little about the soul as Henry Ford but also exhibits as hazy a sense of the qualifications upon which any expert's opinion must be founded? Apparently it is.

It is true that there is nothing new in all this. Newton consented to deduce theological opinions from his astronomical observations; Pasteur, as everybody knows, compared his faith to that of a peasant's wife; and Faraday was unwavering in his loyalty to a fundamentalist sect composed largely of illiterates. But Newton was merely being obliging and the last two at least spoke only as common men and never ex-cathedra when religion was discussed. They seemed, in a word, tacitly to acknowledge what the assembled British scientists do not—namely, that the implications which science has for faith are of such a very general sort that they are equally at the disposal of layman and specialist. On the one hand, it has provided mechanistic explanations for an enormous number of phenomena which were formerly accounted evidence of a super-intelligence controlling the universe; on the other hand, it has never solved all the mysteries. Add to these facts the very dubious experiments of Lodge and his fellows with their spiritualistic mediums and you have everything that counts. Two sophomores who have read Haeckel and Sir Oliver have all the pertinent knowledge that Keith or Bragg possess, so far as the evidences for or against immortality are concerned, since none of the details mastered by the experts carry one a single step further forward in either of those directions.

The medieval priesthood achieved an authority in matters of opinion hardly greater than that which the scientist now enjoys. A sentence which begins with "Science says" will generally be found to settle any argument in a social gathering or sell any article from tooth-paste to refrigerator; but it has generally been assumed by the more thoughtful that no real scientist was responsible for most of the dogmatic guesses thus vaguely introduced. It is too bad that the British Association has put "science" on record as saying either that there is or that there is not a soul. "Science" doesn't know and "science" owes a good deal to its reputation for candor.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

**H**ERBERT HOOVER, the great cosmopolite, has put on whiskers and now pretends that his name is Babbitt and that he lives on Main Street. Although not all his campaign gestures have been effective I must admit that this particular impersonation is superb. In fact, I don't believe the man is acting. It was the earlier role which hung on mere histrionics. Depend upon it Herbert Hoover remained Iowan whether he was called to Belgium, China, Russia, or the Far East. Never has he gone native and the most unjust accusation raised against him is the familiar one that he is at heart an Englishman. That is a libel or, if you please, a gross piece of flattery, for Mr. Hoover is essentially a Middle Western Puritan. There are virtues in this clan. Out of such stock it is possible to get something as good as William Allen White of Kansas. Hoover is smaller than that. I would hardly rate him above the shoe top of the little Emporian.

Both men have a bond in the uneasy feeling that if a thing is foreign it must be in some way iniquitous. And Bill has travelled almost as widely as Herbert. However, there never was much in the notion that travel is invariably a process which broadens the wanderer. As like as not Hoover spent his leisure moments in Australia commenting on the climate of California and it would be entirely possible to note a pensive look in the eyes of White such times as he gazes at the winding Seine. His face is sad for in his heart a strident little voice reminds him, "It's not Emporia."

One thing in Hoover's personal platform puzzles me. Mindful of the reproach that Quakers do not fight he has lost few occasions to call for an army and a navy sufficient in size to command the respect of all the world. I wonder why. In the little red school house where he learned patriotism and elementary arithmetic he must have been taught that one American can lick a dozen Britishers any day in the week and at least fifty Frogs. Why, then, need our armies be considerable in numbers? If this suggestion seem mere fantasy let me include a passage from an interview with the Republican candidate. And this particular talk was printed in the *Herald Tribune*, a friendly paper with no desire to show up Mr. Hoover. John Steven McGroarty, an inquiring journalist, reports Mr. Hoover as saying that "The American acts quickly, he has initiative, he responds. And in these ways, as in many others, he is different from the European."

"In the countries in which he has had such tremendous experiences," continues McGroarty, "Mr. Hoover learned, often at serious cost, that only two or three men in an average European community can be depended on for intelligent action in an emergency, while in America practically the entire community can be depended upon. For instance, during the Mississippi flood, Mr. Hoover called upon ninety communities in the South to meet quickly and effectively sudden emergencies. They were called upon at forty-eight hours' notice to feed, shelter, and in every way care for sometimes thousands of refugees. And, of these ninety communities, only one failed to function. No such achievement could be hoped for in Europe."

In other words Mr. Hoover seemed to say that civilization in such States as Mississippi, Tennessee, and Arkansas

has reached a level unknown in England, Germany, and France, not forgetting the Scandinavian. This seemed to me such a preposterous contention that I felt certain Mr. McGroarty had mistaken the intent of the candidate's words and that something of the real meaning had been lost in the translation into indirect discourse. Possibly this McGroarty, so I imagined, might be a Romish spy sent to confound Hoover and the *Herald Tribune*. Perhaps the reporter had labored at the mighty task of making a fool out of Hoover and the still more gigantic enterprise of making a fool out of the *Tribune*.

But the folly was mine. I had forgotten that Herbert Hoover was about to make a speech down in the Southland and when he gets a taste of votes the man goes wild and will claw any verity. McGroarty did Herbert no wrong. His words seem to have been reflected accurately enough for there appeared in his Elizabethton address an echo of the same conception of the Southern superman as compared with the weak, degenerate brood of Europe. This came in Mr. Hoover's eloquent tribute to Main Street, the place where so many voters live. He said:

When it came to the organization necessary to meet that great catastrophe the pressure of time alone made it necessary to rely wholly upon the leadership, intelligence, the devotion, the sense of integrity and service of hundreds of towns and villages on the border of the flood. . . . In the face of that terrific problem that would test the stamina and quality of any people there was not a failure in a single case. This perhaps stands out larger in my mind than in most men because under similar conditions of great emergency I have had the duty to organize populations abroad. And in no country does there exist the intelligence the devotion, the probity, the ability to rise to a great emergency that exists in the Main Street of the American town and village. I do not wish to disparage the usefulness of Broadway, Pennsylvania Avenue, or State Street but it is from Main Street and its countryside that the creative energies of the nation must be replenished and restored.

It may be observed that Herbert Hoover made two slight slips in this speech. For instance, he might just as well have disparaged Pennsylvania Avenue because no voters live along its length. That he seems to have forgotten for the moment. Also the percentage of American nobility and efficiency has gone up a little. In speaking to Mr. McGroarty, Hoover said that he called on ninety communities and that only one failed to function. However, it might readily seem to Southern voters that Herbert Hoover was nothing but a captious Yankee if he said that only eighty-nine out of ninety Southern communities were perfect. Moreover, even in the recalcitrant community there are voters, so in the speech we have the more rolling statement: "There was not a failure in a single case."

Indeed since the beginning of history there has never been known such nobility as exists among American voters. Here is the promised land and we are the chosen people. Each of us possesses three pounds of butter and a radio. Mr. Hoover is, of course, one of the mightiest among the speckless crew. Al may be the Happy Warrior but that's a name which fades beside the title won by Herbert. He is the Perfect Hypocrite.

HEYWOOD BROWN



# Is Al Smith Afraid of the South?

By W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

**A**L FRED SMITH is not the first American politician for whom the Negroes of the United States have proved a most embarrassing stumbling block. But seldom have the implications of this situation been so clear to all Americans who are willing to think.

Mr. Smith is posing as liberal. His attitude toward super-power, toward non-partisan appointments to office, and toward prohibition give him some color of right to this definition. Toward the greater and ever more pressing problems of the distribution of income and ownership of property, he is making tentative approach by noting the economic distress of the American farmer. But all this does not prove his case, and does not make his appeal to American liberals by any means clear; for he has also made desperate effort to reassure intrenched American capital that he cannot be counted as its enemy; that he will be considerate of corporations like General Motors; and that he will take care of the interests intrenched behind the tariff. All this would make liberal support of Mr. Smith debatable. But there is another matter where there can be no debate.

Mr. Smith is silent about the Negro. Why? Certainly it is not because he has no need of the Negro vote. Migration from South to North, and from country to city, has increased the effective vote which Negroes cast very appreciably over 1916, and considerably over 1920 and 1924. We must, of course, depend upon estimates instead of actual figures, but in States where the real battles of this campaign are apparently being fought, there is a large Negro vote: in New York, 150,000; in New Jersey, 75,000; in Ohio, 125,000; in Indiana, 70,000; in Illinois, 175,000; in West Virginia, 50,000; in Kentucky, 125,000; in Tennessee, 225,000; in North Carolina, 25,000; in California, 40,000. Even Massachusetts has 21,000 Negro voters, and Connecticut, 15,000. There are probably 60,000 Negro voters in Michigan and 125,000 in Missouri. Kansas has 35,000, Delaware, 15,000, and Maryland, 140,000. Of course, in the Southern hinterland, there is little chance that any appreciable Negro vote will be cast or counted. And yet in Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Texas, and Oklahoma the Negro vote of 100,000 might conceivably be of importance if any real rift were made in the governing oligarchy.

This is an asset that no astute politician—and no one has accused Mr. Smith of not being astute—would ordinarily neglect. Moreover, the Negroes are incensed against the Republican Party and against Mr. Hoover as never before. Some defection from the ranks of Negro Republicans was felt as early as 1912, and Woodrow Wilson went out of his way to encourage it. He openly promised Negroes "Justice and not mere grudging justice." Led by the late Bishop Alexander Walters, a Negro bureau was established at Democratic headquarters and a considerable Negro vote was cast for Woodrow Wilson. But the Wilson administration disappointed Negroes even more than it disappointed other people. Wilson refused to appoint the fact finding commission which he had promised to Oswald Garrison Villard; he refused to recognize the

Negro in any important appointments; his whole Negro program succumbed to the Southern oligarchy, except during the war scare. By 1916 the revolt was well over and Negroes went back and voted with docility for Mr. Hughes.

In 1920, Cox made no appeal to the colored vote and it went almost solidly for Harding. In 1924, however, revolt began again. Davis was a favorite among West Virginia Negroes, and led by William H. Lewis, the Boston lawyer, many colored voters bolted Coolidge. But all this revolt was as nothing to that which was brewing among Negroes in 1928. If Al Smith would raise a finger to assure American Negroes that, while he was not necessarily a warm friend, at least he could not be classed as an enemy, he would receive more Negro votes than any Democrat has ever received. For the first time in the history of colored Republican politics, leading colored politicians, like R. R. Church of Tennessee, refused to serve upon the colored Advisory Committee; the head of the Negro Elks openly pledged his organization against Hoover, and there was every sign that the defection thus begun was going to reach large proportions.

Nor were the reasons for this far to see. If leading Negroes repudiated Coolidge in 1924, they were even more estranged in 1928. Moreover, Hoover's silence on them and their problems has been nearly as great as Smith's. He has said not a single public word against lynching or disfranchisement or for Negro education and uplift. When it was brought to his attention that the Red Cross was discriminating outrageously against Negroes suffering from the Mississippi flood, Hoover at first denied it vehemently; afterward he named a Negro committee of his friends, headed by R. R. Moton of Tuskegee, and when this committee confirmed the evidences of discrimination, he refused to let the committee publish its findings.

In addition to this, Hoover has joined openly with the "Lily Whites" of the South,—that is, with those active Southern politicians who propose, not simply to keep the Southern Negro disfranchised, but to prevent the organization of any effective minority party in which the Negro has representation. Hoover knows perfectly well that the disfranchisement of the better class Negroes in the South delivers them into the hands of venal politicians, black and white. Hoover, Coolidge, Hughes, Harding, and all Republican candidates receive gladly the political support of these men in the national conventions. After the convention, Mr. Hoover proceeds to recognize only the white politicians who have supported him. It was very easy to find evidence for accusing Southern Negro politicians of traffic in public office. But the same accusations have been made and proven against white politicians. There is no reason to think that the accusations were any more true in the case of the colored Perry Howard than in the case of the white Bascom Slep, once Secretary to President Coolidge. But under Hoover's political organization Howard was kicked out and prosecuted, while Slep was put in charge of his Southern campaign! Every Negro political leader in the South regardless of his standing—and there are some who are honest and brave—has



been unceremoniously ousted by Hoover and his lieutenants.

Here, then, was a chance and an unusual chance for Al Smith, and not simply a chance for political maneuvering. It was a chance to attack in its stronghold the central danger of American democracy; the thing that makes it impossible for the American people today to vote logically or coherently on any subject whatsoever; and that incubus is the bloc of 114 to 139 electoral votes which are out of politics in the sense that no political discussion, no appeal to intelligence or justice, has any influence on them. This was the time for a really great statement. The Governor of New York might have stepped into the arena and said: "I believe in democracy. I believe that no one is good enough to cast a vote for his neighbor. I believe that poverty and misfortune, even if coupled with slavery and color, are in themselves no reason for caste and disfranchisement. If in spite of misfortune, poverty, and handicap a man meets the qualifications laid down for voting, he ought to vote and to be protected in his vote. He and his ought not to be interfered with by lawlessness and lynching. Education and encouragement ought freely to be offered, and every opportunity for development placed before such people."

Is there any reason why any American citizen, Democrat, Republican, or Socialist, should not subscribe to such a creed and publicly announce it? If there is, then American democracy is already a failure. If there is not, then Alfred Smith ought to have made such a statement. Moreover, I violate no confidence in saying that he was asked and urged to do it and that he refused.

A number of enthusiastic colored folk and friends of colored people put before the advisers of Governor Smith several possible statements which he might make to show that at least he was not an enemy of the American Negro. He refused to say a single word. He refused to let even indirectly anything go out from his headquarters which should seem to represent him as friendly to black men. Negro Democratic headquarters were indeed established but they were not allowed to have offices in the regular Democratic headquarters but were given a small "Jim Crow" annex where they exist without real authority, without explicit recognition, and without the slightest initiative.

On the other hand, explicit and repeated anti-Negro propaganda is being sent out by Democratic headquarters. When the Klan accused Governor Smith of having as his private stenographer "a Negro wench," Democratic headquarters at Washington on September 8 sent out the following release:

Governor Smith does not have, and never has had, a Negro stenographer, and in the employment of Negroes by the State of New York under his administration this has been done only to fill such jobs as they are given in the South, to wit: porters, janitors, charwomen, etc.

The interesting thing about this statement is that it is perfectly true. In all Governor Smith's long career, he has sedulously avoided recognizing Negroes in any way. He has twice vetoed bills which would have given a colored magistrate to Harlem. He has never given a Negro any major appointment. He has seldom been willing to receive a Negro delegation and it is doubtful if he has met personally in all his career a half-dozen of the 250,000 Negroes of his State.

At one time the leaders of his party in New York

City recommended that the late Colonel Charles Young be made head of the new Negro regiment authorized under the direction of the Democratic Governor Sulzer. This regiment had not been organized because of the question of colored officers. The State National Guard was determined that there should be no colored officers, and gave as an excuse that none was qualified. But Charles Young, then a Major in the regular army and a West Point graduate, was a man not only of stainless personal character, but of well-known military ability. The army would have been perfectly willing to lend him to the National Guard. Governor Smith was asked to appoint him. He peremptorily refused and placed a white man at the head of the colored 15th Regiment.

Now why should a man otherwise in many respects liberal and likable, who has himself come up from the common people, show himself so illiberal and petty toward the Negro? It is because Smith has been afraid of the South, and is so today. He probably first ignored the Negro because, with East Side ignorance, he knew nothing about him, and shared the East Side's economic dislike of Negro labor competition: a dislike which was back of the Irish anti-Negro riots before and during the war, in Philadelphia and New York. As Smith began to develop in political power and ambition, he recognized that if he wanted to carry the South he must be orthodox on the Negro according to Southern traditions. He has been so, and, in the future, according to Congressman Hill of Alabama, "Governor Smith says he will let us handle the Negro problem as we see fit. What more could we ask?" Then, again, his liquor program and his religion have stirred up enough trouble and revolt south of the Mason and Dixon line. Smith is determined, therefore, not to say a single word that will enable his enemies and the Ku Klux Klan to fasten the title "Nigger-lover" upon him.

This is unfortunate for the Negro. But it is far more unfortunate for the American people. It means that no attempt to liberalize either the Republican or the Democratic Party, or to start a new third-party movement, can succeed as long as the present disfranchisement of the Negro supports a Solid South. Few Americans yet realize this. Many simple souls have a distinct hope that the Democratic Party may yet figure as a liberal party. They have an additional hope that it will never be necessary in the future, as it has not seemed necessary to these liberals in the past, to take any stand or attitude with regard to the so-called Negro problem. They propose to go on, ignoring the fact that the eleven Southern States, with an increase of population of more than 200 per cent since 1870, and with a theoretical doubling of the electorate by woman suffrage, did not, between the election of 1872 and that of 1924, increase its voting population more than 131 per cent, and that in five States of the Southern South the voting population has actually decreased in fifty years. In other words, a rotten borough system has been built up in the South which has disfranchised 5,000,000 voters and put the political power of a third of the nation in the hands of fewer than a million voters!

The political power of this rump electorate is astonishing. They send forty-five congressmen to Washington, while a million voters on the Pacific Coast send but twelve! They keep their Congressmen in office for long periods, thus enabling the South to monopolize a large number of the chief committee appointments. What chance is there that



this political power will become radical or even liberal? Not the slightest. Now and then we may get some wild talk from Tillman or Jeff Davis or Caraway. You may get gestures from Carter Glass and taunts from Pat Harrison and solemn rhodomontades from Swanson of Virginia. But when it comes to votes, in every case the Solid South will be found to be the tail of the conservative reactionary North, and not a single reform movement, no punishment of swindlers, no real investigation of political evils, can depend upon Southern support. The Solid South cannot be liberal. It is built upon the disfranchisement, not only of 2,000,000 Negroes, but of many more than 2,000,000 whites. It is built on widespread ignorance and intolerance; crime and lynching; peonage and slavery. Its business is to choke off all discussion among liberal whites in the South; to stop all political independence, social freedom, or religious liberalism. For any sane liberal in the United States to think that this body of death is going to be permeated by liberal opinions is clear evidence of incipient softening of the brain.

If now the Southern Democratic bloc cannot become liberal, what chance is there that the Northern Democrats will become liberal? None at all. In Northern States they may temporarily follow liberal principles. But nationally they must do as Smith has done: make peace with plutocracy and repudiate the simplest principles of democracy.

There are a number of hopeful souls who continue to believe that the very ineptitude of the two old parties is going to lead, one of these days, to a triumphant third party. These dreamers insist that this already would have happened if third party advocates could only "agree." This is nonsense. When and where have liberal reformers ever agreed in advance on main matters of reform? Cer-

tainly not at the birth of the Republican Party in the United States or at the birth of the Liberal or Labor Party in England. Widely divergent liberal panaceas are slowly pounded into shape at successive elections as certain of them gain popular support. By a slow process of selection and elimination, the program of a third party is clarified and solidified, and slowly one of the old parties dies. This program is impossible in the United States because the one political party, the Democrats, which is nearest moribund in its ideas, cannot die; it uses the political power of disfranchised Negroes and disfranchised whites to keep itself so large a minority party that any diversion of liberals from the Republican Party simply throws this more reactionary party into power. That was the clear case in the celebrated election of 1912. It was the largest influence in the election of Coolidge, when at the last moment voters became convinced that a vote for La Follette was practically a vote for the Democrats.

The same situation is before us today. Liberals may, if they will, vote for Al Smith. But a vote for Al Smith is a vote for the Bourbon South, and that reactionary bloc will not let Smith take a single really liberal step. They will stand with the Republicans for super-power, for high protection, for disfranchisement, and for war made by an army and navy which they overwhelmingly dominate. On the other hand, if the liberals turn and vote for Norman Thomas they throw their votes away just as surely as when they voted for Robert La Follette. Under the present distribution of electoral votes Norman Thomas has no chance of carrying a single State even if he should receive 6,000,000 popular votes. All of which shows that the problem of Negro disfranchisement is not a problem of the Negroes; it is a problem of democratic government in the United States.

## Blundering Through the Campaign

By FRANK R. KENT

SO far as the so-called strategy of this Presidential campaign—or for that matter, any Presidential campaign—is concerned, it is largely lodged in the minds of the political publicists of whom the 1928 crop is particularly large and pontifical. These being as a rule more imaginative and ingenious, if less practical, than the political managers who are—even the best of them—never very smart, they evolve in the course of the campaign many interesting ideas nearly all of which are utterly foreign to the thought of the professional campaign directors and their candidates. The truth is that on both sides there is this time the usual blundering confusion, blind bewilderment, haphazard, bumble-puppy management and blithe tossing of money to the birds. The country has grown greatly in four years, the reach of the radio has vastly increased, the avenues for expenditure have multiplied, all of which means that the business of electing a President is on a somewhat larger scale than ever before. But basically it is the same. There is nothing at all deep or subtle or artful or skillful or novel about it. There is in neither camp anything approaching a definite, concrete policy not wholly obvious. There is in neither a party-unifying, country-wide issue. The nearest approach to one is prohibition which has split the top rails off both party fences and let loose an unprece-

dently large flock of bolters whose floppings and flappings from one side to the other have been one of the features of the fight. More than in any other campaign of our time this struggle is between the two men rather than between their parties—one colorful, vibrant, shrewd, and calculatingly candid, a seasoned politician, a campaigner of rare talent and resources, an adroit maker of news: the other utterly inexperienced in politics, making his first campaign dull as ditch water on the stump, without fire or eloquence, inept in matters of publicity, inapt as to phrases and forms, but backed by the weight of the majority party and with his normal advantages increased by the prejudice against the religion of his opponent. It is the striking contrast between the personalities and careers of the candidates that makes the campaign unique, not its conduct by the committees. So far as they are concerned it is nearly all old stuff. Invariably and inevitably national campaigns consist in collecting as large a campaign fund as possible as soon as possible and spending it as quickly as possible. It is not good business to spend money before you earn it but it is good politics. Seventy per cent of the campaign fund goes in one form or another for publicity. The balance is divided between the payrolls, which are always monstrous and absurd, and the national committeemen in the so-called doubtful States—



more of them this time than ever before—who serve as the channels for distribution. The one new thing in this connection is the fact, frequently enough commented upon in the daily press in the early days but not much mentioned now, that for the first time in many years the Democrats have enough money really to make a campaign, to meet the other side—at least financially—on even terms. To tell the truth, they not only this time have enough to do that but they have more. They have not only more money, and are spending more than the Republicans, but they have more than any other party has had in the past. This is largely due to the small group of extremely wealthy personal friends of Governor Smith who, headed by Mr. Raskob, sit in the General Motors Building headquarters and underwrite the deficits as fast as they develop, and who will in the end be found holding the bag for no small sum. They are, however, exceedingly cheerful about it, earnestly determined that this time the Democrats shall not be defeated through lack of money for any “legitimate purpose.” This is a situation so entirely strange to Democrats that some of the Senatorial gentlemen around headquarters have not in more than two months quite got used to it. To those practical enough to know how vital is election-day money in the precincts, this new Democratic affluence is a sufficient guaranty that there will this time be no debacle such as occurred in 1920 and 1924. For the rest what each side is doing to corral the 266 electoral votes necessary to a choice is obvious enough. From the start the plain game of the Republicans has been to let the other fellow take the offensive and themselves sit as tight as possible. Always that is the part of wisdom for the party in power. It fits in wholly with the Hoover desire, is exactly suited to the Hooverian mind.

The Republicans can lose a number of electoral votes and still win. Based on these facts the idea of the Hoover campaign from the start has been to avoid costly blunders, make as few speeches as possible, keep wholly free from personalities, state his views when necessary with dignity but always without heat, stress the prosperity issue, as far as possible ignore his opponent, and devote his energies mainly to the work of organization primarily designed to hold his party lines intact, counting largely upon normal numerical superiority and the “business interests” for success. In the last two weeks the “under cover” drive of the Republican management has been to strengthen Mr. Hoover among three classes of voters with whom he is admittedly weak—the Germans, the farmers, the Negroes.

On the Democratic side any such passive and defensive campaign as this would be exceedingly ridiculous. All the logic of the situation casts Smith for the role of aggressor. He must attack and not defend. It is his job by combined assault and appeal to tear away from the Republicans at least sixty of the electoral votes got by Coolidge in 1924. As the candidate of the minority party out of power it is up to him not to sit still but to force the fighting. It so happens that this is as much to the taste of Smith as the other sort of campaign is to Hoover, and it will not be denied that he has made a good campaign. To get anywhere, however, he has to effect a combination of States which on the surface at least seems incongruous and unnatural—almost in fact, impossible. He must hold the so-called Solid South, which is dry, Protestant, and full of Tammany hostility, gain the New York group which is Republican, industrial, conservative, and wet, and then carry a certain number of

the restive and radical agricultural States in the northwestern tier where the Non-Partisan League formerly flourished and the late Robert M. La Follette had his greatest strength. In any normal campaign and for any normal candidate to achieve this would be equivalent to a political miracle. Even for Smith with his amazing vote getting record, his flaming personality and fighting ability, it must be conceded the odds are against him. There is, too, danger as well as difficulty in this effort to unite the conservative, not to say reactionary, East with the Progressive, not to say radical, Northwest. He might, for instance, lose both. Up to the present time—the first week in October—however, he has not only avoided disaster but returns to New York from his first speech-making tour having apparently gained a fair fighting chance in at least six western States where the regular Democratic vote had almost disappeared—and gained this chance without really impairing his conceded strength in New York and the East. His success in the West makes it possible to visualize victory for Smith even when you concede his weakness in the border States and the possible loss of one in the South. The chances are still against him, of course, but several things contribute toward keeping the odds from being too depressingly heavy. One of these is that the fat, full condition of the Democratic treasury enables the Party to pour money into the doubtful States following the dent made by its candidate instead of as has been its custom, letting him down with a bump by going broke just at the critical moment. Another is that the extraordinarily well handled Smith publicity—ininitely better than the Hoover brand, which has by the way been notoriously bad—has enabled him to get away with a practical out and out endorsement of the economically unsound equalization fee and a practically open advocacy of government ownership of public utilities, without raising the sort of protest among business men and their pet newspapers which the Bryan governmental ownership for railroads speech raised in 1908. The cry of “economic heresy” has so far been but feebly raised against him and the accusations of “socialistic tendencies” have come from ineffectual sources.

There is nothing normal at all about the campaign. There are currents running this time the depth and strength of which no one can now accurately determine. In any event while the present Wall Street odds of three to one on Hoover (they may change before this article is printed) are probably justified by past political performances, the situation is not well enough in hand on the Republican side to prevent very real apprehension from being felt among the less smug and more clear headed of the Republican managers. It is true the support of the bigots in the South and the unquestioned tendency of the women generally to vote for Hoover are assets peculiarly his own and not to be discounted. They make doubtful certain States in the South. They give him a better break than any Republican is normally entitled to in the border States of Tennessee, Oklahoma, and Kentucky. On the other hand there is an undeniable and conceded drift away from Mr. Hoover and toward Mr. Smith of the three classes of voters mentioned above—the Germans, the farmers, and the Negroes. These constitute the cornerstone of the Republican Party in the country. How great the disaffection this time among them there is of course no means of knowing. It is sufficient, however, to preclude in informed Republican circles anything even approximating the confidence of the Harding and Coolidge campaigns. To succeed Smith must carry



the so-called Solid South and his own State of New York. So far as the first prerequisite is concerned he is compelled to leave things largely to the South itself, with such help as can come from the General Motors Building. As for the

second he has greatly increased his chances by the dramatic drafting of Franklin D. Roosevelt. To the practical effect of the Roosevelt nomination in New York, must be added its excellent psychological effect over the country.

## Cross Currents in Italy

By MARY KELSEY

I **CROSSED** the Italian frontier into France with my note book hidden in my lunch-basket. There was a very real sense of relief when the customs official scratched his white cross on that modest article of travel, for I had learned only a few days before, from one of the foreign newspaper correspondents resident in Rome, that everything sent out of Rome by the journalists was censored.

I was evidently not the only person on the train who approached the frontier with uneasiness. Two men in the corridor outside my compartment carried on a whispered conversation which seemed endless, their faces within an inch or two of each other. The phrase "state socialism" escaped them once, and with the memory of the recent trial of the communists in Rome, just condemned to twenty-one years of prison for having secretly circulated a small newspaper which did no more than expound the communist philosophy—one of my friends had received it regularly from an anonymous source—the reason for their caution seemed not far to seek.

In Rome there is indeed a constantly present undercurrent of uneasiness. No one feels quite secure there. Any foreigner may be stopped at any moment in the street and his papers demanded by any one of the fifty or sixty thousand members of the Fascist army, a body entirely independent of the national army, and far more formidable as it has numerous dangerous privileges. Among them is the right of arrest at sight. One does not willingly offend any one of the black-shirt gentry who are to be seen everywhere, revolver on hip, and very conscious of their power. Arrests are common and rather uncomfortable stories circulate freely. One hears of dinner guests arriving prematurely, hurried to the police-station for walking up and down in the street in an innocent effort to pass the time till the appointed hour. One misguided tourist, I was told, who at the gate of Mussolini's gorgeous villa had inquired if Il Duce really lived there, was brought guide-book in hand summarily before a Fascist official as a suspicious character.

People, even foreigners, hesitate to speak of Mussolini publicly now in any way, and the subterfuge of calling him by another name is commonly resorted to. "But no longer Smith or Jones," I heard one American woman resident in Rome, say to another. "The Fascist police recognize those names now. We call him Armstrong. It seems symbolic."

There is no doubt of the Fascists' belief in direct action. The following rules of the Fascist militiamen clearly express their creed.

The ten Commandments of the Mititiaman:

1. Remember that the Fascist must not believe in perpetual peace.
2. The days of prison are always merited.
3. The mother-country is served even if the sentinel only guards a can of gasoline.
4. A companion in arms must be a brother. First,

because he is living with you. Second, because he thinks as you think.

5. The rifle and the cartridge pouch have been given to you not to be kept greased alone, but to be used in time of war.

6. Never say that the government makes you pay, because *you* are part of the government, and you wear the uniform it gives you.

7. Discipline is necessary. With out it there would be no army—only confusion and defeat.

8. Mussolini is always right.

9. Disobedience is not pardonable in a Fascist.

10. One thing must be held above all: The life of the Duce.

All the power of the present Italian government is being devoted to impressing these rules on the youth of Italy. The young people are being trained—and in large measure they lend themselves with ardor to it—to dedicate their lives to the furthering of the Fascist ideal. The troops of little black-shirts from eight to fourteen years of age, which one meets marching smartly through the streets, and the many young men, many of them of a fine and generous type, that one sees wearing the Fascist emblem, attest the devotion that it inspires among young people. Few older men wear the emblem, and it is a fair generalization to state that they are almost always inferior in type to the younger adherents. With the older men one feels the pressure of expediency. With the younger it is a vocation. Yet it is striking that the red, green, and white emblem is seldom seen save in the coat-lapel of "white-collar" men. The workers seem to belong to another world.

Yet it seems that the workingman has in a very real sense greatly benefited by the Fascist regime. During the last few months I was told that Fascismo had, not in its machinery which had tended the other way, but in its legislation, distinctly tended toward the left. A whole series of measures relative to the workers have lately been put into effect. The eight-hour day, old age pensions, and unemployment insurance have all been established by law, and the workers of Italy today possess many advantages that might well be copied in democratic countries. But these measures were first introduced by Signor Nitti into the Italian parliament, as he himself explained to me.

It was the proprietor of my hotel who first spoke to me of these reforms with a certain heat and obvious sense of personal hardship though in his button-hole he wore the Fascist emblem.

"Everything is done for the workers today," he said. "All the new measures are to the disadvantage of the employers. All our books are examined and our employees receive a definite share of all our profits. They were never so well off before. It is we that are squeezed."

And indeed the change in the condition of the Italian worker, in contrast to what had existed at the time of my



last visit twenty years ago, was startling. They were uniformly well-fed and neatly dressed and the filth and degradation that was unescapable twenty years ago had almost disappeared. I noticed also a difference in the young girls of the well-to-do classes. They were to me the most striking and the most charming thing in Italy. Everywhere I went I met them, daintily dressed, healthy, normal, self-reliant, going about alone with a superb independence, and perfectly qualified to take care of themselves. They represented to me an Italy new-born. And in still another direction I saw a change for the better. The ill-fed and overworked horses, which had been omnipresent in the old days in Italy, were entirely non-existent. Mussolini had personally ordered that anyone seen driving a suffering or ill-fed horse should lose his license. No such horses are to be seen today.

Everything that is done in Italy that is of any importance is done at Mussolini's personal order. "All his subordinates, newspaper editors as well as public officials, have simply ceased to function independently," a careful observer said to me; "they have suspended the faculty of thought." Even details such as the selection of juries of art is left to the decision of Il Duce. Like the Fascist militiamen, the official world accedes to the dogma that Mussolini is always right.

In every department of Italian life today Mussolini is the arbiter. It was through him alone that the long-projected railroad to Ostia, the ancient sea-port of Rome, was finally built and put into operation, to the delectation of the modern city that flocks to its sands and finds there a healthful and delightful playground. It is to Mussolini, too, that the magnificent electrification of a large portion of the Italian railway system is due. It is by Mussolini's wish that the Roman salute has become the national greeting and at his fiat the boy-scout that shakes hands instead of saluting commits a felony. And by Mussolini's command birth-control has become a crime meriting the severest punishment. For Mussolini is the exponent of the great imperial destiny of modern Italy, the doctrine that carries thousands of Italians who for years have felt in political eclipse, after him. The methods of Fascismo may be abhorrent to them but national pride brings many into the ranks of his supporters, and every department of Italian life today is required to dedicate itself to furthering the imperial ideal. At the industrial conference just concluded this fact was made clear to the group of important captains of industry gathered there. The silk trade must not organize for the advantage of the silk trade. It must organize in order that the silk trade may become an efficient prop in the economy of the Italian nation, and every industry must prepare itself to work with every other industry, for that end alone.

This at least is not a contemptible form of nationalism. There is something fine in its demand for the devotion of every citizen, and the nationalism which finds such expression as that which through posters in every tram-car exhorts the travellers not to swear "for the honor of Italy" has in it something that is undoubtedly worthy of respect.

But can such aims be realized by the will of one man? Is Mussolini, indeed, always right? The National Library at Rome is opened freely to everyone who cares to go there to read or study, save for one small section which can be reached only through special permission from the Minister of the Interior. In this department are filed away all the early speeches and writings of Il Duce!

## In the Driftway

**W**HILE the United States wrestles with the prohibition issue the Drifter gets a message from a friend who has been summering on the English downs:

Yesterday I went off for a trip alone, taking buses to a point some twelve miles to the west (of the village Steyn-  
ing) and then walking. At noon one comes to a village inn. Being a gentleman—a fact attested by possession of a walking stick and by naught else—one chooses the door marked "Private Saloon" and enters a small, low room with one or two tables and benches, and pictures on the wall of Sussex landscapes. One goes to the counter with its discreet window in which appears a head—male or female as the case may be—and says: "A half of bitter, please." This one takes to the table by the window, blows off a mess of pipe ashes, and produces a pair of sandwiches from the rucksack. Or if one is really thirsty one gets a pint straight in a huge glass of legal standard and dimension, and this, if taken not too leisurely and before the stomach is quite replenished with food, is pretty sure to have the most gratifying and poetical effects. And so one staggers on.

\* \* \* \* \*

**S**OON, the letter goes on to say, another microscopic and forgotten downland village comes in view on the further rise of land, and presently you wander among thatched farmsheds and steadings, in search of the churchyard.

There it is on its little circular mound just beyond the one tidy and habitable-looking house in the place—the rectory, no doubt. This is old ground. There is the huge yew tree, centuries old, before the entrance porch. The old flint walling is cracked and patched and the mullioned perpendicular windows, their moldings all but washed away by the dissolving rains, are sagged all awry with the steady shifting and settling of the entire fabric which holds them. Not a soul is near, but birds, perhaps, are nesting in that entrance porch and fly forth at your approach.

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HE Drifter's correspondent, who happens to be an architect, then continues:

Most often you descend a step or two onto the stone-paved floor of the nave, as if the structure were indeed in a process of settling itself into the earth, and grass and oak trees would presently be flourishing above the site. But something, if not the actual present work, has endured here now at least a thousand years—possibly a good half of a millennium longer; for these old parish churches are all on sites of sepulture going back before the advent of Christianity. The circular or once circular mounds on which they invariably stand are considered to be the gigantic barrows of Celtic chiefs—they are quite obviously man-made. And these churches are principally places of burial. In here the weather has often spared the carving of the capitals and the great chancel arch, and grotesque, crude heads still leer at you from the corbels. . . . But one must be getting on. There is so much ground to be covered, and if it be not yet two o'clock one can still get another bitter in the licensed cottage down the lane; for thereafter you must be thirsty until 6 p. m. This is the measure of restriction which England has adopted in lieu of prohibition.

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**T**HE Drifter recalls one poet who wished to be in England in April. He issues no embargoes on the other months; just now he feels he would like to be in England any time in the year.

THE DRIFTER



# Our Readers and the Campaign

## Smith and the Liberals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial of September 26 "Should Liberals Vote for Smith?" cannot be praised too highly for its conscientious impartiality. Nothing could be finer evidence of integrity in the cause of liberalism than your refusal blindly to sponsor the candidacy of Norman Thomas, who is, undoubtedly (like most things unattainable), more to the heart's desire than Smith. But I do not think you give all the reasons why liberals should vote for Smith; nor do you seem to get the full importance of the reasons you do give. This is due, I believe, to the fact that you do not keep the liberal voter consistently in mind, as evidenced in your opening comment on Mr. Earle's letter. Mr. Earle, you write, "declares that intolerance and bigotry are the controlling issues in this campaign, but to others there are far more important questions, notably that of prohibition, and whether Tammany Hall shall be allowed to enter the White House in the person of Governor Smith." This comment shows fundamental confusion on the point at issue; for who are these "others"? Are they liberals? They cannot be! Because to liberals there are no questions of far more importance than intolerance and bigotry; and, moreover, prohibition is part of that issue as far as liberals are concerned. Mr. Earle was clearly writing from the standpoint of the liberal; and intolerance is always the issue with him.

From the standpoint of the liberal, and only from that standpoint, what advantage is there in having Smith rather than Hoover as our next President?

(1) Smith (you grant) will make over the Supreme Court in a more liberal way than will Hoover. Considering the great powers of the Supreme Court and the fact that justices usually live an uncommonly long time, outlasting several Presidents, is not this reason for Smith of more importance than you give it? Significant reform measures have failed to pass in the Supreme Court in recent years, by one vote. Will it not be a decided gain to have such measures pass—even if by only one vote?

(2) Smith (you again grant) has become the "symbol of tolerance in American life—racial, religious, and social tolerance." Is there anything more important for liberalism than that America should stand behind that symbol, supporting it? Liberals must be fully aware that Smith's failure will not leave us with the status quo; racial and religious enmity will increase by leaps and bounds, reaching, if not surpassing, post-war hysteria. We do not have to guess about this. What happened in Maine?

(3) Smith has brought New York ahead of all other States in social welfare legislation. Social welfare reform has always been close to the heart of liberals. You ignore this third recommendation Mr. Earle brings for Smith.

These three reasons, I thoroughly agree with Mr. Earle, are in themselves sufficient to make every enlightened liberal vote for Smith. And *The Nation* has not presented one cogent argument against this conclusion. The liberal must always seize the opportunities for advancing a step further on the road toward a liberal civilization. If liberals can secure, by one election, a better Supreme Court, better social welfare legislation, and greater religious, social, and racial tolerance (in addition to saving the country from a serious setback in these respects) is it not enough for them? Since when have liberals expected to win all their ends at one swoop? Granting even that Smith is no better (though no worse) than Hoover on national economy, imperialism, and disarmament should any liberal be therefore in doubt as to whether he should vote for Thomas and express his feelings or vote for Smith and do some good? Does

any liberal think that even if Thomas were elected he would be able to achieve everything—or even very much? Let liberals reflect on the fate of Ramsay MacDonald and the political deals he made to stay in office! Our national Socialist Party is sufficiently in the realm of the future to be able to be utopian in the present. It can still have a consistent and fine-sounding platform, and its political alliances can still be very chaste. But the platform and alliances will be vastly different whenever that party becomes serious enough to grapple with the real present.

Smith's program you are quite right in saying "everywhere stops short of firing the blood of a true progressive." Smith is not the leader of a progressive party, and to vote for Smith the liberal need not delude himself into believing that he is. Smith is not the liberal candidate; but by means of Smith liberals can make important gains. And that is all they should worry about.

New York City, September 24

JOSEPH RATNER

## Thomas and a New Party

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial leaving it to the conscience of each individual Progressive whether to vote for Smith or Norman Thomas states the issue so clearly that I fail to see why you did not urge the support of Thomas. Along with every sensible Progressive, you favor a new party, a labor party, in this country, on the obvious ground that the Democratic and Republican parties are hopeless. The only way to express such an opinion is by voting for Norman Thomas.

A vote for Smith cannot possibly express any desire for a new party, because the vote of a Progressive when given for Smith, is indistinguishable from a vote for Smith because the voter is a Catholic, an hereditary opponent of the Republicans, a wet, an open-shopper and anti-labor man like Raskob or Woodin, or a Tammany supporter and beneficiary like Kenney.

While Smith has enemies which have gained for him the sympathy of some Progressives, those enemies of his are also the enemies of Norman Thomas, and Smith has friends among open shoppers, contractor bosses, and grafting politicians which any honest Progressive would repudiate.

Cambridge, Mass., September 22

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The issue is not tolerance, Professor Earle and many others to the contrary notwithstanding. Does the good professor really believe that, if Smith is elected, the Arkansas swamp-rooter, the Georgia cracker, the Kansas City Rotarian, will as a consequence become more tolerant? Surely he realizes that tolerance is the flowering of a slow and painful growth with deep roots forming a complex social and cultural network, and not the result of a political campaign.

Prohibition is of course not the issue, except as a vote catcher used by cheap politicians. Everyone knows that neither the election of Hoover nor that of Smith will affect in the least the practical problems of prohibition, with its ramifications of bootlegging, raids, smuggling, etc.

Your own editorial points out the real issue—then fails to draw the inescapable conclusion. The real issue is the foundation of a permanent party of the farmers (no fake farm relief) the city workers, and in general, the people of moderate or scanty income, to oppose the domination of the country by great accumulations of capital. The start made in 1924 by the 5,000,000 votes for La Follette should be continued and made permanent. Merely to vote against Hoover is to lose sight of the main issue. To vote for Al Smith because he is a likable human



being, with glimmerings of social vision, is the acme of futility, for a true progressive. To vote for Norman Thomas, not because he is incomparably superior as a man (a true statesman worthy of the best old American tradition) but because he stands firmly on the real issue, the founding of a party of the masses with a sane and decent program based on the facts of present day economic life—that is to use your vote intelligently, if your liberalism has any solid foundation. A vote of even 3,000,000 for Thomas would do more to clear the path for the alignment that is bound to come ultimately than the election of ten Smiths or the rolling up of millions of votes against Hoover.

New York City, September 21

WILMER T. STONE

## Geographical Liberalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Discussion in *The Nation* and elsewhere as to whether liberals should vote for Smith or Thomas lacks reality for one simple reason: it assumes that liberals are all in like situations. Such is far from the case. Some of us live in Louisiana, some in New York, some in Michigan. If you live in Michigan, you waste your vote if you vote for Smith. He hasn't a chance there. If you live in Louisiana you waste your vote no less; Smith is sure of the State's electors no matter what the tiny liberal minority do.

But if you live in New York or Massachusetts, your vote may help to determine whether Smith or Hoover appoints the successor to Mr. Justice Holmes (not to mention the judges of the lower federal courts with their sweeping powers of injunction). To refuse Smith your support in such a case is a serious responsibility. But a few thousand votes for Thomas in Louisiana and Michigan help measurably to give him and his party an impressive showing. Not a single such vote is really wasted; it is a contribution to a realistic division in American political life.

Antioch College, Yellow Springs, O. HORACE B. ENGLISH

## Mencken in 1936

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Bravo on two counts: Heywood Broun's article on Hoover's Hypocrisy, and second, the Protestant Menace, both in your issue of October 3. Heywood Broun has been my bible since I started reading him, and your paper seems the proper place for him. In *The Protestant Menace*, the last sentence reads: "If they (the Protestant bigots) continue, they will make decent people hope, as an object lesson, for the election of a Catholic President in 1928, a Jew in 1932, and an atheist in 1936." Fine stuff! I had it all set that Mencken would be our next President in 1932, but since he fits into the 1936 category, I can afford to be patient and noble and let you have your way in 1932.

Washington, D. C., October 1

GRETCHEN HOOD

## Plates Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My car and I, as we set our wheels upon the State highway and fall into line in the Great Parade, have suddenly become conscious of our nakedness. Can you tell us where we can get a pair of "Thomas for President" plates, one to hang across the radiator, the other to decorate the spare tire? Lacking these, we might get along with a couple of "Faster with Foster" signs. Or we'd risk it with a plain Will Rogers.

Until we can cover our shame we dare not face another Sunday afternoon.

New York, September 25

CEDRIC LONG

## The Catholic Menace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot refrain from expressing my dissent from your position on the Catholic issue in the campaign as illustrated, among others, in the editorial "The Protestant Menace," in the current number. (I am not a Protestant and have no religious connections.) The fallacy throughout your reasoning is your taking for granted that there is nothing fundamentally dangerous in the Catholic system itself. We cannot ascertain the meaning of that system by reading merely Catholic lay writers, unless they have the visible sanction of the highest Catholic officials, the Pope and the highest Catholic pastors, who take their orders directly from him.

The writings of these supreme officials who are alone Catholic authority portray and present the Catholic system as something that is emphatically menacing to human liberty and to this country's choicest principles and ideals. The Protestants who are resisting Smith's election on religious grounds are fighting to preserve these principles, which at other times you and *The Nation* struggle valiantly to protect and preserve.

So it is now these Protestant ministers and laymen who have changed places with you, are doing the work you generally do and ought now to be doing, while you, having switched over to the other side, try to defeat and discredit them. The only extenuation for your desertion of your own principles is your belief, if you do believe it, that the American Catholic laity will not follow and obey the Pope and his enunciation of Catholic principles to their final conclusions. That is a wide departure from *The Nation's* usual critical sagacity and is wholly unwarranted.

Conway, N. H., October 2

MORRISON I. SWIFT

## Hoover the Incomparable

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am returning my postal card for *The Nation's* straw vote with a good firm X for Hoover. Does *The Nation* look forward with eagerness to the prospect of the liquor business revived, legalized, monopolized, and handed over to Tammany Hall? As for the immigration question, you carry in the same issue (that of Oct. 3) a regretful wail over the closing of doors to aspiring immigrants, and some statistics about enormous numbers of unemployed workers. Does *The Nation* believe that a hearty invitation to all aspiring immigrants would help the unemployed workers?

I read a large number of editorials on Governor Smith's attitude on farm relief. About half of them stated that he was clearly for the McNary-Haugen bill, half said he was emphatically against it, and one editor said he didn't know exactly where the Governor stood on the question. Does *The Nation* know? Nine years ago a man whose political record is one which *The Nation* would delight to honor and whose political acquaintance is nation-wide was discussing the records and capacities of past Presidents, and said that if it were possible to draft the best mind in the world to our service we had it in Herbert Hoover. "But," he added, "you'll never have a chance to vote for him. The politicians are afraid of his shadow now, and will never let him come within a mile of the nomination." The Republican "Old Guard" didn't want Hoover. His running mate, Senator Curtis, didn't want him. The people forced that nomination. If *The Nation* thinks that Hoover was soiled by his brief association in the Harding Cabinet, with Fall of the oil scandal, what does it think of Smith's nearly life-membership in Tammany? I have heard no indorsement of Fall from Mr. Hoover, but Smith's indorsement of Charles Murphy and of Tammany is unqualified.

Harrington Park, N. J., October 3 MABEL ASHE BELING



# Books, Plays, Music

## Prologue to a Reading of Poems

By JAMES RORTY

My Lords and Ladies, lo, the hour is here  
Wherein it plainly will appear  
Unto this chosen company, this sturdy rout  
Of poets, scribes, and diners-out  
Whether or no you showed a lack of wit  
In coming here to hearken and to sit  
While I immodestly go through again  
The ancient ritual of pain,  
Brave with the painted masques of mirth  
That joins a man unto the earth  
And to himself, and to the high gods  
Who torture him with silver-singing rods.

This we call art, my friends: to eat  
This pain as others eat  
Bread, to be denied all else and yet to live  
And grow greater than self, and give  
The honey of peace, the wine of power;  
To give, not share, no, scarce an hour;  
Instead to feel the unforgiving scorn  
Of the great dead, and the unborn  
Heroes, who one day will rise and shout  
The words we mutter, and the faiths we flout.

This we call art, my friends. I wish, I'm sure,  
It were a thing less exigent, less pure.  
We all agreed it is too bad  
The lady must be wooed, or else not had.  
But that, my friends, is art; it's not too late—  
The evening's young—to make another date.  
Gut you to a nunnery, my girl, and you, my son,  
The loud bassoon has only now begun  
To sound within the festive hall  
Where you need scarcely feel at all.

What, you would linger? You deserve indeed  
A priest less surly, and a greater need  
Of loaves and fishes. Mine the sin  
If you go hungry. Let the play begin!

## An American Pilgrimage

*The American Renaissance.* By R. L. Duffus. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

FOR some time now the educational epidemic in this country has been ravaging the provinces of fine and applied arts. Whether the extended infection of American youth by ancient cultures will produce an entirely new kind of living art or merely a new immunity to art seems to be the question that is troubling the prophetic visions of our period. "The American Renaissance" has been written with an intention of discovering some sort of answer. Whatever one may think of American art, about which this book really says nothing at all, one learns that it is being taught almost with hilarity; one realizes, moreover, that this survey of teaching aims and methods is an example of an egregiously expert journalism, so finished as to become itself a kind of *objet d'art*.

Mr. Duffus assures the reader that the inquiries reported in this volume were begun with a definite hope which had been incited and abetted by the program of the Carnegie Corporation of New York City. This ambitious hope was three-fold: first, that there were enough "signs of an esthetic revival in America" to make a search for them worth while; second, that these signs would lead to the discovery of what forms such a revival might take; third, that an itinerant investigation would reveal "what the typical American approach to the arts might be." But lest a reader be frightened by the solemnity of this prophetic undertaking, Mr. Duffus has with engaging charm molded his information into "the record of a more or less random pilgrimage." Thus, his book is not a catalog but a selection of examples vividly presenting the facts, the points of view, the atmosphere, even the possible weaknesses of a variety of educational projects in the arts: fine, applied, professional, communal, musical, and dramatic. This information concerning purposes and methods I have seen recorded in no other book; the contrary nature of the subject matter itself insures amusing reading. But an insidious finish destroys the critical value; in each section Mr. Duffus smooths away the sharp edge of exact analysis by a professional journalist's formulae—dreadfully cheerful congratulation of all concerned upon the enthusiastic and successful *growth* of each institution.

It is a temptation to quote at length from Mr. Duffus's description of the various institutions which he classifies under the epithets "cultural," "practical," and "adventurous." The diversity of aim strikingly illustrates the complex nature of American education in the arts:

The colleges begin with purely cultural, consciously impractical courses about the fine arts. Little by little, under one pretext or another, the actual practice of the fine arts creeps in. Spokesmen for the universities openly lay claim to the professional art school, as they have done to the professional schools of medicine, law, and engineering. Schools of the crafts approach the fine arts; schools of the fine arts find new value in the workmanlike integrity of the craft schools. Teachers of the arts realize more and more that their work is not half done if they do not enable their students to fit into an actual, industrial, commercial world. Industry feels the need of better design and goes to the art schools to find it. Museums remove the dust from their exhibits.

The contradiction of these enthusiasms, methods, aims raises very embarrassing questions concerning the nature of art itself, the place of the artist in our civilization, the virtue of system in an artist's training as against freedom and adventurous individuality. These questions might indeed have been the substance of a significant book. But Mr. Duffus is so positively open-minded that a flame of reflection has no chance to kindle. This allows him to proceed to the modest but pernicious error of his conclusions.

The aggressive optimism of his faith in esthetic renaissance arises from two pieces of sophistry typical of American illusion concerning our cultural ascendancy. In the introduction Mr. Duffus lays the responsibility for what our art will be upon the shoulders of destiny, not upon the body of our conscious critical convictions. To claim that art criticism, as such, has little direct connection with the practice of art is one thing. But to generalize this into the belief that taste has no connection with the practice of art is to empty the notions of art and of culture of their necessary essence: discrimination. The second instance of sophistry occurs in the last two pages of the book. Because the American scene seems to suffer boredom from an over-dose of success in material affairs, and because, as a reaction to this, the activity of art schools is said, by the teachers and artists who talked to Mr. Duffus, to be "intense," he believes that he perceives the dawn of a renaissance. But the assurance is not reasonable. Any conclusion, any prophecy



about an American renaissance must necessarily arise from more than a record of the quantitative increase in school registration. It must arise logically from some understanding of what we mean by art and an examination of the stuff produced by the schooled artists. There is no definition of art in this book; there is no examination of the stuff going by the name of art. What are the architectural firms about? What are the successful artists doing? What of the esthetic consequences of economic standardization? On these things the book is silent. Enthusiasm, money, intense pedantry or practice in the schools will not answer the question which this book holds as central: "What sort of person the American artist ought to be"—a question which, stated even in these moral terms, searches to the heart of an American cultural enigma.

HENRY LADD

## Wholly Mexican

*El águila y la serpiente.* By Martin Luis Guzmán. Madrid: M. Aguilar.

MEXICO, that much talked-of land, has always been strangely taciturn regarding herself and her problems. The fatalistic impassivity with which she has accepted her tragedies seems to brand protest as unnecessary and even unbecoming. Her code would seem to be that the only fitting rejoinder to outrageous fortune is action, when possible; and when not, patient endurance. The rebuke of Guatemoc, the Aztec chieftain, to one of his nobles who cried out when they were being tortured to reveal the hiding-place of their gold: "I am not in a bed of roses," has in it something symbolic of the attitude of Mexicans in general toward the long and bloody turbulence which has been their history for so many years.

One notices this particularly in her literary production, which is the manifestation by which a foreigner can best judge. Only in a slight degree, as compared with other of the Spanish-American countries, where conditions are partly analogous, has Mexico produced what might be called a political literature. Especially is this in striking contrast with what took place in the Argentine, where for a hundred years every form of literary expression has gravitated about the problem of her crystallizing nationality; and even today, when this has become history, it furnishes the theme of her most valuable works.

The great majority of Mexican poets, essayists, and novelists may be read without ever finding other than the most incidental allusion to the drama in which they live and move and have their being. There is the fragrance of the gardens and pleasaunced lawns of Versailles; Neo-Classicism's mythological re-creations; the conventional piquancy of the Latin Quarter; and, more recently, the ultimate essence of Proust, Joyce, and the "ultraistas," as they are known in Spanish; Russia or the Far East; little of Mexico.

But in "*El águila y la serpiente*"—on Mexico's flag an eagle clutches a writhing serpent—from the pen of a hitherto unknown journalist, Mexico contributes a description of the most dramatic and sensational episode of her revolution—that featuring Pancho Villa—which is at the same time a great book, one of the best, perhaps, that has been written in Spanish America. It immediately invites comparison with that masterpiece of the Argentine, Sarmiento's "*Facundo*"; one and the other center around the figure of a guerrilla leader, whether patriot or bandit or a mixture of both, one is at a loss to know. (If Guzmán can think only of a jaguar when he meets Villa for the first time, Facundo Quiroga was known as the "tiger of the plains," and there must have been many other points of resemblance between them.) But whereas Sarmiento's book is a passionate invective against a state of affairs and those he believes responsible for it, neither present-day esthetics nor the Mexican temperament favor diatribes. In keeping with the modern sensibility, Guzmán's book is all in a muted tone; there is a certain detached aloofness, as

of not wanting to attach too much importance to anything, even in his moments of deepest impression. In this volume of intimate history Guzmán has employed, with singular felicity, the cinematographic technique of the new literature. He has attempted no rigid sequence of events, nor has the book any apparent central plan. A series of episodes succeed one another, each complete in itself, and yet together giving the substance of the Mexican revolution from the assassination of Madero to the taking of Mexico City by the Zapatistas. Guzmán was active in the revolution against Victoriano Huerta, served in the early government of Carranza, became a part of the conspiracy against Carranza. The pages are a series of conspiracies, assassinations, treachery, and terror; and yet the author's detachment, and indifference to his own danger, and a certain reckless gaiety—almost infantile at moments—which a prolonged state of revolution always engenders lend a lightness to what would otherwise be a record of horror.

But the author's attitude is leagues removed from callousness toward the brutalities he witnesses. Quite the contrary: here is a sensitive, generous man who entered the revolution filled with idealism. The book is as much a record of his own disillusionment as of his country's; against the vain pomposity of Carranza, the formless energy and ferocity of Villa, the sly treachery of self-seeking politicians, and the dumb, animal aspirations of the Zapatistas—in spite of many who are imbued with the author's own generosity—his illusions crumble, and his only refuge is flight. One feels with him an infinite anxiety at the end when almost by a miracle he has escaped from Villa's wrath, and the train creeps haltingly along the neglected roadbed. "Mexico is so big. Still 1400 kilometres to the border."

It is very difficult to understand anything so deep, so complicated and so aggravated as Mexico's revolution. (It is and always has been *one* revolution.) But in "*El águila y la serpiente*" one feels it, and this is an important step toward understanding. Not merely the events and the characters are Mexican; the whole tone of the book, its restraint, its irony, the good taste with which even the most gruesome episodes are recorded, its subtle humor, and the impassivity before referred to, stamp it as indelibly Mexican.

HARRIET V. WISHNIEFF

## Three Novels

*The Invader.* By Hilda Vaughan. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

*Mrs. Conover.* By John Metcalf. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

*The Gallant Came Late.* By Marian Storm. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

MRS. WOOLF observed recently that although nothing sounds easier than to write with the nuances and the amiably confidential tone of conversation, one has only to try the trick to discover how unexpectedly difficult it is. Similarly, nothing would seem easier than to convey the heat and immediacy of feeling to paper. If a writer can do nothing else, people often say, he can at least convey his own strong emotions strongly to us. Hence the popular misconception that there is at least one real book in every person. But as I plow through the many new novels that have reached my desk this fall, I conclude that it is quite as difficult to convey emotion in words as it is to write naturally. Every human being manages to feel with some degree of violence a number of times in his life. In youth most of us feel with such uncomfortable violence so much of the time that we are almost relieved when we find ourselves sliding into the less ruffled waters of maturity, and even these whip themselves up all too often into tropical hurricanes. A writer is presumably a human being whose emotions are even more violent than those of other men, since they harry him into the considerable labor of literary composition; and presumably a writer, when casting about for a subject, selects one that has



aroused or can arouse keen feeling in him. Yet the general run of novels fail completely to retain any of the heat that must have been present at their inception.

These three stand out from among the undistinguished many chiefly because each of them is passionate and real in its own way. The idealistic doctor and the charming girl who float on the surface of Hilda Vaughan's tale might have been manufactured by any well-disposed romanticist; but the tempestuous, avaricious, ruthless love of her Welsh farmers for their bleak mountain soil is conveyed with a passionate realism that makes the book notable. There is no easy romantic ink in the pen that draws Daniel Evans for us. We see him with all his sins on his head, sly, unctuous, when slyness and unctious help his cause, sensuous, a wistful stranger to love and friendship, but, because of his courage, his passionate persistence, his resourcefulness, deserving nevertheless his proud title of king of the countryside.

John Metcalf's grimy London suburb seems equally full of deep if not always intelligible feeling, but the critics who have compared the unhappy love affair of Mr. Metcalf's Kenneth with that of Philip in "Of Human Bondage" are wide of the mark. The reader leaves Somerset Maugham's great book with the feeling that he has spent some weeks floating in an open boat on a turgid flood-swollen stream. The reader also leaves Mrs. Conover with a sense of being dazed and lost. But in the first book he has floated on a stream of vexed and vexing emotion. In the second he has wandered about lost in the unnecessary opacities of the author's presentation of a simple tale. Mrs. Conover never emerges as the malignant figure she was clearly intended to be. She is simply a very old friend who makes the headlines in our papers with almost tiresome regularity, the woman who has been taught to regard the natural joys of the body as sinful, and who for a time discovers a satisfactory substitute in emotional religion, only to find herself presently staring in horror at the same sin again. Lost in the shadows of Mr. Metcalf's book there are, however, various people whom we know would be interesting if he could, for a moment, manage to get them into the light. And there is a constant undertone of moody passion that makes one go on reading from page to page.

"The Gallant Came Late" arouses a special tenderness in me. The story of the little dreaming girl and her lonely father in the house on the Carolina mountain side is charmingly told. To be sure there were never a father and daughter since time began who were quite so continuously and exquisitely considerate of each other; yet the tale as it is told conjures up such a relationship as it seems in retrospect, and so preserves its inner truth.

This book also might have been called "The Invader," for it portrays the power of love to overturn completely everything that had seemed to have value in a life before its appearance. This is a theme that has never been adequately developed, and Miss Storm's story is, interiorly again, profoundly true. It seems to me a pity that the concrete episodes she has hit upon to develop this theme should have such a false, almost movie-like atmosphere about them. It seems to me quite unthinkable that the girl we know in the first part of the book should have thrown her talent and her little fortune away in order to maintain a luxurious apartment and to overdress herself for a lover who didn't even demand such a sacrifice from her. One questions at once the genuineness of the talent that is so caverlierly sacrificed, one questions the reality of the great voice teacher who would banish one of her most promising pupils for a single disobedience, one questions the quickness with which Allard decided to prevent the birth of her child, and one questions even more the violence of her grief once the deed was done. But one does not question the genuineness of the experience Miss Storm has tried to dramatize with these unfortunately chosen episodes or the genuineness of her talent.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

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## Books in Brief

### European Diplomats at Work

*British Documents on the Origin of the War, 1898-1914.* Volume III: *The Testing of the Entente, 1904-1906.* Edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley. London: His Majesty's Stationery Office. 10/6.

In this third volume of the British war documents, covering the period when the Anglo-French agreement was young and the Morocco dispute was looming upon the European consciousness, little but amplified detail is added to the understanding of British policy. It was a period of trying out the ground; and the difficulties of diplomacy are illustrated in the conflicts of opinion within the Foreign Office. Sir Eyre Crow's bitter marginal comments upon documents relatively friendly to Germany are often as amusing as they are enlightening.

*Survey of International Affairs: 1925.* Volume I: *The Islamic World Since the Peace Settlement.* By Arnold J. Toynbee. Volume II: By C. A. Macartney and others. *Supplement: Chronology of International Events and Treaties, January 1, 1920-December 31, 1925.* Compiled by V. M. Boulter. Oxford University Press, American Branch. Prices, \$8.50 and \$4.25 respectively.

The Royal Institute of International Affairs is making itself useful to the rest of the world. The factual summaries of these annual "Surveys" are invaluable to the serious student of international politics; although, perhaps, future volumes might usefully pay more attention to the economic developments which in the long run shape politics. Possibly the quotation from a New Orleans business man introduced into the discussion of Mexican affairs—"No nobler ideal was ever conceived by mortal man than to raise up ten millions of people to the point where they've gotten purchasing power"—is a step in this direction. Inevitably, prepared in England, these volumes have betrayed a certain European bias; the 1925 issue is the first to include a section on the New World. Wisely, no effort is made to limit the ground covered to the date of the volume; the histories of the Locarno pacts, of the Chinese Eastern Railway, of the Shanghai dispute in the volume for 1925 go back a decade and are carried forward in some cases to 1927. Mr. Toynbee's volume on the Islamic World goes back half a century in explaining the abolition of the Ottoman caliphate, and his story of events on the north coast of Africa covers the entire post-war period.

*A History of European Diplomacy, 1914-1925.* By R. B. Mowat. Longmans, Green and Company. \$6.25.

Save for bits of personal description or characterization here and there, Mr. Mowat's book is dry reading, but as it is fairly comprehensive, well arranged, and literally crammed with facts, it should on that account be very useful to any one who needs to refresh his memory regarding the period with which it deals. The author's point of view may be gathered from his praise of Sir Edward Grey; his smug assertion that the publication of the famous White Paper of August, 1914, "placed the policy of Great Britain in a clear light and created a conviction in the rightness of her actions which nothing has transpired to dim"; his patronizing remark, apropos of the controversy over contraband of war, that "the British navy has always been something of a dominating (only unfriendly critics would say domineering) influence on the high seas," and that "on this account the people of the United States, who have a fine naval tradition, have always scrupulously examined the attitude of the British navy toward their shipping, and have been, quite naturally, a little sensitive about it"; his acclaim of Venizelos as a great statesman who, "as far as a historian can judge . . . has always been right"; his amazing statement

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that the Treaty of Versailles "contained a fairer adjustment of territories than had previously existed," and his description of Chicherin at the Genoa conference as looking like "a clever bourgeois . . . something saturnine, watchful, and uneasy about his countenance . . . sometimes sanctimonious, always a little insolent." The book is dedicated to the president and faculty of the University of Wisconsin, from which fact it may apparently be inferred that the substance of the book was originally delivered as lectures at that institution. If it was, we are reluctant to believe that the audience got altogether what it expected.

*The Drafting of the Covenant.* By David Hunter Miller. Putnam. 2 vols. \$15.

Every phrase or mere word of the Covenant of the League of Nations is here traced through the session of the commission which composed it, to Wilson's, House's, Lord Phillimore's original drafts or the later insertions, additions, and compromises of French, Italian, British, and American experts. It is a work of microscopic scholarship, infinitely documented, a minute medical record of the birth-throes of an international constitution.

## Music Munich and Salzburg

AS music-drama the first act of "Tristan" at Munich was much better than at Bayreuth, and in fact something of an achievement. The setting had appropriate strength and sombre magnificence of coloring, where the Bayreuth setting had been pretty and fussy. And there were the same strength and color, in place of the customary white, in the costuming of Isolde, who in addition was played by a woman of regal stature, Elizabeth Ohms. Again, the very roughness of the orchestra, its faster tempos, might be taken as dramatic vigor. But in the second act the musical weakness of the participants resulted in disaster. Under Knappertsbusch the orchestra sounded at times like a routed army, and was badly out of tune, with the horns off-stage producing only indistinguishable wheezes.

I fled to Salzburg, only to be entertained by the dismal sputter of damp powder. The Festival began this year with a visit of the Leningrad Opera Studio, the name of which promised great things, but which in fact gave performances that were pretty awful, except for the singing of two basses and of a remarkable contralto named Presbajenskaya. Thus, the only good performance technically—of Mozart's "Bastien et Bastienne"—was bad nevertheless because it was wrong: it took the form of an amateurs' rehearsal which in effect poked fun at the opera instead of projecting the humor in it.

Of the customary performances by the Vienna Opera forces there is a different story to tell. I heard first the famous production of "Fidelio" with Lotte Lehmann, conducted by Schalk. This production, it turned out, deserved its fame, but not because of Lehmann—the quality of whose singing was beautiful but not remarkable, and who exhibited only annoying operatic conventions as an actress—nor indeed because of any individual. The very fact that there was no outstanding personality in the company, except perhaps Richard Mayr, may be the reason for the peculiar excellence of the performance, its dramatic and musical unity: the principals seemed willing and accustomed to work together and to be taught the details of the conductor's musical conception. This was also true, of course, of the orchestra, the Vienna Philharmonic (which is also the orchestra of the opera company), whose playing was easily the biggest single contribution to the performance. These

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observations can be repeated for the other performances conducted by Schalk that I heard: of Mozart's "Magic Flute," which, I should add, suffered from cumbersome staging and an inadequate Queen of the Night; and of Schubert's Mass in E flat. In all of Schalk's performances one was presented with the results of the pains that had been taken in preparing them; one felt that Schalk himself was no longer necessary, that the orchestra, with its own understanding and his training, could play as well without him.

The performances of Bruno Walter, on the contrary, after all preliminary rehearsal, were delivered white-hot; and quite apart from this were the finest I heard at Salzburg. Under him the orchestra showed what it was capable of: in a brilliant performance of Schubert's C major symphony, an equally fine performance of the "Unfinished," a performance of the Rosamunde music that had to be heard to be believed, but above all in the performance of Mozart's "Così fan tutte." I had no ears for the singers, and certainly no eyes for the shabby set. My attention was claimed by Walters riant, alert, unobtrusively pointed accompaniment with orchestra and, on occasion, with piano. He does not conduct all music equally well (who does?); I am told that Kleiber surpasses him in the bigger Mozart, and indeed that Richard Strauss surpasses everyone; but a "Così fan tutte" better than Walter's I cannot conceive of.

A few of the advance reports, then, I found exaggerated. Such reports have caused us to import musicians who have disappointed us; they therefore deserve and reward discussion. In general it is not the single judgment of a critic that is perplexing, but his pair of judgments; in particular it is not the warmth over a Gertrude Kappel or a Lotte Lehmann, but that a critic should speak as warmly of them as he did formerly of greater artists. It is not surprising—in the absence of greater conductors and in view of his own actual competence, the more favorable conditions under which he works in Europe, the very nature of his limitations of repertoire and style—that in central Europe Furtwaengler should be considered a greater conductor than he turned out to be in New York; what is surprising is that people should consider him fabulous ("fabelhaft") who have heard the truly fabulous conductors of the past. It is not surprising that some should find Knappertsbusch fabulous; what is bewildering is that it should be the person who has just used the adjective of Furtwaengler and who, on the other hand, is able to appreciate how poor Von Hoesslin is. Again, those who value Beethoven and Mozart should not find much nourishment in Pfitzner or Bruckner; and certainly if, as it turns out, they are merely fascinated, as Germans are apt to be, by formalistic intricacies, they should not rate Bruckner higher than Brahms.

It is the reasons for all this, when one can discover them, that are interesting. We Americans cannot appreciate Pfitzner, runs the argument, because his is the expression of something essentially German. At the same time, in the case of the conductors, we are told the sad story of the perversion of German music—Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann—which is national, by Jewish musicians who are international. In other words, the great common virtue of Furtwaengler and Knappertsbusch is that they are German and not Jews. (We must, we are told, hear Knappertsbusch conduct not Wagner but Beethoven; and similarly most of the third-raters turn out to be first-rate only in Bruckner). But since we do appreciate the Germans Beethoven and Schubert we should be able to appreciate the German Pfitzner; and if instead we find Pfitzner sterile, it cannot be merely because he is German. Furthermore, if we appreciate Beethoven and Schubert, the theory of music being national begins to look slightly cock-eyed; and it looks worse when we remember how Koussevitzky conducts Debussy, Monteux or Goossens conducts Stravinsky's "Sacre," Toscanini conducts Wagner, and the international Bruno Walter conducts the German Schubert or Mozart. And what, may I ask, is there essentially German about Mozart?

B. H. HAGGIN

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## Drama

### A Cowards' League for Peace

**P**LAYS about the war have generally beat the big drum. Whether militantly patriotic or aggressively non-resistant they have celebrated the heroic virtues and they have done scant justice to those numerous Americans whose disinclination to be shot was due less to the high moral fervor of the theoretical pacifist than to a simple and quite understandable preference for the pleasures of a quiet life. On the whole, literature has not concerned itself enough with the many quite agreeable people who have no taste for martyrdom upon any altar and it is for this reason that I hail "The War Song" (National Theater), whose chief virtue lies just in the fact that it dares to choose such a man as its unheroic hero.

When the war broke out Eddie Rosen (ingratiatingly played by Mr. George Jessel) "plugged" the patriotic ditties of tin-pan alley in the various vaudeville houses of this city because song plugging was his business, but he was far more interested in the welfare of a nice old Jewish mother and in the charms of one Sally Moss than in the various abstractions which were supposed to take precedence over them. He knew that he would be a bad soldier and, after the draft board drew his name, a bad soldier he was—amiably incompetent, completely unheroic, and miserably out of place. His companions liked him and so did the officers, whom he obligingly helped back to their quarters when they were too drunk to find their own way, but the guard-house knew him well and on the eve of a battle he was far more likely to be thinking of the troubles in the flat back home than of the alleged outrages perpetrated by the Huns in Belgium. Finally, the last act discovers him safely a prisoner behind the German lines, but his mother is dead and his sweet-heart has defected. Decidedly he had not been much good to War and decidedly War had not been much good to him. He was, the heroic would say, not big enough for it, but the fact remains that he was a considerably more likable human being than many who were.

Now "The War Song" is not a great play. In the first place, pathos, upon which it chiefly depends for its effect, is one of the least satisfactory sentiments upon which drama can depend because, even when it is frequently relieved by comedy, as in this case it is, it leaves the spectator somehow let down, and it is incapable of producing that tonic effect which makes either comedy or tragedy exhilarating. The present play does, moreover, frequently skirt near the edge of obvious sentimentality and it is marred by occasional lapses into the manner of the sob-story. But it is both honest and intelligent at bottom, and to me it suggested a project which I shall now unfold.

Opponents of war have always proposed to prevent it by an appeal to various human virtues. They have urged that the effort be directed toward making men more intelligent, on the one hand, and, on the other, more inclusive in the love which they bear toward their fellow man. But all the virtues, and particularly that of intelligence, are very difficult to cultivate wholesale and they are, moreover, always sensitive to various specious appeals like that of the war "to end war" or "to save civilization from the barbarians." Personally, therefore, I very much fear that the human race will never be good enough or intelligent enough to refrain from fighting, but fortunately there are various vices which ought to be easily cultivatable and equally effective. Indolence, cowardice, and love of ease certainly promote peace and certainly none is rare. For one martyr willing to lose his life in the interests of international good-will or even to undergo the discomforts of prison for the sake of making a spectacular protest, there are hundreds who would be glad to indulge a harmless selfishness if only they

were given proper encouragement. Perhaps, after all, the real hope lies rather with the Eddie Rosens than with those who have only their nobility to guide them when the trumpet calls. I propose, therefore, a Cowards' League for Peace, international in scope, and with membership open to all those who for any reason, good or bad, will promise to keep out of all armies whenever possible by whatever means they can. It will appeal to many who are not conspicuously intelligent or even particularly noble, but it is numbers that count either in making an army or destroying it. Our patron saint will be, not Tolstoi or Gandhi or anyone like them, but the poet Horace, for when Horace threw down his shield at Philippi and ran away he did so not at all because he was an internationalist but simply because he had a great disinclination to dying. As for our slogan, I suggest either "Cowards Arise!" or, if that be considered to embody a paradox, then "Cowards Lie Down!"—anywhere and behind anything that happens to be handy.

Among the other new plays of the week the most amusing is "When Crummles Played," presented by the new English repertory company at the Garrick Theater. The Crummles referred to is that traveling impresario who appears in "Nicholas Nickleby," and the present performance includes a burlesque presentation of "George Barnwell" done more or less in the manner of the "Fashion" revival. It is staged with considerable spirit and it is quite entertaining. "Elmer the Great" (Lyceum Theater) is the baseball play which is attributed to Ring Lardner but which Mr. Lardner professes not to recognize in the present version. It was probably very good in the original form but something of a mess as it now stands, for Mr. Cohan has transformed the ivory-headed pitcher into a hero and replaced most of the original satire with homely sentiment. "Chee Chee" (Mansfield Theater) is a lavish musical comedy which concerns itself with the emotions of the Son of the Grand Eunuch just before promotion to his father's important office.

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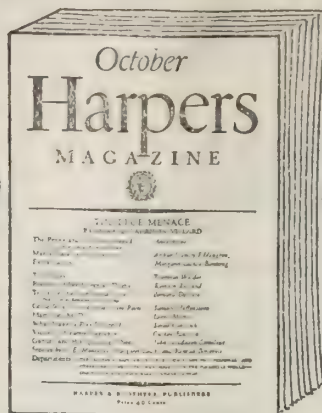
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In fact, the whole October number is significant. Look carefully at the titles below. The variety is impressive, and the subjects are not only varied but important. Each month, Harpers Magazine presents a miscellany of reading that reflects the eager energetic modern mind. Particularly the Harper readers whose chief characteristic appears to be a combination of intellectual curiosity and a strong distaste for the second-rate.

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*Oswald Garrison Villard*

THE PENNY AND THE  
GINGERBREAD  
*Anonymous*

EXTRA LADIES  
*Margaret Culkins Banning*

MAN'S PLACE IN THE  
UNIVERSE  
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PORTRAIT OF BEETHOVEN AT  
THIRTY  
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TUAL LIFE  
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# International Relations Section

## The United States as Guardian of Europe

THE following article from *L'Echo de la Bourse* of Brussels expresses a significant reaction to the Kellogg Pact and to the increasing power of the United States in European affairs:

The Kellogg pact had hardly been signed when Mr. Briand saw himself compelled to speak to the Germans at Geneva in an extremely frank language, so frank that the German press now places the Quay d'Orsay statesman in the same category with Mr. Poincaré. This famous pact, far from marking a turning point in history—just remember the frightful outpourings of poetic enthusiasm on the part of certain French papers—leaves nations and men with their traditional interests, their appetites, instincts, grudges, and vices.

After all, only one thing interests us: Will it have any effect? Our conviction is that its only effect will be of a psychological order. This is quite evident, as material penalties are not provided and as the "law of peace" only calls for lofty adjectives and adverbs. The Kellogg pact is an instrument of propaganda; it works for peace by the method of suggestion. That is a method to which risks are attached.

Mr. Henri Lambert, whose audacious studies of political economy are well known and who has always thoroughly penetrating views, tells us that he does not share our opinion, but at the same time he presents the Kellogg pact to us in a very crude light. His communication deserves to be placed before our readers. It reads as follows:

"The Kellogg pact will, in my opinion, and contrary to the opinion expressed by the *Echo de la Bourse*, not have any effect as a moral undertaking, at least if only the *direct consequences* are considered. Taken in itself, the mutual promise of the nations never again to make war on each other (although they have not been able to solve to their mutual satisfaction any of the grave questions which profoundly divide them) is the most flagrant childishness and stupidity to which diplomats, statesmen, and princes have ever subscribed in the course of human history. But considered in its *indirect consequences*—and apparently altogether overlooked—the Kellogg pact has an importance that cannot be over-estimated: *it assures in an absolute manner the peace of Europe for many years to come.* The astonishing part is that no statesman, no political writer of the Old and the New World, has pointed this out. It does not seem to have dawned on them at all.

"As a matter of fact, it is inconceivable that in future the United States should lend its financial, industrial, and commercial assistance, in the shape of credit or supplies of provisions, arms, and ammunition, to a nation or nations that are aggressors. And it is almost as inconceivable that they should refuse this assistance to the victims of aggression. Now in Europe there will for a long time be no nation, not even England, capable of facing a war in which it would meet as adversary the financial, industrial, and commercial power of the United States.

"The Government of the United States has thus become the supreme arbiter of European international politics. For it is clear that in its eyes the aggressor will always and inevitably be the nation which it considers in the wrong, and the victim will always be the nation, rightly or wrongly, which it considers in the right. Geneva will always be careful not to be at cross-purposes with the American Government, and, furthermore, the latter would entirely disregard Geneva's opinion. Europe is thus under guardianship. The 'great statesmen' of

Europe have thus been caught in the trap which worthy Mr. Kellogg has quite innocently set for them. The pacific destiny of the European peoples is thus fixed under the financial hegemony of America. We have to live under the rule of this 'Pax Americana.'

"Is this an evil?

"If only a month ago somebody had done me the honor of asking my opinion as to the problem of peace, I should have replied that the solution could only be found in *Free-Trade*. I might have added that lacking such a solution, lacking the real 'peace by right,' there remained the 'peace by might.' Now, what has happened? Instead of having followed the road of economic and free-trade pacification, Europe sees its international problem settled by the financial power of America. It is true that this settlement by financial power is preferable to any settlement by military force. But, all the same, it is a great humiliation, particularly for our leaders and great politicians.

"As a matter of fact, Europe was incapable of saving itself by its own will and its own means. Not one of these statesmen, not one of the political writers, not even one of the economists and sociologists, seems to have had the least idea of the three great questions, questions of life and death, with which Europe is confronted: the question of international relations, that of social relations, that of the organization of parliamentary democracy. That explains the constant and patent failure whenever they face any of these problems.

"It is therefore a good thing, desirable and necessary, that Europe was placed under guardianship. Evidently the American statesmen and leaders know no more about this than ours. Manifestly they see even less clearly the true conditions of stability and progress of civilization. But they will be politically honest. (I say 'politically' and add that in purely European questions their impartiality may be admitted.)

"My conclusion is that, particularly with regard to the small nations like Belgium, it will be better to live under the tutelary direction and supervision of the United States than under those of France, Germany, or even of England.

"After all, the main thing is that peace in Europe is assured for a long time to come. Let us hope that in the meantime the statesmen and great politicians of Europe and America will see the problem clearly—an elementary problem for anyone facing it in a spirit of truth and justice—without considering the dangerous ineptitudes now in favor at Geneva, as, for instance, 'peace by disarmament' or peace 'through application of the treaties in force.'

"HENRI LAMBERT

"P.S.—Among other exigencies the United States will probably in the end proclaim that of the open door and of equality of rights in the colonies elsewhere and they even may admit it in their own colonies. This would indeed be a great step forward."

The interpretation of our esteemed correspondent appears to us interesting principally because it corresponds to the impression, to the unexpressed sentiment, of millions of Europeans. The United States does not want any more war in Europe: that is the origin of everything. They tell us so very politely, proposing to us a pact which all nations sign on the footing of the most perfect equality. But as a matter of fact, they "impose" peace upon us. They fear our incapacity to establish it ourselves and they intervene with authority. It cannot be denied that the Kellogg pact is the affirmation of their guardianship.

Beneficent guardianship? Yes, in principle. As a matter of fact, the American nation is guided by interested motives. What will happen if these motives change? There lies the danger. Preparing for that day the European nations should organize peace on a European plan and should show themselves



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MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,  
REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CON-  
GRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF

## The Nation

Published weekly, Wednesday, at New York, N. Y.,  
for October 1, 1928.

State of New York, ) ss.  
County of New York, )

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of The Nation and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Managing Editor—Freda Kirchwey, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is \_\_\_\_\_ (This information is required from daily publications only.)

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,  
Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1928.

[Seal] MARY E. O'BRIEN

(My commission expires March 30, 1930.)

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sufficiently strong and capable to maintain it by their own forces—even against the United States.

The fact that both Europe and America are protectionist involves us in a vicious circle. We will get away from it if we allow the Kellogg pact to develop its psychological effects. It has a virtue of propaganda. It reinforces a movement of opinion the force of which is not negligible. Let us hope that it will induce the peoples of Europe to ponder their humiliation and to seek peace in the suppression of the *causes* of war!

## Why Not?

**H**IS EXCELLENCY General Frits Holm, G.C.G., G.C.H.S., LL.D., D.C.L., Royal Yacht Club, Copenhagen, is circulating through the world a new plan for abolishing war. His "Projected Law—The Enactment, Promulgation, and Enforcement of which will prevent war among nations" contains, among other things, certain unique suggestions:

The following measures shall within ten hours after the beginning of hostilities or the formal declaring of war be carried into effect, to wit: there shall be conscripted as simple soldiers or simple sailors, *with rank of privates*, for the earliest possible participation in actual hostilities against the enemy under fire, the following persons:

1. The head of the state, if male, whether president or sovereign.
2. All male blood relatives of the head of the state having attained the age of sixteen.
3. The prime minister and other secretaries of state, as well as all under and assistant secretaries of state.
4. All male representatives elected by the nation for legislative work, except such members as voted openly against said armed conflict.
5. All bishops and prelates, or ecclesiastics of similar rank, of the nation's Christian and other churches who failed publicly to oppose such armed conflict.

The above enlistments as privates are for the duration of the war and are enforced in disregard of the individual's age or condition of health, upon which the military medical officers will pass *after* enlistment.

The wives, daughters, and sisters of the above-mentioned persons shall be conscripted as simple nurses or servants for the duration of the war for service only at the front as near actual hostilities under fire as dressing stations or field hospitals are established.

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THE WHISTLES OF BOATS in the harbor and the whir of airplanes overhead announced to New York the approach on October 15 of the airship Graf Zeppelin even before it came in sight around the edges of the downtown buildings. A hundred thousand heads were stretched out of office windows; crowds stood still in the streets and gazed at the narrow slices of sky visible between the buildings. Then quietly and with an air of supreme unconcern the great boat flew, or rather floated, into view. It passed quickly, without effort or even the appearance of motion, over the city; turned again; flew south and then out over the harbor. It was hard to believe that so serene and mighty a bubble could ever have been tossed about by storms, or bobbed in the wind. But the end of the voyage of the third airship ever to fly across the Atlantic Ocean must have brought relief to its sixty persons aboard as it did to millions of other people on both sides of the sea. The long trip; the stormy, unsettled weather; the scanty and conflicting reports; the thrilling tale of repairs made in mid-air over mid-ocean—all served to create a sense of uncertainty and anxious concern. Flying the ocean either in plane or airship is not yet so casual and safe a business that the element of excitement has been lost. Not one person looking out of New York's windows but felt a breathless moment of triumph and relief when the great cloud-like ship swept over the towers of the city.

GOVERNOR SMITH still has two and a half times as many votes, in *The Nation's* poll of its subscribers in the United States, as his nearest rival, Norman Thomas. The total now stands: Smith, 6,317; Thomas, 2,542; Hoover, 2,526; Foster, 396, with the rest scattering. Taken by States Smith carries the South over Hoover by three and a half to one; New York goes to Smith by five to one. North Carolina, that much-debated Southern territory, gives almost six times as many votes for Smith as for Hoover; Virginia gives more than four times as many. Wisconsin, which Republican managers are trembling over, votes nearly three times as often for Smith as for Hoover; Minnesota, also a Republican stumbling block, has two and a half times as many votes for Smith. In the entire list of States Hoover wins but one: South Dakota, and there Smith is only five votes behind. Illinois still has two Smith votes to one for Hoover. Meanwhile, in a surprisingly large number of cases, Norman Thomas matches or betters the Hoover vote. In the old South he is behind, as in the Southwest and in rock-bound Vermont; but in New York and New Jersey, in Pennsylvania, in the Middle West, and in the far Northwest he polls as well as or better than Hoover. In only three States is the Thomas vote within 50 per cent of that given to Smith: Colorado, Rhode Island, and—shades of Cabots and Bradfords and Lowells—Massachusetts!

BOTH ALFRED E. SMITH and Herbert Hoover have made their tariff speeches and both utterances are to their discredit. Governor Smith's is the worse by a good deal, for he has, besides flinging over the historic policy of his party of advocating tariffs for revenue only, set forth a program which after all differs from Mr. Hoover's merely in degree. More than that, he has taken to his breast that device for fooling the American people known as the Tariff Commission, promising to revamp it if he is elected. We have no doubt that he is perfectly sincere in his belief that he can work out a tariff which will favor all the people in the community and will permit of no special privilege. But that is the veriest nonsense and he might just as well promise the voters that if elected he will institute at once a regular line of Zeppelins to the moon. He obviously has not the faintest idea what the protective tariff really is. There is less excuse for Herbert Hoover's economic blunders because he is popularly supposed to be an authority on the mechanics of international trade. As it is, his address is a mass of contradictions. The whole thing was skilfully written for the audience to which he appealed, but it is superficial and unsound to a degree and not even wholly consistent with his previous utterances. We shall give more space to both these speeches next week.

SENATOR THOMAS J. WALSH has uncovered another oil scandal. It is only a mild scandal compared to the stench of Teapot Dome, but it involves Hubert Work, former Secretary of the Interior, now Mr. Hoover's campaign manager. Walsh charges that Work while sitting in the Coolidge Cabinet last February renewed a contract with the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company under



which the government will lose over \$2,000,000 because it sells oil from the Salt Creek, Wyoming, fields to the Sinclair interests at a price considerably below the market. The original five-year contract under which Sinclair buys this government oil so cheaply was made by ex-Secretary Albert B. Fall in 1922, and it appears that Fall gave the Sinclair interests an option to renew the contract at the old price for another five years. This option, Senator Walsh declares, was illegal because Fall gave it to the Sinclair interests secretly and no mention of it was made in advertising for bids. But Work, Attorney General Sargent, and his assistants held that the Sinclair option was legal, and they renewed the contract in February, selling the oil to Sinclair while certain Kansas oil companies were clamoring to buy it at a higher price. The government's legal advisers may be correct in maintaining that the government is compelled by the law to recognize the Sinclair option, but the Administration's handling of the case arouses grave suspicions. The Department of Justice, according to Senator Walsh, will not make public its legal memoranda on the subject, and the case which the Senator makes against the legality of the contract is apparently sound. Can it be that the Administration is seeking to evade exposure until after Election Day?

ONE SHOULD NOT CONFUSE the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers with the independent and distinct group of James G. Scripps. In his article on California Is for Hoover in *The Nation* of October 10 George P. West mentioned the Los Angeles *Record* as a Scripps-Howard newspaper when in fact it belongs to the latter group. H. B. R. Briggs, editor of the *Record*, in a telegram to *The Nation*, dated October 11, asking for a correction, says that his journal has been advocating the candidacy of Governor Smith and he adds this prediction:

I hazard an humble opinion that Smith today has a good fighting chance to carry Hoover's home State and that he can cinch that chance if he comes here in person and takes an unequivocal stand for public distribution as well as government generation of Colorado River water-power. Senator Robinson, in response to the *Record's* blunt demand, definitely committed himself to this in his San Francisco speech Wednesday night.

Another reader of *The Nation* in Los Angeles, Mary Elizabeth Paddock, also sends words expressive of optimism in regard to Governor Smith's chances. She writes:

California is *not* going for Hoover. Smith is now in the last quarter and going strong while Herby is waddling past the first post. At the movies Hoover's picture brings, at best, only a ripple of applause, while Smith's appearance brings pandemonium. . . . If I am mistaken I will see that you get a box of the finest grape fruit procurable when the new crop comes in, but for heaven's sake don't turn Republican on that account!

The temptation is strong, but we've already said too many uncomplimentary things about Hoover to hit the G. O. P. trail at this date. However, we shall not forget about that grape fruit when come the ides of November.

THE LAST POLITICAL PRISONER in the United States was recently released, according to the records of the General Defense Committee of Chicago. He was Leo Ellis, a member of the Industrial Workers of the World. He was convicted under the California criminal-syndicalism

law in 1920, but did not begin to serve his term, set at two years by the prison board, until 1926. Of 531 cases brought under the California statute there were 164 convictions, but there are now no prisoners under the law left in either San Quentin or Folsom prisons, although Jack Beavert, because of some mental disorder, was sent to the State hospital at Talmadge when his sentence expired last April, and he is still held there. The prisons of the other States are also empty so far as convictions under sedition or anti-syndicalism laws go, which is reason for thankfulness, but it must not be forgotten that two groups of practically political prisoners are still behind the bars—Mooney and Billings in California and the Centralia victims in Washington. A petition for the parole of the latter men has just been denied by the State board, but we are glad to note that the Puget Sound conference of the Methodist Episcopal church has voted to make an investigation of the case in spite of the protest of the First Church in Centralia. In an editorial entitled Sacco and Vanzetti—A Call for Action, published on August 22, we said there was no national organization fighting for the release of either Mooney and Billings or the Centralia group. We should have said there was no national organization working *solely* for such release. The International Labor Defense, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City, has made the release of the California and Washington prisoners one of its major efforts, and we understand that steps are under way to organize a new national committee which shall devote itself solely to the release of Mooney and Billings.

COMMUNISTS ARE NOT ENTITLED to the protection of the Constitution in the opinion of various local police officers in Kansas, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia where election meetings of the Workers' (Communist) Party have been broken up or prohibited. In Nebraska the American Legion is trying to keep the Communist candidates off the ballot; in Pennsylvania many Workers' Party leaders have been arrested and charged with violation of the sedition act. The most disgraceful destruction of civil liberties has occurred in New Bedford, Massachusetts, where police authorities decided to suppress the Communist remnant of the great textile strike by sheer force of riot sticks. After the conservative unionists had returned to work, Police Chief Samuel D. McLeod instituted what he described as "a cleaning and sweeping-up process" by arresting twenty-seven left-wing strikers on charges of vagrancy and rioting. "We arrested persons," he said, "who we know have not worked since April 16 (the date when the strike began), and who have not satisfied us as to their visible means of support." Since when must an American worker on strike have a visible means of support? The Communists have called off their part of the New Bedford strike and the reign of police terror is over, but the action of Chief McLeod and the acceptance of his policy by the city will leave a permanent stain upon the record of New Bedford justice.

WITH THE TREMENDOUS INCREASE of automobile accidents our system of handling damage cases by jury trial has become a national nuisance. The court calendars of our cities are as badly overcrowded as our streets and, nourished by the law's delay, "ambulance chasers" and claim agents feed upon the victims. Justice Wasservogel of the New York Supreme Court has just is-



sued an illuminating report on the legal aspects of the accident industry in which he suggests—an idea we have already discussed—that our larger cities might provide for personal injuries from automobiles by a special compensation law similar to workmen's compensation laws, which would take most street injuries out of the courts. Justice Wasservogel also suggests several important safeguards for accident victims who under the present system may be exploited by lawyers and claim agents. Compel the lawyer, he says, to make his settlement of a fee in the presence of the court and do not allow him to take more than one-third of the damages (lawyers quite frequently take one-half). Also, make it compulsory for the damages to be settled in the presence both of the court and of the injured person so that the latter will be sure of his share of the payment. In regard to perjury in judicial cases Justice Wasservogel believes that we have tried to punish it with over-severe penalties. Juries do not like to send men to prison for several years for lying, but they are quite willing to jail them for a few months as an object lesson.

**WE HAIL THE NEW** Nationalist Government of China with mingled joy and skepticism. All friends of the Chinese revolution are glad that the Nationalist dream of political unity is at least nominally realized, for nothing could be worse than perpetual civil war. Moreover, China is probably wise to choose as executive Chiang Kai-shek, who became head of the new government on October 10 at Nanking. As Chinese generals go he is tolerable. He will have under his direction at Nanking all the machinery necessary for a genuine civilian government, with the best minds of young China cooperating through the quasi-democratic committees of the Kuomintang. The question is: Will that civilian machinery really govern China, and will it preserve any of the social ideals of the revolution? It is at this point that skepticism overtakes us. Chiang Kai-shek seems to have renounced altogether the dreams of social reconstruction advocated by Madame Sun Yat-sen, Eugene Chen, and Wang Ching-wei at Hankow. He has brought into the new State Council five war lords who, together with himself, control six great areas in China, Chang Hsueh-liang in Manchuria, Feng Yu-hsiang in Honan, Yen Hsi-shan in Shansi, Li Chung-seu in Hankow, Li Chai-sum in Canton, and Chiang himself in Nanking and Shanghai. The supreme test of the new Chinese regime will be its ability to compel these six war lords to obey a civilian government.

**WHEN THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT** formed the Canadian National Railways by merging the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk lines in 1922, to be publicly owned and operated, there were those who insisted that the government had a white elephant on its hands. Their fears have turned out to be groundless. In the first seven months of this year its gross earnings were \$146,505,000, as against \$135,037,000 for the same period last year, a gain of 8.49 per cent. More important is the increase in net earnings—from \$17,200,000 to \$23,486,000, a gain of \$5,288,000, or 29 per cent. One of the factors that make this showing particularly interesting is the competition between this government road and the Canadian Pacific, a well-managed, privately owned system. At first the Canadian Pacific was in a better financial position—and still is—but the Canadian National, as the figures indicate,

is growing up with Canada. And Canada, apparently, profits by the rivalry; it costs the Canadian farmer on an average ten cents less per bushel to send wheat of Western Canada to ports of the Great Lakes than it costs the American farmer to send the wheat of Montana and North Dakota the same distance to our own lake ports.

**M**ARIE FEODOROVNA is dead—the “lady of tears,” the most tragic figure among the crowned heads. Not even the Empress Eugenie's chronicle of misery and grief exceeds hers. Both were as if created to convince the world that the path of glory leads but to the grave as surely among queens as among peasants; that royalty wears no talisman against sorrow. Born the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, fate affianced her to the Czarevitch Nicholas of Russia and fate stole him away from her through his death from lung trouble a few weeks before the date for their marriage. In accordance with his dying request, she married his brother on October 26, 1866. Fifteen years later the Czar Alexander II, her father-in-law, was assassinated by Nihilists as he was driving through the streets of St. Petersburg. Her own husband Alexander III died in 1894 at the age of forty-nine. It was her son who was the last of the Romanov czars. It was her son to whom she once said, “Nicholas, *be Czar*”; he who called the first Hague Conference for peace, whose statesmen later insured the World War by mobilizing after their feeble Czar had ordered them to refrain. It was he who, with his whole family, was murdered in that horrible cellar at Ekaterinburg. But not in her belief. To her end she was persuaded that he lived in hiding. Before her collapsed the whole great Russian fabric, the great empire built of blood and tears and human misery that the Romanovs might rule and the aristocrats play in the splendor of their riches created by the backs of the mujiks. Only Denmark was left to her, and Maria Feodorovna returned to her ancestral home if not to her ancestral faith, but not until the war had ended and the revolution had plainly come to stay. And there she died.

**A**LICE HAS FOUND A HOME at last. Recently the world gasped to hear that Dr. Rosenbach of Philadelphia, the prince of book buyers, had paid \$75,000 for the manuscript of Lewis Carroll's “Alice in Wonderland.” Alice was to be taken out of her native country, which had bid in vain to keep her, and exposed to the chill winds of an ocean voyage, the harsh stares of unfriendly aliens, the cold hands of a strange, un-British proprietor. Her affectionate friends in England were alarmed for her safety, but they need not have been, for it has been amply demonstrated that she has friends in America as well who love her no less. Not only has Eldridge R. Johnson paid Dr. Rosenbach \$150,000 for the three Alice items—the manuscript and two first editions—but Mr. Johnson has placed the books on exhibition at the Free Library in Philadelphia and will leave them there as long as sufficient persons seem to be interested in them. After that they will tour the country; almost every large city in the United States has begged that the manuscript be exhibited there while the tour goes on. When the trip around the country is over Alice will come home—to Moorestown, New Jersey, where Mr. Johnson will keep her safely and tenderly, one is sure, for the rest of his life. Not for the rest of Alice's life, for book collectors do not live that long. Alice is at present sixty-three years old, but there is every indication that she will live forever.



# The Real Issues of the Campaign

THEY are forgotten—the real issues of the campaign. They have been thrust aside, pushed into the background by issues created by the personality and the faith of one of the candidates. It is Rum, Romanism, and Tammany Hall (in place of Rebellion) of which we hear. It is an alarming, as well as a highly discouraging, phenomenon. We sympathize entirely with Nicholas Murray Butler's admirable letter to Michael Williams, editor of the *Commonweal*, upon the religious hate and bigotry brought out by this campaign. President Butler said in part:

Men and women who continue to call themselves Christian, at their head great companies of those who for some inscrutable reason feel they have been divinely appointed to preach the gospel of Christ, are betraying that Lord and Master as truly as did Judas and denying Him as truly as did Peter. Men and women who with calm effrontery continue to call themselves followers of Thomas Jefferson and believers in his political doctrines are daily contradicting by voice, by pen, and by deed the most fundamental of all the principles which that great philosopher taught. . . .

To what a pass has the nation come when millions of those who have passed through the common schools, and many of them also through institutions of higher education, are still the willing weapons of a religious hate and a malice that are as immoral as they are un-Christian and anti-American!

The bringing up of these issues has put into the background the fundamental principles upon which the campaign ought to be fought. There is only one candidate who has been steadily pounding upon the economic questions which the public ought to be discussing, upon the question of the control of the government of this country by organized wealth. He, it is needless to say, is Norman Thomas. One may agree with the Socialist platform or one may not, but the fact is that it alone continues the fight which was also waged in varying degrees and on different platforms by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson in 1912. It matters, of course, profoundly if we are going to slip back into an age of bigotry and religious hate and passion. We thoroughly respect those who find this the paramount consideration in the campaign. But at bottom remains the question which will not be denied: Shall the people rule in America, or shall the corporations and their tools, the bosses? This question is eternal until it is answered aright. If it is thrust into the background now, it merely means a delay in facing it, for faced it must be.

In an artificially stimulated and maintained prosperity we are declining to grapple with fundamental economic conditions. The condition of the woolen and cotton industries, the serious unemployment, are glossed over by Mr. Hoover and his associates, or they are misrepresented, as Secretary Davis has misstated the question of unemployment. The coal industry is, if anything, in greater chaos, and there is no leadership from within or without. In the field of water-power the country faces an issue of stupendous import. Shall the last of our great natural resources be utilized for private profit, or shall they be reserved, developed, and if necessary managed, directed, and operated by governmental authority?

In the railroad field no one knows where he stands—certainly not the railroads. The merger program sponsored by the recent Congressional act has been the subject of endless hearings and debates. It has progressed not one step. The oil industry cries out itself for a dictator who shall limit production, stop the frightful waste, the wild competition, the over-supply in a business which a couple of years ago was reported to be so near extinction as to menace the continuance of the automobile. Everybody admits that the prosperity of the farmers is the very essence of a sound economic life, and yet neither of the leading candidates has advanced a really constructive suggestion.

But leaving these basic economic problems, there are great human issues about which almost nobody speaks—greater economic security for the worker, to be obtained through old-age pensions, insurance against sickness, accident, and unemployment; and in still other ways. Year after year has passed since Secretary Hoover called his Conference on Unemployment in 1921, but we are wholly without provision to meet another emergency. Our lawmakers can draft laws to make Wall Street safe for the most gigantic speculation in modern times, but no one can draw a bill to provide machinery to function when millions are out of employment. No one is planning, outside of the Socialist Party, for greater industrial democracy and greater economic justice. It is only now, nearly at the end of the Presidential campaign, that the leading candidates have begun to discuss at length the protective tariff—that great source of corruption, that great machinery for the creation of economic injustice, that great creator of privilege.

Then there are the vast issues of war and peace, with all their ramifications. The invasion of foreign countries by American troops, our relationship to the other nations of the earth, the foreign debt to us—can anyone say with a straight face that these vital questions, which may mean life or death to hundreds of thousands of American boys, have been adequately discussed in this campaign? Certainly not by the two major parties. Governor Smith has kept almost as far from the Caribbean as from the Negro problem in the South, and neither he nor Mr. Hoover has had one word to say about the disenfranchisement of millions of our fellow-citizens. Mr. Hoover is concerned with our outward safety. Like the Czar of Russia and Kaiser Wilhelm he has put his faith in military and naval defense, and then has subscribed to the crassest possible policy of isolation and of national selfishness.

A thousand wrongs in American life cry out to high heaven for redress, but we are told to consider how rich and how happy we are, and how we can add to that happiness and prosperity at the expense of other peoples. And even this prospect is overshadowed by the steam and smoke engendered by the fires of religious hate, bigotry, and prejudice. Those are right who declare that the battle for personal liberty, for freedom of conscience and thought, must be fought anew in every generation. It will be fought out, and so will the struggle as to whether the United States is to be the property of a favored few or of the great masses of the American people whose labor and whose toil create the wealth that we have.



# Hoover and the Scripps-Howard Press

**H**OW long will the Scripps-Howard newspapers continue to support Herbert Hoover? It seems incredible that editors who supported La Follette in 1924 should now engage in a national campaign for a candidate who is opposed to every progressive ideal which led La Follette to break with the Republican Party. If these editors had changed principles with the new allegiance, their position would be more comprehensible, but they have not—at least not officially or publicly. Hearst with all the vagaries of his temperamental career never made himself more ridiculous than the Scripps-Howard editors have done in trying to picture Hoover as a liberal on the power issue after his speech in Tennessee.

In his address at Elizabethton Hoover said not a word about Muscle Shoals, although it is a leading issue in the campaign and Tennessee was the logical place for a commitment. He deplored government intervention in business and praised our regulation as adequate to meet abuses. Coolidge himself could not have made a speech more satisfying to Samuel Insull and the National Electric Light Association. Edward J. Meeman of the Scripps-Howard Knoxville *News-Sentinel* hit upon one sentence which read:

There are local instances where the government must enter the business field as a by-product of some great major purpose, such as improvement in navigation, flood-control, scientific research, or national defense, but they do not violate the general policy to which we should adhere.

Mr. Meeman asked Hoover if Muscle Shoals was one of the "local instances." Mr. Hoover said that it was. Whereupon the wires of the Scripps-Howard newspapers all over the country hummed with jubilation. "Herbert Hoover," said the New York *Telegram*, "has strengthened his hold upon liberal voters by declaring for continued government ownership and operation of Muscle Shoals."

Mr. Hoover immediately went into conference with his advisers and produced a statement which revealed his real attitude. He had been correctly quoted, but the inference about government operation was pure moonshine. "There is no question of government ownership about Muscle Shoals," he said, "as the government already owns both the power and the nitrate plants." He declined to utter a syllable about short-term leasing or government operation, or the Norris bill for government development of Muscle Shoals which Congress had passed and Coolidge had killed by a pocket veto.

What should the Scripps-Howard papers have done? For four years they had been assailing Coolidge for his Muscle Shoals policy, and now their own favorite had made a statement which, as the New York *Herald Tribune* said, "was accepted as being in line with the refusal of President Coolidge to sign the Norris government-ownership bill." The thing to have done would have been to tell their readers in plain language what had happened: Hoover had not said one word to indicate that he believed in the government operation of Muscle Shoals, which was the crux of the whole problem and the thing which the Scripps-Howard papers stood for.

Instead of doing this the Scripps-Howard papers came

out on the two following days with editorials hailing Hoover's indorsement of the government ownership of Muscle Shoals as a significant "public stand." "Government ownership of such a vast enterprise as Muscle Shoals," said the New York *Telegram*, "is the nation's safeguard against extortionate exploitation by the private-power interests—power being a natural monopoly and thereby subject to the instincts of greed to which private initiative is heir." Not a word to indicate that the power interests also accept the government ownership of Muscle Shoals and that all they want is the right to exploit on their own terms the development which the people have paid for. On October 13, 1927, the twenty-six papers of this chain carried a letter signed by Robert P. Scripps summarizing the Scripps-Howard platform for the campaign. The platform demanded that the United States recognize its position as a member of a community of nations looking toward reduction in armaments, that civil liberties should be protected, that sumptuary and so-called "moral" legislation should be restricted, that public interest should be made paramount in electric-power development with honest experiments in government operation, and that the oil-lease corruption should be officially condemned.

Where does Hoover stand in regard to these policies? He does not champion the League of Nations or a general disarmament program; he has nothing to say against the Administration's invasion of Nicaragua; he is silent on Tom Mooney, Centralia, and the widespread destruction of civil liberties in time of strike; he is siding with the diehards in "moral" legislation; he opposes government operation of water-power systems and declares that State regulation is adequate to control the power trust; he has never officially or specifically repudiated Fall, Doheny, Sinclair, and Hays. How long will the Scripps-Howard papers run with the hare and hunt with the hounds?

## The Authors of Books

**W**HEN Thackeray read "Jane Eyre" he wanted to see Charlotte Brontë, for he supposed the author of this novel to be a highly interesting person. And from her letters, as well as from the information about her very remarkable family that we now have, we know her to have been interesting. But Thackeray, after long delays and many hesitations on the part of Miss Brontë, got her into his house one evening for dinner only to discover that it was quite impossible to converse with her. Not only was she so impressed by him that her tongue became tied; she was no talker anyway, and after a painful hour the author of "Vanity Fair" slipped away to his club, leaving the others who bore his name to struggle with the silence and the social ineptitude of the author of "Jane Eyre."

It is an old story. We have heard of a brilliant American editor who, having introduced a promising Western novelist to the public through his pages and having enjoyed his correspondence with her at a distance of some



1,100 miles, rejoiced at the news that at last she was traveling to New York. He made sure that she should come to his office and go out with him for lunch. The only trouble was that they had nothing to say to each other, and that in consequence she seemed dull—as doubtless he did also.

It is an old story that we seem never to remember when a new occasion arises. We are perennially deceived by what is known as the personality of an author into believing that this personality clings to his person as well as to his page. We make too much of the fact that a few famous writers have been famous talkers to boot; as, for example, Ben Jonson, Samuel Johnson, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Carlyle, Wilde, and Shaw. For these there have been hosts that entirely lacked the power to convince anyone that they could have produced their books through other means than magic. The nothing that we know about Shakespeare makes us suspicious that this man who peopled so vast and picturesque a world of people was no person in himself, was disappointing to meet, was quite dumb perhaps when called upon to speak. While Aeschylus and Sophocles moved easily in the society of Athens and became popular personages, Euripides seems to have been a retiring poet who made little or no impression. Chaucer was described by himself, and pictured by a contemporary artist, as one who kept his eyes on the ground and said few words—none of them, it is possible, inspiring. There is a long list of literary figures who could not have charmed audiences with their tongues if they had desired; they had impediments in their speech. This is true of two of the greatest living English novelists, as it was true of good-natured Oliver Goldsmith. And who of those who in this century were fortunate enough to catch an occasional midnight glimpse of the valetudinarian Marcel Proust in Paris—he nursed his asthma in a sealed and padded room out of which he went only in the middle of a clear night—could have had the slightest inkling of the masterpiece he was painfully bringing to birth out of the deep memories he marshaled with some mysterious strength.

We are not saying, of course, that every writer will be disappointing when come across in the flesh, but only that there is no rule in the matter—and no necessary connection whatever between the arts of literature and conversation. If one's favorite novelist is like his books, so much the better perhaps; but we do not advise the devoted reader to seek that author out. Many have gone to hear their heroes and heroines lecture, and most of these have been bewildered by the stupidity of the performance. Artists notoriously have little to say about their work. And this is proper, since we are coming more and more to understand the processes by which the work is produced. It issues, one discovers in many cases, from a personality which is not, strictly speaking, the author's personality at all, or in any event is purely an artistic personality. Artists surprise themselves by what they write, and are not lying when they insist that they do not know where their ideas, words, and characters come from. A little more belief in the classic doctrine of inspiration would save our hero-hunters much pain and disillusion.

So we hope that there will be an end some day to the tiresome exploitation by publishers and booksellers of literary persons who in this public sense do not exist. We can wish for these persons nothing nicer, we think, than neglect—and the right to go on working at their books, which we in our turn shall praise or blame merely as books.

## Mussolini the Humorist

PREMIER MUSSOLINI has just interviewed the editors of all the Fascist newspapers in Rome, and has shown himself a better dictator than journalist, and a better humorist than either. His suggestions must have caused his hearers to writhe, the more because he is in a position to see that his slightest wish is carried out. "Some newspapers," said the Duce,

feel the need to inform their readers that "A young professor shoots his wife," as though this was of interest to anyone except the professor's janitor and his immediate relations. Other papers dish up again for the thousandth time the mystery of Prince Rudolph at Mayerling, and others reprint to the point of nausea stories about the American colored dancer, Josephine Baker, or the so-called "Black Venus." All this is harmful to the education of the masses.

The education of the masses, "great national problems"—these should be Fascist news features, and the stuff of the headlines. If the public craves sensational stories about colored dancers, cure them of this childish taste by a discussion of the Italian state and a veneration—not too highly colored—of the Duce himself. For, in a most emphatic sense, Mussolini is the state, he is Fascism, he is—and he would not deny it—Italy.

Nor was the great man any less forthright on the subject of freedom of the press. It is not reported that the editors sat up in their chairs and gasped; probably they are by now incapable of surprise. But they listened to this:

The old accusations that Fascist tyranny suffocates the freedom of the press no longer receive any credit. The Italian press is the freest in the whole world. . . . Italian journalism is free because it serves only one cause and one regime. It is free because within the limits allowed by law it can exercise, and does exercise, the functions of control and criticism and propulsion. . . . They [Fascist journalists] do not await orders day by day. They have these orders in their consciences.

In other words, tie a horse up with a short rope, beat him over the nose if necessary, and it is altogether likely that he will not only turn docile but act as if he enjoyed doing so. The Italian press is free—to praise Fascism; the Italian press is free—to extol the glories of Italy under Mussolini; the Italian press is free—to offer every insult to foreign states that the Italian army makes possible, to editorialize with the utmost braggadocio about Italy's plans for world domination, the advent of the new empire of the Caesars. But let a newspaper editor or news writer, native or foreign, doubt this program in the columns of a newspaper printed in Italy and he and his paper are doomed to extinction—he to jail or to the islands of exile, or to constant surveillance at home, the paper going to the hands of some Fascist who hears orders in his conscience without having to be told them.

Mussolini made one more request of his editors: They should not, he begged, use exaggerated praise when speaking of himself. "For instance," he said, "anyone can say that as a player of a violin I am a very mediocre amateur." As a violin player, then, he is an amateur; as a novelist, as a recently reprinted novel shows, he is hardly that. But his forte is humor.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

A POLITICAL leader kneeling by his bed at night may be pardoned if he prays with bitterness, "Good Lord deliver me from ever having to depend upon support from liberals."

They are smooth stones like those which David gathered in the brook and no man in difficulties does well to rest his weight upon them. Surely at the present time there ought to be a liberal revolt against the personality and policies of Herbert Hoover. His program is a complete repudiation of all the things which progressives have held dear and yet there is no rumble of marching men nor any swinging cloud to indicate that the liberals have taken up arms and are moving to defend the right.

As usual the ranks are facing in several directions. Certain liberal forces remain with Herbert Hoover. The Scripps-Howard newspapers, for instance, support the Republican candidate because, as far as I can gather, of some intuitive feeling that the man can't possibly be as stuffy as his speeches. Curiously enough Mr. Hoover has been singularly successful in making crumbs suffice to comfort vast multitudes of his supporters. Not since the miracle of loaves and fishes has any large group of people been able to subsist on so little.

Certain believers in modification of the Volstead Act still follow in the train of Hoover for no better reason than that he called Prohibition an experiment. Since the man has not advocated that every agriculturist be boiled in oil Borah and others insist that he is friendly to the farmers. His vaguest word on water power is sufficient to convince the Scripps-Howard forces that all the more rational implications of his words are actually not true and that when Mr. Hoover is done with campaign necessities he will stand revealed as a man of foresight and of courage.

But after all who am I to endeavor to create a creed for liberals? There is no Pope for progressives nor any sort of clearing house. It is entirely possible that to some people Herbert Hoover may seem a spear thrust against the belly of privilege and corruption. By what process of reasoning such a decision can be reached I do not know. However, no barriers can justly be set against those who conscientiously skip with the Fighting Quaker. I listened once to an Irish orator who was speaking for peace and unity in his distressed country. Although a Catholic and a champion of the Republic he tried to prove that there was no necessary breach between himself and the men of Ulster. Brandishing his arms above his head he declared to an enraptured audience, "I have never said an unkind word against the Orangemen, ignorant, bigoted, and deluded though they may be." And some such blessing I would wish upon the heads of all those who follow Hoover and still call themselves progressives.

Having snapped at one hand which feeds me I might go on to say that the nature of support given by *The Nation* to Al Smith is hardly such as to encourage any man to face a hostile world with nothing but liberals at his back. In the case of *The Nation* the choice is not easy. Much can be said to justify the liberal who votes for Norman Thomas. And that "much" should be said and reiterated. After all it is in character for a liberal to see both sides of any question.

However, he should not emulate the donkey who, seeing both haystacks, could not move in either direction. There is a tendency among progressives to give so much time to the weighing of candidates that the election is over and done with before they have reached a decision to take any effective action.

I do not contend that Smith is the ideal leader to bring us all to a new freedom. None can deny he is a practical politician and that he has come up from city streets through the aid of Tammany. At this point I might interrupt cynically to say that he could hardly have risen from that lowly estate through the help of any reform organization. The children of darkness are more energetic and up and coming than the children of light. But anybody who thinks that Smith was swallowed by the Tiger which he rode is simply unobservant. Al has carved the animal as neatly as Mowgli skinned the big beast in the first Jungle Book. It is preposterous to think of Smith taking orders from Olvany. The leader of the Hall functions in name only. When Al cracks the whip Tammany will play dead and also roll over.

However, this digression gets me away from one of my chief complaints against the liberals. Of course the deepest hell should be reserved for Borah who has gone completely regular. But then I never did think of Borah as truly a liberal. He was always a man to quit cold when he hit the line of scrimmage. It is against better men than Borah that I complain. Where does Norris stand now that the fight has begun and where is young La Follette? In a sense they have given support to Smith but it is wholly of a negative character. They have not come out for Hoover. They have, it is true, expressed sharp disagreement with certain of his policies. But when a man belongs upon the barricade it is a little disheartening to find him sitting on the fence.

To an enormous extent liberalism in America has been nothing more than a policy of negation. This does not seem to me unimportant. During a Coolidge era it is well that there should be some to keep on sniping even when there is no possibility of victory in a pitched battle. Frankly I do not think there is the slightest chance for victory now. Hoover is deservedly the favorite at three to one and the odds are likely to go higher. But political developments in America do not depend alone on victories. Most good causes have been won by progress made in spite of many reverses. Little by little right comes to its own innings. And when, pray, did liberals ever win a clean-cut victory without first taking many a licking? What are they afraid of now—Norris and La Follette and the others? It will not do for each liberal simply to save his own skin and a local ticket.

A rousing vote for Smith will make it possible to elect a progressive in 1932 but if the Governor of New York goes down to crushing defeat in November there will be little reason to expect anybody to stand for office on a liberal ticket for the next ten years. Nor would there be much reason why anybody should. Liberals can't always be lone wolves. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.

HEYWOOD BROWN



# The "Race to the South Pole"

By EARL HANSON

WHEN the winter's Antarctic show is over and the two explorers, Byrd and Wilkins, have returned, one of them will have the honor, as far as the public is concerned, of being the first to fly to the South Pole, while the other will be a sort of also-ran, a second-best who was too slow or too unlucky or both. It makes no difference that Wilkins will probably not fly within a hundred miles of the pole, as he purposely went nowhere near the North Pole this year. To those whose knowledge of him is casual, he is that British fellow who got some publicity for being the first to fly over the North Pole from America to Europe. The fact that Amundsen, Nansen, and Stefansson, most of the Arctic men, and most of the world's geographers and navigators proclaim his flight the greatest Arctic flight ever made has been largely forgotten because it was not the first.

Let him complete his Antarctic flight before Commander Byrd completes his, and he will be hailed in half the newspapers in the United States as being the first to fly over the South Pole, thereby putting considerable tarnish on Byrd's golden crown—even if Byrd actually does become the only expedition commander to reach that mathematical point by airplane.

Both Byrd and Wilkins are perfectly aware of this, and I believe that both must also be aware that the glory of being the first to ride in an airplane over that particular country must at best be somewhat shopworn after several people have traveled over it on foot. But both are perfectly helpless. They can only announce their plans, voice their protests, go ahead with their work, and let the public, or at least the newspapers that claim to exist by virtue of knowing exactly what the public wants, keep on talking about the epic race to the South Pole and distribute the glory after the thing is done. And both are perfectly helpless, too, in that they must pay a certain amount of attention to their glory. To an explorer the word is synonymous with publicity, and without publicity he has the devil's own time raising money for expeditions.

Commander Byrd has definitely announced that he wants to fly to the South Pole over approximately the same route that Amundsen followed on foot, from the Ross Barrier and probably the Bay of Whales; also that he and his staff want to tackle some of the more pressing scientific problems that remain to be solved in the Antarctic. Sir Hubert Wilkins intends to fly from Deception Island, off Graham Land, to the Ross Sea, over absolutely unknown territory, keep his eyes open on the way, and pick out a possible site for a future meteorological observatory. Wilkins is embarking on a reconnaissance flight as the beginning of a program that will cover years of careful observation. Byrd has announced nothing for the future. His Antarctic work, as far as we know, will begin and end with this one expedition.

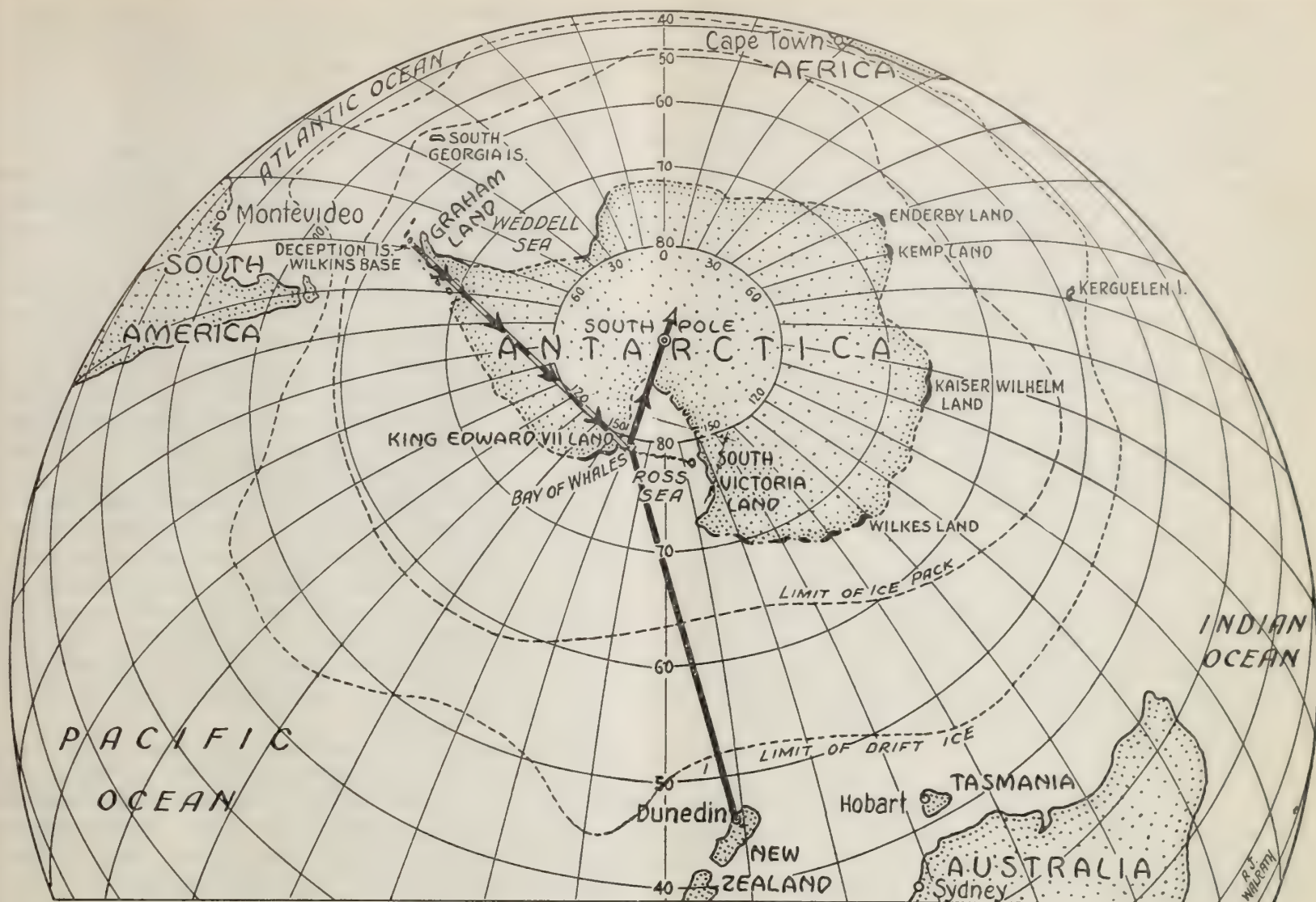
In Commander Byrd we have the highest type of "modern explorer," one who is a genius at raising funds for large expeditions, who leaves no stone unturned to insure the safety of himself and his men. His two ships, the *City of New York* and the *Eleanor Bolling*, are on their way South,

manned by the eighty expedition-members and loaded with some thousand tons of materials and supplies—planes, food, clothing, houses, motor-sleds, dogs, a completely equipped staff of radio experts, tons of coal, and indoor games—everything that science and enthusiasm can provide to make his expedition safe, sane, and comfortable. He himself, a few of his scientists, and the remainder of his supplies have just left from the West coast on the whaler *Larsen*, to join the expedition in New Zealand. For every phase of the work he has a separate expert, assisted by several volunteer workers. Everything is carefully planned, every contingency provided for. As far as anybody can tell, only one big factor must remain untested until the time of actual trial—the moral factor. Will the expedition hold together? Will the volunteer-workers be amenable to discipline? Will the scientists cooperate or will each jealously protect his own field of endeavor as the most important in the whole job? Byrd himself lacks one other thing—experience in living and traveling in polar regions. He has flown in the Arctic to be sure, but he did his living on ships. It is not so fortunate that in case of serious trouble, in case it is necessary for him to walk back to the base after a forced landing, it may be necessary for somebody else to tell the commander how to proceed, and how to keep from freezing to death.

In Wilkins we have exactly the opposite. He has cut down his equipment to an absolute minimum and must depend on himself and his knowledge and experience to do the work and pull him out of difficulties. He and Eielson are taking two planes and two extra men. The expedition has just been transported as passengers and freight on a *Munson* liner to Montevideo. On October 24 they will sail on the steamer *Victoria* to the Antarctic. As in this year's Arctic flight there will be no base-ship and almost no ground-organization. The extra plane will be along principally for the sake of its parts interchangeable with those of the other and possibly useful as spares. The flight from one sector of the Antarctic to the other will be made without enough gasoline to enable the men to fly back again. They must depend on a chance whaler to take them home from the Ross Sea. Even their communication facilities are poor, for Wilkins has repeatedly demonstrated that the best of radio sets is liable to be of no use to him in emergencies because he himself is at best a poor radio technician. Most of the labor and all of the scientific work will have to be done by Wilkins and Eielson, and in case of a forced landing they will have to walk out alone and unassisted—over the windiest, one of the coldest, and probably the most lifeless region in the world. His plans are an enormous, almost an arrogant demonstration of self-confidence. Even the Royal Geographical Society, in presenting him with a gold medal for his brilliant achievements in Arctic flying, saw fit to give with it an anxious word of warning about the necessity of providing for possible trouble.

I am not so certain that Wilkins is not better provided for possible trouble than any other explorer in the field today. He has not only the necessary psychological qualities, a keen, active mind that functions perfectly in the face of seeming disaster, but the experience as well. He has





Map showing Wilkins's projected course (—) and Byrd's (—).

spent years in the Arctic and the Antarctic, on land and on sea-ice, living and traveling with Stefansson and Shackleton under all conceivable conditions, flying, walking, traveling with dogs, summer and winter, sometimes "lost," in fair weather and foul. He was thoroughly trained in the technique of polar life and travel by Stefansson—probably the greatest expert in the world today on these subjects, not excluding his own teachers, the Eskimos themselves.

And Wilkins and his methods have been tested. In 1927 he and Eielson, without more equipment than they will take to the South, came down on the sea-ice a hundred miles north of Alaska and walked to safety in some eighteen days without trouble or fuss. The whole world on the other hand knows what happened to the Nobile expedition when it crashed only twenty-two miles from land.

If we regard the Wilkins-Byrd performance as a race, the betting must be about even. But barring accident it must be preponderantly in favor of Wilkins. Commander Byrd's million-dollar expedition is too ponderous, too cluttered up with materials and safety plans and specialized experts who are still absolute greenhorns under polar conditions, to give him a real chance for speed. Barring accidents it seems inevitable that Wilkins will sneak out under Byrd's nose and complete his program before the Americans get a real start. The fact that Wilkins is planning to end his flight on the Ross Barrier, in the immediate vicinity of Byrd's camp and perhaps in the camp itself, makes the prospect all the more dramatic.

Let us, on the other hand, admit the accident. If any-

thing happens to Byrd while away from his camp, he can be aided by his own organization. He will have a splendid radio in his plane and a radio engineer to operate it. He will have several more planes that can go out and locate him, and if necessary dog teams and tractors to go and bring him back. Let him crash one plane and he will have three others in which to fly to the pole.

If Wilkins crashes somewhere on the Antarctic continent, there are only two things he can do. One of them is to sit by his radio and pound out S O S calls as Nobile did this year, and to wait for his other plane to get him, provided it is still intact. The other is to pack the needed belongings on his back or on a sled improvised from a plane-ski and to walk to the coast. Once there, being an expert hunter, he can probably get enough seals and birds for fuel and food to last him and Eielson indefinitely until some whaler picks them up. The chances are that he will do the latter. His record does not lead one to suppose that he would lure others into the task, extremely hazardous to inexperienced men, of going in to find him.

There is of course another possibility, with an ironical twist as far as a race is concerned. That is that Byrd would go to "rescue" Wilkins. On second thought I would call it a probability. Let us grant Wilkins all the knowledge and experience a man can have to make him self-sufficient, let us grant that his skill gives him absolute safety if only he comes down with a sound pair of legs. In the event of a crash, Byrd would still fly out to give him a lift, because that is what any decent human being would do.



Most present-day work in the Antarctic must be regarded as so much laboratory work, as research in abstract science. It is perhaps because it is difficult for the public to understand, or difficult for a newspaper reporter to point out, the value of abstract knowledge to our modern life that the adventurous and sporting sides of exploration are played up so much. The value of scientific research is only proved in the light of future applications and those who are not prophets must take it on faith. We can point out a few of the many questions that remain unanswered regarding the Antarctic; our children and grandchildren may be able to point out the benefits derived from the fact that they are answered. The mere fact that here we have a continent as large as the United States and Mexico together, and almost totally unknown, is a challenge that must be met.

But some of the tasks of Byrd and Wilkins do have direct application to our own lives. Through such efforts as Nansen's in the Polar sea, Mawson's in the Antarctic, and Hobb's in Greenland the world is only lately beginning to realize that the weather near the poles has a tremendous influence on the weather in inhabited countries, and that no really accurate method of weather forecasting can be worked out until polar meteorology is fully observed. Wilkins's program then, of eventually establishing some twelve meteorological stations on the Antarctic continent, is of importance to every farmer and every navigator in the world, and especially to his countrymen, the Australians. For few if any countries are so under the influence of Antarctic weather as Australia.

There is one major geographical problem that Wilkins may be able to clear up by traveling close to the pole: Is Antarctica really a continent, or it is an archipelago of islands, perhaps a group of two large islands? The moun-

tains in the American sector are distinctly related, in rock-structure, to the Andes; those in the Australian sector are entirely different, being similar to the Australian rocks. Are these two kinds of rocks joined together or are they separated by a sea channel, running perhaps from the Wedell Sea to the Ross Sea? Wilkins's flight may definitely dispose of the term Antarctic Continent as his flight this year definitely did away with Crocker Land and Bradley Land in the Arctic. It would take many flights in many regions to confirm the continent.

Byrd's scientific plans are somewhat more refined and less fundamental. His scientists will undoubtedly add greatly to our knowledge of the zoology and bacteriology of that almost lifeless region. They will endeavor to make as close a study of the geology as possible. It is not likely that they will miss as many glorious chances as Amundsen did, to bring back carefully selected and well-annotated rock specimens. They may find enormous coal deposits and valuable fossils as Shackelton did, proving that the ice age did not always hold sway down there. They will carry on experiments to determine if the ice is receding or gaining or standing still, if the ice age is gaining or losing in intensity. Byrd's experts will attempt to measure the thickness of the ice with an adaptation of the sonic depth-finder. They will study the aurora, perhaps attempt anew to explain it, and certainly to draw quantitative conclusions as to its effect on radio-static.

Whether or not that enormous land mass around the South Pole ever becomes really "useful" to us, whether or not it will ever become a source of wealth and therefore habitable, remains for the future to decide. But the future will base its decision on the work of the present, on the results gained by such men as Wilkins and Byrd.

## Austria's Fascists

By G. E. R. GEDYE

[Mr. Gedye's article was written a week before the demonstration in Wiener Neustadt on October 7 which, contrary to expectations, was entirely peaceful although accompanied by the arrest of some 200 Communists.]

Vienna, October 1

THE long-anticipated crisis in the matter of the Socialist and Fascist armed bodies in Austria (to which reference has been made more than once in these columns) definitely confronts the country. It has not come in the anticipated form of a coup d'état but in the typically Austrian form of an elaborately staged opening act of civil war, with date announced well in advance, with the aid of the state railways sought by and accorded to the contending parties (for whom special trains will be run to bring them into the necessary dangerous conjunction on October 7 at Wiener Neustadt), and with a strong body of militarized gendarmerie and probably also of troops in attendance to keep the ring if that prove possible. No theatrical production could have had a better press agent than the "Austrian Civil War" has automatically acquired, and the world's critics in the shape of war and special correspondents, together with photographers and film men, will, thanks to the world-famous Austrian Gemütlichkeit, be able to

arrive on the scene well before the production, having traveled down in comfort and selected hotels at leisure. How different to last year's riots on July 15, when those not resident or accidentally in Vienna, found themselves cut off from all possibility of reaching the scene of action (thanks to the transport strike) until the "story" was at an end.

It is certainly well for Austria that if the crisis had to come, it should have had all this preliminary discussion and advertisement, for with the eyes of the world upon them, both sides will be trying to secure the best possible press. But one cannot refrain from asking whether it need really have got as far as this at all. If the situation had to be summed up from the point of view of allotting blame, one might say that the Socialists began it, but that they have been long outstripped by the Fascists in dangerous folly. The Socialist force, the Republikanische Schutzbund, grew directly out of the Revolution. The Volkswehr, the army that took over the name and a fraction of the duties of the Austrian Imperial Army, was definitely "captured for socialism" at the time of chaos which followed the dissolution of Imperial Austria. Political propaganda on a large scale went on regularly in the army, which was eventually organized in two camps, bourgeois and socialist, both being offi-



cially recognized. In view of the success of the bourgeois parties in securing a footing in the army, and of the Allied limitation of its strength, the Republikanische Schutzbund, a non-official body of trained and disciplined men, was started by the Socialist Party. They were supposed to be unarmed, and never paraded with arms, but in point of fact both they and the Frontkämpfer Monarchist and Nationalist irregulars are known to have secured considerable stocks of small arms—unlimited pistols and revolvers, very large stocks of rifles, and a certain quantity of machine-guns.

Side by side with their unacknowledged function of providing a Socialist Praetorian Guard, the Schutzbund began to perform very useful duties. At all big political demonstrations, particularly on the occasion of protest marches through the streets of Vienna, the members of the Schutzbund were on duty in their capacity of *Ordner*—a kind of unofficial trades-union police. Their uniforms gave them authority, they had learned discipline, they could obey as well as issue an order, and they were accorded a ready obedience and cheerful cooperation by the non-uniformed workers whom they accompanied. In view of the peril of plundering in the days of starvation in Vienna, it is difficult to say that the Schutzbund has been nothing but a danger to the state. But from the start their existence as a military formation—even apart from the possession of arms—was in flat contradiction of the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of St. Germain. In consequence of the Austrian failure to disband both the Schutzbund and their enemies, the Hakenkreuzler, the Frontkämpfer, and other Nationalist armed irregulars (as well as on account of the obstinate resistance of the Austrian munition factories to the demands for the destruction of munition-making machinery), Allied Control, under the slightly more euphonious title (in Austrian ears) of "Organ of Liquidation," remained in Vienna until last summer. Inertia triumphed over military and financial superiority, however, and the control officers finally shrugged their shoulders and left their task of securing the disarmament and disbandment of the Austrian irregulars all unfulfilled.

The Heimwehr, originally called Heimatwehr, were a slightly later formation. They did not spring directly from the ruins of the old army, but were recruited during the inflation years, when every province was prepared if necessary to desert Vienna, the center of socialism and starvation, and go elsewhere. The province of Vorarlberg negotiated for union with Switzerland, Tyrol for union with Germany, and the Allies actually stepped in and prevented Salzburg from proving by plebiscite her overwhelming enthusiasm for the Anschluss. The figures of the partial results, together with record of the Allied interference are graven in the old gateway just opposite the main bridge over the Salzach in Salzburg City today. The Heimwehr were the armed forces recruited by each province to enable it if necessary to assert its independence from "Red Vienna." As the separatist movement died away while the Austrian Republic began to assume definite form, the Heimwehr lost its original significance.

Unfortunately, instead of dying out, the local irregulars, particularly in the Tyrol, began to be reinforced by some of the very worst elements from Germany, the members of the Orgesch, the "Organization C," and other anti-republican, terrorist bodies, composed of the most desperate and most extreme ex-officers and ex-soldiers of the Hohenzollern armies. The Socialists in Vienna have recently published some

surprising details of the connection between some of these people who found refuge in the Tyrol when obliged to flee Germany, either because of their suspected connection with such crimes as the murder of Walter Rathenau or because of their complicity in the Kapp Putsch. Worst of all, the famous German terrorist, Hauptmann Pabst, became a leading figure (behind the scenes) of the Tyrolese Heimwehr.

The whole movement became, except in Tyrol, quite negligible until after the Vienna riots of last summer. Then the Heimwehr saw their chance. Though the Vienna Socialists, doctrinaire Marxists as most of their leaders are, and much as trade and industry complains of the burden of their purely Socialist system of taxation, are the sworn foes of anything approaching "Dictatorship of the Proletariat," and are besides convinced adherents of democratic parliamentarism, the Austrian peasant or small provincial was easily persuaded of the reverse. The dislike which he had felt first for Hapsburg Vienna (which he called the city of idle lackeys) and then for starving Vienna (which he feared would confiscate his country produce), was easily transferred to Red Vienna, which he was assured was about to communize the whole country. But instead of trying to fight socialism with the proper parliamentary weapons, he allowed himself to be enrolled in the Heimwehr of Hauptmann Pabst, who then secretly became the chief organizer.

The Heimwehr, there is little doubt, is possessed not only of abundant revolvers, rifles, and machine guns, in part stolen from Austrian arsenals, in part sent into the country by Hitler and his friends in Bavaria, but has also a limited number of field-guns hidden in the Tyrolese Alps. This the Allied Control Officers always suspected, though they were unable to lay their hands on any. In many an isolated mountain village for the last six months a stray visitor could hear the crackle of musketry over the week-end, and on inquiry would be frankly told by the peasantry that it was practice for "the reckoning with Vienna." For the decision to take 18,000 men to Wiener Neustadt, an almost entirely Socialist industrial town, there is as much justification as there would be for the "British Fascisti" to march 18,000 men in military formation around the most Socialist suburb of London. The Socialists, fearing that the next move would be to make the long-promised coup, decided to send a force of some 50,000 Republikanische Schutzbund to Wiener Neustadt on the same day.

The Austrian Government declares that the prohibition of either demonstration would be an infringement of the "right of free assembly." The Socialist proposal of a law to prohibit all demonstrations by either body for a year does not go nearly far enough, though it would certainly avert the immediate danger of October 7. Everyone declares that his "prestige" is engaged, and that no compromise can be effected. Certainly the leaders of both Heimwehr and Schutzbund, whatever their secret hopes and fears for the future, now hope that a clash will be avoided on October 7—but the Heimwehr refuse to hear of the general prohibition which the Socialists demand. The blame at the moment thus rests with the Fascist Party. All, incredible as it sounds, that the Austrian Government will do is to see that a sufficiently large force of police, gendarmerie, and a reserve of military is available. No attack will be planned by either force, but tempers could not run much higher than they do, and both the Communists and the German Nationalist desperados will be on the qui vive, eager for a chance to provoke the conflict.



# What the Farmer Is Up Against

By ROBERT STEWART

THE agricultural question is the most vital problem confronting the country at the present time. Its solution calls for real statesmanship on the part of the government and for real business ability on the part of the farming industry itself. It is not merely a question of adoption of a farm-relief bill which will placate the disgruntled voters of an important section of the country and thus relieve immediate political pressure from that source. Neither is the agricultural situation of today merely a development of the war period. It was rapidly approaching a crisis long before the war. War and post-war conditions simply accentuated the situation and served to call attention to it in a more dramatic way.

In the swing from prosperity to depression in 1920-1921 the per capita income of the non-farm population decreased only 3 per cent, while the per capita income of the farming population decreased 50 per cent; the non-farming population long since recovered from this blow, while the farmer population still is suffering from it. The agricultural worker in America, however, has long been on unequal terms with the worker in other lines of human endeavor. The farming industry in 1850 received only 34.6 per cent of the national income, although 44 per cent of those in gainful occupations were employed in agriculture. It required the labor of three workers in agriculture in 1850 to obtain the same compensation as two workers obtained in other occupations. By 1920 it required the labor of *five* workers in agriculture to obtain the same portion of the national income as was received by *two* workers in other occupations.

The farm problem in the Middle West and Far West at least is inextricably associated with the question of land values and land speculation. In many rural sections more money has been made through buying land and holding it for an advance in value than through actual farming operations. In the past one needed only to buy land on a margin, and hold it long enough, to double one's money. As a result, land speculation rather than farming has been dominant in the minds of some farmers and many bankers in the Middle West during the past few years. This condition was intensified by good prices for farm products during the war period. Some farmers and many speculators and bankers got caught at high tide, and when farm prices fell they were left with high-priced land on their hands which they could not unload. Moreover, the land policies of the government in the past have promoted speculation in farm lands. These policies have resulted also in much marginal land having been brought under cultivation. Such land should never have been broken by the plow but should have remained in sod or forest. It produces meager crops at high cost of production without profit to the operator. Nothing on earth can be done for the farmer, either by the government or himself, who produces only eight or nine bushels of wheat per acre. The farmer on marginal land ekes out an existence and hangs on in the hope that the prevailing speculation in farm lands will enable him to pass the land on to the other fellow at a profit. The elimination of marginal land from cultivation is one phase of the general agricultural prob-

lem which must be solved. Such land is well adapted to forest and pastures and must eventually revert to that state. Can the government assist in this step by a modification of its land policies?

While the farmer's share of the national income is low, his share of the tax burden is unusually high. In 1913, according to a report of the Department of Agriculture, taxes on farm property were about one-tenth of all farm receipts, less other expenses, while in 1921 they were about one-third of farm receipts. For example, a study of a given group of farms in the heart of the corn belt in 1913 showed that the farm income, including the owner's labor, profit, and interest on capital, amounted to \$1,147 per farm. Taxes took \$112 of this, or 9.8 per cent. On this same group of farms in 1921 the farm income was \$771. Of this sum taxes took \$253, or 33 per cent. The farmer's income decreased, but his taxes increased. In 1914 farmers paid \$344,000,000 in general property taxes in the United States, which was roughly equal to two-fifths of the entire wheat crop that year. A decade later, they paid \$797,000,000 in general property taxes, equal to the entire wheat crop. Eighty to 90 per cent of the farmer's taxes are local, and the largest items are for support of good roads and better schools. It is essential that we have good roads and better schools, but the burden for their support should be more equally distributed and the farmer should not be bankrupted in supporting them. During the year ending March 15, 1926, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, sixty farms out of every one thousand changed hands. Twenty out of the sixty changed ownership because of foreclosures, bankruptcies, or forced sale for taxes. The solution of the problem of local and State taxation calls for real leadership.

Most agricultural products are bulky and must be shipped long distances to the point of consumption at high cost for transportation. The farmer pays the freight. One of the most important needs in regard to transportation of farm products is the adjustment of freight rates as between the long haul and short haul, in order that the distant producer and the nearby farmer may both have substantial justice. Industrial leaders may assist materially in the solution of this part of the general farm problem by helping in the decentralization of manufacturing plants. Is it not possible in a greater measure than is now done to move the industrial plants out into the agricultural sections where food is produced and thus assist in the elimination of excessive freight rates?

The farmer is frequently condemned for not making as great a use of power machinery in his farming operations as manufacturing industry has in its line. The American farmer, however, has made greater strides in this direction during the past fifty years than has been made in all the previous history of the world. He is rapidly substituting power machinery on the farm for human labor. The use of the combined harvester, pulled by tractors, which cuts and threshes the wheat in one operation has increased markedly in certain sections of the wheat belt during the past few years. This method of harvesting and threshing



wheat has reduced the labor cost required to produce an acre of wheat from seven hours to about four hours. This development will undoubtedly materially influence wheat production in many of the older sections of the country. There has also been a far-reaching change in the rapid substitution of tractors for horses on the farm. During the five-year period 1920-1925 the number of tractors on the American farm more than doubled, owing to the development of small tractors and the continued high cost of labor.

There are many farms in America, however, that are entirely too small to permit of the efficient use of tractors or power machinery. The initial cost of such machinery is too high and the cost of operation would be excessive because it would be idle so much of the time. This creates a problem for the small farmer. What shall he do? Is he doomed to extinction as was the small manufacturer of two hundred years ago?

Farming in the United States has slowly been undergoing an evolution from "a mode of living" into a business. In early colonial days the farmer produced not only his food but also his fuel, material for shelter, and wool which was spun into home-made clothing. He bought little and sold less. Taxes were nominal and interest charges were unknown. Money was needed only for the purchase of powder for his rifle and salt for his table. The farmer was self-sufficing and economic returns bothered him not at all.

Today the farmer must pay heavy taxes and high interest charges. He sells most of what he produces and buys much of what he consumes—all of his clothing, machinery, fuel, and material for shelter. Cost of production is an important consideration for him. Yet most farmers in America do not know what their production costs are. And the cost of producing a given farm commodity varies very widely on the various farms of the land. In 1919 the Department of Agriculture made a study of the cost of producing wheat in the wheat belt of Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota. The average cost of producing winter wheat was \$1.87 per bushel, but the cost of production varied from \$1 per bushel to \$8.20 per bushel. The average cost of producing spring wheat was \$2.65 per bushel, but the cost of production on the several farms varied from \$1.10 per bushel to \$14.40.

The method of distributing farm products often works to the disadvantage of the farmer. Agencies for the distribution of food products are well organized, fully financed, and efficiently managed. The *individual* farmer, owing to the small scale of his operation, lacks adequate financial backing and proper market information and is, therefore, often unable to bargain successfully with these agencies for the sale of his product. The farmer, therefore, has a distorted view of the middle man whom he regards as a gigantic monster riding rough shod alike on the shoulders of the producer and consumer.

The only solution of the difficulty of distributing farm products is through organized effort. An organized group of farmers can secure capital, information, and efficient management which will permit the group to deal successfully with marketing agencies for the sale of farm commodities. The successful cooperative marketing association will use all of the present marketing agencies but in a more efficient way. Such organizations must organize locally

on the basis of commodities, but to be effective must be federated into State and national groups. Such organized groups will be in a position to secure efficient management and finances not only for their own needs but also for their individual members. Such organizations cannot be run on the principle of a town meeting by the individual farmers. Responsible management must be in charge. The farmer must never forget that his problem is primarily one of individual production.

## A Visit to Tom Mooney

By NORMAN THOMAS

AT the end of a lovely ride around San Francisco Bay were the gray walls of San Quentin prison. The gates opened to us, for we had a letter from the warden permitting us to visit Tom Mooney. In the office of the captain of the guard we got permission to add Mat Schmidt's name to Tom's at the suggestion of a friend whom we had seen the night before.

We waited in the visitors' reception room until our names were called. The room was almost filled with relatives and friends of prisoners—mostly women—waiting their turn. The door to an inner room stood open and gave us unsought glimpses of the greetings of mothers, wives, and sisters with their men. What tales of suffering, sordid and tragic, that room could have told! What dramas lay behind the kisses, poignant and conventional, that we saw!

Before long our names were called and we went in to find seats at a long table at the other side of which, across a low partition, the prisoners sit. Schmidt was the first to come in—a fine figure of a man, clear-eyed and hearty. The long, dreary years have set well on him since the famous McNamara affair in which he was implicated. There is not much he doesn't know about machinery. He has congenial work, some freedom of the grounds, and a great deal of salty philosophy to sustain him.

"Well," his greeting ran, "you had to leave the church to find freedom and I had to come to jail to find solidarity." Jails, he thinks, can't be much improved without making them better than the outside prison of the working world. The road to freedom is not to be afraid of jail. "I have more freedom to talk than you. What could they do to me? Throw me in jail?"

In the present labor movement and its leadership, with few exceptions, he sees little hope. Yes, he knows what is going on, for he can get books and magazines in jail, though it is a little harder now that some Baptist preacher-convict has set himself up as censor of "bolshvist literature"! Schmidt is full of plans for the new jute-mill machinery he is designing and of laughter at the poor taxpayers who must pay for it and for keeping able-bodied men shut up. Lincoln Steffens is working on his case and there is some sentiment for a pardon. One McNamara is free and the other is the oldest prisoner in the jail.

Then Mooney joined us. The other prisoners wore a not unbecoming gray uniform—indeed in San Quentin, as in other jails, one felt that the prisoners averaged up in looks rather better than the guards—but Mooney had on a white duck suit. His color was good and his step brisk, though he was in the third day of one of the periodic fasts



by which he hopes to keep the upper hand of some sort of infection by which death almost opened the doors of his prison ahead of the laggard steps of justice. He lives to get justice. Men tell you that Tom Mooney is bitter, untactful, unreasonable. They say he ought to take a parole, which, by the way, there is no certainty that he could get, and for which he, as an innocent man who does not want freedom with a string on it, will not apply. I tell you that Mooney's courage and hope are things to marvel at. It speaks ill for men in labor and liberal ranks that they should have any time for criticism of this American Dreyfus from whom eleven years of life have now been taken by a society which for at least nine or ten years has known that he was innocent beyond a shadow of doubt. All their time for criticism should be spent on this ghastly act of injustice.

Around the naked crime of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti Governor Fuller and his supporters can clutch the poor rags of belief, real or pretended, in the guilt of the two Italians. The Centralia victims did shoot, though in self-defense. But in the guilt of Mooney and Billings for the bomb outrage on San Francisco's Preparedness Day no intelligent man believes. Their colleagues were all acquitted, the perjured evidence against them has long since been confessed. The jury and the prosecuting attorney have joined in petitioning for their pardon. Judge Franklin A. Griffin, who sentenced them, is one of the most earnest workers for their vindication.

Just now Mooney has new hope. The quasi-progressive Governor Young, political protege of Hiram Johnson, has seen a committee, listened to Frank Walsh's oral argument, and has before him a complete brief, including strong letters from Clarence Darrow and the judge, copies of which Tom read us. Organized labor, too, is rousing itself again after an apathy which, even if less sinister than Mooney thinks, is at best a sorry reflection not only on the political weakness of some of its self-important leaders but on their lack of passion for justice, especially when the victim of injustice might be a bit of a nuisance to them if he were free.

As for me I am somewhat pessimistic. Hiram Johnson's complete silence all these years is ominous. Governor Young has already had plenty of time to act. Even though innocent of this crime Mooney and Billings are agitators whom the California business interests like to see in jail. It's easier to keep them than to catch them again. To rout this abominable attitude requires the pressure of an informed and convinced public opinion. Mooney can stand prison better than we can stand having him there. A country which after the Sacco and Vanzetti case keeps Mooney and Billings in jail is a country without elemental knowledge of what justice means.

There is another timely aspect of this question. The same waters that wash the gray foundations of San Quentin wash the shores of Palo Alto where Herbert Hoover has his lovely home. The President of the United States cannot pardon Mooney. But if a candidate for that office is a Californian, almost neighbor to the prison and fully acquainted by Mooney himself with the facts, then no political expediency or legalistic evasion can justify his silence. We have a right to know how a President would react to this human problem and to take his measure if he is as silent and as acquiescent in this monstrous crime against American freedom as he was in the oil scandals.

## In the Driftway

THE Germans, admittedly, are good linguists. It isn't just an accident; they have to be. We Americans are probably the worst linguists in the world. That isn't an accident either; it is because we can get away with it. Living in an isolated, largely self-sustaining land, with prodigious natural resources and a fabulous industrial prosperity built upon immigrant labor, Americans generally go abroad in a privileged capacity. They are travelers seeking pleasure, or business men with fat checkbooks. As a New York engineer in South America once put it when the Drifter asked him how well he spoke Spanish: "I don't speak it. I make the greasers under me learn English."

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THE best linguists are found in small countries like Holland and Switzerland, where the inhabitants have to be all things to all nations. But among the larger countries the Germans stand high as linguists. Germany is a new country which has had to make its way in the world by building up foreign trade competitively. It has had to learn language. But the Teuton's devotion to theory sometimes leads him into egregious blunders and over-confidence in using foreign language. The Drifter has some translations sent to this country for editorial use by one who apparently had no qualifications for the work other than possession of a German-English dictionary. In a sketch characteristically entitled "The Both Rivals," the translator revels in perfect German syntax as follows:

Between Burghausen and Neustadt was standing a silent enmity since decades, which, of course, got abroad hardly. But if it made perceptible itself once, so it grew directly to flaming "rebellion." Indeed I don't know so right, what was the matter of this enmity. Burghausen was a small residence, therefore an officialstown. In consequence of this, it disposed of nearly all schools, the German Empire was rejoicing of these. So it was evident that it got a bataillon of infantry for garrison. Moreover princely grace had furnished it with concert and theatre, wherein the court-band performed an excellent music the most. Hence it was explicable that pensioners, persons of private means, functionaries and the widows of them liked to strife after the small residence for years, while the strangers it searched on account of its excellent situation for days and weeks.

\* \* \* \* \*

HAVING looked on that picture, now look for a moment on this:

In comparison with it the smaller Neustadt with its only fourthousand souls was furnished almost step-motherly. It was situated in a fruitful dale no doubt, but it was without any wood. A railway-line was connecting it with the larger towns indeed; alone the narrow stream, which was leading through the small town had no water enough, that it might be made navigable. On the other hand there were grown in this drink-needy town and neighborhood two breweries, and near the station by and by had settled one sugar-factory, one malt-kiln, and one sausage-factory.

\* \* \* \* \*

BUT confidence, even over-confidence, is as necessary to become a linguist as to become a swimmer, and the writer of the above may yet attain a perfection in the English language as great as that of—ahem, say Herbert Hoover.

THE DRIFTER



# Our Readers and the Campaign

## *Vox Populi*

FROM the avalanche of letters which have poured in upon us in the closing weeks of the campaign we select the following excerpts with apologies to the writers for the necessary abbreviation:

It seems to me that the liberal progressive vote should be cast to give the Catholic, Tammany, Democrat a chance to breathe some of his fire into our money-grubbing, pastor-ridden, hen-pecked citizenry.

*Far Rockaway, New York*

ALBERT KESHIN

Have not "liberals" voted long and often enough for illiberal tickets? Why not face the issue squarely and vote for Thomas?

*New York*

NEWMAN W. HESS

At least *The Nation* has a sense of humor. When a magazine prints a fabrication of false statements, throwing muck at a man like Herbert Hoover, and written by one such as Heywood Broun, I am sure it must have been an attempt (on the part of the magazine) to be humorous. By what achievement in life does this cynical, unethical dispenser of literary garbage assume the right to attack the personality of Herbert Hoover?

*New Haven, Conn.*

RUSSELL L. RICE

I am a member of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. Four years ago I could hear the workers discussing the then coming Presidential election. With them it was a case of elect Coolidge or else there would be no jobs. Alas and alack, the mighty "Cal" is still at the helm and there are no jobs. Thirty-four thousand union carpenters in New York and scarcely work for one-third of them!

*Brooklyn*

TIMOTHY O'BRIEN

The following are taken from the thousands of comments which came in on post cards for *The Nation* poll:

## For Hoover

Why a Progressive should vote for Smith I can't see!!!

With booze as bait the Pope is fishing to catch the American government.

Can't vote for any Fundamentalist. Would like to vote for Thomas if he had a chance.

I vote for Hoover to save the country from Smith.

## For Smith

Not that I indorse all his views but that I desire to put tolerance in religion to the test.

Because he is liberal enough by a small margin to make a protest vote unnecessary.

I am voting Democratic because of Mabel. I despise her!

Choice of evils.

A liberal Republican and I are pairing on Hoover and Smith by promising both of us to vote for Thomas. Thus the Republican-Democratic situation in the State is left unchanged for originally he had intended to vote for

Hoover and I for Smith, but as an important by-product the Socialists get two more votes.

Because I hate Hoover so much.

I prefer Thomas but, as he has not a ghost of a chance, I will do the next best thing.

## For Thomas

No choice between the Republicans and Democrats. They are both bad—Tammany Hall and the Ohio gang. Smith is intolerable as a life-long professional politician of Tammany Hall.

If I can vote twice the second one will be for Will Rogers.

My conscience says Thomas, my mortgage says Hoover, my gay moments say Al.

How else can a *Nation* reader vote?

My reason for sending you my card inclosed in an envelope is that I don't want my neighbors to know who I am voting for. Call it cowardice if you will, I can't make up my mind to sacrifice the good-will of the people who have always been kind to me. [From a country subscriber in New York.]

## The Sorry Liberals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* for October 3 you describe Borah as the "sorriest figure in this campaign" and say that "he can no longer be carried on the roster of independents and progressives." While I certainly agree with your estimate of Borah, I must say that he does not present nearly such a "sorry figure" as the so-called liberal or progressive who formerly supported Debs or La Follette but who now has deserted Norman Thomas for Smith, nor is there any more reason to strike Borah from the roster of progressives than there is to strike off the supporters of Smith.

Those who support the candidates of either of the two old parties support the platforms of those parties and thus the exploitation of the workers and the rule of this country by Big Business. Those who vote for Smith must also vote for Robinson, who has consistently furthered race antagonism in the South and been an ardent suppressor of the rights guaranteed to the Negroes by the Constitution. Those who vote for Smith vote against the labor movement and for the labor policy of the Raskobs, du Ponts, Owens, and the other anti-union employers who are financing Smith's campaign. They also vote for the water-power policy now supported by the General Electric Company and against the Canadian plan which distributes electricity without private profit at two instead of six cents a kilowatt hour. They sanction the silence of Smith on Tammany corruption and tactics in exactly the same way that Republicans, like Borah, sanction Hoover's silence regarding Teapot Dome. They vote against a man like Thomas, who has fought valiantly for civil liberties, who went the limit for the unconditional freedom of Sacco and Vanzetti, and who is now fighting for the freedom of Mooney and Billings and the other class-war prisoners. Finally, they vote as did the Liberal Party of Great Britain when it was still a factor, to prevent the growth of a third party with a really constructive program for the abolition of exploitation, poverty, unemployment, and war.

*North Brookfield, Mass., October 6* POWERS HAPGOOD



## Dry and Liberal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why is it that whenever you refer to the followers of Herbert Hoover, you classify them as bigoted, intolerant, prejudiced, and snobbish? You say that the attempt to alter the Volstead Law will arouse to "a still higher pitch those who are for prohibition with all its faults. With them the campaign now becomes a holy war. Gradually, we regret to say, the flames of intolerance and bigotry rise higher." Cannot a person be a non-fanatical, unbigoted, even tolerant Dry? You have hit the nail on the head when you say that a number are going to "vote for Hoover . . . simply and solely in order, as they think, to save prohibition." I grant that there are fanatics who go out for prohibition. But I claim that there are a good many people who have honestly read both sides of the question, talked both sides of the question, and put some thought into the matter, who believe that on the whole the country is better off under prohibition than it was before, and who cannot see how modification of the Volstead Act is going to be any better enforced than is the act as it stands today. How else can these people vote than for the dry candidate? There are other issues, to be sure, but this issue has been made one of present importance, and not by the bigoted, intolerant, prejudiced either. Fair play, Mr. Editor, please! We are liberal and we are dry.

ETHEL W. HOWLAND

*Middletown, Connecticut, October 6*

## Virginia Doubtful

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with your political straw vote I am sending you some data that may be of interest. Last week we had such a vote here among the students of Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 945 voting, and the majority for Smith was 127. Normally the majority would be about 800 for the Democratic candidate. Then again we had a vote in the University Club, composed of faculty members. There Hoover got sixteen votes and Smith five.

The average Virginian, if he votes for Smith, will do so because he is the party nominee not because he cares to see him President. And the reason why Smith is hard for Southerners to swallow is on account of his Catholic affiliations. The people down here, the Protestants, like individual Catholics but they fear the coterie that controls the Catholic church.

*Blacksburg, Virginia, October 7*

RALPH M. BROWN

## The Klan from Within

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I attended a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan recently in a rural community of central New York. As I entered the room I noticed a red cross fitted with red electric lights which stood out against the dull green roller-shade of a window. The second story of the Grange Hall was full of farmer-folk sitting on ill-matched chairs and on rough benches along the sides of the room; the young people looked about them with some animation while older eyes gazed fixedly in one direction.

From in front of the red cross came a voice that seemed cramped in that small room. The band stopped its slow doleful interpretation of patriotic airs. The speaker said:

Look in the World's Almanac (about page 600)—called the World's not because it tells about the whole world but because it's published by a Catholic newspaper, the New York World—and you'll find a list of foreign countries. Go down the alphabet to the R's, and find Rome, Church of.

Read what it says: Principality with sixteen million, or sixteen thousand, square miles, over three million people, chief potentate the Pope. It adds, and this is what I want you to get, "and with subjects in every land." "Subjects in every land!" When a subject of a foreign country wants to be one of us we make him denounce the potentate and laws of that country and take up ours. But do we ask this of a Catholic, a subject of the Church of Rome? No! But a Catholic is loyal first to Rome and then to whatever country he happens to live in. When Alfred E. Smith swore to defend the Constitution of New York State his first allegiance was to the Church of Rome. Do we want as President of the United States a man who goes to welcome the ambassador of a foreign potentate, a prelate from Rome, and who will crawl on his hands and knees up the steps of the City Hall to kiss his ring?

In my opinion, of course, I don't know how you people feel about it, that was an insult to each one of us. He was saying, "Here is New York State; take it, it's yours."

Now I want you to consider some of our sacred American institutions, institutions that our forefathers suffered to found and which they have handed down to us as a legacy. There's the separation of church and state, a thing that Rome has always fought. When Mr. Tumulty, a Catholic, was Woodrow Wilson's private secretary, the Pope sent over two commissions to intercede for recognition of Rome by the United States. Wilson refused both times. But if Smith had been President he would have gone to Congress to beg for that recognition. He wouldn't have dared not to.

There's another sacred American institution, the public schools. Do you know what happened down in New York last year? The public schools couldn't take care of all the children, and the Board of Education wouldn't build any more. So the officials looked around and found lots of empty seats in the parochial schools. Maybe this just happened, and maybe it was all a cunningly devised plan. A hundred mothers sat on the steps of one school all night to see that their children should not go to parochial schools. And yet New York City, with Governor Smith's approval, paid four million dollars to the parochial schools for educating its children!

These institutions are peculiarly American. They are sacred to us. We must fight if need be to keep them safe. I seem to see the huddled figure of a soldier at Valley Forge, clothed in a threadbare blanket and hugging a musket to his breast. He is thinking of a home over yonder where a wife croons a lullaby. Next morning his stark body is buried, and that mother tells her children of Daddy who never came back. He gave his life to preserve these sacred institutions, and when I think how little we are giving. . . .

*Baldwinsville, New York, September 28*

B. R. B.

## Tammany and Womanhood

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of *The Nation* dealing with the subject of "Whispering Campaigns," there is an article by the "Unofficial Spokesman" in which he refers to the pamphlet "Tammany Hall and Womanhood" as "violent" and emanating "from Hoover's home State," presumably Republican.

May I call your attention to the fact that the writer of the pamphlet is a Democrat and liberal in theology as in politics; that this liberalism and her influence for sane thought and truthful statements prevented the exclusion of *The Nation* from the Public Library here, when its "violence" was resented by many patrons? Also that for months she made a careful study of Tammany Hall and in writing her pamphlet discarded all but evidence from court investigations and legislative records? If the pamphlet is "violent" it is the facts published widely in the New York press and other standard papers which make it so.

*Long Beach, Cal., September 23*

ETTA L. UPTON



# Books and Plays

## Runaway

By MARK VAN DOREN

I saw a white-haired child  
Go through the sunny grass;  
I heard the under-noises  
Stop to let him pass;  
Deciding then that never  
A thing so silent was

As this white head in the wheat  
Upon this windless day,  
Moving as if all childhood  
Marched with it away—  
Leaving us our wisdom  
And nothing at all to say.

## This Week Sex in the South Seas

SOMEWHERE in each of us, hidden among our more obscure desires and our impulses of escape, is a palm-fringed South Sea island that looks very like the picture on the butcher's calendar—sea, sand, sun, a languorous atmosphere promising freedom and irresponsibility. It is to that island that we retire when we grow bored and confused by jobs or political campaigns or city life or—more particularly—with husbands, wives, or children. Thither we run to escape conflicting standards, the difficulties of an age without faith; to find love which is free, easy, and satisfying.

When you read "Coming of Age in Samoa"\*—as you should do—you will probably be astonished to discover how like a South Sea island that South Sea island can be. Sea, sand, sun—all are there, and simplicity and absence of conflict. It is a world in which life is gay and children are not very troublesome and love is kind and uncomplicated; where food and clothes are few and easy to get. Sex experience is frequent before marriage, almost to the point of promiscuity. Jealousy is rare. Violent and possessive emotion is held to be in poor taste, but frigidity does not exist. The routine of life is simple, quiet, and unhurried.

Margaret Mead, the author of this book, spent eight months in the island of Taū in the Manu'a Archipelago of Samoa studying the psychology of the adolescent girl. She lived for much of the time as an adopted daughter in a Samoan household and became intimately acquainted with the behavior and feelings of a group of girls in a social structure fundamentally different from our own. She wished to discover whether the Samoan adolescent was subject to the mental disturbances which are considered in Western civilizations the inevitable concomitant of the physical changes of puberty. She found that the young girls in that particular island group live through no period of stress. They experience love from the time they are physically and mentally ready for it. They swallow, without pain or ecstasy, a pleasantly diluted dose of the Chris-

tian religion. They assume adult family responsibilities as a matter of course. The Western conception of the family unit composed of father, mother, and children does not exist. Instead, children are brought up in rather casual, shifting congeries of relatives living together. No single passionate parent-child relationship has an opportunity to spring up. Every adult in the household is more or less *in loco parentis* to every child. The older children are shouldered with the actual care of the younger ones.

Thus the Samoan girl leads a busy, unconscious existence in which impulse and duty appear to play pleasantly correlative roles. Her life as well as her environment apparently fits the fantasy that has become a symbol of relaxation and release to the harried child of the machine-made West. Would we then exchange our unsatisfied desires and complicated choices for her more even progress in the world? Probably not. On closer inspection several flaws appear in that picture of warm, idyllic simplicity. The discrepancies between fantasy and fact lie at the very heart of Samoan sex freedom. In the first place personality and individual differences, the objects of such tender consideration in most Western lands, are ignored—both publicly and privately. Skill is admired; but precocity is frowned upon. In the family children have no opportunity either to become spoiled or to feel neglected and misunderstood; they are simply members of a group with certain functions to perform. Only in the dance do virtuosity and individual peculiarities win applause. Human relationships are formalized and depend little on the appeal of one personality for another. Boys and girls are so severely separated before puberty that a keen antagonism—not personal but sexual—develops and continues until it melts in the warmth of adolescent desire—again not personal but sexual. Love is expressed in the formulae of romantic attachment; but a deeply personal feeling between a man and a woman has little chance to flower. The whole basis for emotional intensity is lacking. Fidelity is treated with humor; jealousy with contempt. Even close friendships based on personal preference are absent.

A Samoan philosopher might maintain that a balanced emotional life either in adolescence or after can be achieved only through freedom from the strain that arises when individuals stress the importance of their personal feelings and preferences and abilities. Emotions can be freely expressed only when they are not intense; with intensity come conflict and jealousy and a frequent inability to express anything at all. George A. Dorsey, biologist and author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," is quoted on the jacket of Miss Mead's book as wondering "if we shall ever be as sensible about sex as the Samoans are." Miss Mead herself is less sweeping. She believes that children in Western countries should be loosed from the entanglements of too intense parental love. But she expresses a reasonable and civilized doubt of the Samoan attitude toward personality and toward adult emotions. If love can be freed from conflict and life made simple only at the price of our cherished personal relationships, who of us is ready to pay it? Let Mr. Dorsey set out for Samoa if he will. Most of us probably will read Miss Mead's impressive study and then continue as before to cling to our difficulties and our delights, with occasional impulses of escape to the expensive simplicity of the South Seas.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

\* William Morrow and Company. \$3.



## H. G. Wells Outlines the Future

*The Open Conspiracy: Blue Prints for a World Revolution.* By H. G. Wells. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

IF this review were to appear in a newspaper that might reach a hundred million people, I should cheer Wells's book, full cry and without reservation. It shakes up established complacency, challenges the unsatisfactory present, and has vision of a better world; and that is what the hundred million need and probably will not get. As this review is for a periodical whose readers are already accustomed to revolutionary ideas and do not need to be waked up, I shall lean a little the other way. This is a short talk between friends who wish to breathe together (for that is what conspiracy means), and who are open to any plot to get the will and intelligence of us all directed and organized.

Wells has an alert mind and he cannot write a page without striking fire, hitting off some provocative suggestion. His nervous sharp English is a delight to any person who likes the game of words. But what have we? The first business of expository writing is to be precise. This small book contains no blue prints. Blue prints give exact dimensions; by them you know the length of a steel girder, the precise direction of a tunnel boring under the Hudson, or the size of a closet door. Wells, who is all for science, efficiency, accuracy, gets his terms wrong at the start.

Then he calls his book a religion. Perhaps it is religious in the sense of devotion to an idea. Nevertheless it is an unfortunate word to use, for it has a connotation of ceremony and theology. And there are no gods in Wells's world commonweal, except the most abstract kind of Absolute or First Cause which could arouse enthusiasm only in the breasts of a few philosophers. Wells's new republic which is to include all mankind is wholly mundane; it depends on the study of biology, economics, and education. Nothing is said about art and poetry, but it may be taken for granted that in a world economically healthy the fine arts would flourish as never before and there would be a release of imaginative forces.

Wells is impatient with the world as it is, and so are many of us. He finds that to work toward any kind of tolerable and reasonable civilization, much must be destroyed. His constructive ideas are necessarily vague, for he is looking toward a complete regeneration of society. His vigor, his concrete thought, really lie in his contemptuously humorous assaults on the world we live in. Of the American financier, who to Wells is not a criminal oppressing the poor or a spider coaxing flies into his office, he writes:

The real interests of the great industrialist or financier lie in cosmopolitan organization, and the material development of the world commonweal, but his womenfolk pin flags all over him and his sons are prepared to sacrifice themselves and all his business creations for the sake of trite splendors and Ruritarian romance.

He despises our traditional reverences:

Flags, uniforms, national anthems, patriotism sedulously cultivated in church and school, the brag, blare, and bluster of our competing sovereignties, belong to the phase of development we [the Open Conspiracy] would supersede.

At times he has a messianic egotism; he is a pioneer and prophet and he is a little scornful of other prophets. "The 'class war' of the Marxist is merely a poor snobbish imitation" of the arrogance of the upper classes, "a pathetic, stupid, indignant reversal of and retort to the old arrogance, an upward arrogance." The Communist Workers' Republic of Russia is after ten years of experiment only unifying cant, though there may be ideas in all these experiments which the Open Conspiracy can assimilate. The Labor movement is also on the wrong road or a very short road. "The Labor revolutionary

... believes that every one is as capable as anyone else if not more so." Wells believes that the ideas of the world are made by the intellectual minority. That does not mean the economic minority, for ideas may come from any class, "privileged" or poor.

The purpose is to group and consolidate all capable, intelligent people, but at first only in clusters here and there for propaganda, education, intellectual contest. Some actual physical fighting may be necessary if inferior people resort to force against the new world. But the early leaders toward that new world must work by peaceful persuasion, self-discipline, and sacrifice. Gradually the Open Conspiracy will spread until it conquers the world and makes it a fit place for all mankind.

That idea has been cherished by many kinds of internationalists, pacifists, socialists, anarchists, and other thinkers and dreamers, rational or poetic. But how? The concluding words of this book are: "Saving the impact of some unimagined disaster from outer space, the ultimate decision of the fate of life upon this planet lies now in the will of man." That is, for all its eloquence, close to nonsense. A student of philosophy like Wells should know that the will of man has only a small though important part to play in his destiny, collective or individual. His nature is complicated and the forces that surround him on this planet, without any unimagined disaster from outer space, are often in bewildering conflict with his will.

This book is not a blue print. It is a first sketch, an introduction to future books by Wells. He says that he has "schemed out a group of writings to embody the necessary ideas of the new time," a sort of "Bible," which may become obsolescent, but the substantial method of which will remain. He considers his "Outline of History" the first part and promises as the second part "The Science of Life" and as the third, "The Conquest of Power." It may be that this new Bible like the older one is to be divided into historical books and prophetic. Before we join the Open Conspiracy we shall have to wait for the prophecies. And they will have to be more definite than the present book, if we are to feel that we have a guide or even a guiding idea, anything to take hold of and work at to bring us one step nearer to the "World Revolution."

JOHN MACY

## William Randolph Hearst

*W. R. Hearst, An American Phenomenon.* By John K. Winkler. Simon and Schuster. New York. \$4.

MR. WINKLER has expanded into this volume some articles which originally appeared in the *New Yorker*.

His is the first effort to treat at length what is indeed an American phenomenon, albeit a very unhappy one. Here are gathered more of the facts which go to make up the life-story of Mr. Hearst than have yet been made accessible. None the less, Mr. Winkler could have dug out a good many more. He seems, for instance, to have taken only those documents in regard to his subject brought out by the inquiry of the Senate Judiciary Committee into war propaganda which have already been published. There are many more that deserve notice. Again, he has not touched in any way upon the Central Pacific episode in Mr. Hearst's early career, which led to the charge that he had taken money from that railroad. Nor has he mentioned the speech delivered in Congress, by Grove L. Johnson, father of the present Senator Hiram Johnson. Surely no more terrible indictment of a semi-public man was ever talked into the columns of the *Congressional Record*.

For the rest, Mr. Winkler handles his matter well and entertainingly and gives in the main a valuable and entirely honest picture of one of the most singular and unhappy figures of our times. Hearst's contradictions, his vacillation, his rare genius as a purveyor of sensationalism, his extraordinary mastery of his trade, his mania for collecting, these and much more are well



set forth. Not, however, the injury that this man has done to the press as a whole, or his complete lack of principle, or the untold misery he has inflicted upon the endless victims of his remorseless sensationalism. Like others, Mr. Winkler seems blinded by Mr. Hearst's financial and circulation successes. Incredible as it seems, he really believes that Hearst has been "more of an asset than a liability to America" and that "he has awakened the public consciousness of the average citizen to such an extent that no political boss of the type of Buckley, Tweed, or Croker will again flourish in any American city . . .!" This in the face of the revelations as to Mayor Thompson of Chicago, Boss Hague of Jersey City, and all the loathsome police and political corruption of Philadelphia!

Again, Mr. Winkler is sure that Mr. Hearst has made impossible in America any such "politico-commercial alliance as that of the Standard Oil and Mark Hanna." Yet this was written just after the revelations of the politico-commercial alliance of Messrs. Doheny and Sinclair with the rascals of the Harding Administration, which would have resulted in the stealing of hundreds of millions of dollars from the American people if it had not been for the watchfulness of Robert M. La Follette, an alliance far more dangerous than that of Hanna and the Standard Oil.

No, Mr. Winkler's book is easy reading and of distinct value, but it does not approximate the definitive life of this particular phenomenon of whom Mr. Winkler is a lively chronicler, but no judge.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

## What's Happening in American Labor?

*American Labor Year Book* (1928). The Rand School of Social Science. \$2.50.

*Don't Tread on Me.* By McAlister Coleman and Clement Wood. Vanguard Press. Fifty cents.

*Spies in Steel.* By Frank Palmer. Denver (Colorado) Labor Press. Fifty cents.

*The Workers' Party and the American Trade Unions.* By David Schneider. Johns Hopkins Press.

**T**HERE has never been a comprehensive saga written about the American labor movement, though it is a theme worthy of one. This lack is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is an organic human movement. It has great weaknesses and great strength; it is many-faceted; it has several faces with which it greets the employer—and as many again for its own membership and friends. One might as well try to write the story of what is wrong with man. Everything and nothing! To the conservative old-line trade unionist the policies of the present trade-union movement are right. To the younger progressive unionist the labor movement has ceased moving. The trends are backward trends relative to the ideals of the workers' republic in Russia or the accomplishments of organized labor abroad. Certain specific studies, however, are being made of tendencies in the American labor movement.

The "American Labor Year Book" of 1928, issued by the Labor Research Department of the Rand School, is an excellent almanac of events and issues in the workers' world. Almanacs usually contain pure scientific facts unadulterated by personalities and whimsical temperaments. Consequently, these almanacs are rarely used by the layman who has no desire to call upon his imagination to dress the facts into generalizations that he can understand. The "American Labor Year Book" gives the developments in American industry, commerce, and finance. It adds to this factual information a paragraph describing the effect of these trends upon the plight of the American farmer and worker. The book is enhanced in value by an analysis of the fundamental economic problems which will constitute the political issues this fall.

## TAMERLANE

The Earth Shaker

By HAROLD LAMB

The author of *Genghis Khan* has reached new heights in this brilliant biography of Tamerlane, ravager of nations and architect of the blue tile city of Samarkand. "One of the most important books of several seasons and one of the most entrancing."

—Oakland Tribune.

2nd Printing.

Illustrated, \$4.00

## The White Robe

A Saint's Summary

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Of this story of Odo Le Noir, called "The Blessed", there have been printed 3250 numbered copies, set in Poliphilus type and printed on hand-made, Italian paper. There are eight full page illustrations by Robert E. Locher. This advertisement is inserted as a matter of record, for the edition has been over-subscribed by the booksellers before publication.

Published Nov. 15th

Quarto, \$10.00

## The Red Branch

By CHARLES McMORRIS PURDY

The story of John Panham, whose wild, unfathomable dreams led him to snatch down the Red Branch of adventure. From a small Missouri town to Paris lay his path—and back again with Arlette, a Parisian café girl, as his wife. There a drama develops that sweeps the story to an unexpected and compelling climax of human emotion. "A very fascinating story, beautifully told. The style is really fine."—John Erskine.

\$2.00

## Nursery Rhymes for Children of Darkness

By GLADYS OAKS

This manuscript was adjudged the best of nine hundred and forty-five submitted and was awarded the poetry prize of five hundred dollars. In her grasp of human relations, sex relations, the author stands apart from the poets of the time.

\$1.50

## Deburau

A Biography in Miniature

By JULES JANIN

A brilliant translation, by Winifred Katzin, of the brief masterpiece in which Janin immortalizes the great Deburau, Prince of Pierrots, and past master of the art of pantomime.

Illustrated, \$1.50

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In a compact booklet of less than a hundred pages Frank Palmer has exposed the most insidious and effective weapon used by organized capital in industrial warfare—the spy system. Several years ago the labor spy was described in a comprehensive survey of his activities in many industries. Mr. Palmer has limited his investigations and secured his documentary evidence from the steel trust in the Mesaba Iron Range.

There are other weapons, to be sure. These are described by Clement Wood and McAlister Coleman in a book on the injunction, the court, the publicity agent or industrial-relations expert, the boycott, the “yellow-dog contract”—all modern implements of industrial conflict. The authors make an unusual plea—“What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.” If Capital uses such weapons in a successful offensive against Labor, why should not Labor use the same weapons in an aggressive warfare against Capital? They urge Labor “to assume the aggressive in legal matters, thereby removing some of the inequalities of the usual industrial dispute, establishing precedents in favor of labor, and creating new respect for the labor movement on the part of its members, the courts, and the public.” It is to be doubted whether such an offensive can be effective in a country where justice is so indissolubly linked with the vested interests. It is also to be doubted whether the organized trade unions have sufficient strength, sufficient spiritual integrity, or a sufficiently large purse to enter the legal tournament and demand justice for workers.

In a well-documented dissertation Mr. Schneider presents the facts concerning the most recent trends in the trade-union movement—the left-wing and Communist influence upon the American trade unions. He traced the history of insurgent movements in six of the largest unions—including the machinists, the united mine workers, and the needle-trades unions. He has attempted to make as scientific a study of controversial situations as it was possible to make. He has been unable to indicate the nuances of economic opinion, the conflicts of personalities, and the rigidity of certain union leaders—some of the real factors in the upheavals within the unions. Consequently he has not told the entire story. Neither has Mr. Schneider answered the many questions which the student of labor is asking. Why were the so-called radical unions the first to be propagandized by the Communist movement? Why did not the Communist Party attempt to organize the millions of workers in the industries unscathed by union control? Why did the American Federation of Labor leaders fight so bitterly the aggressive philosophy of the Communists and yet engage little of its energy in an aggressive offensive against the great industries fighting the organization of workers? It may be that these questions cannot be answered in the heat and passion of the fray, and yet they must be answered if Communist influence on the trade unions is to be understood.

THERESA WOLFSON

## Better to Come

*Lost Address.* By Chard Powers Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

**C**HARD POWERS SMITH'S second volume of verse appears in the American edition accompanied by the rather annoying fanfare of the publisher's blurb and some meaningless superlatives excerpted from English newspapers.

Readers who hurdle this barrier, however, will find a good many things of interest and some of value. The volume is superior in variety and in net accomplishment to the first collection. It remains for the most part, however, the attempt of a talented and mentally alert person to write poetry out of the periphery of a consciousness not yet analyzed or disciplined. The result is a succession of literary and rather derivative *tours de force* interrupted now and then by the emergence of the author in a relaxed and native moment which reveals a core

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of genuine mystical perception, clothed in simple and accurate language. This happens most frequently when Mr. Smith is responding to the stimulus of a powerful natural environment, as, for example, in the sonnet entitled *Badlands*:

A blue and silver evening solitude,  
The coliseum of earth's youthful powers  
Of colored fire and steam and lava showers,  
Now cemeteried under hills of mud.  
Fissured and hachured battleground where stood  
The Indian gods and died, now battleground  
Of snakes and rabbits. With a silver sound  
The moon leaps up. The old gray earth is wooed.

Her wrinkled beauty loses place and age,  
Hooded in night-blue clouds that will not rain—  
A desert whose immeasurable disdain  
Remembers Indian-like her youthful rage,  
Breathing forgotten legends through the sage,  
Chanting a desiccated cricket strain.

Mr. Smith seems determined to write for a public more discriminating than the poetry societies or the Athenia Clubs of the provinces—or the English newspaper critics. One therefore confidently expects another volume in which "beauty" will never be aspostrophized, but will manifest herself more often, in which the word "dream" will be used less expansively; in which Mr. Smith's increasing technical competence and power of self-criticism will surpass his present derivations.

JAMES RORTY

## Fiction Shorts

*Jingling in the Wind.* By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The Viking Press. \$2.

With the best will in the world, one can do little more with this satiric extravaganza than chuckle appreciatively at occasional flashes of fantasy and nod heavily over the remainder of the book. Miss Roberts's intention is not at all clear: part of the time she appears to be poking fun at ol' man Babbitt, part of the time flying off into humorous irrelevancies, and part of the time merely indulging in high-flown and turgid prose. "Jingling in the Wind" will puzzle the many admirers of Miss Roberts; but it will not cause them to look forward with any less anticipation to her next novel.

*Good-Bye Wisconsin.* By Glenway Wescott. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

"Good-Bye Wisconsin" is a collection of tales (some of them hardly more than sketches) preceded by a remarkable initial essay which strikes the keynote of the whole volume. This poetic evocation of the mysterious Middle-Western land warns us that Mr. Wescott is not dealing with standardized and molded mechanisms, but with unformed beings, with an America, perhaps, still to be born. The stories themselves are of unequal merit, the worst of them suffering from a calculated vagueness that is merely an inverted over-emphasis. Their main value is that they indicate, not conclusively but with a proper tentativeness, that in a land which our most popular novelists have found swarming with drummers and soft-headed farmboys, there is serious and tragic material for the adult novelist.

*Nightseed.* By H. A. Manhood. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

Very original short stories of macabre and other-worldly quality by a new writer, hailed by Arnold Bennett as one of the finds of the year. One of the most refreshing things about Mr. Manhood is the fact that he does not follow in the footsteps of Katherine Mansfield. While many of his tales strain for mysterious, muted effects which do not quite come off, not one of them but is clearly the product of an independent

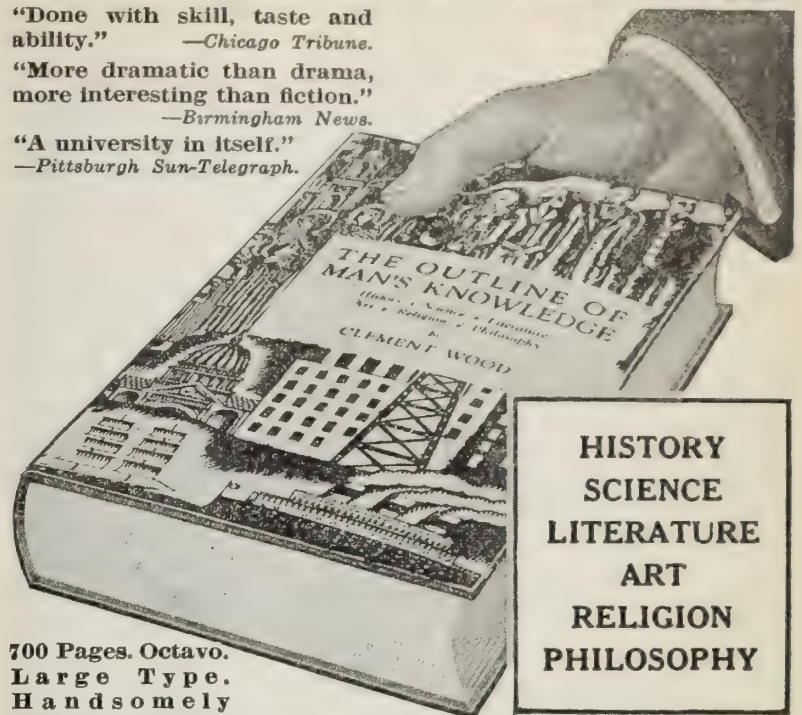
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temperament, a little too fond of strange and tortured phrase-making, perhaps, but otherwise gifted with a veritable sense of style.

*Nothing Is Sacred.* By Josephine Herbst. Coward-McCann. \$2.

The life of a mean, gray, middle-class American family set down in a designedly mean, gray, middle-class American prose. Miss Herbst is as skilful within the limitations of her manner as anyone could possibly be; and she extracts from the petty tragedies of her characters more than one would think conceivable. Fiercely honest as this recent type of realistic writing is, it leads one to suspect its intrinsic artistic importance. The more one reads of Mr. Callaghan and Mr. Herrmann and Miss Herbst and even Mr. Lardner and Mr. Hemingway the more one feels that they, as a group, have essentially the same temperament that one feels in the nineteenth-century pessimists. But whereas Leopardi and James Thomson lived in a romantic era and could therefore express their personal despair in the form of lyric outcry, our contemporary defeatists must disguise their intimations of futility with an over-conscientious objectivity. At times it seems as if Miss Herbst's carefully flattened style and piteously truncated characters were merely the inventions of a sophisticated intellect that is choosing this more difficult and delicate method in order to express indirectly a sense of complete fatigue. For if we do not consider it as a projection of a personal pessimism, Miss Herbst's novel, admirable and intelligent as it is, is in the end unmoving. The author is so adept that within a few pages she has communicated perfectly an atmosphere of sodden hopelessness; one hardly needs to read much further, unless one's intent be slightly masochistic.

*The Boy in the Sun.* By Paul Rosenfeld. Macaulay. \$2.

The theme of this novel by one of our most widely known critics is familiar: the struggle between a sensitive youth and his father, complicated here by the problem of race-consciousness. The treatment is fresh-visioned and at moments moving: one would expect no less from Mr. Rosenfeld. Most readers, however, will quarrel with the style—jeweled, oblique, and imagistic, much too labored for the rather simple fable. The prose of Mr. Rosenfeld is really a reversion to Victorianism. Like the elders of that day, he chooses to call a spade an agricultural implement; and though the disguise is adopted for aesthetic rather than moral reasons it is none the less irritating.

*Ariadne.* By Isadore Lhevinne. The Globus Press. \$2.50.

A mad, frenzied tale of the pursuit by an artist of an impossible woman-ideal. Overwrought and grandiose as much of "Ariadne" is, it remains an arresting book for those who are not afraid of the terrible beauties of delirium. Dr. Lhevinne's horrible pictures of leprous Siberian villages may be pure invention, but they have a macabre quality that sticks in the mind. Occasionally the prose reaches high points of poetry, and as often sinks into bathos and jargon.

*Costumes by Eros.* By Conrad Aiken. Scribners. \$2.

Mr. Aiken's second collection of short stories is slightly inferior to his first, "Bring, Bring," but it should be read. Somehow they seem a little literary and worked-over, these tales in which all sorts of delicate changes are rung on the erotic motive. The best of them, perhaps, are the lighter satires, such as *The Necktie* or *The Professor's Escape*, which capture a note of elegant, whimsical humor that seems thoroughly un-American. More American, perhaps, is the pervasive sense of sexual frustration and inarticulateness which lies at the base of almost every story in the volume. The first tale, *Your Obituary, Well Written*, is a remarkable fictional transmission of the personality of Katherine Mansfield and it catches far more directly than ever did Henry James the peculiar characteristics of a certain type of modern literary temperament.

C. P. F.

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## Drama

### Some Grave Doubts About Goethe

**I**F the nineteenth century had a universal genius that genius was Goethe. No other writer of modern times has impressed the whole Western world so profoundly or so long, and no other has seemed so adequately to voice its complex aspirations. In him if in any one the conflicting elements which go to make up its soul were synthesized, and critics must, with a sort of desperation, profess their faith in the supreme greatness of his "Faust." It is near enough to us to be ours in a sense that the other accepted masterpieces are not, and in it, if anywhere, are we adequately expressed. In a dozen other works we have, to be sure, aspects of the modern soul impressively set forth, but what, except "Faust," have we to put beside the supreme achievements of Dante and Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton? Where else should we turn in the search for something so inclusive and so complete and what, if our faith in that should be lost, remains for us to do except to confess that the grand style disappeared with Milton from off the face of the earth, that "we" (for Goethe is one of us as Milton is not) have lost an art that others had?

Moved, perhaps, by some considerations such as these the Theater Guild has chosen "Faust" (Guild Theater) as the object of its first experiment with the classics. For the purpose it has imported a director from Germany, where they are supposed to understand such things, and it has intrusted the preparation of the *mise en scène* to Lee Simonson, who is certainly one of the most resourceful of our stage designers. To the performance one goes, accordingly, with a sense that a good deal is at stake and from it one comes away with a sense which can only be described as one of depression. Dudley Digges (to whom the honors of the evening go) is an impressive Mephistopheles who gives to the Devil that streak of mere vulgarity which is so important a part of Goethe's conception; George Gaul is an acceptable Faust; Helen Chandler, a charming if not particularly profound Marguerite; and Douglass Montgomery an effectively passionate Valentine. Yet the fact cannot be escaped: "Faust" moves through its many scenes with a meandering listlessness and reaches, with the death of Marguerite, a pathetic conclusion which, so far as the theme of the play is concerned, is no conclusion at all.

Under the circumstances the safest thing to do would be to lay the blame upon some head less well protected by fame than that of the author. One might, for instance, suggest learnedly that the present production cuts the text at various points and that it somehow misses the profundities of the original. Or one might, on the other hand, speak no less learnedly of the unacted and unactable Second Part, protesting against any judgment of the whole based upon a consideration of nothing except a fragment. But two facts remain, first, that this fragment is, for stage purposes, the only whole we have and, second, that it is very difficult to put one's finger upon any defects of the present production sufficiently serious to account for the ineffectiveness of the play. There remains, therefore, nothing to do except to suggest, with all deference, that "Faust" is not a supremely great drama; that we tend to think of it as such because we think of it not by itself, but in connection with all the greatness that was Goethe, and assume that it expresses all that he either expressed elsewhere or wished to express. The problem which he intended to state and the synthesis he intended to achieve are not present there in any adequate form, even though hints of them are.

To say this is not, of course, to deny that the play has its Olympian moments, for there are magic lines and there

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"One revolutionary physician.—In a recent issue of *The Nation*, Mary Reed writes intelligently on Soviet Health and says: 'It is a rule of Soviet medicine that every doctor shall be a teacher as well as a healer.' Dr. Liber, more than any other physician in America, fulfills this humanistic conception most completely. . . . It is alarming to realize how few critics within its own ranks the regular medical profession has produced. . . . How pleasant and astonishing it is to find one medicine man (who believes very little in medicine) speaking out so lucidly and courageously as Dr. Liber does in this altogether enlightening and delightfully readable book. 'The Healers' might be characterized as a sociological novel with an autobiographical slant. When I try to answer the question as to what is the beautiful merit of this fine work I seem to think of the quality of sincerity as somehow nestling in every living part of it. Such flaming sincerity produces a kind of dramatic and poetic effect that many a more literary handling of material cannot create."

"Dr. Liber's mind cannot fit into any of the familiar medical grooves, regular or irregular, for the sufficient reason that a mind capable of sustained criticism and sincerity and humility can never fit into any of the traditional and conventional molds. To one who has any residual doubts about the quality of mind and heart present among our professional groups, let him read, for the sake of dramatic contrast, this touching and intelligent book. The only other kindred work I am acquainted with which can at all compare with 'The Healers' is the profoundly human 'Memoirs of a Physician' by Veressaiëff. Dr. Liber's sociological novel is quite as human and much richer in knowledge and information and critical episode."

"As the sincerest of anarchists, Liber yet knows how to extend the hand of fellowship to the Soviet Republic. He cannot share the provincialism and egocentricity of the typical anarchist. As a doctor he is simultaneously interested in organic medicine, psychotherapy, education, art, and most impressively of all, in humanity. I doubt whether there is any other person in or out of the medical profession in these materialistic States who has served the humble so generously, so cordially, so understandingly."

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are sublime episodes. Consider for a moment the early scene in the study during which Faust, aspiring after transcendent wisdom and convinced that merely human life has no longer any hold upon him, is about to drink the poison goblet, when the sound of the Easter music, remembered from childhood, revives in him the sweetness of his humanity. Surely the ending of that scene upon the triumphant exclamation "Earth hath her child again" is as sublime as anything in modern literature. Or, to take another example in a different mood, consider the scene in the kitchen where the romanticism of Faust and Marguerite is played against the cynicism of Martha and Mephistopheles in a fashion which invests the whole scene with the spirit of a wisdom transcending any which either of the contrasting moods can achieve alone. If the play as a whole fulfilled the promise of the first of these episodes, or if it moved consistently upon the level of the second, it would be as great as anyone can imagine it, but in sober fact it does neither, and Marguerite, more than anyone else, is to blame.

By rights her story is no more than a minor episode. Though the seduction of a virgin may properly be a part of Faust's great adventure it was by no means so nearly the whole of it as this drama would seem to indicate. The play breaks in the middle and comes very near to being her story rather than his. Sentimental gallantry was Goethe's besetting sin and it so seduced him here that he abandoned the attempt to write a philosophical tragedy in order to devote himself to the composition of a pathetic idyl from which the legend of his hero was never successfully extricated. Nor does the fact that the simple have lavished their affection upon little Gretchen indicate anything except the enormity of his divagation. There are, as a result, great moments in "Faust" but there are also scenes which deserved nothing better than to be set to music by Gounod—that eternal fount of toilet water, as Huysmans called him.

Eva Le Gallienne signalized the reopening of her Civic Repertory Theater with two new productions: "The Would-Be Gentleman" and "L'Invitation au Voyage." The first is a rather free adaptation of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which turns Molière's satire into a boisterous but amusing farce; the second a skilful translation by Ernest Boyd of a very tenuous piece by Jean-Jacques Bernard. It is very mildly interesting and might adequately be described as not very much ado about nothing at all.

In "Straight Through the Door" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) and in "By Request" (Hudson Theater) is demonstrated the melancholy fact that a good actor cannot do very much for an indifferent play. In the former, William Hodge illuminates his little piece with humor and ease to no particular end; in the latter the Nugents, father, son, and daughter-in-law, walk through their scenes like the experienced hands they are. If Elliot Nugent could make it so "By Request" would be a first-rate comedy. But it is only mildly entertaining and quite harmless. The spirit of Rupert of Hentzau returned to Broadway in "The Command Performance" (Klaw Theater). A painfully handsome hero—Ian Keith—and a heroine with modernistic morals ornament a plot which is as thick and soft and warm as ever. "Billy" (Erlanger's Theater) is quite the freshest musical comedy of the season and is graced by a charming young lady named Polly Walker. "Ups-a-Daisy" (Shubert Theater) is remarkable only for the humorous and exciting agility of Buster West and the wild syncopations of a red-headed hoyden named Nell Kelly.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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# International Relations Section

## Japanese Propaganda

JAPAN is now making determined efforts to win the support of American public opinion for her policy in Manchuria. Her representatives in this country have two objects, to prevent the State Department from making an open attack upon the Japanese policy in Manchuria and to gain financial assistance for the development of Japanese undertakings there. The following article, written from the point of view of liberal Chinese opinion, is a shrewd analysis of Japan's American propaganda methods. It is from the *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai, edited by J. B. Powell.

The Japanese Government, according to reports in the semi-official news reports and press of Tokio, is planning to send a number of high-powered propagandists to the United States for the purpose of explaining to the American people the true virtues of Japanese policy toward China. Which indicates that Japan is not entirely satisfied with the results obtained by her other paid writers and propagandists already in the United States who have been advocating cooperation between America and Japan in a "strong" policy toward China. Among those whose names have appeared in the newspapers as possible members of the new propaganda corps are Viscount Kaneko, Viscount Shibusawa, Mr. Tsurumi, Dr. Nitobe, Baron Fujimura, and Dr. Dan Takuma, the latter being a high official of the Mitsui Company.

The purpose of this move, according to the press reports, is to convince the American people that Japan has been moved entirely by altruism in trying to block the unification of the Three Eastern Provinces, Shengking, Kirin, and Holungkiang, with the Nationalist Government at Nanking. Japan would also attempt to make the American people believe that some 25,000 to 50,000 troops are being maintained in Manchuria and 12,000 troops in Shantung Province, entirely for China's good. Then, in addition, this new corps of propagandists would attempt to explain to the American people that Japan's opposition to the revision of her commercial treaty with China and her insistence that the old treaty of 1866 is still in force is purely for the benefit of the Chinese people in that it prevents the Chinese Government from increasing the tariff rates on goods imported into China from Japan.

These are the major problems which Japan would attempt to explain away by oratorical and journalistic methods, but beyond them there would be many speeches to be delivered about Japan's "highly important position" as a sort of bulwark against the spread of Russian communism and bolshevism on the continent of Asia. Each of these Japanese publicists would, in all probability, carry with him a set of maps of Manchuria and Mongolia, not to mention the newly discovered territory of "Barga," for the purpose of showing to the American people how necessary it is for Japan to exercise control in these areas in order to prevent Russia from grabbing them. Then, finally, there would be much to say about the necessity of Japan controlling these areas as a necessary outlet for her surplus population and as a source of supply for her industrial development. It's a rather large program which General-Baron Tanaka, Japan's militarist Premier and Foreign Minister, has mapped out for the new propaganda corps which, we suppose, is to be used to replace or supplement the work of those already in America, including Messrs. Kawakami and George Bronson Rea, who fight the battles of the South Manchuria Railway in America, and their associates in China, Messrs. Henry Kinney and George E. Sokolsky, who perform a similar service in

China by getting out literature here for dispatching to the United States. It is probably due to the magnitude of the job that several of the men named in the preceding paragraph have expressed considerable hesitancy in accepting the appointment as unofficial ambassadors to the United States.

General-Baron Tanaka has been guilty of innumerable blunders in his China policy since he became head of the Japanese Government, but any attempt to bolster up Japan's present "strong-arm" policy toward China by conducting a propaganda campaign in the United States probably would result in a still greater blunder. Practically all of Japan's expensive propaganda campaigns in the United States in the past have ended disastrously for Japan. About ten years ago the Japanese financed an extensive campaign of oratory and written publicity in America on the immigration question, the purpose being to convince Americans that California, Oregon, and Washington should be opened up as territories for Japanese coolie immigration. It is reported on pretty good authority that the idea of "quota" immigration, that is, immigration based upon a percentage of the nationals of the various foreign countries already in the United States, actually originated with the Japanese propagandists sent to America. Well, after several years of high-powered propaganda, Congress did adopt a "quota" immigration law, but, owing to the intemperate remarks of the Japanese Ambassador in the United States, who began talking about "grave consequences," Congress went ahead and barred the Japanese out altogether. Then, following the Washington Conference, the Japanese government-owned South Manchuria Railway financed an equally extensive publicity campaign in America the general purpose of which was to induce American capitalists to lend their money to the Japanese for the exploitation of Manchuria, hoping in this way to make America a partner in Japan's policy of aggression in China's Three Eastern Provinces. The South Manchuria Railway ran full-page advertisements in all of the leading American magazines and newspapers, all of which were carefully written to convey the impression that Manchuria was a separate country and not a part of China.

The culmination of this campaign came last year when Mr. Thomas W. Lamont and his staff of experts from J. P. Morgan and Company and the National City Bank of New York came to Japan and entered into negotiations with the Japanese financiers for a \$40,000,000 loan to the South Manchuria Railway. Well, that carefully planned publicity campaign was knocked into a cocked hat in short order when the Nationalist Government and the Chinese chambers of commerce and bankers associations got busy and explained just what was behind the Japanese attempt to borrow American money for use in the exploitation of Manchuria.

Japan's good propaganda money was thus worse than wasted, for when the real facts became known in America, public opinion reacted against Japan with disastrous consequences and the reaction in American public opinion also did not help Morgan and Company and the National City Bank of New York. . . .

Japan's trouble with American public opinion is a fundamental one which cannot be cured by propaganda no matter how skilfully prepared or extensively disseminated. Japan suffers in American public opinion because of a lack of frankness in respect to her relations with her near neighbor China. Japanese delegates go to international conferences and make promises and affix their signatures to documents guaranteeing the territorial, political, and administrative integrity of China and then the Japanese Government, or at least the military clique in Japan, attempts by oblique methods to undo what the Japanese delegates have officially promised. The result is that Japan is always regarded with suspicion in the United States and the more the propaganda the greater the suspicion.



## The Churches and Peace

**T**O Alfred W. Martin, delegate of the Ethical Culture Movement, we are indebted for a brief summary of the recent Universal Religious Peace Conference at Geneva.

Never before was there convened an assemblage such as met at Geneva, Switzerland, September 12-14. It was composed of 124 persons, representing a remarkable variety of religious opinion and affiliation. They were invited by the Church Peace Union (founded by Andrew Carnegie) to come together to discuss the possibility of holding a Universal Religious Peace Conference in 1930 and, if held, what it might be expected to accomplish in the field of religion toward establishing international peace. The attending delegates included Hindus, Buddhists, Zoroastrians, Confucians, Jews, Mohammedans, Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholics, Protestant Christians, evangelical and liberal, Quakers, Theosophists, Bahais, and Ethical Culturists. It was unanimously voted to prepare at once for the proposed World Conference and to have it devoted exclusively to three distinct objects:

1. To state the highest teachings of each religion on peace and the causes of war.
2. To record the efforts of religious bodies in furtherance of peace.
3. To devise means whereby men of all religious faiths may work together to remove existing obstacles to peace; to stimulate international cooperation for peace and the triumph of right; to secure international justice, to increase good-will and thus bring about fuller realization of the brotherhood of men.

The official document presented by the committee appointed to draft a statement of conference aims read in part as follows:

Even as nations have been learning that no one of them

suffices to itself alone, but that each needs to help and to be helped by others, so also the religions of the world will come to see that each must seek to serve and to be served in the work of peace, and to go hand in hand toward the common goal.

Hence it was resolved that a Universal Religious Peace Conference be held, to put in motion the joint spiritual resources of mankind; and that, without attempting to commit any religious body in any way, the conference consist of devoted individuals holding, or associated with, recognized forms of religious belief.

The universal conference designs neither to set up a formal league of religions, nor to compare the relative values of faiths, nor to espouse any political or social system.

Of this conference the sole purpose will be to rouse and to direct the religious impulses of humanity against war in a constructive world-wide effort to achieve peace.

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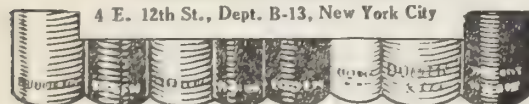


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# The Nation

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**H**ERBERT HOOVER'S MUCH-HERALDED speech in New York City turned out to be the duller and most wearisome of the entire series of statistical essays which he has dubbed campaign speeches. There was indubitably genuine enthusiasm in the cheering which continued for twelve minutes when he rose to speak. Within three minutes, however, people began to leave, and before the speech had ended several thousand of the twenty-two thousand people who were there had left. It passes our comprehension how a public man with Mr. Hoover's reputation for brains and ability could face such an audience, be the recipient of such enthusiasm, and yet be unable to arouse a single emotion or to say one word of human warmth to thrill or stimulate his audience. Again and again he labored his favorite issues of prosperity and what he calls progress; his best phrase was that the country had gone "from the full dinner pail to the full garage" under beneficent Republican leadership. Many of his statements were utterly misleading, as, for instance, his comparing the functioning of the railroads under war-time government control with private operation in the piping times of peace and his references to governments of Europe under socialist control and management. But ride his hobby of taking the government out of business he must. Of course his assertion that government management is always bad is nonsense. If it were true, then the government should immediately relinquish the carrying of the mails, the operation of the Panama and Cape

Cod canals, the Alaska railroad, the national parks and forests, and all the rest of the multitudinous business enterprises in which it is today engaged.

**T**O OUR READERS in the States concerned we again urge that they cast ballots on Election Day for the return to the Senate of Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin. Hendrik Shipstead of Minnesota, Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota, Robert B. Howell of Nebraska, and C. C. Dill of Washington. We feel, as we said in our issue of September 12, that the return of these men to Washington is of paramount importance to the cause of progressive popular government. Not quite so unqualifiedly we indorse also the reelection to the Senate of David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, Hiram W. Johnson of California, Kenneth D. McKellar of Tennessee, and M. M. Neely of West Virginia. In spite of many vagaries and his indifference toward Mooney and Billings, Johnson has come out so well on the power issue that we think he is needed in Washington at this time. Walsh generally aligns himself in the popular interest, while McKellar and Neely are supported by the People's Legislative Service. We have not mentioned parties in referring to these men because their services have not been along party lines. Among new candidates we have already indorsed Alanson B. Houghton in New York because of his personal worth and his excellent outlook on foreign affairs, while the People's Legislative Service rejoices that Representative Tom Connally is in line in Texas to succeed Senator Mayfield. So far as the House goes, we add only a word to commend the reelection of Victor L. Berger of Milwaukee and Fiorello H. La Guardia of New York City, both highly useful and independent members.

**S**MITH CONTINUES TO LEAD *The Nation's* poll of its subscribers by a margin of more than two to one with Norman Thomas in second place and Hoover a close third. The vote now stands Smith, 6,804; Thomas, 2,780; Hoover, 2,761; Foster, 428; Will Rogers, 26; and the rest scattering. New York and California have cast the most votes, and in both States Smith leads with Hoover in third place. The poll gives little indication of a farm revolt in the Middle West, since Hoover is running a close second to Smith in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Minnesota. While the *Literary Digest's* poll indicates that Hoover will cut deeply into the solid South, our subscribers in all the Southern States are overwhelmingly loyal to the Democratic nominee. Some doubt is thrown upon the *Literary Digest's* figures for the South because of that journal's underestimate of the Davis vote in 1924. *The Nation* regrets that there is no trustworthy method of recording the electoral choice of all of its readers in this poll. We have circulated ballots only among our 25,000 mail subscribers in the United States; our 12,000 to 15,000 newsstand readers have not been reached. The high proportion of returns from our subscribers underscores what the enormous registration of voters has already indicated, that there is more interest in the coming election than in any Presidential contest in this country in many years. A complete summary and analysis of *The Nation's* poll will appear in the issue of next week.



THAT IS A REMARKABLE DOCUMENT which was published on October 20 by forty-five distinguished Southerners: bishops, college presidents—eight of them—teachers, editors, professional and business men and women. What was its purpose? Something unique: a demand that the race issue be not dragged into this campaign. Ever since Reconstruction it has been the habit of Southern politicians to ride into office on the backs of Negroes—by abusing them. There being no State issues, and no contest between parties, the game has usually been to see who could denounce the Negro loudest. In this campaign there has not been the slightest excuse for lugging in our colored fellow-citizens; there have been enough other “horrible” issues. Yet the day this manifesto appeared the Republican headquarters felt compelled to issue a denial that Mr. Hoover had “danced with a Negress.” As for Governor Smith, he has been portrayed in the South as that most dreadful of persons, a “nigger-lover,” and his managers have felt compelled to deny that he ever employed Negro stenographers or that he has appointed Negroes to any higher offices than the menial ones they fill in the South. The forty-five Southern objectors to this nauseating kind of un-Americanism speak out well when they say in their manifesto:

It is our hope that no one will be deterred by them [anti-Negro appeals] from calmly considering the real issues and voting his honest convictions; and certainly that no one will allow them to inflame his mind with antagonism toward our Negro neighbors, who too long have been pawns in the game of politics. Any attempt to influence men and women with an issue so untimely is unworthy of the white man and unjust to all.

When one considers the conservatism of the South and the general fear of being denounced as Negrophile, this is almost an epoch-making statement.

PROFESSING ATHEISM is a dangerous business in the State of Arkansas. Charles Smith, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, is serving a twenty-six-day term in the jail of Little Rock because his attacks upon the proposed anti-evolution law which comes up for a popular vote at the next election were “calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.” A Little Rock judge refused to allow him to testify in his own behalf because he would not importune the Deity to assist him in truth-telling, and Mayor Charles E. Moyer declared: “No atheist will be permitted to maintain headquarters in Little Rock if I can prevent it.” Mr. Smith was fined \$25 and costs but refused to pay his fine and is serving his sentence as a protest. Meanwhile the State of Senator Joseph Robinson has otherwise distinguished itself by its interpretation of law. A correspondent in Little Rock writes to us as follows:

The legislature of the State, meeting in special session, passed a resolution barring from employment by its sage body any man or woman who would not sign a pledge to vote the straight Democratic ticket in November! Coercion? Oh, no. The people of the North and East have no idea of the coercive efforts, the intimidating methods, being used in this Presidential election in the South. Negroes are being used to form Negro Smith clubs, while freely it is said: “Hoover, if elected, will put the Negro in office over Southern womanhood.” Three judges, two Democrats and one Republican, are at each polling place by law—but the Democrats choose the Republican judges!

THE NEW OIL SCANDAL, described in last week's issue of *The Nation*, has burst like a stink bomb, leaving a most unholy odor in its wake. The Government's contract with the Sinclair interests for the oil of the Salt Creek fields, which Secretary Hubert Work renewed last February, was pronounced invalid on October 16 by Attorney-General Sargent. The contract, it will be remembered, contained a secret option granted to Sinclair by Albert B. Fall allowing the Sinclair interests to renew the agreement at the old rate and thus beat certain Kansas oil companies willing to pay a much higher price. It now appears that Attorney-General Sargent did not pass on this contract officially when it was renewed last winter, and allowed Senator Walsh's protest concerning its legality to lie on his desk from March 2 to October 16. Then, two days after the *New York World* had exposed the affair, Mr. Sargent sent his opinion. Why did Mr. Sargent keep silent about a fraudulent contract for seven months, and why did Mr. Work renew a contract with so notorious a customer without adequate investigation? The action of the Department of the Interior in canceling the contract after public exposure with no adequate explanation for the delay can only be interpreted as a confession of guilt. Even the Scripps-Howard newspapers have interrupted their eulogies of Mr. Hoover to demand the removal of Hubert Work as director of the Republican campaign because of this scandal.

NINE MONTHS AGO public-utility officials were assuring Senators that they would give “full cooperation” if the Federal Trade Commission instead of the Senate would investigate them. Now they have defied the commission, convincing Commissioner Edgar A. McCulloch that they have information they do not want the people of the country to know about. Josiah Newcomb, counsel for the Joint Committee of National Utility Associations, says the conflict “was perhaps inevitable when the commission began its investigation of the separate utility companies as distinguished from their associated activities.” So the Electric Bond and Share Company, which according to Raushenbush and Laidler has, with the General Electric Company, “a certain influence” over about half the power industry, has declined to answer questions about its disbursements for propaganda and politics. The commission can go to the courts to compel witnesses to answer, or it can furnish the Department of Justice with evidence of their defiance as a means of prosecuting the officials, but the fact that there appears to be a way to take the case all the way to the Supreme Court means that the investigation can be halted just as it was about to reach the financial operations of the utilities. It took the Claire Furnace case seven years to go through the courts, and although the Federal Trade Commission won—without, however, a full decision on its powers—it was then too late to go on with the investigation undertaken at the behest of Congress. This, no doubt, is the consummation aimed at by the utilities. Even if they lose in the courts, they will have had many more years in which to concentrate control, forestall federal regulation, prevent investigation, and fill the heads of the public with their dishonest propaganda.

ONE OF THE COUNTS on which Governor Smith is most frequently assailed is his affiliation with Tammany Hall. It is a real weakness in his candidacy, but if political spellbinders wanted to enlighten the people instead



of merely to corral their votes, they would have to go on to say that, unsavory as the history of Tammany Hall has been in New York City, the record of the Republican Party up-State has been a match for it and not infrequently the two organizations have worked hand in glove to defraud the electorate. One of those who has taken special pains to attack New York's Governor because of his association with the Tiger is that gentle and lily-white Portia, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who owes her own political ascendancy to the grace of the unimpeached but far from unimpeachable Harry M. Daugherty. Mrs. Willebrandt has been quoting, as her authority for the rottenness of Tammany Hall, from that excellent work the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, giving chapter and book. It is impressive, but if anyone should take the trouble to verify the reference he would find something which Mrs. Willebrandt must have failed to notice. He would discover that the article concludes (volume 26, page 392) with the following sentence: "The power of the organization [Tammany Hall] in the State and in the nation is due to its frequent combination with the Republican organization, which controls the State almost as completely as Tammany does the city."

THE BERLIN NEWSPAPERS are ringing with protests at the treatment of the passengers on the Graf Zeppelin. They were received at Lakehurst "as if they were criminals," surrounded by police and customs officials, and rushed off to a room, where they were kept standing for three hours, there being only two chairs in the room. Nobody was allowed to leave, the excuse being that if the doors were opened the 250 reporters would rush the room. The passengers were kept on their feet until finally their baggage was brought in—the delay was due to the fact that as each piece of luggage was removed a corresponding weight of ballast had to be put on the Zeppelin. Through some blunder or misunderstanding no order was received from Washington to grant the passengers freedom from search, and examination at Lakehurst presented extraordinary difficulties. The result is humiliating and is not compensated for by the cordial official welcomes in New York and Washington. We would, however, like to assure the Berlin press that possibly the travelers of the Graf Zeppelin were lucky that their pockets were not searched. This is an ungracious business for the United States to engage in, and every year it rouses the anger of thousands of foreigners who should be our friends. It is, however, an accepted concomitant of that protective tariff to which both Messrs. Smith and Hoover are expressing themselves as so devoted.

THE BEARING OF THE OFFICERS of the Graf Zeppelin since their arrival has been admirable. In a modest and illuminating address at the dinner given by the German-American Chamber of Commerce, Dr. Eckener made it clear that he regards himself neither as a hero nor the pioneer of a regular airship service to begin tomorrow. He warned his hearers that large sums of money were needed and equally large additional stores of knowledge, notably meteorological. As for speed, airships, he declares, can be made to go much faster but they must be larger and carry more engines. That there will be a regular passenger service eventually he is entirely certain. He considers a two days' flight from Europe to New York entirely feasible, but only after a lapse of some time. At this stage

he wishes \$14,000,000 to build additional vessels and equip the line to give a biweekly service. It is significant that Henry Ford's chief engineer has been to Lakehurst to talk over the problem. It is an adventure that Mr. Ford could well embark upon. Sooner or later this method of overseas voyaging must be tried to the fullest extent.

THE ECONOMIC AND FINANCIAL recognition of Russia grows steadily more complete and definite. A contract has been signed by the Amtorg Trading Company, acting for the Soviet Government, and the International General Electric Company for the sale of at least \$21,000,000 worth of electrical equipment for export to Russia. Amtorg will pay 25 per cent of the agreed price in cash; the remainder will be paid over a period of six years. It is said in Washington that the negotiations leading to this agreement were carried on under the eye and with the approval of the Department of State. It is also said that this approval represents no change of heart or policy on the part of the United States toward Russia; the long-term credits, secured by the guaranty of the Russian State Bank, are looked upon as merely the necessary arrangements incidental to a strictly commercial contract. It will be recalled, however, that last year the State Department forced the Chase National Bank in New York to discontinue the sale of certain Russian railway bonds which it had placed on the market. Loans to enterprises under the authority of the Soviet Government were to be prohibited as strictly as loans to the Government itself. But in the light of this ruling of the Department of State the *Journal of Commerce* (New York) on October 18 comments editorially on the recent electrical contract, and asks:

Wherein does this transaction differ from the railway-bond transaction? The Soviet Government controls both the railroads and the State Bank. Morally as well as legally, the two transactions are very close. The head of the Amtorg in this city speaks of the contract as "a decided forward step in the growing commercial relations" between the two countries, and he is right. It is also a step on the part of the State Department toward a position which to the average man appears to be very different from the one it formerly occupied.

TO BRING ABOUT more friendly understanding between the Occident and the Orient the first India Conference of America is being held in New York City. The East has been traditionally a mystery to the West. India is a strange and even forbidding name, and the purpose of the present series of meetings—to make available "a comprehensive knowledge and reliable information about India and her people, her art, philosophy and religion, her ancient civilization and her modern problems"—can bring nothing but good to India and America both. An exhibition of modern Hindu paintings is being held concurrently at the Corona Mundi galleries; the conference itself consists of lectures and discussions, notably "India Free—Within or Without the British Empire?" with Herbert Adams Gibbons, Robert Morss Lovett, Harry F. Ward, and others as speakers. And most interesting of all, for those who wish to know more of India, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu is here as a lecturer on India's womanhood. Mrs. Naidu is a leading feminist; she was president of the Indian National Congress in 1925-1926; she is a poet as well as a publicist. As an unofficial ambassador from the ancient, splendid East to the vigorous young West, she brings friendship as well as understanding.



# "The Dirtiest Political Campaign"

THE nearer the end of the Presidential campaign comes, the worse it appears. One must go far back in our history before one comes across a similar era of Know-Nothingism, or rank, passionate prejudice. Even then it seems on so small a scale as to be trifling by comparison. As we write, two weeks before the election, there is a genuine prospect that the Solid South will be broken at last. For what reason? Some profound political principle? Some grave question of State's rights? Some determination to alter a domestic or foreign policy? Some decision to rebuke a party which has been corrupt and faithless in office? Not at all. What has stirred the South to its depths is frankly the possibility that a Roman Catholic may be elected President. There is, of course, deep and sincere feeling on the prohibition question. Although no President can change the prohibition law or alter the Constitution, the prohibition forces are declaring that the principle is at stake and that cry is seized upon by multitudes, which are eagerly seeking an excuse to cover their religious prejudice, their bigotry, their total lack of understanding of that liberty of conscience and of belief which is the very cornerstone of the American republic.

Not only in the South is the poison at work. Everywhere one goes in the North it is prejudice which seems to be electing Herbert Hoover—prejudice against the Pope; prejudice against Tammany Hall; prejudice against the man who waxes ungrammatical as he waxes eloquent; prejudice against his wife because she has not enjoyed the opportunities for leisure and culture that have been the good fortune of some Presidents' wives; prejudice because Al Smith represents the immigrant part of our population. From a cold northern New York town near the Canadian border comes this telegram: "Mysterious night riders have just deluged this town with obscene political literature. Will *The Nation* not take a stand for political decency in the dirtiest political campaign ever waged in the United States?" This is symptomatic. At Democratic headquarters there is a collection of anti-Smith literature to stagger the beholder in its falsity, its vulgarity, its crassness, and its appeal to the lowest passions. It is hard to conceive of anybody's stooping lower.

Nor is Mr. Hoover wholly escaping. Stories that he sought to become a British citizen, that he is not qualified for legal reasons, are coming into the open. It is hard to foretell what may take place between now and election, but nothing could surprise any observer who knows what is going on under the surface and has gauged the venom and hate and passion with which the campaign is being carried on.

We must confess to both disappointment and shame. Disappointment that a campaign like this could not have been kept on a decent level, and shame that our nakedness is thus exposed to the world. We cannot but hang our heads when we think of the effect that all this will have upon foreign observers. They will once more say that we are a land of barbarians, and that, whenever we desist from the chase of the almighty dollar, we reveal an attitude of mind no whit different from that which led to the killing of the witches in Salem. Indeed, it goes further back. How far

are we from the days of Huss and the Inquisition? In calmer moments, however, we cannot but wonder if there are not some positive gains despite all the muck and the murk. At least we have become excited over a political campaign. We have roused ourselves from the apathy of eight and of four years ago when it seemed as if the American people would never again take anything but a languid interest in their politics; when a party caught red-handed in corruption, in bargaining away a birthright of the American people in return for bribes and for the payment of campaign debts, could be returned to office as if its record were of the whitest.

After all, we must ask ourselves whether what we are witnessing today is not merely a revelation on a large scale of the religious stupidity, blindness, and intolerance which came to light in the Scopes case and in the efforts in other States to compel science and learning to stand still at the behest of superstition, of long since outworn beliefs in miracles and the supernatural. Are we not, perhaps, profiting by the self-exposure of this campaign? Are we not having the benefits of a cold douche to bring us to a clear-eyed vision of how backward we still are in some of the physically greatest stretches of the country? It is something to know where we stand and what we are. Let us hope it will make some Americans realize the gravity of the evil of denying free speech, free assembly, and justice in the courts, against which *The Nation* has been inveighing year in and year out. They are all tied together, make no mistake. Lynching, the Ku Klux Klan, the denial to Communists of the right of peaceful meeting, as narrated by Scott Nearing elsewhere in this issue, and the bigotry of some Protestants—these are all of the same warp and woof. As long as they exist the American democracy is in danger. As long as they are before us *The Nation*, at least, will continue to blow its call to the ramparts with all the power that it has. It was not necessary for our subscriber quoted above to ask us to take a stand against what is going on; that has been our historic position.

It is our misfortune, however, that we have not been able, for the first time, perhaps, since the McKinley and Bryan election of 1900, to give positive advice to our readers. Our own staff is divided in its view. There is no doubt that Norman Thomas has waged the finest campaign and that his platform far more nearly approximates the standards and ideals of *The Nation* than does the Democratic. But from other points of view the present emergency is so great that many will overlook everything else save the height to which the tides of prejudice have gone in order to rebuke this treason to Americanism at the polls by voting for Smith. Alas, the verdict of November 6 will not be clear-cut on any issue! This vice of our governmental system remains—that it is of the rarest that an election is confined to one question. The prohibitionists, the religious fanatics, the preachers of "prosperity," the champions of the protective tariff—each of these and various other groups will claim the victory for itself and each will interpret it in its own way. To our readers we can again only appeal not to cast their ballots for Herbert Hoover, but to choose between Smith and Thomas, as their consciences shall dictate.



## How to Sell Books

**E.** HALDEMAN-JULIUS has won a place alongside of Woolworth and Ford. During the last ten years he has sold more than 100,000,000 copies of his Little Blue Books and in "The First Hundred Million" (Simon and Schuster, \$3) he has just published a candid analysis of his methods which reveals him as an indubitable master of that great modern science which is known as "merchandising."

In a very general way he knew to begin with what he wanted—to sell cheap reprints of standard books—but within the limitations established by that purpose he was willing to give the public what it wanted and he has employed all the resources of a very shrewd mind to find out what that is. Beginning with nothing except a few guesses to guide him, he gradually developed an elaborate system by which the pulling power of every advertisement and the salability of every title were checked, and he acted ruthlessly upon every suggestion that his information furnished him. Every book that failed to sell the required 10,000 a year was sent to a "hospital" where its defects (commercial, not literary) were analyzed and doctored; every book that failed to respond to treatment was dropped and some other, carefully selected, was substituted in its place. The classics must be sold—that is the purpose of the enterprise. But what classics, under what titles, and by what methods—that was for the public to say. Such canniness will be called genius by some and cynicism by others, but the fact remains that the success of any similar enterprise is to the success of the Little Blue Books far less than the success of any other cheap automobile to the success of the Ford. Mr. Haldeman-Julius adapted the methods of mass selling to books and as a result he actually sold books in masses.

What are the lessons which he learned and what are the principles which he followed? As one might expect they are simple, and as one might expect they reveal that the masses respond only to very simple appeals. In general people have a passion to read about three things: sex, self-improvement, and what may vaguely be called "daring" attacks upon respectability, especially religion. They will buy a book whose title suggests any of these three topics and, except in certain exceptional cases, their interest is languid in any title which does not. Therefore, the simplest thing is to work in one or the other of the tested appeals by hook or crook, and to do so is an almost infallible remedy for any "sick" classic. In 1926 a translation of Hugo's play sold 8,000 copies under the title "The King Enjoys Himself"; in 1927 it sold 38,000 copies when offered as "The Lustful King Enjoys Himself."

If the book is such that sex interest cannot possibly be suggested, then one of the other two dependable appeals must be called in. Whistler's "Ten O'Clock" goes much better if it is called "What Art Should Mean to You" and, in general, there is something magic about the "How to" or "What You Should Know" title, so that Schopenhauer's "Art of Controversy" and De Quincey's "Essay on Conversation" both leaped forward when they were respectively retitled "How to Argue Logically" and "How to Improve Your Conversation." "The Truth About" this or that also goes very well, doubtless because it faintly suggests

more or less esoteric revelations, and so does any other suggestion of the dangerous or the forbidden. But sex remains the surest of all appeals. Gautier's "Golden Fleece" is dead, but takes on abundant life when it is called "The Search for a Blond Mistress," and Maupassant's "Tallow Ball" finds many readers under the title "A Prostitute's Sacrifice." Nor can it be said that the interest in sex is, like that in certain other subjects, very much more conspicuous in one section of the public than another. Readers of *The Nation* buy as much Voltaire as they do Nietzsche; readers of *Liberty* do not; but the two publics are almost equally interested in love. In fact, statistics reveal only one paradox. Readers of the *Pathfinder* (a periodical with an almost exclusively rural circulation) displayed more interest in "The Art of Kissing" than did the readers of the *New York Times*, but this is probably to be explained less by any difference in degree of interest in the subject than by the fact that New Yorkers are more likely to think they know how.

A good many people will shudder at many of Mr. Haldeman-Julius's methods, and the academic will gasp at the taste displayed in many of his rechristenings, but it is not by pleasing the academic that millions of anything whatever are sold. His defense is that though he changes titles he does not change books and that the text of "The Lustful King Amuses Himself" is perfectly authentic. In any event, one thing is certain: The question which he poses at the head of one of his chapters "Are Americans Afraid of Sex?" need never be asked again. Ask rather if cats hate fish or Italians spaghetti. The answer is, in slang phrase: "They eat it up."

## Britain Talks Politics

**I**N the British general election which will take place next year, probably in June, the real struggle lies between Labor and the Conservatives. Fortunately for the British electorate, neither religion nor pseudo-prohibition will be allowed to divert attention from what the *New Statesman* calls a "choice between a government that drops a tear over the poor on suitable occasions and a government that hates poverty and will wage steady war upon it." Whether any party can win a clear majority in the House of Commons is not plain. Of the 615 members of the House today the Conservative Party has 415, Labor 160, and the Liberals only 40.

Labor Party leaders are talking of an absolute majority after the election, but few observers share their optimism. To increase their membership from 160 to 308, an absolute majority, the Laborites must win a considerable proportion of the countryside away from its Conservative allegiance, an achievement which presents as many obstacles as the capture of the rural Midwest of the United States by the Democratic Party. The highest vote that the Labor Party has ever had in the House of Commons was 192, when Ramsay MacDonald undertook the premiership in 1924 with minority support. Since then the Liberal leaders have rejuvenated their ancient cohorts and are making a strenuous bid for Labor's place as His Majesty's Opposition. It would be a miracle if they emerged as the second party in the state, but they will embarrass Labor by splitting the opposition to the Baldwin regime.

The Labor Party is desperately poor, while both the



Liberals and Conservatives have relatively large campaign chests. Lloyd George's famous post-war chest has been only partially dissipated. Money determines the result of an election quite as much in Great Britain as in the United States. Every candidate for Parliament must deposit about \$730 as a guaranty that he represents a substantial portion of the electorate, and must forfeit that deposit if he fails to poll one-eighth of the vote. It is disastrous for the Labor Party when it must deposit funds for its relatively poor candidates and then lose those funds. The one compensation for this risk is that the Labor Party is seldom forced to contest a district against a Communist candidate, since the Communist candidate is rarely willing to gamble upon his ability to win one-eighth of the electorate. In addition to its other difficulties, the Labor Party's financial strength has been greatly depleted by the Trades Dispute Act, forbidding the automatic collection of Labor Party dues from union members.

In spite of these handicaps the Labor Party is bound to increase its membership in the House of Commons because of widespread economic discontent. The army of the unemployed, as Mr. Hobson points out elsewhere in this issue, has increased by a quarter of a million—the September figures indicate an increase to 1,324,700. The Conservatives cannot ignore this issue, because they came into power largely by making promises that they would relieve the unemployment crisis.

Unemployment, a protective tariff, and the Anglo-French naval agreement are the three leading issues of the British campaign thus far. The Conservatives were badly beaten in a general election when they attacked free trade openly, but they are edging toward the protective system again in spite of their rebuke at the polls. This drift toward protection will be fought bitterly by both the Liberals and Labor. Likewise both Liberals and Labor unite in condemning the Anglo-French naval accord.

If the election could be confined to foreign policy alone, the Labor Party might win a clear majority, for the Baldwin Government is unpopular after its failure to reach a solution of the disarmament deadlock at Geneva and after the Anglo-French fiasco. Ramsay MacDonald struck a popular note at the Birmingham conference of the Labor Party when he demanded that the Government accept a plan for general international disarmament in successive stages.

The keenest interest in the British election will center in the possibility of a Labor-Liberal coalition. What will Labor do if, for example, the election results in a House of Commons composed of 285 Laborites, 285 Conservatives, and 45 Liberals? Both Labor and Liberal leaders indignantly reject the suggestion of a coalition, because militancy is "good politics" and talk of compromise at this stage would weaken the intensity of the fight for various constituencies. But it is easily imaginable that Labor might choose to enter a coalition cabinet with the Liberals, as the lesser of two evils, and work out a moderate program of next steps in economic change, with a cautious Laborite like Philip Snowden as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

For the sake of the mental health of the British Labor Party we hope that it will not be offered the choice of a coalition with the Liberals. Its "reconstruction program" has already been sufficiently diluted by the necessity of compromise. Moreover, Mr. Lloyd George is not a healthful bedfellow for leaders of the proletariat.

## Business Is Not Business

SOMETIMES the shock of realizing the vast and all-inclusive machinery used by the public utilities to direct public opinion in their favor is relieved by humorous revelations of the gullibility of those "high-powered executives" who are supposed to be so much more efficient than executives chosen by the people could be.

There was the case of Mrs. Clare Ketchum Tripp of Seattle, whose name appeared as author of monographs about the public utilities sent to the public schools of Washington and Oregon. The Oregon Public Utility Information Bureau paid her \$100 a month for a "membership" in her Washington-Oregon Industries Education Bureau. ("She called it a membership. . . . Since she called it a membership, we called it a membership, too," testified the manager of the bureau.) But the Oregon utility bureau wrote the monograph and paid all the costs of its publication and distribution. Judge Robert E. Healy, chief counsel for the Federal Trade Commission, could not discover just what services had been rendered by Mrs. Tripp in exchange for the \$100 a month paid her by the Oregon bureau and a similar amount paid her by the Puget Sound Light and Power Company. Of course, she made the "contacts" necessary for getting the monographs into the schools, but in other States the bureaus themselves were able to do that work.

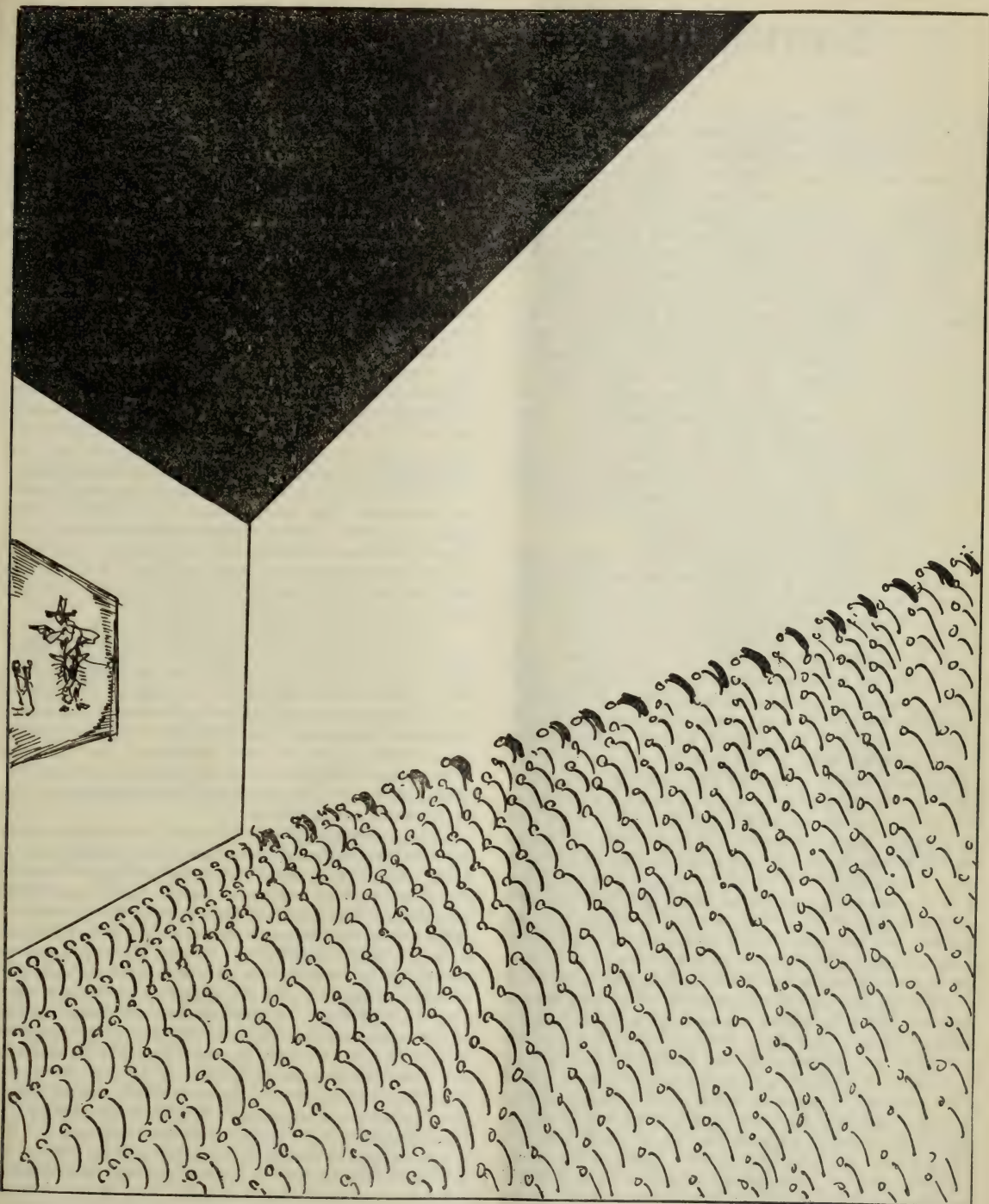
The naive Mrs. Tripp, although the monographs signed by her explained all about rate regulation and other fictions of the utility business, told the Federal Trade Commission that she thought the Interstate Commerce Commission regulated the rates of public utilities!

Mrs. Tripp's monographs appealed to sectional prejudice by teaching the school-children that the dividends and interest paid by privately owned utilities were all paid to local citizens, and used to "swell the volume of trade," while "without exception" bonds upon a municipal lighting plant were held by Eastern investors, "and all the money paid as interest upon these bonds each year goes out of this State."

Then there was the contribution in excess of \$84,400 a year paid by the utilities to E. Hofer and Sons' "Industrial News Bureau" of Salem, Oregon, for sending his anti-government ownership and other "anti-radical" editorials to all the country daily and weekly newspapers in the United States—some 13,000 or 14,000 publications. When new "subscriptions" came in to his bureau, the "service" was not extended. The additional money was merely used "to keep the service going."

If State commissions and boards concerned with regulating public utilities would profit by the Federal Trade Commission's investigation of the utilities, most of the propaganda activities could be stopped with little difficulty. All these boards and commissions need to do is to examine the "operating costs" reported by the utilities, and eliminate from them such items as the \$100 a month paid by the Puget Sound Light and Power Company to Mrs. Tripp, the \$7,000 a year paid by the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey to Hofer's agency, and all the other hundreds of thousands squandered by the utilities in propaganda. If the utility companies had to pay these "expenses" out of their own coffers instead of out of the consumer's pocket, there would be less propaganda.





Cartoon by Hendrik van Loon

## The Movies



# Smith, Hoover, and the Tariff

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

CARL SCHURZ records that he once, in reply to a question from President Grover Cleveland as to what he considered the paramount issue, urged that the President take up the tariff. He adds: "I shall never forget what happened. The man bent forward and buried his face in his hands on the table before him. Finally he straightened up with the same directness and spoke: 'I'm ashamed to say it, but the truth is I know nothing about the tariff. Will you tell me how to go about it to learn?'" Perusal of the tariff speeches of Governor Smith made at Louisville on October 13 and of Herbert Hoover at Boston two days later compels me to the belief that both of these men are just about in the position of Grover Cleveland as recorded by Mr. Schurz, only that they do not know it. Governor Smith certainly has the same excuse for ignorance. Like Mr. Cleveland he has been absorbed in State issues until his nomination and, like him, he never made any claim to economic training. Mr. Hoover lays claim, however, to being internationally minded, and as Secretary of Commerce has had eight years of supervision of American trade. Yet there is hardly one of the hoary old protectionist fallacies for which he has not fallen.

Governor Smith is pitiable because he seems totally unaware that the Houston platform and his own words constitute a complete break with his party's historic tariff policy. Governor Smith apparently does not realize that he has wiped out the distinction between the two great parties on this issue, and that so far as he can do so has made their respective tariff positions merely a question of the degree of protection. He has allowed himself to be bluffed into saying that he does not favor a wholesale downward revision of the tariff, that he is for a tariff commission and intends to rehabilitate it and to draw fine men to it by paying larger salaries, although that body has been only a sorry joke on the country from the beginning, and that he will put an end to the tariff's sheltering "extortion and favoritism." Next, he assures the country that if elected "it will be the prime aim and prime purpose of a Democratic Administration to extend the benefit of tariff favors to all classes, and to spread prosperity generally throughout the United States." This is such a farrago of utter nonsense that Governor Smith's champions must wish that some economic school-marm had taken him on her knees and told him in a few words what the American tariff is.

Had this happened Governor Smith would have learned that the tariff was originally introduced to protect the infant industries of the infant republic, and that it was not until 1840 that the argument that it was necessary to protect American labor against foreign labor was heard; that thereafter this cry was maintained by the protected manufacturers, who used it as a smoke-screen not only to assure themselves extremely high profits, but to extort from the public higher and higher prices; that there has never been a Republican or a Democratic tariff which did not shelter "extortion and favoritism," and that the only way the latter can be excised is not, as Governor Smith suggests, by banning a general tariff revision downward and reforming it schedule by schedule, but by laying the ax to the entire

system. More than that, his own party's history shows how absurd it is for Governor Smith to pledge his word that he would keep the tariff free from "extortion and favoritism." Both Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson were bent on doing the same; both accepted villainous compromise tariffs full of extortion and favoritism—a quarter loaf instead of a whole one—rather than obtain no revision at all.

The great truth which Governor Smith utterly overlooks here is that in the last analysis it is Congress that makes or unmakes tariffs, and not the President. Congress has permitted a tariff commission to come into being only because it knew that it would take forever to go through the whole list of rates and that it could cut off the commission whenever it saw fit. Only a handful of Congressmen or Senators has complained because to date the result of the commission's work has been a lowering of the tariff only on Bob-White quail, Canadian-grown cherries, mill-feed, cresylic acid, and paint-brush handles. As for Governor Smith's proposals of a non-partisan commission of five to be appointed by him in place of the present bi-partisan commission, that sounds well, but in practice it could achieve very little. But if Governor Smith were to have a Democratic Congress to vote him his commission and if he got his five "best minds," how could they eradicate the graft, the favoritism, and the overcharging of the American people that are synonymous with protection?

Again, somebody should have whispered into Governor Smith's ear that until Hoover did so not even the wildest tariff maniac ever suggested that the tariff helped *everybody*. The Hannas and Quays, the Cannons and Allison and McKinleys never did, at least with any enthusiasm or conviction. They were frankly out for the manufacturers and pretended to be for their employees. But they had to concede at least that the tariff blessings were only indirectly felt by the great masses of middle-class Americans on the farms and in offices.

But Governor Smith promised the workingman out of his utter ignorance of all these things that "the Democratic Party will not do a single thing that will take from his weekly pay envelope a five-cent piece." In his next breath he promised the American farmer that "the Democratic Party will do everything in its power to put back into his pocket all that belongs there." To this he added: "And we further say that nothing will be done that will embarrass or interfere in any way with the legitimate progress of business big or small." He obviously does not dream that all of this is absolute party treason. He does not suspect that thereby he takes his party squarely over into the Republican camp, not only by forgetting—if he ever knew it—Cleveland's historic demand for a "tariff for revenue only," but also because he accepts the Republican doctrine that it is the Government which is responsible by its acts for the prosperity of the individual. Against nothing else in its history has the Democracy stood more firmly than against benevolent government paternalism. At least someone should have tipped off the wearer of the brown derby to the fact that the tariff, since it is essentially a caste system, is in its very nature and origin a special privilege



bestowed by the Government upon certain favored classes who for various reasons cannot make any money, or as much money as they would like to make. It is, therefore, absolutely inimical to the doctrine of a square deal to all and no favors to any man. But what Governor Smith does not know about the tariff would fill volumes.

As for Herbert Hoover, it is a curious fact that he, too, cannot see the complete contradiction in his demand that the Government be kept out of private business and his insistence upon more and higher tariffs. What does the Government do when it, through Congress, votes a tariff schedule? Why, it goes into partnership with each business man for whose benefit it checks or destroys free competition from abroad, thus artificially limiting the supply of goods available for our use. Henry Ford has opposed a tariff on American automobiles because he saw that it created waste and extravagance in business. But Herbert Hoover, the apostle of efficiency in business, is for it at all costs.

Let us take a specific example: the woolen and cotton industries in New England. They are down and out, Mr. Hoover suggests in his Boston speech. Here is what he says about it:

No tariff act is perfect. With the shifting of economic tides some items may be higher than necessary, but undoubtedly some are too low. This is particularly true so far as New England is concerned.

New England has many protected industries. One important branch of them, the cotton and wool industries, have not for the past few years been in a satisfactory condition. They comprise about 26 per cent of New England's industrial life. Their depressed condition has not been peculiar to New England. The same situation has prevailed throughout the world and is due largely to the same factors, style changes, production in new areas, and decided changes in the trends of consumption.

There has been less hardship in the United States than abroad, and that fact has been due to the partial protection afforded in the tariff against inundations of foreign goods.

Now, the existing cotton and wool tariffs were *written by the Massachusetts protected industries themselves*. They boasted of it. At last, they said, they had received just what they wanted. But Mr. Hoover suggests that their serious prostration is due to lack of still higher tariffs—although he also suggests the other reasons. May we assume that it was due to “the shifting economic tides”? Partially, in so far as styles have changed—your zealous protectionist has not yet forbidden by law the changing of styles—but I don't see why he should shrink from it to fill the dinner-pail. Still, Mr. Hoover explains that Massachusetts has suffered less than have other countries from style changes, thanks to the blessings of the tariff. Next, he suddenly admits that “both the world situation and the domestic are improving.” How can that be if others have no tariff and we have ours? More than that, there are, he says, “omens of much broader significance which sustain me in my beliefs.” Here the omens are in his words:

As never before in the industry there is demonstrated a will to pool its best brain-resources in the solution of present and future problems in order that there shall be mutuality of benefit to manufacturer, worker, and consumer. Elimination of waste in production and distribution are [!] in progress. Security and steady employment are more assured than for a long time past.

How is this? We had thought that it was the tariff which did it all. The industry has always said so, and Mr. Hoover has just declared that it was the fact that the tariffs were so low which made the mischief. Now he says that better brain work, cooperation, elimination of waste in production and distribution are of very considerable value and that, in consequence of these things and *not because of the magic of the tariff*, “security and steady employment” are in sight. He carefully forgets to add that the New Bedford workers have been driven back to work with a 5 per cent wage reduction.

It is Southern competition, not foreign competition, that is shutting up the New England mills, and Mr. Hoover knows it. It is Southern low rates of wages, Southern low standards of living, Southern night work, combined with Southern natural advantages, that have worked havoc in New York and New England. Under the self-same New England-written tariff that has seen New England mill gates closing, Southern textile manufacture has gone on from strength to strength. Yet Mr. Hoover believes that the New England industry, if modernized by cooperation, by better brain work and machinery, and by the elimination of waste, can overcome this deadly, uncontrolled, and uncontrollable Southern competition. If he is right, what has become of the Great God Tariff, from whom all blessings flow? Logically, of course, he ought to insist that New England be given a tariff against Mason and Dixon's land.

Of course, nobody thinks of such a thing. Everybody knows that if the New England woolen and cotton industries cannot compete with the South they will go under precisely as the iron industry of New England has yielded to that of the Middle West, and the farmers of the East have given up trying to compete with the large-scale farming of the West. Mr. Hoover declares that “the American protective tariff is the only good insurance to our 600,000 families who earn their livelihood in the cotton and wool manufacturing industries. . . .” Nonsense! Nothing can insure their livelihood, and certainly the tariff is not doing it today; for New England operatives walk the streets while the spindles hum in Southern mills. And suppose a new process or product should come in? Rayon has just put many silk factories out of business. What did the tariff do there? It could not protect them against an economic readjustment. All efforts to keep alive by subsidy an industry that cannot stand on its own feet are wasteful, and economically uncalled for.

What, I hear people say, you would calmly let a great industry with its huge capital investment and 600,000 families go down? Kind friends, it happens every day—these incidents of the “shifting economic tides.” Were there not more than 600,000 families put out of business when the automobile arrived? Where are the livery-stable keepers, most of the harness-makers, and the blacksmiths, where are many of the dealers in fodder and grains? They have turned to other jobs, not without suffering and loss of capital. That is unavoidable as long as the world is economically constituted as it is. Any new invention, any new device, may work havoc any day. If the cotton and woolen industries of New England have sunk so low that they can survive only by reducing wages to an unbearably low standard, they ought to die, and their place ought to be taken by others that will utilize the peculiar advantages that New England has today by comparison with other sections of the country. But it remains to be proved that the New



England textile industry cannot be saved in the face of Southern competition by the right application of brains and enterprise, just as the textile industry of Old England has maintained itself for a hundred years in the face of the growing competition of other countries. Mr. Hoover knows this as well as anybody else, and his invocation of the tariff god is little better than a deliberate distraction of attention from the only thing that can possibly insure the future of New England's textile industry, or indeed of New England industry in general. New England has weathered many a storm, but it has done so by using its brains, its ingenuity, its courage, and its hard work, not by beseeching the federal government to call off the hurricane.

Let us take one more example of the utterly specious and misleading arguments which Mr. Hoover has advanced as to the tariff. He brings out the hoary old statement that "65 per cent of our \$4,185,000,000 of annual imports are admitted free of duty because they are raw materials, tropical products, and other articles which we do not ourselves produce." This argument is one of those half-truths which are worse than a downright misstatement. It does not in the least justify the inference which Mr. Hoover would have his hearers draw from it, that the tariff is really quite reasonable, and that foreigners have no ground for complaint. As a matter of fact, the tariff would not be liberal if it shut out all the present taxed imports by duties of 1000 per cent so that all our imports would come in tax free. Why should we tell the Europeans that 65 per cent of our imports come in free of duty when most of these free goods are the product of Japan, China, the Argentine, British India, the Malays, Egypt, while the agricultural and industrial products of Europe are taxed at prohibitive rates,

at times as high as 500 per cent ad valorem? Mr. Hoover's argument here is pretense and humbug, and so is his extraordinary discovery that our tariff is not decreasing the ability of foreign countries to pay their debts to the United States. He confesses that if we still had "direct barter of goods between nations" this would be a "sound" argument. But he devises the extraordinary explanation that our trade has become "polyangular," that it is not barter! How can a man who pretends to be an expert in trade and worthy to be President of the United States show himself so utterly ignorant of the history of trade? Polyangular trade has been with us since we began to have overseas commerce. Were Mr. Hoover to study the history of our clipper-ship era, for instance, for only five minutes he would discover how they took American goods or food stuffs to England, carried British manufactured goods to China or India, and then returned to America with a full cargo from their Asiatic port. Does Mr. Hoover pretend that this was not polyangular?

The solemn spectacle of these two Presidential candidates making fools of themselves on the tariff in the hope of catching votes is enough to make an intelligent American blush when he gets over laughing. Fortunately forces are already powerfully at work which in due time will make it impossible for public men to live by such nonsense. Meanwhile honest men can at least stand up unterrified for the truths understood by every economist since the days of Adam Smith, truths which every competent student today testifies are more important than ever before in history to the establishment of the peace and prosperity of the world.

## England's Industrial Outlook

By JOHN A. HOBSON

*London, October 10*

FOREIGN visitors in England are struck by the contrast between the apparent prosperity as attested by the lavish expenditure of all classes upon comforts, luxuries, and amusements, and the discouraging reports of manufactures and commerce issuing from trade and official sources. How is it possible for a people carrying a dead weight of a million and a quarter unemployed workers over a period of some five years to indulge in such expensive ways of life? It is not as if we lay in the trough of an ordinary trade depression from which we had reasonable expectations of an early emergence. The pretense that we are on the highway to full economic recovery on a pre-war level, put forward by optimistic politicians and business men from time to time, is now abandoned by almost all our prophets. The adverse trade balance of 1926 and the poor recovery of last year was, of course, imputed largely to the deflation of prices subsequent to our return to the gold standard in 1925, and the effects of the general strike in 1926. But our continued debility, after the worst effects of these events have passed away, is a source of deep discouragement. Our burden of unemployed is nearly a quarter of a million heavier than a year ago, and the trade still done in many staple industries is unprofitable, and shows no signs of early improvement. Moreover, the industries thus

languishing are those great staple metal and textile industries which were throughout our manufacturing career our chief source of strength for purposes of foreign trade and home employment, together with coal mining, the basis of our whole machine industry. Nearly one-half of the unemployment in the recent returns is attributed to coal, engineering, shipbuilding, iron and steel, while cotton and wool and pottery figure heavily in the account. Though prices and wages are lower in these competitive export trades than in the "sheltered" occupations that cater for a purely national market, they do not enable us to maintain the profitable and expansive markets which we held up to 1921.

The disastrous situation in the coal fields, where the surplus labor never to be reabsorbed amounts to a quarter of a million men, only presents in an exaggerated form the wider problem that confronts us, a great maldistribution of labor forces, due partly to temporary war and post-war requirements, partly to the new distribution of production and of markets throughout the industrial world accelerated by post-war policies. The truth is, of course, that even before the war Britain's supremacy, so long held in the world markets for textile and metal goods, was being successfully challenged by Germany, the United States, and in Asia by Japan. Our backwardness in the development of electric energy for industry, and the growing use of oil for trans-



port and for industrial fuel, together with the working out of many of our best and most available coal seams, were contributing to weaken our position in the heavy industries. Nevertheless, if a good peace had been made, with economic sanity in its wake, the rapid resumption and normal expansion of trade relations would have let us down much more slowly. But the bad finances and the burst of protectionism in almost all industrial countries reacted injuriously on our foreign markets. Many of the countries which formerly purchased our metals and textiles have set up for themselves, intrenched behind high tariff walls. It is not so much that other exporting countries are outcompeting us, though in some branches of trade this is the case. The important fact is that foreign trade in the aggregate has not shown any adequate expansion. The proportion of British exports to world exports remains about where it was in 1913, that is to say about 13 or 14 per cent. But the values of this export trade have not increased commensurately with the rise in wholesale prices, so that it must be concluded that there is some shrinkage in the physical volume of this trade.

But leaving foreign trade for the moment and turning to the true index of economic success, the physical volume of our material production, this past year shows no appreciable change. Though the current volume stands at a somewhat higher figure than in recent years, it has not kept full pace with the rise of population. It is still true, as Professor Pigou's "Memorandum" of a year ago indicated, that there is a slight fall of real income per head of the population, as compared with 1913. What then of the "prosperity" which, as I said, was so apparent to the foreign visitor? Can it be real? In a sense, yes. There are a number of new trades in which large incomes have been made, and some established trades that have shown profitable expansion. Among the former the most conspicuous are the electrical trades, motor cars, artificial silk, and chemicals, among the latter the drink trade and tobacco, in spite of the high taxation which should, but does not, deter their consumption. The national expenditure upon alcoholic drinks about keeps pace with the enlargement of the money income, though so large a part of the price is absorbed by the public revenue that the annual consumption of alcohol per head is appreciably reduced. The tobacco trade flourishes exceedingly, enlarged by the new demand from women smokers, and the wasteful substitution of cigarettes for pipes.

Important changes have been taking place in the distribution of the national income. On the whole, they have been favorable to labor. It is generally admitted that there has been a small increase in average real earnings, in spite of the decline in income per head of the population. This gain has virtually been absorbed by women workers (more numerous and better paid) and by wage-rises of unskilled labor. The majority of skilled workers are probably receiving about the same real wages as in 1913. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that a general reduction of working hours has taken place, in spite of the unwillingness of our Government to commit itself to the international convention. Add to this that a large portion of the working-class income is derived from war pensions, old-age pensions, unemployed benefits, and poor-law allowances.

Finally, there is a marked advance in the profits of distributive trade, especially in its retail branch. This is registered in the expanded margin between wholesale and

retail prices which war conditions brought about. When wholesale prices fell substantially, as they did after the collapse of the post-war boom, retailers did not lower their prices proportionately. Partly by local agreements, partly because they were aware that most consumers had got accustomed to high prices and did not know better, the ordinary shopkeeper kept up his prices or lowered them slowly, with the result that in recent years he has been making profits far exceeding the pre-war limits. In many of the food shops and drapery stores quite considerable fortunes have been made. Official investigators into the retail cost of certain foods and coal have been baffled by the secrecy and intricacy of the bookkeeping; but no doubts exist that the retail bourgeoisie all over the country has been doing very well.

This apparent prosperity is witness of this less in a measure to the fact that out of a national real income not appreciably greater than in 1913 a smaller proportion is saved, i.e., put into new capital goods. The two chief changes in distribution of the national income, viz., the larger share taken by the state for public services and pensions, and the increased share going to the wage-earners, reduce the rate of saving and proportionately increase the rate of spending. For the great bulk of the saving is normally achieved by businesses placing undistributed profits to reserves, and by well-to-do individuals investing their surplus incomes. Both these sources are now curtailed and their losses are certainly not compensated by any large increases of working-class savings. Whether this reduced rate of saving is detrimental to the recovery of British industry depends upon the view taken as to the relation between spending and saving. Holding, as I do, that the normal tendency in Britain has been toward over-saving (i.e., an attempt to increase capital at a faster rate than the demand for fresh commodities requires), I cannot regard as evil a change in distribution which at once enlarges state expenditure and working-class expenditure, though involving a diminished rate of national saving. There is no ground for believing that our depressed trades are suffering from any want of capital. Unemployed labor is confronted by unemployed machinery and plant, and working capital is obtainable in reasonable sums for any of these businesses which can show there is a profitable sale for the goods which their unemployed capital and labor could produce. Some of our economists, among them Mr. Keynes, appear to hold that we are investing too much of our annual savings abroad, too little at home, and would like to see some restrictions upon foreign investments. Now, though there is no doubt a great deal of social waste in unregulated capitalism, this evil is even more prevalent in home investments than in foreign. Would it be a good thing for us to stop the flow of British capital into the development of Argentina or of Russia, in order to stimulate further expansion of the cinema trade or greyhound courses? There is a strong trend of public opinion in England favorable to some public control over the flow of new productive capital, which finds interesting expression in the recently published Liberal Industrial Report. But that control should not force new capital into home employments irrespective of the claims of foreign fields of investment. Such a policy would be fatal to a country which in the future, as in the past, is dependent for her main supplies of foods and raw materials upon other countries, many of them requiring foreign capital for their development and exploitation. It is perhaps reasonable to expect that, if a distribution of income favor-



able to the workers should be obtained, by a union of public policy and trade-union action, the demands for home consumption will so expand as to require a larger proportion of our new capital for home industries. But it will continue to be advantageous for us to do our share in developing those backward countries upon which we depend. None of the schemes for stimulating British agriculture can go far toward diminishing our reliance upon foreign foods. Nor is it likely that emigration on Empire lines or otherwise can dispose of any considerable part of what appears to be our surplus population. Though birth control is operating on our population so as to bring it to a standstill at no distant time, we must remain a country dependent for vital needs upon the large purchase of foreign goods. This brings us back to the essential problem, "Can we continue to pay our way in the world, so as to maintain our large population upon the higher level which civilization demands?" Our net excess of imports of goods and bullion over exports last year was £392,000,000 and cannot be put lower for the current year. How, then, did we pay our way last year and add to our capital account abroad a sum estimated at £96,000,000? The £488,000,000 required for this operation are thus accounted for:

Estimated net income from overseas investments .....	£270,000,000
Estimated net national shipping income.....	140,000,000
Estimated receipts from short interest and commissions .....	63,000,000
From other sources.....	15,000,000
	<hr/>
	£488,000,000

Assuming that no fresh cataclysm of war or revolution breaks upon the world, our widespread investments should not fail us. More precarious perhaps are our important contributions from shipping and banking. For the rising mercantile marine of America and other countries may contest and diminish our supremacy in the carrying trade, while any large loss in our carrying trade would also bring a shrinkage in our banking receipts and other commissions. It is, therefore, no wonder that foresighted business men and politicians are concerned at the huge and growing gap between our imports and exports of goods. If we are to live safely in the future, we must, they urge, increase our export trade or reduce our import trade, or do both. And just here we enter several fields of bitter controversy.

If we are to retain and expand our foreign markets in the heavy industries and textiles, we must reduce our cost of production to the lower level of our foreign competitors, and the simplest and most effective way of doing this is to cut wages. So we find great ironmasters, like Sir Hugh Bell, supported by academic economists, urging the immediate reduction of wages in those sheltered trades, such as railways and the public services, where real wages have risen considerably above the pre-war level. These wage reductions, lowering the costs of transport and relieving taxation, would, they argue, enable the unsheltered trades to bring down their costs with comparatively small wage-cuts to a level enabling them to retain their home markets and to compete for foreign markets on equal terms with continental rivals. The advocates of this policy usually express regret for wage reduction but assert its necessity as a condition of trade survival and progress. We cannot otherwise, they say, compete with the lower costs of Germany or Belgium, or the mass production of great protected countries

like America. British trade unionism is, of course, up in arms against this proposal, denying that wage-cuts are the right methods of reducing costs. Other more intelligent labor leaders recognize that lower costs are needed, but insist that they should be obtained by better organization and improved technique. Socialists argue that the needed "rationalization" and economics of salesmanship can only be effected safely by public ownership and administration. But many of them are ready to admit that such sudden wholesale socialization is impracticable, and they are prepared for an interim policy of cooperation with employers.

But a real advance along this line of cooperation and rationalization necessarily means standardization, regulation of output and of prices by suspension of competition within each trade. What security is there that strong trades, in command of some key position, will not blackmail weaker trades by high charges or take it out of the ultimate consumer? In a word, are we in for an era of large uncontrolled cartels, each taking out of the total pool of wealth what its own strength enables it to get, and distributing it in high profits and high wages to its own capitalists and workers? This would be in effect the substitution of another sort of industrial war for the present class war. It would not be industrial peace. This seems so obvious that even so cautious a body of men as that which undertook the recent Liberal Industrial Inquiry found it necessary to back their plan for rationalization and cartellization by some shadowy schemes of public control.

But the difficulties of the situation are well illustrated by the failure of the attempt to get the depressed spinning trade of Lancashire to enter an effective combination. Individualism and secrecy are so deeply set in our industrial traditions that it is difficult to expel them, even when plain necessity seems to dictate this course. This difficulty is linked with a slowness to appreciate the importance of scientific research and financial reconstruction upon modern lines, on the part of our older business men.

This brings me to my final point. The conservative business man sees only one way of salvation in our present predicament, that is a protective tariff. He calls it "safeguarding" because he gibes at a plain challenge to our free-trade policy. Primarily he desires to keep out foreign goods of his particular kind from the British market. But, as he recognizes that other trades have other markets to safeguard, as a politician he favors a general tariff, at any rate for manufactured and semi-manufactured goods. The remnants of our war-tariff, with the McKenna safeguarding duties, gradually extended over a large number of minor articles furnish an effective "thin end of the wedge," with which full-fledged protectionists hope to destroy free trade. The experience of several general elections during the past twenty-five years has made them shy of entering another avowed battle against free trade. And yet an extension of safeguarding to so fundamental an industry as iron and steel could not fail to raise once more the whole issue. It is probable that no clear authoritative lead will be given, but that each conservative candidate in the critical elections of next June will be free to place safeguarding in the forefront of his appeal. The real struggle is between the creative forces of science and industry, reorganizing British industry along lines of higher efficiency with a more equitable distribution of the fruits of industry, and a belated and calamitous attempt to buttress up obsolete and obsolescent trade methods by the costly artifice of tariffs.



# Free and Fair Elections

By SCOTT NEARING

**C**OAL miners, steel-mill workers, smelter workers, railroad workers make up the bulk of the population in northern West Virginia. Many of these workers are foreigners. Most of them are unorganized. The Workers (Communist) Party is on the ballot in West Virginia. It therefore has the same status as any other political party in this campaign. The party has been making an intensive drive in and about Wheeling. Its campaign slogans have been: Organize the unorganized; the six-hour day; the five-day week; unemployment insurance, and other like demands. It has made its appeal directly to the workers by distributing leaflets at the factory gates and by house to house distributions of literature in the working-class neighborhoods. A political rally has been announced for each night.

The police of the Wheeling district have met this campaign of the Workers (Communist) Party as follows:

1. On Tuesday, October 2, a hall was engaged at Woodward, a small coal town near Wheeling. An hour before the meeting was scheduled to begin the police called upon the hall-owner, told him that no meeting would be allowed, and threatened to arrest him and anyone that attended the meeting if he opened the hall. The hall-owner refused to open the hall, and the meeting was not held.

2. On Wednesday, October 3, a hall was engaged at Elm Grove, another small industrial town in the Wheeling district. The police repeated the same tactics. The hall-owner, in this latter case, however, under threat of suit for breach of contract, opened the hall. The chairman rose to begin the meeting. He was arrested before he had spoken two sentences. The other speaker then rose. He was also arrested after he had said, "Comrades and fellow-workers." Both speakers were taken to the Wheeling city jail, charged with disorderly conduct, and held in \$50 bail for court.

3. The main election rally had been scheduled for Friday evening, October 5, in a large Wheeling hall. On Friday morning announcements of the meeting were distributed at the mill gates and the mine entrances all over Wheeling. When meeting-time came there were about 300 persons in the hall; the lobby was crowded and the streets were lined with people who did not care to go into the hall, which had been in the possession of the police since 7:30 p. m. The chairman rose at eight o'clock:

"Comrades and fellow-workers: This meeting is held under the auspices of the Workers (Communist) Party. The party is a legal party in the State of West Virginia . . ."

Two policemen seized him and led him away.

The next speaker got to his feet:

"Comrades and fellow-workers . . ."

He was seized by two policemen, dragged across a chair, and taken off the stage.

The third speaker repeated the performance after a policeman had turned to him and said, "Your turn next." The three were taken to the police station, charged with disorderly conduct, and held in \$50 bail.

All three meetings were announced as political rallies. There was not the slightest sign of disorder at any of them. The only roughness was that of the police at the third meeting, when they were arresting the speakers.

Speakers for the Workers (Communist) Party went to Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, October 10. A meeting had been announced for that night in the Labor Temple to discuss the issues of the Presidential campaign. The speakers reached Cannonsburg from Pittsburgh at about seven o'clock, and went directly to the Labor Temple. A fair-sized crowd had collected. It looked like a good meeting. But there were no women in the audience. That was ominous. The reason for their absence was explained by the local committee. There had been rumors all day that the State Troopers would break up the meeting.

Shortly after the speakers reached the Labor Temple a report was brought in that the troopers were mobilizing. Ten minutes later came the news that they were on their way to the hall. Meanwhile the chairman of the meeting (who had come down from Pittsburgh) was announcing some literature. He was in the midst of his talk when the troopers entered. There were twelve of them. They carried long riot sticks, tear bombs, rifles, revolvers. They wore their helmets into the hall and lined themselves against the wall on one side of the room. There they stood, throughout the meeting, smoking, talking, their helmets on their heads. The miners stood the ordeal well. When it was understood that the troopers were coming a committee was called together and word was passed around that there should be no disturbance. From the time the troopers entered the hall the audience let them severely alone and listened to the talks of the speakers. A court stenographer, brought in at the instance of the District Attorney of Washington County, sat in the front of the room, taking a stenographic record of everything that was said. Any local man opened his mouth at his peril. The meeting went on for about two hours. The troopers were restless at times, walking about and talking together. One of them dropped his club noisily. The miners were stolidly attentive.

At length the principal speech was over. The chairman took a collection and then called for questions and discussion. One of the troopers stepped forward.

"Is this a public meeting?" he demanded.

He was told that it was.

"Where is your American flag?" There was none.

"Under the Act of 1920, the speakers at this meeting and every person in this audience is liable to arrest for holding a meeting without a flag," he announced.

An effort was made to find a flag. The caretaker of the building had locked the flag in a locker and gone off.

"All right," said the trooper spokesman; "that settles it. This meeting is over." There was some protest.

"I said," the trooper repeated, "this meeting is over, and that's all there is to it." He motioned to his men, who came to the front of the hall. "Now file down those stairs and get out of here," he ordered.

The twelve armed troopers moved threateningly toward the crowd. There was a brief moment of hesitation. Then the crowd dissolved and went off down the stairs. The speakers were held; their names and addresses were taken, and they were lectured on the importance of having an American flag at all public meetings. One of the troopers, then turned to the leader of the troop:

"Do you want to hold them?"

The leader made a negative sign, and the speakers were permitted to go from the hall. The miners were still standing in knots down in the street. On an order from the troopers they slowly dispersed.



## In the Driftway

IT seems to the Drifter as if there must be others who, like him, find themselves baffled by the treatment of a "big story" in the metropolitan newspapers. When something of unusual current news interest occurs it has become the fashion to devote not several columns to it, as once, but several pages. Yet these "big stories" are rarely of permanent consequence. They are the sensations of a moment, commonly forgotten within a month, and worth not more than five to fifteen minutes of the half hour that the average busy person has for his newspaper. What can such a person garner in five minutes out of several pages? So little that the Drifter has practically ceased to read at all these "big stories." He glances at some of the headlines and, if there are any specific details about which he is curious, asks some friend who seems to have had the time and the zeal to wade through the morass.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE Drifter has in mind at the moment the treatment of the arrival of the Graf Zeppelin by the press of New York City. With the exception of three columns on the first page and the usual amount of advertising inside, the *Times* gave up the first nine of its pages to reading matter and pictures of the dirigible. Of reading matter alone there must have been close to 35,000 words. Now the Drifter is an experienced newspaper reader, and has a more serious interest in airships than the average person, but he admits he gave up in the face of this barrage of words. He skimmed a few headlines and let the rest go until he could find it in more compact and convenient form somewhere else. What the Drifter would like to have found in his newspaper of that morning was a plain factual account of 500 to 1,000 words, without effort at word-painting or effect, of the important features of the Graf Zeppelin's trip. He would have been glad to have this accompanied by a few columns devoted to special aspects which he could glance at or skip according to the headlines. But somewhere, preferably under the big head on the first page, he wanted a short, simple statement of the most salient points. He didn't look at all the newspapers, but from sorry experience he is convinced that none of them had it. Instead they carried leading stories on the front page which began: "Out of the gray mist blown in from the tumultuous Atlantic, a great gray shape appeared over New York's downtown roofs yesterday afternoon"; or: "Weary and disabled after its heroic fight with fierce transatlantic gales, the giant airship Graf Zeppelin pushed its blunt nose into view over New York harbor yesterday afternoon, and after circling the city came to rest like a tired bird at Lakehurst." And so on for several hundred words.

\* \* \* \* \*

YES, the Drifter surmises that not alone for him, but for many others the "big story" is overplayed by the modern metropolitan newspaper. It's hard to see what any of us are going to do about it, though, for the development has the strength of a trade practice which hardly any journal would dare defy by itself, for fear that it would be thought unenterprising and out of step. But what a ridiculous riot of paper and ink it is!

THE DRIFTER

*We take pleasure  
in announcing that—*

MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER

will contribute to THE NATION beginning in November a series of articles on business and finance covering among others the following subjects:

**The Chain Stores**

*The Revolution in Retailing*

**Wall Street's Speculative Optimism**

*What Does It Mean?*

**The Federal Reserve System**

*Is It a Popular Menace?*

**Southern Industry's Challenge to  
Northern Labor Standards**

**The Bunco Game of Hidden  
Earnings and Hidden Assets**

**The Super-Power Trust**

*How It Is Being Built*



*Mr. Rukeyser is the author of "The Common Sense of Money and Investments" and "Financial Advice to a Young Man." He was formerly financial and business editor of the New York Tribune and the New York Evening Journal. At present he writes a daily column syndicated by Universal Service to eighty newspapers. He is also an associate in Journalism at Columbia University, where he gives two courses in finance.*

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Please send *The Nation* for 6 months. I inclose \$2.50.

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\$5 a year. Additional postage: Canada 50c, Foreign \$1.

10-31-28



# Our Readers and the Campaign

From *The Nation's* post card poll we take the following comments:

## For Thomas

A vote for principles. If all progressives would do the same, we'd win!

I am not a Socialist, but think a new, constructive party is needed.

Thomas stands for the things *The Nation* approves. Why does not *The Nation* stand for Thomas?

No use to vote for something I do not want when Big Biz has no choice between Al and Herbie.

Smith will carry Milwaukee County and possibly the State because of the progressive aid, but the only party having real principles is the Socialist as I see it.

How can any intelligent person vote any other way? There is no difference in the two old parties. Hoover and Smith are tarred with the same stick and a vote for either one means an indorsement of things as they are.

I am inclosing my vote in an envelope. I am a small-town school-teacher, and even such a socialistic tendency as I am expressing on the inclosed card would prove disastrous to my future. [North Dakota.]

## For Smith

Used to vote Republican but Teapot got too large.

Normally we should vote for Thomas; the Hoover menace is too great and too real to take chances.

One vote for Smith—but I am the only "black sheep" in the clan!! Everyone else is for Hoover. They read the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

I organized the first Socialist local in this State but the party has degenerated.

As the lesser of two evils and not with the slightest conviction that I am saving my country.

From all indications Smith will carry Wisconsin by 100,000 majority.

Because he has a pleasant face. Not believing that any of the other candidates except Hoover and Smith have any chance at all I vote for Smith, as Hoover is but a fatter Coolidge and I hate to see the latter in the Newsreel.

Normally it should have been Thomas, but to help defeat Hoover I must vote Smith.

Merely to combat our dangerous bigotry. I should like to see a Mohammedan elected next in 1932.

As I hold a political job under a Republican administration I am red hot for Hoover, but when I vote it will be for Smith—and there are others.

It appears that Al will carry North Dakota, a Republican State, by 10,000 majority.

And I'm a Stanford graduate at that! What heresy!

Am registered as a Republican! Am also a "Dry"! Also Protestant! Voting for Smith strictly on his record of achievement in New York.

I favor Thomas's platform, know it is impossible of achievement, and have a pious wish that Smith may further some progressive principles in spite of his company.

This Smith vote is simply a "swat" for the thoroughly detestable Hoover.

## For Hoover

Although a lifelong Democrat in principle, I am voting for Hoover as a protest against the reign of the King of the South—the Negro. He dominates our thoughts, our actions, our lives. He is the background against which our lives are lived.

My vote is a counsel of despair. It is not as a liberal that I am to vote for Hoover, but as an owner of California real estate which I wish to sell. The longer Hoover "candidates" the less I like him, so I hope November 6 will come quickly.

Hate to give him my vote, but fear the Catholic menace!

Am a Nonpartisan Leaguer, too, but I can't see a Wet Tammany. I believe, also, Hoover will attempt farm problem solution.

Here are 257 votes from the State of Idaho for Hoover from faculty and voting students.

I am disgusted with the bigotry issue manufactured by the Smith forces and being capitalized by them.

He will get an overwhelming majority in this State (Washington).

I would vote for Smith except for his liquor record and attitude.

Because of Great Lakes-Waterway and harmful possibilities to free speech from Catholic appointees of Smith.

## Others

Have admired Smith's acceptance speech as well as later speeches, but think our President should possess more dignity and reserve than Smith has shown, and then his terrible New York dialect and expressions.

My vote for Will Rogers or Thomas. Here's another group I'd like to vote for: Clarence Darrow, Ben Lindsey, Arthur Garfield Hays, and the Editor of *The Nation*. From the State of Despair (New York).

Will Rogers. Being in Pennsylvania a vote for Thomas would not be counted anyway.

## Mississippi Speaks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If you want to know what one part of the South thinks about Herbert Hoover read this editorial from the Jackson, Mississippi, *Daily News*:

We are for the Democratic nominee for President because God meant Mississippi to be a white man's State, and it can be kept a white man's State only by the Democratic Party.

Since 1860 the Republican Party has catered to the Negro, endeavored to give him social and political equality in the South, and only the courage and resourcefulness of the Anglo-Saxon race have prevented the Republican Party from doing so. If Calvin Coolidge, Andrew Mellon, Herbert Hoover, and other Republican leaders had their way about it, the South would today be under the domination of Negro politicians. That's why we have no patience with and mighty little respect for any Southern white man who is today giving aid and encouragement to the Republican Party.

Jackson, Mississippi, October 5

G. S. K.



## Smith and Birth Control

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Politics make strange bedfellows. Surely there have been none stranger than the liberals, the "progressives," the champions of freedom who are supporting Governor Smith because of his stand on prohibition. Verily they are straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. In all tolerance and in all respect, to brush aside the religious aspect of this campaign is to remain stupidly satisfied with a superficial tolerance, and to ignore its profounder and most interesting aspects. "As a man thinketh, so is he. . . ." No one, surely, would say that Governor Smith, if elected, would act in a manner disloyal to the great church in which he was born and brought up. He cannot go against its edict.

Father P. J. Ward, of the National Catholic Welfare Council of Washington, D. C., has defined the attitude of the Catholic church concerning the morals and habits of non-Catholics: "It is her duty to interfere and block all legislation that will adversely affect the morals of non-Catholics as well as Catholics because she feels that these are her children, though they have been led astray by error. The Catholic church never loses the hope that non-Catholics will be some day counted in the fold. Therefore, it is necessary to supervise all social and moral legislation."

The same authority has assured us that the Catholic church is opposed to birth control because it interferes with the plan of God, "who intends that people who marry may do so for the purpose of procreation or may live in each other's love in strict continence, like brother and sister. Marriage without the desire and responsibility of parenthood, or not lived in strict continence, is immoral and sinful." Such is the attitude of the National Catholic Welfare Council concerning birth control. Would Governor Smith dare or care to oppose its mandates in wielding a powerful opposition in any legislation involving the conscious control of procreative faculties aiming toward racial health or toward the improvement of child life and the decreasing of infantile and maternal mortality rates? No. His mind, admirable as it may be, is oriented in the direction of his church. It is attuned to the closed world of preordained Catholic morality, which refuses to recognize that one man's virtue may be another's sin, or that in the realm of ethics the last word has not yet been uttered.

The question is not merely one of Governor Smith's liberality or open-mindedness. It is of powerful institutional forces, which will inevitably and with quiet power unconsciously direct his activity. Let us not forget the career of John Purroy Mitchel. The frying-pan of prohibition may be uncomfortable; but shall we, on that account, cast away the precious freedom of our hard-earned "ethics of the dust" for a closed world of an alien and imprisoning morality?

*New York, October 13*

MARGARET SANGER

## Disgusted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To recommend to the liberals to vote for a candidate because he is an "engaging and winning personality" is quite as insipid as to advise a sick person to engage a doctor because of blond or black hair. The other week the otherwise splendid Heywood Broun made the statement that this is the first time that both old parties are so unlike; now, what can one say to that? Is it possible that the mirage of an oasis in the "Dry Sahara" has led his otherwise firm pen into an historical perversion? Did Wall Street ever divide its support so nearly evenly as in this coming election?

*New York, September 20*

DAVID A. COHEN

## Who Is Responsible?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In our car, temporarily parked in front of our home in a residential section of this city, was found a pink card with no identification mark except the union label of the Allied Printing Trades Council of Indianapolis. The text follows:

### ALCOHOL SMITH'S PLATFORM

Alcohol Al for President,  
I stand for whiskey and bad government;  
My platform is wet and I am too,  
And I get my votes from Catholic and Jew.

The ignorant wop and the gangster too,  
Are the trash I expect to carry me through,  
And when I land in the White House chair  
They can all be damned, for all I care.

I'll rule the people and the Pope rules me,  
And the people's rights you will never see,  
And the Protestant heretics who vote for me  
I'll reduce to abject slavery.

*Indianapolis, Indiana, September 24*

E. S. HARRISON

## The Catholic Defense

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The opposition to Smith in the South may be rated at 10 per cent prohibition, 10 per cent "Tammany," and 80 per cent religion. In my family we are all Catholics and we have lived here forty years. We are now maintaining a dignified silence except when necessary for our own defense. Straton helped Smith. His words were so bitter the press would not print them. To combat prejudice we are using the following circular:

### CATHOLICS DO NOT BELIEVE

That the Pope is God.  
That the Pope can do no wrong.  
That the Pope has temporal rights in America.  
That the Pope can claim their political allegiance.  
That the Pope can nullify laws, oaths, or contracts at will.

### THEY DO NOT BELIEVE

That the marriages of Protestants are invalid.  
That married Protestants are living in sin.  
That the children of Protestants are illegitimate.  
That contracts with Protestants may be broken.  
That Protestants may be hated or persecuted.  
That Protestants will all be damned.

### THEY DO NOT BELIEVE

That public schools are an evil.  
That they ought to be abolished or destroyed.  
That they ought not to be supported by taxes.  
That education ought not to be universal and free.  
That it ought not to be compulsory where necessary.

### THEY DO NOT BELIEVE

That they can buy forgiveness of sin.  
That they can purchase freedom from Purgatory.  
That they can get indulgence to commit sin.  
That sin can be forgiven without repentance.

### THEY DO NOT BELIEVE

That images may be worshiped.  
That any body or thing may be worshiped or adored "in the heavens above, or the earth below, or the waters beneath the earth" but the one true God.

*Anna Maria, Florida, October 11*

JOHN R. JONES



## The Great Issue

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Today Democrats and Republicans alike favor a protective tariff, the present economic system, competition in armaments, protection for war and the outlawry of war, collection of war indemnities and war debts, farm relief, reduction of taxes, good and honest government, and the so-called Monroe Doctrine. It is, indeed, maintained that there are two issues between them, viz.: Whether a Roman Catholic should be elected to the Presidency and whether the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act should be repealed or modified. But neither of these is even referred to in their platforms. Officially both are in favor of Article VI of the Constitution, which declares that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office of public trust under the United States" and of the Eighteenth Amendment, which prohibits the manufacture, sale, and transportation of intoxicating liquors, and both pledge themselves to enforcement of the Volstead Act. Millions of Republicans would vote against a repeal or modification of Article VI, and millions of Democrats would vote against a repeal or modification of the Eighteenth Amendment, if they had a chance. There is no party alignment on either of these questions, and neither will be settled by the election of Mr. Hoover or Mr. Smith.

Mr. Hoover seems to approve of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act as "a noble experiment." If he is elected, his enforcement policy is not likely to differ from that of his predecessors, which appears to have given no satisfaction to any party and pushed into the background more vital concerns. Mr. Smith seems to disapprove of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, and privately promises to recommend to Congress legislation defining what is meant by intoxicating liquor and submitting to the State legislatures the question of permissible alcoholic content. If he is elected, his enforcement policy, so far as the government is concerned, is likely to be a repetition of that followed by his predecessors, with more agitation of the public mind, and without any definite change of policy. In neither case will the will of the majority be ascertained, in neither case will there be a hearty cooperation in carrying out a well-considered and generally accepted plan for reducing a recognized evil.

What is significant in the present situation is the growing realization of the need of a more direct and effective expression of the will of the people. The terrible and humiliating experience of the World War and its aftermath has focused the attention of thoughtful men and women everywhere upon this need. Citizens want an opportunity of voting directly on questions that vitally concern their life and welfare. They desire to have a more effective control of their national and international policies. Where the representative system, so indispensable in a democracy, has been supplemented by the plebiscite, as in Norway and Sweden, it has made for progress, liberty, responsibility, and contentment.

With us, the vote in the electoral college rarely, if ever, indicates what the will of the majority is as regards any particular issue. Hence the overweening interest in the personalities of the candidates, their private opinions, friendships, domestic affairs, and social graces. This tendency is accentuated by the large constitutional authority and the vaguely defined discretionary power of the Presidency. Millions voted in 1916 for Mr. Wilson because he had kept us out of the war. Yet in full view of the untold misery and moral degeneracy the war brought upon the world, and the frankness amounting to cynicism with which its economic causes are admitted, neither of our largest political organizations has even proposed that the question of whether we should engage in war, affecting the life of every citizen, be submitted to the vote of the people.

It is possible that the minor concern about prohibition may prove an entering wedge, and that a fresh attempt to solve the problem of a just equilibrium between local autonomy and centralization may point the way. Many citizens naturally are loath to relinquish every hope of affecting by their vote the immediate result, and arguments are advanced with some plausibility in favor of boring from within in one or the other of the larger parties. But there are also many who feel that in the long run most is gained by voting as nearly as possible for one's real convictions, and by encouraging such voting.

The Socialist Party has again raised, in an unmistakable official statement, issues of prime importance. It is for the national plebiscite and against minority rule; for a peaceful settlement of differences between nations and classes and against war and preparation for war; for control by the people of its public policies and against secret diplomacy; for a democratic association of all peoples and against international government by strong military Powers; for a more equitable distribution of wealth and against production for private profit assisted by special privilege; for the maintenance of the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution and against their suspension at any time.

Wherever these principles have won the approval of a majority and the group upholding them has been intrusted with the administration of public affairs, as in Great Britain, the Scandinavian countries, and Germany, it has not only furthered helpful social legislation, but has also shown a remarkable moderation and readiness to cooperate with other groups for the common good. Its candidate for the Presidency is a man of keen intelligence, wide knowledge, sturdy independence, warm sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, personal integrity, and rare moral courage. He stands four-square on a platform that is significant, consistent, and forward looking. Personally, I count it a privilege and a duty to cast my ballot for the electors of Norman Thomas. Government by the people appears to me still to be the paramount issue.

*Ithaca, New York, October 12*

NATHANIEL SCHMIDT

## Save North Carolina!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish you could find it in your heart to come out more strongly for Al Smith. I think you might if you realized what his candidacy means to the South. It has temporarily resuscitated what a North Carolina journalist called "that body of political death," the Democratic Party in the South. Down here we have taken our Democracy, as we have taken our Protestant church affiliation and our social standing—from our fathers, without scrutiny or question. To many of us this year it is a new and wonderful thing that Democracy can be not merely respectable, but actually thrilling.

To you it may seem a matter for slight remark that a candid Wet is running for the Presidency. To us, in our aridity, this Wet is as bold as David when he sallied forth against Goliath. It may be interesting to you, but not phenomenal, that a Roman Catholic is the Democratic nominee. To us, accustomed to domination by the evangelical clergy, this Romanist is little less than a Canute, challenging the waves of Protestant bigotry which threaten to overwhelm us. In brief, he is an exciting and romantic figure, a Lochinvar out of the North, sent by a kind heaven to break the usual tedium of Southern Democratic politics.

Against Governor Smith in North Carolina is ranged almost every element which has held this State back for the last sixty years, although all his opponents, of course, are not of these elements. But the fight for him here is simultaneously a fight for the freedom of the State.

*Raleigh, North Carolina, October 16*

NELL BATTLE LEWIS



## Hoover's Record

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are thousands of liberals and independents who are not satisfied with the fairness of your political reporting and comment, and especially your implications as to the motives of those who are supporting Mr. Hoover. Why, for example, is it charged that those who support prohibition are "religious bigots" hypocritically using the issue as a mask for religious prejudice? A man could be Protestant, Catholic, or even atheist and still regard alcohol as a social poison like opium, legitimately subject to the police power of the government.

There is no use pretending that either candidate is a radical or even, in the popular sense of the word, a liberal. They are both able, upright, and humane conservatives. Since no liberal choice is this year possible, why should a liberal be ashamed of voting for Mr. Hoover on his record as food administrator in Belgium and the United States, as relief organizer in Poland, Germany, Austria, Russia, and the Near East, and as Secretary of Commerce in the Cabinet of two administrations? Why should it be illiberal to point out that Mr. Smith's political career, full of achievement though it was, has not outpassed the bounds of a single State? Is it altogether an irrelevant appeal to prejudice to state that, while Mr. Smith has in great measure transcended his Tammany origins, we might prefer a candidate who never belonged to any city or State machine and who, though he sat in an administration with corrupt men, was hated by them and had their opposition in his campaign for the nomination? Tammany supported Smith for nomination as well as election; did Thompson of Chicago, Fall of New Mexico, Daugherty of Ohio, or the adherents of Watsons, Willis, or Goff show any preconvention enthusiasm for Hoover? Vane, indeed, at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute came to Hoover's aid, but the Hoover boom was started by men like Vernon Kellogg and other liberals and men of science away back in 1920.

Ann Arbor, Michigan, October 10 PRESTON W. SLOSSON

## A Difference

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial of October 17 entitled Herbert Hoover as a Quaker you attribute a quotation to the *American Friend*, the official publication of the Five Years Meeting of Friends in America, which should have been credited to the *Messenger of Peace*. By a publication arrangement the latter is included once a month within the covers of the *American Friend*, but the two papers are in reality separate publications.

Richmond, Indiana, October 16 WALTER C. WOODWARD

## Real Wages

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with much interest and approval your general onslaught on Mr. Hoover's speech on prosperity. His estimate of an increase of 50 per cent in real wages since 1914 is wrong, if you use the only figures which we have, namely, average real earnings of employed workers. This does not allow for unemployment, for which at present we do not have any good continuous index through the years, although I hope to have one ready in a few months. I greatly appreciated the kind words which you wrote about my own study, but I am compelled to point out that I showed an increase of about 26 per cent from 1914 to 1926 and not 15 per cent, as you state.

Chicago, October 2

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

## Father Duffy Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A reporter called me up today to tell me that Dr. E. Boyd Barrett had written to *The Nation* that Father F. P. Duffy had described his treatment by the New York Board of Education as "medieval bigotry." I knew that I had not expressed myself to Dr. Barrett or to anyone else in such terms, and I called him up to ask him by what right he was so quoting me. He replied that he had no right to quote me, and, as a matter of fact, had not quoted me. He could not have had a clear recollection of his own letter, for a glance at it proves that he does quote me.

The fact is that I never formed any convinced opinion about his difficulty. I had it at second hand from a friend who asked me to help him because he needed the chance. Not so long ago I myself was informed by the Director of the Lecture Bureau that he regretted he could not use my services as a lecturer on account of the reduction of the appropriation for that purpose.

When I called Dr. O'Shea on the telephone last June in Dr. Barrett's behalf, he told me that no policy of restriction was maintained except that of debarring anti-national speakers. I took up Dr. Barrett's cause, not in any crusading spirit, but in my accustomed neighborly, friendly mood. I may say that he makes it blamed hard to be his friend.

New York City, October 5

FRANCIS P. DUFFY

## Fresh Air for Liberals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish *The Nation* would come out positively for Smith. I admit one must swallow something to do this. I cast protest votes for Debs and La Follette and would do it under other circumstances for Thomas, for he is a fine man. But there seems to be a small chance that Smith may be elected, and should we not do everything we possibly can to enlarge that chance? Smith is evidently a growing man. I don't see why he should let the Raskobs and Hagues dominate him as President any more than he has let Tammany dominate him as Governor. There is a bare chance of the liberals coming to the surface again for a breath of fresh air if Smith is elected, and should we not take that chance and do our part to insure its realization? I want an opportunity to breathe a lungful of fresh air again after all the miasmas of the Harding-Coolidge era. Isn't a protest vote this time too academic? Let *The Nation* come out for Al and blast Cal.

Oberlin, Ohio, October 8

KEMPER FULLERTON

## Contributors to This Issue

J. A. HOESON is a foremost British economist and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

SCOTT NEARING is an economist and teacher.

STERLING NORTH is the winner of the Witter Bynner award for 1927.

MARK VAN DOREN is publishing this fall a third book of poems entitled "Now the Sky and Other Poems," and an "Anthology of World Poetry."

ELISEO VIVAS is a member of the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, until recently a member of *The Nation's* staff, is now a contributing editor.

RANDALL GOULD is the Philippine correspondent for the United Press.



# Books and Plays

## Chicago

By STERLING NORTH

Throw down your shovel, kid, and get a gun.  
You'll work a thousand years at this and that;  
And what the hell's the difference? When you're done  
You're done, take it from me. You won't get fat  
Digging ditches; you'll sweat in the hot sun  
And freeze in winter. Get yourself a gat  
And show these cock-eyed babies where they're at.  
I wish to God that I was twenty-one.

And maybe when you're forty-five, my boy,  
You'll even shake the mayor by the hand.  
And when some bozo drills you, or you die,  
They'll put you in a box worth twenty grand  
With roses eight feet deep upon the lid  
That spell "My Pal" or just "We'll see 'em, kid."

## This Week The Good Fanatic

CERTAINLY, John S. Sumner and John Roach Straton must be called fanatics. William Jennings Bryan and Wayne B. Wheeler were fanatics, too. There are others, living and dead, who could be named, and, running over the list, I find that I dislike almost every one of them. Such persons are disagreeably tinged with abnormality; in a world full of a number of things they seem to be interested in just one, and to be happy as kings only when they are making other people miserable. The single track along which their minds roll seems in each case to lead through arid country toward dismal destinations. And that raises the question whether fanatics are not merely persons who passionately believe the wrong things. Or perhaps there are bad fanatics and good fanatics.

If there are, then Susan B. Anthony was a good fanatic. It is hard, indeed, for me to admit that she should be tagged with that label at all. In reading the story of her astonishing life by Rheta Childe Dorr,\* I found myself trying to invent reasons for exempting her. For certainly one must like Susan B. Anthony. Although she devoted herself throughout a long life to the cause of women's freedom, although she was stern and unflinching and allowed neither herself nor her followers to rest along the way, the people who knew her most intimately loved her best. In spite of this I suppose we must agree that Susan was a fanatic. The sorry state of women in the nineteenth century so stirred her resentment and pity that no other emotions could burn as brightly in her heart. She worked for temperance, it is true, before she took up the cause of women; but the treatment of her sex even in the ranks of the temperance organizations drove her back to the main track. She worked for the abolition of slavery, and became one of the leading organizers and speakers in the group that contained William

Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips and Frederick Douglass. But after the war these men refused to link the cause of woman's suffrage, which they had always supported, with the question of enfranchising the black men of the South. "It is the Negroes' hour" was their slogan. So Susan and her friends turned back with stubborn determination to their own fight.

Susan never married and had little time for personal relationships outside of the few friendships that grew out of the common battle. She thought, worked, traveled, talked for the freedom of women. Such deep emotion, such endless loyalty sunk in an impersonal course must always seem abnormal to ordinary people living in ordinary days. But there are times that breed fanaticism, times when to be normal means to rebel, when an easy acceptance of the world reveals nothing better than a flabby mind and weak nerves.

Susan B. Anthony was born in a liberal Quaker household; her father believed in her capacity and encouraged her. She was intelligent, strong, ambitious. And, as such a girl must, she stubbed her toe with almost every step she took on the laws and conventions of her day—from the time when she entered Miss Deborah Moulson's Select Seminary for Females where some learning was combined with the "Principles of Morality, Humility, and the Love of Virtue," until she began teaching school at a salary of \$2.50 a week succeeding a man who had received \$10. Everywhere she found women discriminated against and circumscribed, whether they labored at home or attempted to earn a living "in the world." America struggled in the clutches of two forms of human slavery, that of the Negro and that of women. If the former was more obvious and brutal, the latter was quite as effective and as demoralizing. As a grotesque and sinister background for the figure of Susan, Mrs. Dorr has painted an unforgettable picture of women's life in this country during the early years of the suffrage fight, when a married woman could not own property or make contracts; when her wages and even her children belonged solely to her husband; when only a few, ill-paid trades were open to women and no colleges or professional schools admitted them. Let those of us who fancy ourselves too knowing and too "normal" for fanaticism consider what our own emotions would be in a similar state of society. Like Russia before the Revolution; like Ireland under the Black-and-Tans; like China in the last five years—the United States in the middle nineteenth century demanded martyrs and warriors. As well ask William Lloyd Garrison to be cool and balanced in the face of Negro slavery, as to tell Susan B. Anthony that she should cultivate other interests than the cause of equal rights for women.

Perhaps the objection to our objectionable present-day fanatics lies in the causes which animate them. The abolition of freedom and intelligence seems to be the chief purpose of these advocates of blue laws, censorship laws, prohibition laws, anti-evolution laws. But the cause headed by Susan B. Anthony, despite its entanglements with the mighty Puritan tradition, was essentially one of liberation. We may laugh at Susan and her friends—they were earnest, single-minded, indignant people—but in that act we pay tribute to their work. For they died in the very process of giving birth to a society so comfortable and free that it can afford to laugh at fanatics—even good ones.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

\* Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$5.



## Aldous Huxley Again

*Point Counter Point.* By Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

THOSE who have read Aldous Huxley's novels as they appeared will find nothing in "Point Counter Point" to surprise them except the increased richness and solidity of its satire. The very first of his short stories announced his theme and exemplified his method, but it is not likely that even their author suspected how these stories would expand into longer and longer novels or how every addition to his knowledge and wisdom would fit the pattern there laid out. He has gone on year after year saying the same thing and yet saying it with such unflagging vivacity and such increasing richness of illustration that to many (myself included) he has not only been perpetually interesting but has come to seem the most considerable of those writers who have taken the contemporary intellectual as their subject.

What attracted us first was the depth of his sophistication; among the many smart young men he seemed quite the smartest. No other impudent modernity, no other insolent flippancy in the treatment of respectable platitudes was so accomplished as his and no one else seemed so capable as he of vindicating, by the width of his knowledge and the force of his mind, his right to be scornful. But soon we came to see how far he rose above those of his contemporaries who were content to raise an easy laugh and to float with their characters down a stream of cocktails and kisses. He was impelled to understand the forces which had produced the phenomena he was describing and to grapple with the problems which, whether they are aware of it or not, lie unsolved in the minds of those living, as most sophisticated people do today, on the loose. Without destroying his lightness of touch, even without abandoning the farcical elements which always play a part in his novels, he has managed to make them serve as vehicles for a most comprehensive analysis of the contemporary soul. In them religion and science and sociology wear motley, but they join issue and the joke which knowledge has played upon human nature is fully revealed.

"Point Counter Point" runs to over four hundred closely printed pages peopled by a score of the most diverse characters. They range all the way from Lord Edward Tantamount, the grave survival from Victorian biology, to sick little Spandrell, the latest model of the eternal wastrel, and they gyrate, one and all, in that spiritual void to which modern thought has reduced them. Tantamount can go about grafting the tails of newts upon the shoulder-blades of the animals from which they have been cut in order to see what will happen; Spandrell can conduct his experiments also with the more esoteric vices; but neither they nor any one else in the book can discover any direction to take which promises them anything at the end of the road.

"What a relief!" said Lord Edward, as he opened the door of his laboratory. Voluptuously, he sniffed the faint smell of the absolute alcohol in which his specimens were pickled. "These parties! One's thankful to get back to science." Illidge shrugged his shoulders. "Parties, music, science—alternative entertainments for the leisured. You pays your money and you takes your choice. The essential is to have the money to pay." He laughed disagreeably.

But the cream of the jest is simply that there isn't any choice except a choice of escapes. Most choose cocktails and kisses and they are not much more futile than those who pretend graver preoccupations. Illidge seeking social righteousness and Spandrell seeking a thrill assassinate the leader of the British Fascisti; Burlap, editor of a mildly pious literary weekly, slips gently into his lady-assistant's bed; Lord Edward sticks to his newts. Of which is the kingdom of heaven?

"Point Counter Point" is a terrible book, endurable only because it is also hilarious, and it illustrates once more how remarkable is the balance which its author is able to maintain between mere wit on the one hand and mere indignation on the other.

There were moments in certain of his earlier books ("Chrome Yellow" for example) which did not rise above smartness and which might conceivably have been written by any one of the innumerable clever young men who constantly thank heaven that they are so naughty; there were, on the other hand, moments in "Antic Hay," the most impassioned of his novels, when loathing made him write with the turbid vehemence of a Huysmans; but he is most characteristically himself when he manages, as in "Point Counter Point" he does, to achieve some mood, some acceptance of the material with which he deals, wholly his own.

It is neither the lightness of the joker, the detachment of the pure artist, nor the self-righteousness of the Juvenalian satirist, for he is himself too much a part of the confusion which he describes to attain any of these; but it is something which does enable him to maintain a sort of balance in the midst of events where all balance has been lost. The motley world which he describes—a world in which all sorts of people, from the frank wastrel to the scholar, are united by a common inability to think their way through the confusion of their age—is a painful one and its creator is, at bottom, as lost as any of his creatures, but his very ability to describe and to analyze supplies him a refuge. He looks down from no mountain top and achieves no real serenity; he solves no problems and he sees, in a word, very little further than his characters do. Yet he manages to exist—to live and to write—in a world where all of the others die some kind of death.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## The Tender Swede

*Good Morning, America.* By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

CARL SANDBURG is celebrated as the laureate of industry, the bard of belching chimneys, the chortling lyrist of noontime when the meat-packers sit in their bloody leather aprons and swap jokes before the whistle blows one o'clock. He is called modern because of this. And he is modern, probably. But not altogether because of this.

What right, for instance, would such a poet have to preface his latest volume with thirty-eight Tentative Definitions of Poetry among which were the following?

Poetry is a projection across silence of cadences arranged to break that silence with definite intentions of echoes, syllables, wave lengths.

Poetry is the report of a nuance between two moments, when people say, "Listen!" and "Did you see it?", "Did you hear it?", "What was it?"

Poetry is a slipknot tightened around a time-beat of one thought, two thoughts, and a last interweaving thought there is not yet a number for.

Poetry is an exhibit of one pendulum connecting with other and unseen pendulums inside and outside the one seen.

Poetry is the journal of a sea animal living on land, wanting to fly the air.

What has all this to do with a Hungarian steel-worker and his wife eating bananas and throwing the skins out over the cindery acres of Whiting, Indiana? Nothing, directly; and the fact should be recognized more frequently than it is. All this has to do with Sandburg himself, with the way he sees things—or rather with the way he times his blood as he renders in rhythm the things he sees.

He is, in truth, and with every new volume he becomes



more palpably so, a very subtle and loving recorder of unsubstantial things. He happens to be under no illusion that smokestacks and pickle-carts are less "poetical," less unsubstantial, than moonbeams and beautiful children, and so in our amazement we have identified him with the former class of objects. But he is quite as much at home in the latter class, and I suspect that as time goes on he will take up his residence there. Certainly in the present book there is a great deal of attention paid to grass roots, spring winds, and early morning moons. And certainly it is the attention of a man who knows better than any of his contemporaries how to put a flowing world on paper. His humor is here, and his talkiness, and his love of American lingo. And, of course, there are skyscrapers and waterfronts, not to speak of old flagmen and persons named Iglits. But all is noted by a tender brain to which no difference appears between "a hard old earth" and "a sweet young earth."

MARK VAN DOREN

## John Dewey's Humanism

*The Philosophy of John Dewey.* Selected and Edited by Joseph Ratner. Henry Holt and Company. \$4.

**P**HILOSOPHY has always vacillated between the task of understanding the complexity of the world, in all its brutal indifference to human aspirations, and the need to enunciate in a logical way the import of human dreams. In the intensity of their longing for the good, philosophers often thought they were analyzing the world before them when they were in truth expressing their own desires. When their systems somehow failed to square up with the facts of experience, they hung to them by denying the validity of experience because of its alleged superficial and chaotic character. And since their dreams seemed to point the way toward the melioration of human conditions it was easy to think of them as noble, although for all their nobility they remained strangely ineffectual. On the other hand, thinkers who deemed the first necessary step toward melioration to be an actual understanding of the world, or who, perhaps indifferent altogether to melioration, desired only to slake their thirst for understanding—these were considered supine slaves to facts, when not dangerously immoral.

The criticism which has been leveled against Mr. Dewey seems never to have considered the above truism, and for this reason it has radically misunderstood the aim of his philosophy. Because he was concerned with "attempting an analysis of experience as it is humanly lived" and not as he, or preferably some ancient Greek, thought it should be lived, his philosophy has been called a philosophy of pragmatic acquiescence. And because he was concerned with disentangling a confusion of classic metaphysics between the meaning of natural and moral ends, he has been accused of making of means objects of worship. It has been urged by his young literary critics that Mr. Dewey has suffered from the pioneer urge to do, to accomplish, but always to do and accomplish something material. Upon the doing he has been said to place the emphasis, never upon the enjoyment which should be the fruit of all activity. And this attitude, it was insisted, leads him to undervalue contemplation, which is obviously the proper end of a rational life. But confusion as to ends has been indeed on the part of his critics, who have directed against his factual analysis of experience a moral criticism on the basis of prejudged standards. Obviously it was not analysis his critics wanted of him: analysis, unless previously pledged to a cause deemed by them noble, was held of no importance. What they wanted of him was a certain kind of uplift; they wanted him to proclaim unconditionally the absolute supremacy of the contemplative life.

In truth, Mr. Dewey has never attempted to deny the validity of moral ends, if these be considered tentative demarcations projected upon the course of events, and based upon subjective value judgments. Nor has he denied the moral impor-

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Saturdays—Enigmas of Religion, by E. Boyd Barrett

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### READER'S ROUND TABLE

I NEW ANGLES OF VISION, by M. Cecil Allen, at Fordham Branch Library, 2556 Bainbridge Road, Monday evenings at 8—Nov. 19, 26, Dec. 3, 10, 17.

II CLASSIC AND MEDIEVAL THOUGHT, led by Dr. Richard McKeon, at Muhlenberg Branch Library, 209 West 23rd Street. Thursday evenings at 8—twenty classes starting November 8th.

III RENAISSANCE AND MODERN THOUGHT, led by Dr. John Storck, at Muhlenberg Branch Library, 209 West 23rd Street. Tuesday evenings at 8—twenty classes starting November 13th.

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tance of whatever satisfaction we may derive from the use of tools for their own sake. He has had occasion to repeat very often that the motive for the pursuit of knowledge is not always instrumental. What is more, he has indicated that if activity is not to become drudgery we must enjoy its tools directly. But he has insisted that moral ends must not be considered as natural states of perfection which events must inevitably approach. The confusion between the two kinds of ends springs naturally from a static conception of the universe. Now science, revealing nature as in a state of evolutionary flux, has abandoned the old logic and has come to conceive knowledge—on a logical plane—as an instrument in the pursuit of further knowledge, whatever the psychological motive for its acquisition may be. But modern philosophy has hesitated between the ancient attitude and the modern. For though it has been eager to make its obeisance to science, it has retained its loyalty for the classic attitude toward a static universe.

Mr. Dewey conceives philosophy mainly as analysis; this is what is really meant by experience as method, criticism of criticism, as he has called it. And in his own practice he has shown preference for the analytic rather than for the formative aspect of philosophy. But a man alive to the issues of his day cannot be a disinterested thinking machine and Mr. Dewey has no desire to be one. With his analysis, therefore, he has found it necessary to pass certain radical criticisms upon modern life: his concern with education, with democracy, with social psychology, with the economic quarrels of the day, has been more than a passive disinterested one. His way of looking at the world in terms of its evolutionary possibilities has led him into a social consciousness illuminated by progressive liberalism. And yet, though his indictment of American civilization has been as radical, though not as acrimonious, as that of his young critics, they have objurgated him because of what one of them has smartly called his pragmatic acquiescence. Mr. Dewey's attitude is not one of supine acquiescence. His philosophy, rightly understood, is a humanistic one. Its emphasis upon the meaning of tools and instruments is calculated to make us realize their possibilities for humanistic purposes. And its denial of the usefulness of final ideals, barren as it may seem to any one prejudiced by the conception of a static universe, is also humanistic. For it makes us sensitive to the possibilities for good held by the immediate and the transient, and it forces upon us the duty to make use of the immediate and the transient if it is true that we are really interested in progress. Because Mr. Dewey has been one of the most productive of contemporary thinkers this selection will be welcomed not only by the public in general, but even by students of philosophy. Mr. Ratner is to be thanked for it.

ELISEO VIVAS

## Reporting Sea-Bottom

*Beneath Tropic Seas.* By William Beebe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

**A** QUARTER century ago William Beebe dived into the Bay of Fundy and swam excitedly along the bottom, ten feet below low tide, feeling himself "on the borderland of the vast unknown" with something very like planetary space just beyond his nose. He wrote, too, of what the dredge brought up "from bottoms ten to twenty fathoms below the surface, deeper than mortal eye can ever hope to reach."

Three years ago, at Galapagos, with an air helmet over his head, he sat on the sea-bottom forty feet below the surface, and watched the sharks swim past. Last year, offshore at Haiti, he dropped a full ten fathoms, sixty feet below the tossing waves, where he had thought mortal eye could never hope to reach, knelt in the slime, and collected "great maggoty of holothurians, worthy tenants of this world of ooze";

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and he announces "my next goal will be one hundred feet."

"Below Tropic Seas" is his report to the lay world of the bottom of the sea of Port au Prince. A few miscellaneous chapters are added, apparently because the publishers thought the book must have at least 200 pages, but the first ten chapters are enough. The Antarctic continent is more familiar territory to most of us than sea-bottom a few miles from New York or Haiti. Beebe writes:

The general impression of hours and days spent at the bottom of the sea is its fairy-like unreality. It is an Alice's Wonderland, where our terrestrial experiences and terms are set at naught. The flowers are worms, and the boulders living creatures; here we weigh but a fraction of what we do on land; here distance is sheer color and the sky is a glory of rippling light. Here we can support ourselves with the crook of our little finger, and when we let go we fall too slowly for injury. Until we have found our way to the surface of some other planet, the bottom of the sea will remain the loveliest and the strangest place we can imagine.

To walk along sea-bottom, through canyons of coral, with groupers and sharks and squids and six-foot tarpon watching, would be exciting enough for anyone, but Beebe has an Elizabethan enthusiasm for its color and drama. He exhausts his vocabulary attempting to find words for the shifting pastel tints of sub-sea landscapes; he is palpitant with excitement watching the emotions of sea-worms or exploring the labyrinth of a giant sponge. And he has the power of communicating his excitement to the reader. He is least satisfactory when he attempts to be philosophical; but any newspaperman will recognize that Beebe is a superb reporter; and it is something new in literature and in life when a first-rate reporter walks, with eyes wide open, along the bottom of the sea.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

## Biographical Briefs

*Dostoevsky, The Man and His Work.* By Julius Meier-Graeffe. Translated by Herbert H. Marks. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$6.

That a great critical work upon Dostoevski is needed appears incontrovertible. Yet, though good minds have attempted it, none has succeeded. Soloviev's work is a complete traduction. Middleton Murry's fails, though interestingly and excitingly, by supplying too much. André Gide in his lectures did well to limit himself and by his sharp limitation managed to insert a wedge of illumination; he is, nevertheless, limited. Julius Meier-Graeffe, in the present volume, is often useful, always sympathetic, but he so surrounds the object of his criticism with a hedge of blustering love that, though one admires the solicitude, one cannot see the object. He becomes, rather than Dostoevski's critic, Dostoevski's spokesman. The long analyses of the novels, done with the best will in the world and the completest fidelity, betray, as any such method must, the spirit of the books. In a treatise so lengthy and so necessarily philosophical one finds certain *lacunae*: to what literary use, for example, did Dostoevski put the Kant and Hegel which, together with a German dictionary, he so passionately asked his brother to send him in Siberia?

*Charles Dickens: a Biography from New Sources.* By Ralph Straus. Illustrated. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$4.

One hardly knows what to admire most in this book: its deftly manipulated scholarship, its thorough but never maudlin sympathy with its subject, its style both exuberantly Dickensian and adroitly waggish, or its inclusion of invaluable material perhaps justifiably withheld by Forster. Everybody already knew that Dickens was histrionic in everything—dress, diction,

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and actual interest in both producing and taking part in plays—but nobody has hitherto revealed how tremendously histrionic he was; everybody already knew that his family life was not happy, but never before have definite and voluminous reasons for that unhappiness been made public. What an actor-manager the stage lost because he spent most of his time in writing—and, contrariwise, what an even greater novelist the world lost because he devoted such vast nervous energy to the stage! This is decidedly the most informative, illuminating, and charmingly written bit of Dickensiana that has appeared for years.

*John Wesley.* By Abram Lipsky. Simon and Schuster. \$3.

Though written in a commonplace style, this is a shrewd, businesslike, and eminently fair-minded book. Mr. Lipsky has no bias whatever; he is interested solely in the personality of John Wesley and the tremendous effect that personality made upon the world. The results of his labors, which include new material of importance not hitherto available in popular form, will not particularly please most Methodists; but—a consideration of far more moment—they would quite certainly have pleased John Wesley.

*Prisoners All.* By Oskar Maria Graf. Translated by Margaret Green. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

Oskar Maria Graf is the type of bewildered, teary, and excitable social-revolutionary poet whom only war-time Germany could have produced and who could have risen to prominence only at a time when standards of character were in the most complete flux. This self-pitying, wordy, diffuse, and at times mad autobiography is difficult to read without constantly breaking into laughter, but the graphic pictures of Eisner's Bavarian revolution and the unconsciously condemnatory sketches of the Socialist leaders of the period have their historical value. Those who are interested in a very minor Rousseau of our own time may find portions of "Prisoners All" revelatory.

*The Life of Sir Martin Frobisher.* By William McFee. The Golden Hind Series. Edited by Milton Waldman. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

The gentlemen who are collaborating in the production of this series of biographies may not be rewarded by seeing any of their individual volumes heading the lists of best-sellers, but they are nevertheless performing a valuable work. As one turns the pages of these beautifully printed books, one feels on solid ground: here is no hasty shoddiness, no nitwit wisecracking, no flyblown pornographic peepings, no frothy fiction, but solid, foursquare biography which, like all good biography, is chiefly concerned with the person whose life is under discussion—a truism too frequently forgotten in these tempestuous days.

*Shapes That Pass.* By Julian Hawthorne. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

Two separate elements determine the worth or worthlessness of volumes of reminiscences: their authors' perspective or style, and the light they may throw upon persons or events of importance. Mr. Hawthorne, though a satisfactory enough Victorian, has not lost all the sap of youth, and amidst an abundance of commonplace prose a few passages fairly shine. He seems to have known or at least met almost everybody of importance and unimportance in England from about 1855 to 1870; his comments and reflections, though not profound, are always entertaining; and while most of his old wives' tales are more or less known, some are distinctly new. Witness this beam upon the character of George Henry Lewes: "George Eliot . . . sat a little apart, Lewes talking to her in an undertone. Abruptly he started to his feet, throwing up an arm. 'Silence, please—silence! Mrs. Lewes is going to speak!' This actually occurred. We hushed and gazed, and poor George Eliot said something . . . no matter what."

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*Tamerlane: The Earth Shaker.* By Harold Lamb. Illustrated. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$4.

The biographer of Genghis Khan has naturally—perhaps too naturally—devoted his efforts to a very similar subject. One admires his undoubted general competence, his scholarship, his adherence to a detached, chronicle narrative form, and his commendable lack of flippancy; but one cannot help asking oneself if, with all its virtues, Mr. Lamb's style is not just a little dull.

*As They Seemed to Me.* By Ugo Ojetti. Introduction by Gabriele D'Annunzio. Translated from the Italian by Henry Furst. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

Sketches, tender, mordant, and brilliantly condensed, of half a hundred dominating European personalities of the last half century. Ojetti's is a type of artistic journalism, well developed in Italy, less well in France, and practically unheard of here. Among those he has met and from whom he extracts the essence are Mussolini, D'Annunzio, Duse, Proust, Rodin, Voronoff, Pirandello, Gorki, Puccini, and Valéry. There is a grandiose and comical introduction by D'Annunzio, in nice contrast with Ojetti's own suave and restrained style.

*Condemned to Devil's Island.* By Blair Niles. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

"The biography of an unknown convict" is the subtitle of this book, but the life-story of the man that serves to describe the penal settlement in French Guiana must be more fiction than fact. On the other hand, the expression of prison exile in the tropics—with its harrowing physical, mental, and moral degradation—reads like truth. Perhaps the penal settlement in French Guiana is no more horrible than any prison, but it offers an unusually dramatic setting for a revelation of the folly and cruelty of the convict system maintained by a supposedly enlightened humanity.

## Drama

### The Greatness of Chekhov

FOR the third new production of its season the Civic Repertory Theater has chosen "The Cherry Orchard" of Chekhov and has made of the play, familiar as it is, by far the most interesting of the three. It is true that here, as usual, Miss Le Gallienne's production leaves something to be desired—that the limitations, financial and other, of her enterprise preclude the possibility of perfect finish, and that her sorely tried company is called upon by the exigencies of the repertory to perform feats of versatility beyond their capacity. It is true, furthermore, that neither her own good performance in the role of the self-effacing Varya nor that of Alla Nazimova (guest for the occasion) as the charmingly incompetent mistress of the orchard is enough to dispel that somewhat impromptu air which often marks the production at this theater. And yet the intelligence of the direction, coupled with the intelligence of the play, is sufficient to make "The Cherry Orchard" delightful to all those capable of seeing below a surface not quite so smooth as that to which Broadway is accustomed, and of relishing the delicately humorous genius of the author.

Important novelists have often been seduced by promises of fame and money to try their hands at the stage, but they have very rarely enriched either themselves or the drama. Chekhov stands almost alone among the great writers of fiction who have, with results other than regrettable, allowed themselves to be persuaded by importunate managers; and his unusual success is probably due in a very considerable measure to the fact that instead of going to the theater he made the theater come to him—a highly unusual proceeding, since nothing is more pathetic

than the respect generally paid by the layman to the infantile "mysteries" of conventional stagecraft. Grave professors are reduced to a state of awed wonder by the pronouncements of any fourth-rate hack who talks about the "laws of the theater," and first-rate novelists who would show the door to any one who told them how to write in any other form accept complacently the imbecile suggestions of the "practical man of the theater," producing, as a result, plays which have none of the virtues of the professional litterateur and all the defects of the amateur dramatist. Chekhov, on the other hand, had the good sense to conclude that the public wanted him to be, in the theater as elsewhere, not a lumbering imitation of another, but Chekhov himself; accordingly he wrote two plays which are like no others ever seen upon any stage but which are, nevertheless, replete with all the virtues which made his stories unique.

The very soul of his method had always been the avoidance of anything artificially "dramatic," and he was wise enough not to alter it when he came to write drama. In "The Cherry Orchard" as in his stories the plot is insignificant; instead of clothing a narrative skeleton with thought and feeling he generates his moods and delivers his reflections in a manner which appears to be in the last degree casual. Strokes of characterization, flashes of humor, and unexpected touches of nature seem introduced almost at random; and yet somehow an unforgettable picture is evoked. Doubtless there is art in every line of this seeming artlessness, and Chekhov, indeed, complained at one time that he was writing it at the rate of four lines a day; but the art is not of any familiar sort. Others build upon a solid foundation. They are architectural and they attain solidity by placing stone upon stone; but he merely throws out one thread after another. Each is so fragile that a wind would blow it away, but we are soon enmeshed in a thousand of them. Out of delicacy laid ceaselessly upon delicacy comes strength.

If Chekhov meant to say, as in "The Cherry Orchard" he apparently did, that the touching absurdity of the society he pictures was destined to be gradually and peacefully replaced by the cruder, though sturdier, race of peasants turned capitalists, then he was a very bad prophet indeed so far as Russia was concerned, but it is not for prophecy that we turn to him.

What we get instead is as delightful pictures as any contained in the whole realm of Russian literature of the charming childishness of those gentle people whose incompetence precipitated one of the bloodiest upheavals of history—pictures whose moods vary, as gracefully as the moods of the people who are their subjects, from bubbling gaiety to hopeless melancholy and back again. Never, moreover, was penetration more gentle than his. His insight spares no one and yet no one is really wounded. He is merciless in his exposure of every character and yet every one of them finds mercy. No one else ever stripped his characters barer than he, but no one else ever held helpless victims up to a kindlier ridicule. Good art is perpetually revealing how it can accomplish the impossible. Smiles and tears, satire and sentiment—what combination is generally more nauseous? But the combination is Chekhov's and Chekhov is great.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The unmarried mother with offspring gathered to her breast and a shawl around her head has gone forth into the night through the rear exit amid the snuffles of so many audiences that she has stolen all sympathy and attention from the unmarried father. Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell in "Little Accident" (Morosco Theater) have revealed the latent heroism in this neglected creature in a delightful comedy which stars Mr. Mitchell. The stage baby, about to be farmed out for adoption by a career-bent mother, is kidnapped by the father after stormy scenes in which the customary remarks about duty, the home, and "my child" are hurled back at the modern mother with reverse English. A hospital lobby full of expectant fathers provides a scene for uproarious comedy. "Little Accident" is based upon Floyd Dell's novel "The Unmarried Father."

P. B.



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# International Relations Section

## Stimson Shows His Hand

By RANDALL GOULD

Manila, August 15

**G**OVERNMENT ownership and operation of telegraph and cable lines in the Philippine Islands may prove the first victim of Governor-General Henry L. Stimson's new policy of "cooperation and economic development." Announcement has been made that the Radio Corporation of the Philippines, a Radio Corporation of America offshoot, has been granted a year's trial period for local radio transmission in competition with the Bureau of Posts' land lines and cables "in order," as a statement by the Governor-General puts it, "to demonstrate the efficiency of such private operation in comparison with the present government service."

Stations are to be established at Cebu, Iloilo, Cagayan de Misamis, Tacloban, Laoag, Aparri, Davao, and Zamboanga, in addition to the present Manila station operating with Honolulu, San Francisco, and Asiatic mainland points. It is probable that the alert Radio Corporation authorities will, as Mr. Stimson intimates, provide a striking demonstration of their efficiency in contrast to the inefficiency of the Bureau of Posts as at present operated.

This recently announced experiment has, despite ample warning in previous statements by the Governor-General, created virtually no stir among those who might be expected to take interest in keeping the government in control of vital communication systems in the Philippines. Political leaders, their appetites whetted by the sniff of political favors, seem willing to swallow without examination almost any scheme put forward at present under the guise of efficiency and development. This statement need not imply that Mr. Stimson's proposals on this and other matters are unsound. It is, however, a fact that after hungry years of battle with the late General Leonard Wood, Filipino political chiefs appear to be only too glad to wolf a little sugar-coated dollar diplomacy.

Governor-General Stimson has been frank in his attitude. From the day of his first message he has proclaimed the gospel of greater economic development of the islands and "the necessity of encouraging the entry of American capital for that purpose." Getting the government out of its various business enterprises—which include operation of mines, sugar centrals, a hotel, a bank, a railroad, and many other activities—is to Mr. Stimson a logical step in the development he envisions.

The telegraphs are considered by Mr. Stimson an artificial monopoly enjoyed by the government, exactly like the law-made monopoly which has admittedly created for private interests an impossible situation in inter-island shipping. He linked the two things in his message to the legislature, adding with reference to the telegraphs:

I believe that no economic fact is better established in the world today than the fact that, taken by and large, government operation of such electrical utilities is far less efficient than private operation thereof. Furthermore, nowhere in the world today does there exist a combined telegraph and telephone service of such surpassing efficiency as is furnished by private operation in the United States. I believe that this is the ideal for which we should strive,

and that as rapidly as we can find efficient and responsible private companies to take it over, we should place our electrical communications in private hands.

Only a faint squeak or two has indicated the slightest opposition thus far. The *Philippines Herald*, Filipino owned and edited, suggests that action now is premature and that "private operation of a public service is not the only way to improvement," adding that "if we are to deny the government bureaus the opportunity for self-improvement, there will be neither growth nor progress in our government system"—but the big political guns remain silent.

On the side of Mr. Stimson in his private-control, American-capital ideas are certain undisputed facts. The Philippines have made no brilliant economic showing in any line as yet. For a variety of reasons the government has not given more than passable service in certain of its operations, including the telegraphs—though in others there seems to be improvement indicating that their future would be sound if they were let alone. It is true, moreover, that the Filipinos have not, with their own capital, developed their country rapidly, although there is little dire poverty and the living standard is generally high.

The factors weighing against the Stimson theories are not concrete, not readily grasped by politicians interested primarily in politics. Close harmony—that describes the present song in Manila. Still smarting from the smacks of a less friendly administration, the politicians are not disposed to listen to any of their number who contribute sour notes to the chorus. Isauro Gabaldon has been thrown into the Philippines equivalent of the snow. It would take a big man with brains and courage to fight Stimson, and that man doesn't seem to be in sight just now.

## Caste in India

**D**O British officials in India help to perpetuate the caste system? Lajput Rai, editor of the *Lahore People* and for twenty-five years a political leader in the Punjab, declares that they do. He quotes a British superintendent of the census operations in the Punjab as saying that occupational castes "have been largely manufactured and almost entirely preserved as separate castes by the British Government." He says:

For a long time the feeling has been growing among the educated Hindus that they should relax, if not abolish altogether, the rigors of caste. There are large sections of Hindus who are not prepared to admit that they belong to any particular caste. Marriages outside caste are becoming pretty frequent and there are other indications that the number of those people who do not like the present caste classification and its divisions is growing enormously. . . . Under the circumstances is it too much to ask the Government to abolish all enumerations of castes in the next census? . . .

I will strongly advise all educated Hindus not to state their caste in the next census, and all untouchables not to give themselves away by calling themselves untouchables. Untouchability is nothing to be proud of. Yet encouraged by the British Government and by Imperialists of the type of Lord Birkenhead the depressed classes are making a fetish of their lower social position as if that was anything to be proud of. The caste system would die its natural death if the British Government would not support it by its policy and practice. . . .



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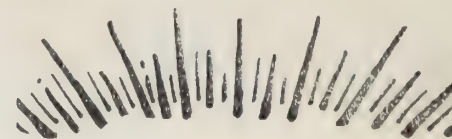
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# The Nation

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THE PROBABILITY that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent of the crime for which they were put to death a year ago last summer is definitely increased by the material published in the *Outlook and Independent* for October 31, and the magazine is entitled to all praise for printing this contribution toward the establishment of truth in an unpopular cause. The material concerns not the robbery and murder at South Braintree, Massachusetts, for which the two Italians were sentenced to death, but a hold-up in the nearby town of Bridgewater of which Vanzetti alone was convicted before the trial for the other crime. It will be recalled that Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested in 1920 not because of supposed connection with any particular crime, but merely on account of suspicious actions—actions in regard to which they had good reason to be secretive because of the bitter persecution of radical aliens at that time. The local police—probably at the instance of the United States Department of Justice—decided that the two men ought to be put out of the way and, resorting to a common technique, proceeded to charge them with whatever un-

solved crimes the public was still worked up over. The two best cases were those at Bridgewater, which had gone unsolved for four months, and the one at South Braintree, only three weeks in the background. Unfortunately for the police, Sacco proved conclusively that he was at work at the time of the Bridgewater hold-up, but Vanzetti was indicted, convicted, and sentenced to prison before he and Sacco were put on trial for the South Braintree murders in 1921. The presiding judge at Vanzetti's trial was the same Webster Thayer who later showed such obvious venom and prejudice in the proceedings against Sacco and Vanzetti.

IN A BROADSIDE on the Sacco-Vanzetti case in its issue of September 22, 1926, *The Nation* pointed out many farcical and sinister features in connection with this first trial of Vanzetti, and the way in which it was used to do injustice both to him and Sacco in the subsequent fight for their lives. We told how Vanzetti was induced to drop the attorney originally retained and substitute John H. Vahey of Boston, how the latter refused to accede to Vanzetti's wish to take the stand in his defense, and how no request for a new trial was made within the year's time prescribed by law, so that counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti were later unable to reopen this case. The jury paid no attention to Vanzetti's alibi witnesses, accepting instead several fantastic stories on the other side. The *Outlook and Independent* now demolishes these by a confession from Frank Silva, an ex-convict, that he and three others perpetrated the Bridgewater robbery. This is backed by a statement from James Mede, in whose store the crime is said to have been planned. All these data have been checked by Silas Bent, an experienced newspaperman, who is convinced of their truth. The material seems to destroy utterly the already incredible case against Vanzetti in regard to the Bridgewater robbery, and it obviously shakes anew the unconvincing testimony in the subsequent murder trial—testimony which in six long years the judicial system of the great State of Massachusetts never allowed to be reexamined. But in the present state of public opinion the revelations are not likely to change many minds. The response of Governor Fuller is characteristic. Through his secretary he wrote to the *Outlook and Independent* that he was "not any more impressed with this confession than he was with the confession of Madeiros." Future generations may not be any more impressed by the attitude of Governor Fuller than by the verdict of the jury at Dedham.

SENATOR NORRIS'S argument stating the reasons why he must leave his party and come out for Governor Smith, though he did not bolt in 1924 to La Follette, his warm and admired friend, is an unusual document. For as we have repeatedly pointed out, George W. Norris has a habit of standing four square to all political winds. Men have known ever since he declined to vote for the armed ship bill, as we were going into the war in 1917, that here was a man who could not be moved by fears of what might happen to him if he took the unpopular course, who could not be reached by any political consideration. Hence we feel that his declaration that the greatest issue before the country was the power trust, and his demonstration that



Governor Smith was in principle against and Mr. Hoover for it must have had effect not only throughout the West, but in the East. Not in many years have the newspapers printed as many speeches of public men at full length as in this campaign. Mr. Norris's appeared in full, or in admirable abstract, in most of the great dailies of the Eastern seaboard, besides being featured in the West. More than that, he reached great multitudes through the radio. It is to this wonderful device, we believe, that the huge increase in registration was due. Together with the prejudices and passions aroused by the religious and prohibition issues in this campaign, the radio has done what all the societies formed to get out the vote have never been able to accomplish.

**THE HAPPY WARRIOR**, Al Smith, in the last week of October must have suggested to the startled and horrified Republicans that Sudanese of whom Kipling wrote:

An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush  
Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

With extraordinary elan Governor Smith carried his fighting into Republican territory and achieved the greatest popular receptions on record in American political campaigns. Not Bryan, not Roosevelt equaled them, and the oldest reporters who accompanied the Governor to Boston were profoundly awed and impressed not only by the unprecedented magnitude of the crowds, but by the deep and almost religious fervor which seemed to move them. Something deep has been reached in many citizens' breasts; some well-springs that ordinarily are never found by political divining-rods. Crowds, of course, do not mean votes. But the Republicans were none the less frightened, the betting odds sank, and the American correspondents of British newspapers cabled that Mr. Hoover's election was not after all assured. Without regard to the outcome the Governor deserves a vote of thanks for having at last lifted political campaigning out of the dull, vapid banalities and stupidities to which it has been reduced by years of Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, et al. He has struck straight from the shoulder; he has gone right at his man. He has inaugurated a great public debate and, thanks to the radio, he has made millions listen to that debate. What a good time Al has had, and how much good he has done too!

**AS FOR HERBERT HOOVER**, he is, as we write, dangerously near to becoming laughable. At least the fiction that he is a great and farsighted statesman is well punctured. Take the case of the extra session which late in October he promised to call, if elected, to provide farm relief if not granted by Congress prior to his taking office. Mr. Hoover never dreamed of promising this in his speech of acceptance. When Governor McMullen of Nebraska came out and stated that he had had an interview with Mr. Hoover promising the extra session, this was denied by Mr. Hoover's political headquarters on his behalf. After the lie had thus been given to the Governor, Senator Borah declared that he would get the extra session, and get it from Mr. Hoover he did. Soon after the Senator had seen the great candidate the extra session was announced. It is needless to say that if it had not been for the reports brought by Senator Borah and others as to the swing to Smith among the farmers, and the bolt of Senator Norris, Mr. Hoover would never have mentioned the extra session. Similarly,

all the additional stops that were put into Mr. Hoover's Western itinerary were the measure of Mr. Hoover's fright.

**THE POVERTY OF ECONOMIC THOUGHT** in the old parties was never better revealed than in the exchange of unpleasantries between Smith and Hoover concerning socialism. Hoover called Smith's stand for the government development of water-power "state socialism." Smith retorted that if he was a socialist, then ex-President Roosevelt, Hughes, and Nathan Miller were socialists. Neither in Hoover's attack nor in Smith's rejoinder was there any recognition of the fundamental fact that our economic life is so interdependent that it must be controlled by some kind of government, either the invisible government of great corporate wealth, which is supreme today, or a democratic organization representing the people. Have we gone backward since 1924 when this issue was forced into the foreground by La Follette? Certainly Norman Thomas was justified in declaring in his Buffalo speech:

Mr. Hoover calls his capitalism "rugged individualism" and professes to find some peculiar virtue in the wasteful and chaotic mismanagement of coal, in our frantic real-estate speculation, and in our gigantic corporations owned by irresponsible absentee stockholders. He ignores the waste, the poverty, the tyranny, the threat of war which arise out of our attempt to control the essentials of modern life for us all under the law of the jungle. Governor Smith's vindication of himself is more triumphant than he may think. If he is a socialist in the same sense as Hughes, Miller, and the other Republicans whom he cites, he is not even a progressive, let alone a socialist.

**IS THE UNITED STATES** by implication being committed to indorsement of the Japanese program in Manchuria? Certainly the Japanese are eager to have that indorsement; and the report that the National City Bank is floating a \$20,000,000 loan in behalf of the Oriental Development Company, a semi-official Japanese enterprise for economic development of Manchuria and Korea, points in that direction. Unfortunately the State Department policy implicitly gives a government indorsement to projects which it does not disapprove. It asks bankers to show it their foreign-loan contracts before consummating them, in order that it may express objection if it is so inclined. Obviously, it cannot object to Japanese commercial enterprises in Manchuria, but equally obviously, American loans to Japanese enterprises in the northeastern provinces of China, at a time when Japan and China are in acute if disguised conflict over the status of Japan in those provinces, will be regarded in the Far East as approval of the Japanese program. A similar question arose a year ago when J. P. Morgan and Company had under consideration a loan to the South Manchurian Railway. It was in itself a reasonable loan, but the international implications were alarming. The protest in China was enormous, and eventually the project was withdrawn. The Nanking Government has just asked its minister in Washington to inquire about the reported National City Bank loan, and thus a storm seems to be brewing. If American bankers wish to lend money to the Japanese Government, they would do well to lend the money direct to the Government; for when American dollars go to support a semi-official Japanese enterprise in Manchuria the project assumes aspects which are diplomatic and political as well as financial.



**B**OTH CANDIDATES for the Presidency of Nicaragua have asked that the United States agree to supervise the Nicaraguan presidential election of 1932. This declaration was made a couple of weeks previous to this year's election and presumably indicated that neither candidate felt sure of victory and that both wanted to curry favor with the American army officers conducting the poll. It is only fair to General McCoy to say that he has been most scrupulous to maintain complete impartiality between Adolfo Benard, the Conservative Party candidate, and José Maria Moncada, the Liberal general who laid down his guns, at \$10 per gun, when Henry L. Stimson ordered him to, and later became the Liberal Party candidate. But the Yankee officials tipped the scales when they refused to permit the new Nacionalista Party, which was frankly opposed to the American occupation, to enter a candidate. Under ordinary circumstances the Liberals are probably in a majority in Nicaragua, but Moncada has groveled so before the Yankees that he has lost favor with many even of his own party. It is said that each of the two candidates came out for marine rule until 1932 in order that, if his opponent were elected, the loser might be assured of a fair chance to regain power four years hence. There is something in this argument; there is also a great fat joker. It will take more than four years for Nicaragua to learn to operate the machinery of democratic self-government without flaw (it seems to be taking the Anglo-Saxons, Irish, Italians, and Slavs even longer); and if the United States starts in guaranteeing honest elections in the rest of the world it is undertaking a superhuman job.

**G**ERMANY CONTINUES to give the world an excellent illustration of the efficiency of unified railroad control. The German railroads not only serve as the hub of the transportation system of Europe, but they provide for large payments to the Allies under the Dawes plan. The German Federal Railroads Company, which under the Dawes plan took over the railroads from state control, is the largest individual employer in the world, having 700,000 officials and laborers on its pay roll. Contrary to the popular American dogma, the lack of competition from large private railroads has not rendered the huge organization indifferent to the welfare of its workers and passengers. The corporation is vitally interested in a safety and health campaign among its workers. The German plan of national railway unification has served as a model for Central and Western Europe, and some day it may well serve as a model for the United States.

**A**FTER A LONG STRIKE against the firm of David Adler and Sons in Milwaukee the Amalgamated Clothing Workers delivered what was in effect an ultimatum. Settle the strike now, said the union, or your workers will never return to you. The Adler firm and the clothing manufacturers generally regarded the threat as a piece of strike strategy designed to bolster up declining morale. What was their amazement when the union presently opened up its own Milwaukee shop with a parade of 500 strikers to its new factory. The clothing industry was profoundly stirred when it was discovered that the new union factory was under contract to produce clothing for the world's largest clothiers, Hart Schaffner and Marx. This firm has been traditionally friendly to the union and its continued prosperity has been based in no small degree upon the

hearty cooperation of the Amalgamated in maintaining productive efficiency. In fact, according to a writer in the *Daily News Record*, the trade journal of the men's clothing industry, "although the manufacturing department is in close touch with everything that goes on, it has for some years shared initiative and actual if not nominal authority with the workers' organization."

**M**AN NOT ONLY PRESUMES to measure the heavens but to talk about them in terms of millions of light-years' distance from the earth. The largest telescope in the world is to be erected at the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, with a power five to ten times as great as any telescope now in existence. The great reflecting mirror is to be 200 inches in diameter and of fused quartz instead of glass; a mountain top will be found from which the new giant will sweep the sky. It will take years to cast and grind the mirror; and the funds for the enterprise, which are to be provided by the International Education Board of New York City, may easily be more than a million dollars. This is typical Americanese, of course; we have the "best" and the "biggest" and the "highest" and the "greatest." But not only in America are the figures used to describe astronomical calculations staggering and for the layman incomprehensible. It means little to read that the great new telescope will penetrate hundreds of millions—even billions—of light years into space; it is a little more definite to learn that whereas the largest existing telescope, that at Mount Wilson Observatory, now brings about a billion stars within range, the new marvel will add half a billion more to that number. Thus the average man will read about the telescope and marvel; and will marvel more at the sight of the moons of Jupiter some clear night, shown for a nickel through a little tuppenny telescope on the streets of any great city.

**T**HE MANCHESTER BRANCH of the British Building Trade Workers' Union has demanded the resignation of George Hicks, secretary of the executive council, because he accepted Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, as a member of the union. Mr. Churchill applied for membership after he had done some amateur bricklaying on his estate. The branch suggested that the membership fee paid by Mr. Churchill be returned to him.

Winston Churchill laid some bricks,  
And built himself a cottage  
Somewhere down in Kent upon  
His quite extensive lottage.

Thus, having proved himself a man  
In fields not only vocal,  
He paid his dues, threw out his chest,  
And joined the Layers' Local.

But bricklayers are sturdy folk  
Who stand for no such ruses;  
They scratched his name from off the books  
And sent back Winston's dueses.

(Softly)

Now Churchill lays a lonely brick  
And mutters as he mortars:  
"Ah, Labor, rue the day you scorned  
Your best of all supporters."



# Ten Years of Republican Germany

TEN years—since the armistice, since the overwhelming defeat and disaster; since the days when, overnight, Kaiser and kings, princes and grand-dukes fled, ancient governments came crashing down, a couple of millions of German soldiers came stumbling home. Beaten, betrayed, outraged, eager for revenge, they found only starvation, utter spiritual and physical misery, brother shooting down brother, murderous marines, monarchists and Spartacides, battles in the streets, enemy troops in the beloved Rhineland, utter chaos, utter despair. . . . Upon these foundations it was necessary to rear the German Republic!

That it has survived is one of the miracles of our age. Woodrow Wilson helped to call it into being and, on behalf of the Allies, solemnly promised that if it came to life it would be received with acclaim, with generous friendship, with sympathetic understanding even in a war-torn world. It came to life—and every Wilson promise was broken. While the American commissioners (except Mr. Wilson) protested and Herbert Hoover fought like a tiger to give the Germans food, hundreds of thousands of them, the youngest and the eldest, the poor and the weak, died for lack of nourishment—in the name of liberty, to make the world safe for democracy. Upon half the palm of one hand the writer of these lines held, in Dresden in February, 1919, the official food ration for an adult for one day—just one mouthful of incredible odds and ends that passed for nourishment. No parent knew how or where to feed his crying child; no child but witnessed the agonizing suffering of father and mother. No wonder that there were suicides by the thousand, that men and women courted death with indifference as shot and shell roared through the avenues of Munich, Berlin, Leipzig, Halle, and all the rest; that warring bands suddenly came out of nowhere to attack without warning, as if with no purpose save to kill and be killed.

These were the birth-pangs, this the bloody parturition. In this agony, literally under fire, the government was made over while kept waiting for six months to learn the crushing terms upon which the new-born Republic was to be allowed to struggle for existence; then to be faced with the most staggering financial penalties—not today fully defined and limited—ever fastened upon a conquered country. Next came a further invasion of German territory in flagrant violation of the Allies' own treaty, and, finally, a complete currency collapse and financial ruin. What other people could have passed through such an ordeal by fire and by torture and still survive? Not more than one or two others, especially if the new government were beset by Communists on the one flank, by monarchists on the other, with the center menaced by party strife, by factional bickerings and jealousies in which men utterly forgot the necessity of a solid patriotic front to the conquerors. To remake the Prussianized bureaucracy of the Reich would itself have been a challenge to all the statesmanship that remained after the debacle. To build anew while battling for life against the forces of reaction and despair, of hate and oppression—that called for Titans. Few of those who witnessed the struggle in 1919 believed that any democratic government could survive. Not in fifty or a hundred years, wrote the soberest and kindest of foreign journalists, could

this country recover from the disaster the Kaiser and his government had brought upon it.

Ten years only have passed. What an incredible change! A country still torn by political strife, still somewhat unclear as to its political aims, still not quite sure of its destiny, stands out as further along the road to complete recovery than some of the conquering nations. More than that, it is safely republican. Monarchists there still are a plenty; and Communists as well, but the 14,889,000 Germans who voted in 1926 to deprive the princes and kings of their fortunes wrung from the toiling masses during long centuries attest the stability of the new order. No careful observer today fears the return of the Kaiser; that is unthinkable. Every year that passes decreases the number of those who are still devoted to the old regime and increases the number of full-fledged voters who were children when the monarchy fell. True, no great statesmen have come forward save Rathenau and Stresemann, but what other country can boast of more than one strong man? Certainly neither the United States nor Great Britain has the right to chide on this score. Yet the great fact remains that somehow, in some way, the German government has gone on and achieved gloriously. Not without traitors in the camp, not without dissension. But no one can deny that it has shouldered its burden with sincerity and determination. That it has to this day met every demand of the fulfilment program cheerfully, loyally, and fully, is the constant testimony of the American Commissioner of Reparations.

The right of the German government to the acclaim of the world on its tenth anniversary does not, however, rest either upon its refusal to yield to anarchy, or its restoration of domestic order, or even its fulfilment of what seemed utterly impossible demands. It has embarked upon a noble and wise policy toward Russia; it has humbled its pride and entered the League of Nations in the face of great domestic opposition. Far more than that, it has voluntarily performed an act of renunciation without parallel in modern history: it has forsworn revenge and has given the world its pledge never again to seek Alsace or Lorraine. No one not profoundly versed in European history can measure the significance or the greatness of this act. For the struggle over Alsace-Lorraine does not date back merely to 1870. From the days of Charlemagne this territory and the Rhineland have been fought over again and again, with first France and then Germany the aggressor. Had the Germans decided to cherish their desire for revenge; had they erected their statue of Strassburg at the Brandenburger Thor patterned after that in the Place de la Concorde, we should have had no guaranty of peace in Europe. Of their own accord the Germans have accepted the existing French boundaries as the definite delimitation of Germany's Western frontier, and thereby written *finis* under one of the bloodiest and most disgraceful chapters in European history. A foremost American statesman and diplomat has said to us that he knows no chapter in history to surpass this renunciation in wisdom, in courage, and in moral grandeur.

It was this that paved the way to Locarno, for this offer was made many months before Locarno, under the



rule of Chancellor Cuno. As for Locarno itself, it still stands out as an extraordinary achievement of good-will, vision, and reconciliation. If its brilliance is somewhat tarnished now, the fault is not Germany's. It has been true to the pacts in deed and in spirit. Those who have dimmed their glory have been others in other lands. This joint outlawry of war along the Rhine for one hundred years paved the way for the Kellogg treaties. If the latter are perhaps merely a gesture, still they point the path for humanity to take unless it is to perish by gas and by bomb. It was Germany which was the first to sign the Kellogg Pact without the slightest hesitation or cavil, while England and France bargained and amended and weakened the document. The world may doubt the sincerity of some of the signers who are still wasting treasure in armaments precisely as before; it cannot question the honesty of the German signature. For Germany is pacific and disarmed. We are quite aware of the French charges that Germany is drilling and arming under cover, but that is nonsense; no country could conceal the huge fleets of trucks and tanks and cannon and airplanes a fresh contest would demand. Despite occasional revelations of secret hoards and secret military cliques, Germany is disarmed, and the bulk of her people thank God for it and stand for the Stresemann policies, however difficult the Allies make the retaining of confidence in those policies. Without fear of denial we say that if the German Republic had achieved nothing else than these advances toward peace on the Rhine, it would have justified its existence ten thousand times.

Nor must we forget here to pay our tribute to President von Hindenburg. We were among the disappointed and the skeptics when he took office; we feared a President who had borne arms and still treated the Kaiser much as a ruler. But this extraordinary old warrior has so clearly proved to be the right man at the right time that we must record our tribute to him, to his fidelity to his oath of office, to his trust. Incidents there have been to make one have regrets—but how few and how insignificant in view of his traditions, his old associations! He has never rattled the sword in its scabbard; he has never sought to interfere with the Reichstag or any ministry, and he has helped to compose more than one ministerial crisis. He has held the country together; his mere presence in the Wilhelmstrasse fetters militarists and monarchists alike.

That reconstruction has in many respects cost the Germans dear cannot be denied. If suffering and poverty have compelled heart-breaking work, and the loss by the workers of many hard-won privileges, at least they have brought with them the anodyne of engrossing labor that made multitudes unable to take part in party or social strife. Despite at times alarming unemployment, the Germans have toiled as never before; their old established industry and innate love of order have helped them over their hardest of times. Not that the individual has again reached the pre-war plane of safety and comfort. For millions upon millions all security for old age has disappeared—pensions, savings, insurance, all have gone by the board. Multitudes exist only by the generosity and self-sacrifice of others; multitudes can never live to regain their former state. For the widows, the single women, the orphans, and the impoverished generally, the crisis remains acute; little of the increasing prosperity of the nation as a whole has as yet filtered down to them, although the economic life in various phases is about the same as in pre-war time. But the road

before the country remains difficult; the burden of the reparations must continue to rest squarely upon the backs of the producing classes, and must bend and bow them down.

Again, the financial control of the Reich by the Allies has played directly into the hands of the great capitalists. The trustification of Germany has gone on apace, and not only within its own borders. The trusts have crossed the national boundaries. They have made their peace with the Allies. Indeed, they have split those Allies. Certain German industries, by striking hands with those of Luxemburg, France, and Belgium, are presenting a united front to Great Britain and are seeking to rival the United States itself. It is probable that the passage of industry through this era of practical monopoly will prove to be more of a benefit and less of a danger in Germany than has been the case in America. As has been said before, the Germans have some sense of state. But the trade unions have been rendered almost powerless and the worker too often reduced to the lowest level upon which he can keep body and soul together. All in all, the juggernaut of capitalism has grown to greater and greater size, fostered by the Dawes Plan which may yet result in the wrenching of the German railroads out of the ownership of the state and of the people in order, among other things, that the capitalistic world shall not again have such an example of admirable and successful government operation of railroads. Under the shelter of foreign domination evils are arising which may yet challenge the existence of the German Republic, precisely as in America big business has taken over the control of our political life.

Let no one assume from what has here been written that the German Republic is ideal, or that the task of remodeling the governmental structure is complete. The bureaucracy is not yet reorganized; the dead hand of the dead regime still rests too heavily upon the state. The friction between the several states of the Reich remains serious, and the lack of a definite majority government as well. The great thing is that time fights for the Republic. Each year the monarchy goes further into the background; each year the Kaiser and all the trappings of his rule are more and more forgotten. Each year we believe the Republic will continue to progress, not because of any imitation of America, or any alliance with the great industrialists of other lands, but because of the innate characteristics of the German people themselves. Industry, thrift, respect for letters and learning and science and the academic life—these remain. Not the shifting of the wealth of the people, nor the rise to the surface of the war-profiters and of the get-rich-quick gamblers of the inflation period can dim this German respect for the captains of the spirit and of the mind.

There were always two Germanys, and the finer one must and will survive, despite too great sentimentality, too great self-esteem; in political life, perhaps, too great individualism. But whether this is correct or otherwise, the past is secure. For all the dark side of the past ten years, the German people have every right to consider the past decade the proudest in their national life. It is easy to be great when rich and powerful and on a tidal wave of material success; it is another thing in days of disaster and disorder and despair. Like the individual, that nation is greatest which in a time that tries its citizens to their inmost fiber remains captain of its soul and, accepting its fate, publicly reverses its policy and leads the world by the longest steps yet taken toward peace and human brotherhood.

O. G. V.



# The Nation's Presidential Poll

WITH this issue *The Nation* closes its Presidential poll, giving a tabulation of the results by States.

The poll was limited to our 25,000 subscriber-readers in the United States; there was no practical method, we regret, of reaching the 12,000 to 15,000 of our friends who buy their copies from newsstands. The response has

been far higher than we anticipated, 53 per cent of the ballots sent out having been returned. We attribute this partly to unusual interest in the election and partly to the unusual devotion of *Nation* subscribers to their paper.

Our object in the poll was to bring out the political choice of the progressive-minded, intelligent voters in the

State	Hoover Rep.	Smith Dem.	Thomas Soc.	Foster Com.	Varney Proh.	Reynolds Soc.-Lab.	Rogers Anti-Bunk	Undecided	Total
Alabama	8	31	7	1					47
Arizona	8	21	6	1				1	37
Arkansas	9	19	7						35
California	230	589	281	47		2	2	29	1,180
Colorado	32	61	30	4				6	133
Connecticut	54	121	54	7		1		7	244
Delaware	11	21	8	2	1			3	46
Florida	21	44	11					2	78
Georgia	11	32	3	3				1	50
Idaho	9	15	6					1	31
Illinois	259	485	209	35		4	1	40	1,033
Indiana	78	83	30	3			1	7	202
Iowa	72	72	34				2	7	187
Kansas	36	39	22		1		1	2	101
Kentucky	18	47	11	1				2	79
Louisiana	12	32	8						52
Maine	17	23	12	1			1	4	58
Maryland	31	132	30	4				2	199
Massachusetts	182	279	177	16	1			40	695
Michigan	106	153	71	8			1	12	351
Minnesota	116	196	79	6	1	2		10	410
Mississippi	7	14	3					1	25
Missouri	51	128	33	2				8	222
Montana	16	46	15	2				1	80
Nebraska	36	51	18					5	110
Nevada	7	7	2						16
New Hampshire	18	28	10					1	57
New Jersey	127	286	139	17			2	23	594
New Mexico	9	27	1	3					40
New York	506	2,134	930	189	6	4	12	103	3,884
North Carolina	9	55	11	1				3	79
North Dakota	16	31	16	2				2	67
Ohio	152	318	117	19		3	1	20	630
Oklahoma	14	34	12	1					61
Oregon	27	58	22	6				5	118
Pennsylvania	208	561	196	29	1		1	35	1,031
Rhode Island	13	19	13			1		1	47
South Carolina	5	31	1						37
South Dakota	25	21	6	1				1	54
Tennessee	13	37	9						59
Texas	31	85	17	5	1			4	143
Utah	6	20	4						30
Vermont	22	16	6	1			1	1	47
Virginia	14	64	12						90
Washington	40	96	58	11		2		9	216
West Virginia	16	29	10		1			3	59
Wisconsin	67	168	70	3			1	12	321
Wyoming	9	13	3						25
Total	2,784	6,872	2,820	431	13	19	27	414	13,390



United States whose influence largely transcends their numerical strength. We do not, we are sorry to say, reach all such persons, but we have been called the best barometer of liberal opinion in the nation. It is inevitable that a poll of our readers should show a much higher sentiment for Smith and Thomas than that prevailing in the country at large. The only surprise for us has been the strength of the Hoover vote, due in the main probably to the feeling of prohibitionists that a ballot for Smith would weaken, morally at least, our anti-liquor legislation. The total vote in *The Nation's* poll was 13,390, divided as follows: Smith (Democrat), 6,872; Thomas (Socialist), 2,830; Hoover (Republican), 2,784; Foster (Communist or Workers' Party), 431; Rogers (Anti-Bunk), 27; Reynolds (Socialist-Labor), 19; Varney (Prohibitionist), 13; Undecided, 414. The Smith vote outnumbers that for all the other candidates together.

In addition to the—to us—unexpectedly large Hoover sentiment, we are struck with the considerable number of persons who were at pains to return us a ballot saying that they were undecided. Probably a far larger number in the same boat refrained from sending back their ballots. Most of the difficulty of decision has been between Smith and Thomas, and we venture to believe that rarely in our political history have the progressively minded been so torn between a desire to express their principles or to administer an immediate rebuke to religious bigotry and social snobishness as typified by much of the opposition to Smith.

The Smith vote is ahead of that for Thomas in every State. Hoover has a large lead over Thomas everywhere in the South except in North Carolina, and a somewhat smaller advantage in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast, except in four States: Wisconsin, California, and Washington give Thomas more votes than Hoover, and North Dakota returns a tie. In the East, New York and New Jersey are the only States to give Thomas more votes than Hoover, but in Rhode Island and Connecticut the two men are tied. The strength of the Thomas vote is in New York State, where 930 of our readers declared themselves for him. Of these about 750 were in New York City.

We thank our subscribers for their enthusiastic cooperation in making the poll so inclusive and successful.

## Borah and Hoover

THE following letter, with certain emendations, was sent by the Editor of *The Nation* to a prominent citizen in the Midwest who took exception to *The Nation's* severe criticism of the part played in this campaign by Senator William E. Borah of Idaho in supporting Herbert Hoover:

I have your long letter of October 9, and thank you for your frankness. Believe me you are not the only one who is shocked and pained and hurt. Those of us who have had faith in Mr. Borah, and have hoped against hope that he would rise to the opportunity and become, as he so easily could, a great national leader of the Progressive forces of the country, have watched his present acts with a sinking of the heart.

You speak of a man's having a right to be "regular" if he chooses. Of course, that is Senator Borah's privilege. But remember that this is the man who a few years ago denounced both parties as unworthy of public trust. More than that, there is no man in public life who has so violently criticized Mr. Hoover in public and private as Senator Borah. For him to

turn around now and go to the other extreme of adulating Mr. Hoover, and declaring that he is the one man above all others to lead the country, is just a trifle too nauseating. A man must have some convictions, some principles, some standards of consistency, or else there is no use whatsoever of anyone's applying measuring-sticks of character, of public honesty, yes, of plain intellectual decency. It is bad enough to have Governor Pinchot climbing aboard the Presidential bandwagon when he, too, has fought and denounced Herbert Hoover, presumably because he feels that there would be no political future left for him if he did not do it. But to have Senator Borah make a nominating speech for Charles Curtis and campaign for Hoover is more than my flesh and blood can stand.

Do you know what Mr. Borah has said about Hoover? He charged him with "under the cover of honesty" permitting "the gathering of unconscionable profits from a charity fund." He charged him with permitting the agents of the meat-packers within the Food Administration to administer the industry so as to cripple their competitors and enrich themselves. "War powers," he exclaimed, "war powers used to destroy competitors and build up private fortunes! No man who has such perverted views of decency ought to be intrusted with unlimited power to deal with \$100,000,000."

On another occasion he said: "I will incorporate some figures later which will satisfy the Senator of the scandalous extortions of these companies from the people of this country. I do not want any man to operate a trust fund by my vote who thinks that those figures represent decency or honesty." Mr. Borah then charged Hoover with having made a secret agreement with the packers to dispose of their accumulated supplies of pork in Europe by the aid of this \$100,000,000 appropriation. "Others may take what view they will," he said, "I cannot close my eyes to such a set of facts to my mind intolerable and indefensible." Finally, he charged Mr. Hoover with gross extravagance in the conduct of public business, and with permitting three food monopolies to run his office.

Now, it is idle to point out that in these speeches he dwelt upon the personal integrity of Mr. Hoover. He charged him at the same time with malfeasance in office, with permitting corruption, with assenting to the exploitation of the American people in war times. Good heavens! Are there any worse charges to be brought against an American? Stealing a few thousand dollars for oneself or accepting \$100,000 in a black bag is not comparable to the malfeasance with which Mr. Borah charged Mr. Hoover. And now he turns round and declares that this is the one man we need to work out our national destiny! . . .

At least Mr. Borah before undertaking this change of face should have announced to the world that he grossly libeled and slandered Hoover when he made those charges, and that he wished to apologize for such monstrous wrongdoing. Then we could, perhaps, have respected him. As it is, everybody is suspecting that Senator Borah has been bought off by some agreement with Mr. Hoover in regard to his attitude toward the Kellogg treaties and the outlawry of war, if he is elected. I can assure you definitely of one thing, and that is that whatever influence Senator Borah had heretofore among the liberals of the country, there is none left today. Can you deny that if I, a private citizen, had made the charges against Mr. Hoover that Mr. Borah made under his privilege as a Senator, Mr. Hoover would have had me arrested for criminal libel, and would have sued me for civil libel?

You are right. *The Nation* has always stood for individual liberty, the right of every man to his own views and convictions. But it has also stood primarily for the right of independent and honest journalism to challenge any man who subordinates his convictions and beliefs to an emergency in which he thinks he or his cause may profit by compromise, by a glossing over of the truth, by embracing a man today whom one called a scoundrel yesterday.



## Unregenerate Diplomacy

THE seeming innocence of the official text of the Anglo-French naval accord, which was published on October 22 in London and Paris, will deceive no one who goes behind the formal documents. Ostensibly Great Britain and France followed out the suggestion of the American Minister to Belgium, Hugh Gibson, and held a friendly little meeting of their own to facilitate agreement at the next disarmament conference. The official result of these conversations was an agreement to discuss the limitation of certain classes of cruisers and submarines at the next international gathering; the actual result was the creation of a new military alliance in which Great Britain wins a more secure control over European waters in exchange for France's right to dominate the Continent with a large conscript army. The American protest against the naval accord is doubly justified by the notes printed in the British "White Paper" and the French "Blue Book." One memorandum in particular shows that the accord was founded on a plain military bargain. It is the note given to the French Foreign Office by the British Ambassador to Paris:

Lord Crewe is instructed to add that this suggestion [acceptance of the British cruiser classification], recognized by His Majesty's Government as a concession to its view on naval limitation, permits it to give satisfaction to the French Government in withdrawing its opposition to the French point of view on trained reserves.

France emerges from the bargaining with the right to keep small submarines and a conscript reserve army while Britain wins French support for her small-cruiser program. But the British victory is of little value if the United States continues its opposition.

In spite of protestations to the contrary the Anglo-French naval accord is not dead. President Coolidge has said that the accord has been rejected by three of the five Powers, the United States, Italy, and Japan, and that therefore France and Great Britain are bound to revise it. As a matter of fact, Japan's statement on the accord is equivocal and meaningless, but this makes no difference because majority and minority votes are useless in reaching a final agreement. What matters is the sincere determination of every government involved to move as directly as possible toward genuine disarmament. The published record does not reveal such a determination either in Paris or London.

After many months of discussion the two chief European Powers abandoned faith in any thoroughgoing disarmament in Europe and agreed to support each other's favorite type of armament. That ugly fact drags the whole disarmament negotiations down to the level of petty military bargaining. The nature of the agreement was revealed with startling clarity in the French note of July 20 in which France proposes a permanent alliance if the accord is rejected by other Powers and the Preparatory Disarmament Commission is deadlocked:

Whatever the result, even should this hope [of the acceptance of the compact by the others Powers] prove illusory, the two governments would none the less be under the urgent obligation to act in concert, either to insure success by other means or to adopt a common policy so as to deal with the difficulties which would inevitably arise from a check to the work of the Preparatory Commission.

## The Death Penalty

THE new evidence emerging in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti should make every person in the United States—from radical to reactionary—pause a moment and consider the death penalty as an instrument of justice.

Year after year men are hanged or burned to death in the electric chair, put beyond recall of judge or governor, and every year dead men are found to be innocent of the crime for which they died. It seems difficult to believe that any society—even one which clung to the pound-of-flesh theory of punishment—would continue to use a method of social reprisal which eliminates even the smallest chance of righting a wrong. Who is to claim the pound of flesh for the man who is executed and later found innocent?

Of course the chance of accidental injustice is the least of the reasons to abolish capital punishment. The social effects of this form of punishment are even more deplorable. One innocent man, killed by a fallible state, is of less moment than a whole community infected with a lust for revenge, with a heated, morbid curiosity, and a perverse excitement that leads decent people to become spectators of the horrors committed in the death chamber. The orgy of newspaper sensationalism and public hysteria reached a climax recently in the hanging of William Hickman—heralded in the *San Francisco Call* in four-inch headlines and three solid pages of pictures and lurid description.

Even more undesirable than either of these results is the continued spread of a belief in what some people like to call "retributive justice." "We'll get even with him" is the simple phrasing of the impulse that animates the state and the individuals that support capital punishment and all the harsher, more brutal, forms of punishment. Only by slow steps are science and the desire for social justice combining to create a new penology. The theory of crime as the expression of a disordered personality resulting, often enough, from intolerable conditions of life; the theory of "punishment" as a measure of cure and prevention—these take hold slowly in a society still dominated by a terror of "crime waves" and a passion for revenge. But it is by the gradual spread of this scientific attitude that we are emerging from the period of barbaric cruelty in our treatment of offenders.

Unfortunately some of the steps are backward. Italy has put to death the first person to be executed there in modern times, after restoring the death penalty several years ago. On the other hand, a commission of the Reichstag which is drafting a new penal code for Germany has been strongly urged by the German Minister of Justice to include in its proposals the abolition of capital punishment. In America, too, the movement to do away with this form of legal vengeance is gaining ground. The League to Abolish Capital Punishment reports that in several States this year bills will be introduced to wipe out the death penalty. An active campaign is planned in New York to push such a measure through the Legislature at Albany. To make the work nationally effective substantial funds are needed. Here, certainly, is a cause which calls for the support of every civilized person, without regard to race, color, or political creed. The address of the League is 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

THIS piece must begin with the premise that somebody noted the fact that there was no contribution from Heywood Broun in last week's *Nation*. That, of course, is a dangerous assumption. All too clearly there lingers in my mind Bide Dudley's story of his return to Emporia. He had been absent for more than a year and as he strolled up Main Street with a suit case, after alighting from the fast express, it was his notion that some one of the natives would extend him a greeting of hearty welcome. He walked a block and no one noticed him, but at the drug-store corner there loitered one who had known him before he went to Kansas City. This young idler did greet him warmly. "Hello, Bide," he said, "going away someplace?"

Accordingly, let it be recorded here at the outset that there was no "It Seems" in the magazine last week. This omission appears to have been received quite calmly. Sirens did not shriek nor were any rewards posted in public places for the return of the fugitive. I had hoped for something quite different. Two weeks ago I ventured a somewhat mild attack upon *The Nation* in which I expressed the wish that the weekly had been more fiery in its support of Smith. On that account it seemed barely possible that after the Brounless number the rumor might get about, "The man's been fired once again." However, there seems to have been no commotion of that kind although a responsible editor informs me that there drifted into the office a fair-sized number of letters saying, "Congratulations on getting rid of Broun. *The Nation* gets better with every issue."

Although no public cause was involved in the period of recess it seems to me that a rather important personal principle was at stake. My inertia was not altogether without significant motivation. The problem goes like this: Should a regular contributor to a periodical continue to send in his article even when he has nothing whatever to say? In the past, as the readers of *The Nation* well know, I have always answered that question in the affirmative. Something of the old theatrical tradition—the curtain must go up—seemed to hold me within its spell. Hot or cold I laboriously set down one little word after another. And at the bottom of the fourth page of copy paper I stopped and called it an article.

By now I have begun to doubt whether this attitude is altogether noble and praiseworthy. My revolt against regularity was not conducted in any very dramatic manner. Instead of defying the managing editor by telephone or personal visit I merely sat at home in a big chair and let the minutes roll along until it was too late to get copy to the printer.

The laborer is worthy of his hire; the artist needs an occasional vacation. To be sure "artist" is used here in the looser sense. In fact I've always liked a definition of the word which is my own and runs, "Everybody on a vaudeville program except the trained seals." And possibly this very definition precludes my being called an artist by even the widest interpretation. Any columnist is spiritually a trained seal. Filling a column is work much like balancing an umbrella on the end of the nose or twirling a large rubber ball about. It is a stunt which must be performed over and over

again. If the seal succeeds in balancing the umbrella with prettiness and precision he has his reward. It will be his privilege to balance the same umbrella at the matinee next day and so on through the season. And if the columnist does well there is every chance that he will be permitted to write more columns and after that more and more and more. And unlike the seals there is no closed season on columnists.

Nor need comparison be restricted wholly to seals. The columnist is also mighty like a Russian. I mean a Russian in his sled driving across the frozen steppes closely pursued by wolves the bite of which is even worse than their howling. He cracks the whip and beats his horse without avail. There is no shaking off these ravenous pursuers. Call them wolves or editors—it makes no difference. Under these circumstances each one, the Russian and the columnist, undertakes to solve his difficulties in somewhat similar fashion. Many a peasant has thrown his children to the pack in order to evade pursuit for a little while and I have often written pieces about my son and his amusing deeds and sayings. I've given my grandfather, too, and my religion and my taste in food and drink and dancing women. Indeed reticence itself I've thrown to the wolves and it never seemed either to satisfy or choke them.

But when a man has tossed over the side of the sled all his relatives, his anecdotes, and his enthusiasms then comes the pinch, the tug-of-war between peace of mind and a brutal conscience. It is at such times that the fugitive tries to fool the wolves with a bit of the dashboard or a little something that he wrote two years ago now happily forgotten. Subscribers to journals of opinion are little better than elephants. They do not fill their trunks with water and drench the offender but neither do they forget. Each revival is met, even though the first twenty words of the introduction have been carefully rewritten, with an indignant protest: "I've read that piece before."

To which objection I would like to make the blanket reply, "What of it?" Some of these old articles of mine I find very fascinating. In a deep drawer I keep several dozen yellowed clippings of columns which I wrote some years ago. Even to me, the author, the idea and the manner are often strangely unfamiliar. At times I've stopped while examining one of these all but forgotten masterpieces to ask "Did I write that?" I find my name upon the clipping and know it must be genuine and so I murmur to myself, "I must have been good then." Under the circumstances what is there to do but add a little polish and reprint it?

The labors of the writing man are always underestimated. It takes about an hour to write a page for *The Nation*. Do not express surprise; it does require all of that. Moreover, there is more to it than the mere business of typing. Occasionally one must pause to think, and to a man who has been a journalist for twenty years thinking becomes increasingly difficult. I wish the anti-Brounites among *The Nation's* subscribers would get together and make up a purse. If each contributed it would require very little from the individual. Given a reasonable endowment I will promise to write not a line for a year's time. I'll even promise not to think.

HEYWOOD BROUN



# Stresemann

By EMIL LUDWIG

*Have I changed my opinions? Of course. I do not think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday.*—Abraham Lincoln.

“**W**HOEVER would play real-politik must also have daring dreams.” This *bon mot* of Stresemann’s is more characteristic of his education than of his way of life. It is a rare thing in post-war Germany for one of a literary turn of mind to take up politics. Before the war it was forbidden; one quickly became ridiculous in the Reichstag, and closed the doors of a Cabinet career upon oneself if one were accused of having written a book which was not merely political—a tragedy or even verse. Even the descendants of noble families, who occasionally displayed their decadence in verse, were very careful not to let their literary efforts go beyond the inner circle of their friends, much less to print them. One did not dream in Prussia; that was permitted only in Austria, where rigid discipline was much too wanting, as Viennese music indirectly proves.

It was also forbidden to study philosophy, even that of Hegel, which, after all, was royal Prussian. When Bethmann-Hollweg took charge of the government his enemies hugely enjoyed pointing out that this man had studied Kant. Only in a few isolated legations or consulates sat a couple of distinguished gentlemen who closed the chancellery doors tight when one of our kind appeared, and then enjoyed a real conversation. Only a few truly educated men ruled in the Wilhelmstrasse between the days of Humboldt and those of Bülow. Prince von Bülow was only able to conceal his unusual intellectual equipment through the charm of his conversation, which he so embellished with innumerable anecdotes in various languages that his education could not hurt him at Court. None the less, people laughed at him because he could freely quote from “Faust.”

The shadow which lies upon our young Republic comes first of all from the Social Democrats, who were earliest called to its government. Not only the nobility, but middle-class citizens and, finally, thousands of young Socialists realized with curiosity and astonishment the fact that the first popular representatives whom the nation picked to govern itself were for the most part even worse educated than were their aristocratic predecessors. Even if they had better manners than the public expected of them, they were still lacking in most of those things which at a turning-point in history a statesman ought to know if only for purposes of comparison and control. It was not sufficient merely to throw overboard Bismarck or merely to venerate the Republicans of 1848.

The first highly educated man to astonish the Germans and the world by his genius in statesmanship was Walther Rathenau; the second is Stresemann. Instead of the ministers who for thirty years had combined the education of corps students or of officers of the guard with the inherited and acquired routine of older, in some cases deserving, families of officials; instead of trade unionists and party secretaries, these astonishing men stepped forward and showed that they not only knew Goethe and Socrates

intimately, but that they understood and could put their fingers upon the elements and the chief figures of Germany’s history. They made many a difficult question easier for the people to decide by analyzing its evolution and historic significance. Inborn oratorical ability, however different in the two men, enabled them to mobilize their education for the tasks of each day.

A comparison of this pair, the most important statesmen whom the Republic has produced in these ten years, illuminates many things, but their resemblance ends here. For, while Rathenau by education and character was driven to a more or less Tolstoian view of the world, which he unfortunately never translated into deeds and only partially expressed theoretically, Stresemann, the realist, the bourgeois opponent of socialism, is in sharp contrast to this reformer-nature. Stresemann has a surer political vision and much more precise political tactics. Rathenau was more a citizen of the world than a German; Stresemann is throughout and at heart German, and he undertook international politics only because he recognized their value for the Germany of today. Both believed themselves to be dreamers on occasions, wrote verse, and loved music, but Rathenau was in truth more of a philosopher than a statesman, and Stresemann organizes his dreams as if they were mathematical figures. The romantic undertone which both have heard in their hearts was more dangerous for Rathenau; for Stresemann it is an embellishment of life. The former belonged to an old and overripe race; the latter to a sober people determined to rise, whose strongest sons regard the collapse of their country, which is now almost a thing of the past, as merely an interlude. Metaphysically it was logical that Rathenau’s nature, made up of minor tones, should end in so senseless a way before the times were ripe for his ideals, while the active major strain of the other man is better fitted to rouse the country, and is therefore endured despite the fact that he does the right thing.

For six years Stresemann, despite his political past, has, in fact, done the right thing. And he does it at the risk of his life and the sacrifice of his health; he does it contrary to his former ideas; in a certain sense he does it in spite of himself. The son of a beer merchant in the east end of Berlin, he rapidly grew out of the atmosphere of the petty bourgeoisie by dint of his natural curiosity, his ambition, and his gifts. But when he, a young doctor of philosophy, wrote about the retail trade in bottled beer one saw at once how ready he was to tie up his economic studies with the things he had seen in his childhood, and he still pleases us by this same sort of realism. When he was secretary of the board of directors of the Saxon Industrialists, and later a sort of syndic for them, he was more concerned with the condition of the laborers than is usual in the position which he held, but less so than with the condition of the capitalists whom he served. It was surely natural that a young man who grew up in narrow circles should be more sympathetic toward the masters and directors of the international business world than was the son of the rich contractor Rathenau, who, according to the



law of opposites and the trend of the times, was more interested in the lot of the workingmen than in the dividends of the manufacturers.

So Stresemann, who at twenty-six years of age fought in the Lower Chamber of the Saxon Parliament for the representation therein of big business, and who had been devoting his life to the expansion of German industry, found himself naturally drawn, in the Kaiser's Germany, to the political advocates of expansion. At thirty years of age he was one of the National Liberal members of the Reichstag, and he had to be at least as strongly national as he was liberal. But in 1912 he made a study of American industry and in a speech in Toronto, widely circulated by the Association of Canadian Manufacturers, he warned against a German-American war. At the same time he made the acquaintance of Woodrow Wilson, who impressed him profoundly. By 1914 he wanted to start with Albert Ballin, of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, a German company for world trade—all of which showed that he was in truth an imperialist, but that he did not desire war as a means to economic power.

With the outbreak of the war, however, Stresemann's ideals changed. One cannot quarrel with him greatly because he assumed that the war had been plotted by England out of commercial jealousy, for that was a universal German formula at that time, and in his circles it became a sort of auto-suggestion. Much more unfortunate was his error in believing that England could be destroyed by submarines, that America was not to be feared, and that above all else Belgium should "never again become a *glacis* for England." (*Glacis* and *prestige* are two French words which did more damage among us Germans than all the French cannon.) He approved both of the violent treaties which Germany dictated in the East, opposed Bethmann, and as late as June, 1918, Kühlmann. But when one looks back with the perspective of ten years, though at least in the last case he was wrong, one cannot help admiring the brilliant speeches which Stresemann, energetic, optimistic, eager for action, blew into his trumpet, even if the trumpet had long been full of holes.

It is also in his favor that he did not on November 9, 1918, like so many of his associates, at once swear fealty to the new flag, but, on the contrary, warned against the dethronement of the Kaiser. Then he wavered, perforce, for a few months between the new and the old; he voted in the Weimar Parliament against the signing of the peace of Versailles, and spoke of the disgraceful days of the Revolution. At the same time he placed himself squarely upon "the platform of facts"—it is a wonder that this platform did not collapse with all the people who hastened to take their stand upon it! He even cautiously attempted to mediate at the time of the monarchist coup of Kapp and Ludendorff in March, 1920, and he denounced the general strike, although that was the only way to defeat those ill-prepared conspirators.

And then the irony of history called upon him to complete what he had damned for so many years. When Wirth and Rathenau, facing an outburst of anger from the nation, first recognized that Germany must begin to carry out the demands of her former enemies in order to convince them that complete fulfilment was impossible; when the great moral counter-offensive began which shattered the prejudices of the world against Germany (and was as clever at it was pathetic), Stresemann was in the front rank of

those who fought against it. But he never did this with the comfortable rhetorical methods of the German Nationalists. He did not wish war, but negotiation, and he desired to carry out the duties imposed by the peace, not as duties, but only for compensation. He opposed unconditional fulfilment. For that reason he also supported Chancellor Cuno's fight in the Ruhr, and pleaded for passive resistance against the active invasion of the French. Meanwhile, through his founding and leadership of the new German People's Party, he had gained so much influence that the decision as to this policy in the Ruhr could not have been made, or at least not so rapidly, without his approval.

When, however, in the fall of 1923 he took over the government as Imperial Chancellor, it was Stresemann's first duty to abandon Cuno's fight in the Ruhr, and his second to carry on Rathenau's fulfilment policy. He used other methods, and it appears that his means were the more fitting. Above all, however, it was time—three years having passed—which justified the policy of fulfilment. In the hundred days of his chancellorship he prevented a threatened civil war by stabilizing the mark, and by this step made it possible that America, which meanwhile had become more neutral-minded than the countries most immediately concerned, should take up the problem of Germany's annual reparations payments. The Dawes Plan became possible only when the German currency which had entirely lost its value during the passive resistance in the Ruhr had again been stabilized. All of this could be achieved only by recognizing the treaty and repeating: "We shall pay." Because of those words Rathenau had been murdered. Rathenau's opponent, Stresemann, spoke them later and with much greater success.

At this later time, too, the policy was neither easy nor without danger. "Whoever opposes the Dawes Plan mobilizes one of the greatest world Powers against himself," said Stresemann, and when, in the Reichstag, a Nationalist cried out at him that he was making a splendid defense for the enemy, Stresemann, the composed and elegant debater, lost patience and judgment and shouted "Infamous!" at his interrupter. For the first time in seventeen years in the Reichstag he found himself called to order—an event of which he can, of course, be proud. But for a long time after that he was guarded by police whenever he went out.

When Stresemann had answered France's first threatening demand for reparations, his response to her next demand, for security, was almost foreordained. It had been recognized earlier that only a solvent Germany could pay, and that the economic interests of all the states concerned were interwoven. Now people began to understand that the states bordering on the Rhine were even politically much too closely associated to be able to live there peacefully without a definite agreement.

Here begins Stresemann's personal and historic service to Germany. Up to that time he had made clever moves which were instinctive. Now he began to force himself, for the sake of the fatherland, to play European politics. It was no pacifist and no philosopher who went forth to negotiate the Rhine pact; on the contrary, he was attacked by the pacifists, who at first could not follow his thoughts and were justified in questioning his motives. In the spring of 1925 he began to play for the future of Europe with a most clever note to France, a note supported, perhaps even instigated, by Lord d'Abernon, the English Ambassador in Berlin, and in the fall at Locarno he achieved far more than



a mere treaty. "No country has been taken advantage of in Locarno, and none has triumphed," said Chamberlain. The leaders of the four nations met and came to know one another not merely as equals but as friends.

But the new Germany was so ill prepared for all this that Stresemann and his suite had to leave for Locarno from a railroad station which was barred to the public, and at an unexpected hour. On his return he read in a Nationalist paper that he was worse than a highway murderer. Stresemann accustomed the Germans to sit in the

League of Nations, a step for which a few of us outsiders, despite the scorn of our countrymen, had been fighting from the beginning of 1918, a step which Rathenau had recommended in 1921. Only now, as a result of this fortunate chain of events, has Stresemann become European.

But it is merely interesting, and not very important, whether what is right is done because of an inner vision or whether understanding follows after the event. The important thing is that the right thing be done, and that is Stresemann's great service to Europe.

## The Germany of Today

By IGNAZ WROBEL

EVERY nation sees foreign nations as types rendered coarse through ignorance and national pride, and with a chauvinism that is often dictated by commercial interests. Speech is not an unconquerable obstacle; a nationalist education is a much more serious one.

How does Germany look today seen from without? The American who wants to picture Germany to himself will disregard the average German-American publications, which are not entitled to, and are furthermore incapable of, giving any pertinent account of the new Germany since they know it only superficially, if at all. A people, like the American, who possess so strong a sense of reality, is not to be served up with outmoded ideology. Let us confine ourselves to the facts.

Two questions are constantly put to Germans by foreigners who want to post themselves on German conditions: Do you believe that there will be a new war? And is Germany really a republic, or will the monarchy come back? The answer to the first of these questions is that the fundamentally warlike character of the Germans has not been changed at all by a defeat which they do not like to admit. But Germany's physical position is opposed to this fundamental character; the country is overpopulated, and the present anarchy among the states is not calculated to make a government, law abiding in foreign affairs, out of a nation which has always worshiped force. But despite the wild efforts of the militarists, Germany is not preparing a new war, because its business men cannot profit by it at this time. Much more is the German ideal directed toward making as much as possible out of a new war which may be run off between other nations on another stage. Germany constitutes no greater war danger for Europe than any other state that even in this day and generation believes in its absolute sovereignty and is prepared to defend it with force of arms at all times. The secret preparations which Germany actually was making under the now overthrown War Minister Gessler have as good as ceased in this form. What is carried on today is a far-sighted military policy furthered by the very clever and very dangerous General von Seeckt, and furthered also by the industrial interests, above all by the dye industry, which has big stakes in the preparation of poison gas and other new war materials. Europe is not pacified but peace will not suffer today or even tomorrow.

As far as the other question—that of the possible duration of the German Republic—is concerned, it is not correctly put for Germany. It is much less important for modern European states whether they are organized as repub-

lics or monarchies than what economic forms they make use of. In Germany of late there has been a considerable readjustment of wealth, as Morus in his work (published by S. Fisher, Berlin) has pointed out, but the basic economic character of the country has changed only in one aspect; it is an approach to something which we might call state socialism, if by that we understand an administrative control of heavy industries by the state, a control whereby the thing controlled is many times more powerful than all its controlling organs put together.

Hence a return of the monarchy in Germany seems improbable to me, because the monarchists have no important candidates and, above all, no candidates on whom they can agree. Catholic Bavaria and Protestant Prussia will not unite so easily on this question. The Kaiser has not played for a long time in Germany the role ascribed to him abroad; he is in the process of being forgotten, and it is indicative of the eternally non-political thinking of the sentimental Germans that his shady dealings in money matters, his desertion of the army, and all his tactlessness have not injured him so much as the fact of his second marriage. This has estranged him from many of his closest followers.

The consequences of the Treaty of Versailles should not be overestimated in spite of all propaganda. It is not true that Germany is impoverished—the country did lose a great deal through the war, but if large sections of the population are badly off today, it is above all the fault of bad organization which frustrates consumption and pays attention only to production without troubling itself who is to make use of the produce or who can. The standard of living of the Germans compared with American ideas has never been very high and is not so even today; the standard of living of a middle-class employee who earns from \$35 to \$40 a week is not a high one, while his pleasure in life is less than his surprising and rather stupidly disciplined elasticity. Germany, especially in the North, is not a happy country.

It is not happy because the idea of "service" dominates life—"service" with an entirely different meaning from that of the word in America, which country Germany is trying to imitate, but in many fields merely succeeds in caricaturing. Instead of the management of industry in Germany, as in many other modern countries, being reconstituted on commercial principles, the industries here have been reformed with the political government as a model; the bank clerk in Germany is glad to call himself an "official," which lends him dignity in his eyes and a higher



social standing. This results in a certain ceremoniousness in practical business which writes, catalogues, specifies, and organizes far too much, so that one can say that in Germany *one* man works for every thirty-three who organize his work. This is a burden on business which is not without its dangers.

What the German intellectuals, the liberal spirits, and a portion of the workers suffer under is a constantly increasing reaction in the courts, the government, and in domestic policies; in which connection, however, Prussia, in spite of its former reputation, seems freer today than the other federated states, for example, Bavaria with its scandalous government.

The personality of the President of the Reich has not so great an importance in this connection as is perhaps assumed by people on the outside. Of course, the great majority do *not* revere the President of the Republic as a man, but just as Germany in official reports continues to be referred to as the Reich, so the masses see in this sober and dutiful man the imperial general whose decisive defeats in the war have not injured his reputation in Germany in the slightest; the people's training on the drill ground has proved too effective for anything else. Hindenburg keeps his oath to the German Constitution and has greatly disappointed his monarchist and strongly reactionary followers; a coup d'état or anything else faithless is hardly to be expected from him.

It is strange how Germany is represented abroad. The German Ambassador in Washington belongs to the best people and there has appeared elsewhere in diplomatic circles a type of German who must even now give foreigners the impression that the whole country consists of correct but

not very intelligent and altogether unintellectual caricatures of the imperial era. Even after that gentle German disturbance, to which we have given the name "revolution," we have refrained from disturbing the privileges of the old officialdom. The respect which was formerly paid to party functionaries who got into power, and who were sly, limited petty bourgeois, was by tradition far too great, so that, especially in the foreign service, a group of officials has remained at the helm which even today represents Germany in an unfortunate manner.

I know that the profoundest needs of the European states will not be so interesting across the ocean as they are to us; the American quite rightly wants to know merely how things are going in Germany, whether or not he can do business with the country, and what sort of people they are. Let him be told this much: The Germans are the same people that they always were: thorough, very industrious, good workers, intelligent, clean-cut, and energetic, with all the disadvantages accompanying these qualities, which can very easily be parodied. Added to this, there has existed since the war a somewhat noisy national feeling, which—like the sacrificial attitude of the ex-Kaiser—is surprised if you take it at its word. It blares away on its trumpet and is astonished if you interpret its signals as an alarm. If things go well, it stands by its lesson of force. If things go badly, it possesses, as the Viennese, Karl Kraus, has expressed it, "a vengeful innocence." The Germans are bad losers.

The American point of view which sees the Continent as one whole Continent is right and understands our times: instead of this patchwork of states we need the United States of Europe, for pacifying the world.

## The German Social Democracy

By EMIL RABOLD

**E**VEN parties are subject to old age. If they do not understand how to stay young by infusions of new blood, they have as little chance of escaping the law of death as any other forms of life.

The German Social Democracy has become an antiquated party. Not only are its acts in open conflict with its original program, but they often conflict with a constantly rejuvenating social life. They no longer express the requirements of social conditions, and they collide more and more frequently with a realist policy which must be directed beyond the small or petty advantages of every day to the great goal of creating a new future for the world.

The road that lies behind the Social Democracy is a long one. Its founding took place in the period of the establishment of the German Reich under Bismarck, in the heyday of the creation of the new German Empire. With the revolutionary objectives it then had it seemed to the wielders of power like a dangerous creation, damaging and dishonoring the greatness of the Reich; and Bismarck made a bold attempt to annihilate it with his special laws, an attempt on which he himself foundered at the end of his rule. The years of the anti-socialist laws were the fire in which the Social Democracy forged its weapons for the struggle in the coming decades. They were shining and naked weapons with which that generation of leaders, tried

and strengthened by the special laws, struck their blows against the political follies of Wilhelm II. They did it with so much address that the party's following continued to grow larger and larger, so that not only the workers flocked to the Social Democratic banner, but also the active elements among the intellectual bourgeoisie felt themselves, the nearer the World War came, more and more drawn to the Social Democracy.

The party lost much of its rallying power as the war went on. Called in the hour of need, by the leaders under Wilhelm II, to participate in the defense of the fatherland, the Social Democracy thought it saw a new era dawning. The party which until that hour had always been reviled and scorned was now suddenly utilized for positive accomplishments and it carried them out without even presenting counter-demands to those who were demanding help. As a result the attitude of the Social Democracy in the war was frequently distinguished from the policy of other parties more by nuance than by fact. It had become an almost involuntary tool of the imperial war policies. This drove away from its banner not only the toiling masses which had so long followed it, but even the bourgeois intelligentsia, who, in so far as they succeeded in drawing the veil from the war and seeing the naked interests behind it, turned from the Social Democracy and strove



to realize their former ideals under braver party symbols.

The downfall of the imperial power in November, 1918, took the Social Democratic leaders as much by surprise as it did the most tried supporters of the Throne. The members of the Social Democratic Party had dreamed of a victorious war and a social empire that would give them opportunity for a series of far-reaching reforms, for which the Social Democracy after it had committed its original sin with the outbreak of the war (which was soon followed by others) strove, while holding the outbreak of a revolution impossible. Out of the fragments of the debacle arose the Republic, whose social form was no cause for joy to the masses who had formerly belonged to the Social Democracy and to whom the goal of a Socialist state was still worth striving for. Generations had fought for it. Now they saw that all that had happened was a change of rulers. The social conditions remained the same.

The Social Democracy believes that the social basis of the Republic permits only of a sharing of power. Now, there is almost no such thing as politics without compromise, but opportunism must have its limits somewhere. Compromises at all costs in the end weaken the party, rob it of its force, make it an accommodating football for its opponents, decimate its following who demand tangible political results or

turn away disappointed and try their luck with its rivals, who seem to offer them better chances for fulfilment of their desires. In Germany the Social Democrats have found their most powerful rivals in the Communists, who have undertaken to carry on the Socialist policies from the point at which the Social Democracy stopped before the war. The leftward swing of the masses is going on unceasingly.

To the unfortunate organization of functionaries and paid officials which every large party produces in the course of its own growth the Social Democratic Party has added a wholly new group, a limitless sea of higher state and municipal officials, lifelong members of the party, whose worry about existence has been lifted from them and who, in accord with their altered economic circumstances, advise an altered party program, that is to say, one more and more deviating from the policies of socialism.

This altered sociological structure of the party corresponds with its changed political tactics and it is therefore not to be assumed that the party will rejuvenate itself from within. It will split on the rock of compromise and will be weakened by lack of new blood which can come only through the youth. But this youth does not happen to be in the Social Democracy any longer. It goes in for sports, or it is Nationalist, or—Communist!

## The Revolt of German Women

By CARL VON OSSIETZKY

MUCH has changed in Germany in the last ten years, but still more, despite new trappings, remains the same at heart. The politicians are not much cleverer than they used to be. The tradespeople have a somewhat larger spirit and feel injured when one charges them, even in jest, with respectability. They adopt a pose of refined and lax business morals. They consider that international and, if you will excuse my saying so, American. But behind this frivolous attitude one occasionally catches a glimpse of a good old-fashioned German donkey's ear. All this is not new. Even the high military officers are just the same as they used to be, and if they were not so weak they would repeat the old stupidities. The only thing in Germany which has fundamentally changed is the German woman.

I am aware that there is a certain exaggeration in so summary a judgment. I know that there is a great working-class stratum, a sort of sub-humanity, whose conditions of life have not changed since Pharaoh's day. There woman is the traditional beast of burden for men and children; femininity dies in the endless march from stove to washtub. And I do not deny that in the bourgeoisie there is a type which preserves its morals, prejudices, and clothes unchanged from a vanished age, which wears its hair as the Crown Princess did in 1905, as a sort of shibboleth against the madness of today, or twists it into a thin knot at the

back of the neck as an expression of the protest of the German spirit against those forces which have taken away from us not only the Kaiser but the holiness of matrimony and the sacred shimmer of virginity. I am thinking, however, of the vast army of women who have been forced by modern progress into industrial life, who are working in every conceivable profession, and have even created new professions for themselves. They make the picture of the great cities. They determine the forces of our outer life wherever industry, business activity, and production are at hand. The independent working woman is the representative of her sex in Germany today, not the woman whose activity is confined to the domestic circle.

Berlin reporters are always happy when distinguished foreigners inform them that Berlin women are the chicest and most elegant whom they have seen upon their travels. I do not take that very seriously and I am convinced that the gentlemen would make the same comment in San Luis Potosi or in Vladivostok. But I should like to emphasize the fact that the Berlin streets are never more charming than in the afternoon between five o'clock and eight when

the women are coming home from business. There is a breath of serenity, of freedom in these armies of women, some of whom are going home, not for the rest or pleasure, but to more work and domestic duties, and almost all of whom are overburdened with financial worries. In the old



—Martha Bensley Bruère



days the streets were at their brightest in the promenade hours, at shopping time, when the ladies of the virtuous middle class took their clothes out on display, when their daughters promenaded with their intendeds, and the daring married woman with her *cicisbeo*. But that is all gone.

The type of the German woman today is precisely the same as everywhere else in the world—short hair, short skirts, flesh-colored stockings. The current lines of fashion are strictly adhered to; gymnastics determine the figure, Coty the perfume and color. The articles of clothing which are not usually visible are the empire of the new silk industry in Germany. It is the same as everywhere else—equalization, standardization. Class distinctions are being erased. Caste characteristics are disappearing.

Perhaps the change was sharper and more violent in Germany than elsewhere. The war took the women out of their protected homes and heaped upon them a burden of responsibilities. The revolution bestowed upon them civil rights for which they had never fought a mass battle. The high priestesses of women's rights never had much volume in their voices. The struggle of the individual woman who had become conscious of the narrowness of her bourgeois existence was always directed rather to social and human than to political emancipation. She was fighting for self-determination against the dominance of her family, for the right to win or lose a living; fighting, in sum, to make her own choice of a husband or to share her life with the man of her choice without a wedding certificate. This is the classical theme of emancipation literature from George Sand on. In 1914 the case of women's freedom in Germany was still desperately bad. The women and girls who espoused such ideas were considered either outlawed or insane. Ten years later the battle had been won along the entire front, and today anyone bothering to discuss the right of a woman to her own social and erotic existence would make himself absurd. Freedom has conquered.

As often occurs, the battle was won quite accidentally without a conscious struggle or a program. None of the old apostles of women's rights dreamed of such a dizzy victory for their ideals. The great magician who accomplished the change was inflation. Inflation disappropriated the old bourgeoisie which had lived upon its income more radically than any German Lenin could have done. The war destroyed the conventional sex morality, and love emerged, stripped of imported romance, as an imperative physical necessity. The public liquidation occurred in the winter of 1919 when the men came back from the war; it arrived in Berlin, and later in all the big cities, in the form of costume balls at which all the avidity of a long-suppressed vitality broke out with orgiastic vehemence. That winter the old morality was strangled by confetti streamers to an accompaniment of fiddles and clarinets. The new principles were simple enough: we want to live, and life is short. . . . Then came the three years of depreciation when money lost its value. Poverty, instead of skirmishing about the upper and lower borders of society, struck straight at its heart and dispossessed the strata which for a century had been the bearers of German civilization and had crystallized their ethical standards into law. Fortunes exploded between morning and evening. Property which had been nursed and increased through generations turned into mere handfuls of bank notes which at a telephone call from the Stock Exchange degenerated into a matter of pennies. Then a new and shameful army of parvenus marched upon this ruin

as into a conquered city and dragged the women of the conquered houses with them like camp-followers. There was an unprecedented clearance sale of the moral accumulations of a century. Good solid married women who had had to carry the burden of keeping the family going sold themselves for hard cash, and their husbands looked in the other direction when they did not themselves take over the management of the business. Sheltered girls in whose presence no improper word had ever been spoken sold themselves; their parents kept silence when they did not act as intermediaries. Sexual morality does not drop upon us out of the ether, but is very primitively related to the general economic circumstances. The year 1923 was an impressive demonstration for those who would derive morality from an inborn instinct for the noble and beautiful.

We are back in a period of calm today. The bacchanal reached its end, and the maenads looked about for work, and when they found it, it seemed as if they had always had it. The matter-of-course manner in which they went into purgatory and came out of it is perhaps the most important characteristic of these years. No emotion, no pathos. Many sank into the lost army of street prostitution, which in Germany as elsewhere recruits its members from the unemployed in times of crisis. Today the new status has established itself. Women are an intimate part of industrial life and even those who do not need it seek a profession. The good, do-nothing, home girl who was led about by a holy alliance of aunts and relatives and had to wait for a husband chosen by her parents has entirely disappeared. The number of wives who are so dependent upon their husbands that they have to put up with their ill humors has markedly decreased. There has been a vast increase in the number of free unions which can be dissolved without great external difficulty. The trend to erotic self-determination has won the day with the women; and thus a new element has come into society, which cannot be described in traditional terms. The forms of the new feminine society are still uncertain. This at least is sure: the women are constantly evolving toward a new class predestined by the possibilities of their sex. They have one common trait: they have broken the solidarity of the old classes. The ex-aristocrat is attracted by bourgeois life, and the daughter of a common laborer, as salesgirl or stenographer, is striving toward the same goal. The middle-class girl throws herself into art and literature, enlarges the population of Bohemia, and popularizes the ideas of her friends.

It would take too long to go into the tragedies and comedies of this still undeveloped movement. But I may add a few words about the men, who, after all, are not quite indifferent. They have shown a certain talent in adaptation, but certain types formerly common have suffered a pretty complete defeat: the Philistine and the Don Juan. The first has lost his market value. His virtues no longer seem impressive, and his domestic constancy contradicts the desire for breadth and tempo. And what is there left for Don Juan? His melting eyes seem ludicrous, for they are no longer turned upon women who never look up without blushing. The lady killer can find no subjects to work upon. When women talk freely upon intimate subjects, openly stress the amusingness of love, and no longer load it down with the bad conscience and dark problematics of Ibsen's day—what is there left for the seducer? Poor Don Juan! Self-determination, and self-control; freedom, but renunciation of distant and cloudy Utopias—that is the un-



written but deeply felt program of our women of today. I should like to add as a postscript a document which once landed upon my editorial table and which shows how a clever woman who has much esprit and little money faces reality:

The trouble with modern men is their neuroses. Learn to understand their worries and juggle before their eyes a paradise of possible methods of escape. If you are yourself weak, for heaven's sake do not turn to your lover but go to a clever nerve specialist; he will advise you how to get

along with neurotic men. Have nothing to do with men who dominate you. Sex docility may create a short and stormy joy, but you will buy it at the expense of your own personality. Never delude yourself with the dream of 100 per cent happiness. That is a criminal speculation. Content yourself meanwhile with 20 to 70 per cent cases; in the end they will add up into a stately total, and the time is short. And always remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive! Amen.

Amen.

## Young Germany

By H. D. HILL

**D**URING the years 1922-1923 we read a great deal about the German Youth Movement. During the years 1925-1926 we read a great deal less about it, and the general impression was that it had divided, dissented, and died. Consequently, it was a little surprising, in the first week of 1928, to find a sky-sign across the front of the Leipzig station reading, "Visit the Young Germany Exposition," and to discover that in less than a month over 45,000 people had obeyed that injunction. The great majority of visitors were school-children who came in their class groups, but aside from the unemployed, who were admitted free, 12,000 tickets were used by adults, so that the spontaneity of a large part of the attendance seemed unquestionable. When one looked about at the people who were in the exhibition at any given time one saw, too, how widely the interest was distributed. Bourgeois with circumferential watch-chains, workers in rough clothes and shabby overcoats, deaconesses in starched white caps, scores of young men and women from twenty-five to thirty, all these were there in addition to hordes of small boys. It was obvious that the youth of Germany is still a matter of public interest.

Yet the present Youth Movement is not, indeed, the Youth Movement of the years just after the war. It is quite true that that movement is in a sense dead. The first years after the Revolution seemed to hold a promise of a new world built by an unshackled youth. The emotion of the nation's crisis, and the institutional confusion which accompanied it, temporarily unified within the movement a wide range of elements. But the old world proved to be made of stubborn stuff; little by little it became obvious that concrete programs, not mass idealism, were required to alter it; for many the exuberance of a new freedom was damped by the stark necessities of earning a living. The splitting up which followed was wholly natural. In the first place, the Youth Movement was approached by a whole series of older organizations eager to capture it. The drive which would accrue to whatever group could control its energy was not lost upon the political parties, upon the churches, upon various cultural groups such as those eager to preserve the traditions of the separate states, upon the government itself. All of these have made vigorous and in the main successful efforts to relate at least a part of the Youth Movement to themselves. The fact that there are almost 100 recognized youth organizations in Germany today bears witness to the extent to which division has gone. It has not been wholly due to outside causes, how-

ever: the problem of the different interests of succeeding generations has been felt—even in the Youth Movement. The pre-war youth movement of bourgeois origin, which was a revolt against middle-class formalities, is today without a base. The conventions against which it revolted have today the same somewhat stale flavor as the macaroon scene in "The Doll's House." The youth who sang around the bonfires of 1920 now find that they are slightly older; and that feeling is increased by the fact that the changes which were to make the better world in which they believed are coming at a rate less exhilarating than they had supposed. On the other hand, the youngsters who can only just remember the war, and who, since the stabilization of 1924, have been growing up in an improving world, treat life as a very normal affair. It is easy to understand their response to the call of the sport associations, groups organized solely for physical training and games, which were founded with an eye to filling the gap left by the discontinuance of military training.

There are 9,100,000 youngsters between fourteen and twenty-one in Germany; the youth associations number 5,516,200 among their members. While a few persons between twenty-one and twenty-five are included in the latter figure it gives a fair idea of the great proportion of German youth definitely organized. There is a considerable degree of liaison between the different groups. Their work is integrated on its administrative side by the Reichsausschuss der Deutschen Jugendverbände in Berlin, which arranges *Tagungen*, festivals and celebrations and speakers, and also assists in pooling the experiences of its members. The various states of the Reich are also in close local contact with the various youth organizations through their unemployment, health, and relief agencies. Further, through the Verband für Deutsche Jugendherbergen, they have facilitated the arrangement of summer tramping trips by requiring inn-keepers to take in wanderers and by either erecting new buildings or permitting the use of old castles for vacation homes and halting places for trampers; from 1920 to 1926 the number of rest-houses for the youth movement in Saxony alone grew from 72 to 155, and the number of persons accommodated from 13,000 to 245,000 per year. Still another relation of the states to working youth is through the development of the *Volkshochschulen*, for though the People's Colleges make no discrimination on the basis of age, at least half of their students are less than twenty-five years old. Likewise with regard to the libraries: 38 per cent of the readers in the Berlin city libraries



are not yet eighteen. The contact of these government agencies with the youth groups makes the conditions under which the youth of Germany is growing up a definite interest of the state, and since 88 per cent of the youngsters between fourteen and twenty are earning their own living this means informed public attention to industrial problems of hours of work, wages, apprenticeships, housing conditions, health, as well as to spare-time activities.

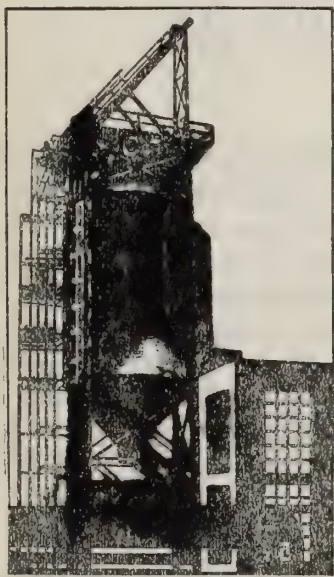
There is a point, however, at which the desirability of these government connections may be questioned. One of the outstanding characteristics of the youth movement of the immediately post-war years was its spontaneity. To-day as well, if one chances, for instance, to talk with members of the Socialist youth movement, one finds a certain number of young men and women who speak with passion of their will to maintain a standard of life, and, beyond, to save that intangible which is known as personality. One

is inclined to wonder how difficult it is going to be for them to maintain this attitude along with increasing administrative regulations; whether the aim of the members toward creating persons is going to clash with the preference of the organizers for dealing with types.

The Youth Movement has played, and is playing, a vivid part in cultivating a feeling for individual personal value in Germany. The gay costumes, the wood-carving and painting, the revival of folk songs to the tune of wayside guitars—the whole picturesque side about which so much has been published—are only the trappings of an inner idea. In so far as this idea is captured, the youth organizations will be turned into the agencies of an administrative paternalism; they will still be useful, but in a social-service sense of reparation for bad conditions left over from the past. In so far as the idea can keep its spontaneity it will be a dynamic in the growing republic.

## Germany, an Economic Colony

By ROBERT R. KUCZYNSKI



**E**CONOMIC and financial recovery in Germany has made such enormous progress in the last four years that one might almost speak of a return to "normalcy"—if this recovery were not largely due to the influx of foreign funds, that is, to an artificial stimulus. Those foreign funds enabled the German borrowers to expand their business. With increasing economic activity, receipts from customs duties and taxes increased. The internal raising of reparation payments thereby became comparatively easy. Foreign exchange became so abundant

as to provide both for the transfer of the reparation payments and for the payment of the ever-increasing imports.

A casual observer may indeed be perfectly satisfied with the present monetary, fiscal, and economic situation in Germany. He may point to the fact that production, real wages, stock dividends, railway earnings, and the foreign trade balance are pretty much the same as in pre-war times. Does this, however, mean that conditions are once more normal? The national income, to be sure, is steadily increasing. But how about the national wealth? If we understand by national wealth the assets of German citizens and public bodies minus their debts, we cannot escape the fact that the German national wealth is steadily decreasing. The Dawes Plan was to establish a foreign financial control of the Reich. It has, in addition, accelerated the foreign economic penetration of Germany. No one can tell exactly how large the German assets of foreigners are at this time. But we can make a rough estimate.

The railway bonds issued according to the Dawes Plan amount to 2.6 billion dollars. If we capitalize the reparation obligations to be paid out of the transportation tax

(yearly 69 million dollars) and if we include the stock and bonds of German shipping companies, elevated railways, etc., bought by foreigners, the total foreign burden of the German transportation companies aggregates about 4 billion dollars. The industrial debentures issued according to the Dawes Plan amount to 1.2 billion dollars. If we add the foreign loans granted to German industrial companies and the industrial stock, factories, etc., owned by foreigners we arrive at a total of about 2.5 or 3 billion dollars. The nominal value of the German loans publicly issued abroad since 1924—excluding the loans to German industrial and transportation companies—is 1.1 billion dollars. If we add the other long-term credits and the stock, domestic bonds, mortgages, etc., purchased by foreigners (excluding, of course, industry and transportation), we arrive at another total of about 2.5 or 3 billion dollars. The pre-war value of the Berlin real estate owned by foreigners is 1 or 1½ billion dollars. The pre-war value of the total German real estate owned by foreigners in all probability is about 4 or 5 billion dollars. If we disregard the foreign short-term credits granted to German firms—because they may possibly be offset by Germany's foreign assets—and if we likewise disregard the other reparation obligations of Germany (yearly 229 million dollars to be paid out of the Reich's budget)—although they represent a capitalized value of at least 3 billion dollars—we arrive at a grand total of 13 or 15 billion dollars for the net assets of foreigners in Germany. Since the aggregate value of German property (excluding the necessary household goods, but including the property owned by foreigners) is probably 50 or 60 billion dollars, we come to the conclusion that at least one-fourth of the German property already belongs to foreigners. And this percentage is bound to increase since Germany's yearly foreign obligations, including reparation payments, amount to about one billion dollars, which, in part or wholly, will have to be borrowed abroad.

The similarity with pre-war conditions which Germany seems to present if one merely studies production, real wages, stock dividends, railway earnings, or the foreign trade balance is certainly most conspicuous, but it would



be a big mistake to overlook the fundamental difference. Before the war, Germany was economically independent; today she is economically a colony. This, of course, does not mean that each individual German must be badly off. History, on the contrary, shows again and again that when a country is colonized, part of the natives succumb (like the German middle class), while another part is even better off than before the foreign conquerors came. But in comparing the economic condition of the natives before and after, one should keep in mind that conditions are not at all comparable, since the situation has fundamentally changed. We must in the future distinguish between the economic situation in Germany, which—thanks to the influx of foreign funds—is altogether progressing, and the economic situation of Germany, which—as a consequence of the foreign economic penetration—is altogether retrogressing.

There is, moreover, another most important factor which must be kept in mind in judging the economic future of Germany. The German nation has the reputation of increasing rapidly in numbers. As late as 1927 Germany indeed recorded 1,160,000 births and 757,000 deaths.

It may seem at first sight that an excess of 403,000 births is a proof of considerable vitality and it may even be assumed that by further improvements in public health the number of deaths might still be reduced. Yet, incredible as it may sound, those 1,160,000 births of 1927 mean that on the average each German woman during her lifetime gives birth to but two children, and that if the population is to hold its own not one of the children thus born may die before attaining parenthood. In case, then, that natality does not again increase, the population of Germany is bound to die out. This process, of course, will be slow. With the present age composition of the German population, which counts comparatively few old people, it will take decades until there actually will be an excess of deaths over births and it is quite possible that the gaps then appearing will be filled by emigrants from Poland or Russia. But there still remains the most noteworthy fact that Germany with her apparently strong vitality will in a not too distant future depend for her population balance on the influx of foreign people just as she now depends for her economic balance on the influx of foreign funds.

## German Pacifism Since the War

By PAUL FREIHERR VON SCHOENAICH

**S**OON the tenth anniversary of the end of the World War will be here. Ten million men were killed, twenty million more have been crippled, and untold millions damaged in mind and body by military life. Billions of dollars have been senselessly squandered and the whole delicately ramified system of world economy thrown into confusion. And to top all this the victors are not in any way satisfied with the result. One might suppose that all thinking men would be trying to prevent the repetition of a like catastrophe. But what do we find instead?

Fire is everywhere smoldering under the ashes. Science and industry are concentrating on the invention and preparation of new and still more deadly death-dealing machines, while the nations themselves are many times more strange and hostile to one another than before the war. And yet it would be absurd to speak of the failure of pacifism. The notion that the war was a God-given necessity, not to be prevented by human will, is still deeply rooted in many minds, and the sufferings of the war have further bewildered such persons. To clear away this undergrowth requires long, hard labor. But when, ten years after the war's end, America, the strongest nation economically and politically on earth, lays before the world a pact condemning war, that is not to be counted as the least success of the labors of international pacifism. Of course, the Kellogg Pact is not yet a fulfilment, but it is a first step on the road.

Germany has taken first place in the development of pacifism since 1918. Germany's peculiar attitude toward pacifism is based on its geographical position. In a certain sense it is Europe's national thoroughfare. That profound impulse, deeply rooted in human nature, which drives the nations from cold to warmer climates and from inland to the seacoast, has often found its outlet across German territory. A nation living on such a thoroughfare must choose between being a bond between its neighbors or an arena for their neighborly disputes.

The German Empire in the Middle Ages attempted to be such a European bond. In the fundamental law of the empire, the so-called Golden Bull, it was expressly stated that, besides German, the Crown Prince must also be able to speak one Slavic and one Romance language. Unfortunately the emperors of the house of Hapsburg gradually neglected their European duties. Their dynastic stronghold, Austria, was more important to them than the empire. In this way gradually arose that rivalry between Prussia and Austria on which the old empire eventually went to pieces. The empire was later recreated by Prussia, though no longer in the sense of a bond between the European nations but as a German national state. In 1848 the democrats again demanded a greater Germany but Bismarck chose the smaller, under Prussian leadership. This solution was bound up with three successful wars. It also happened that the country's tremendous upward economic swing fell in the period following the restoration of the empire. Small wonder that the belief became rooted in the minds of the Germans under Prussian leadership that economic welfare and a warlike spirit are inseparable. This was also the period of the influence of the well-known historian, Treitschke, who advanced the fatal doctrine that the essence of the state is power, and all these points of view gradually produced a situation which culminated in the World War.

The task of European pacifism in general, and of German pacifism in particular, is now to create an entirely new spirit. But this will be possible only if Prussian Germany, which has heretofore been the cradle of the war spirit, again becomes the cradle of the peace spirit in the sense of the Golden Bull.

As I was myself brought up in the old Prussian way, and as I am one of the very few old officers who came to understand after the war what a fatally false road Germany had traveled, I should like to trace the development of post-war German pacifism through my own development. I hope



that this will not be attributed to any presumptuousness on my part. I do it because, to a certain extent, I am an example, and because I have for ten years stood in the van of the struggle for peace. For thirty-seven years I was an enthusiastic soldier, and I hoped down to the very end of the war that some miracle might save Germany. My eyes first began to be opened when the press became free after the armistice. Then I first discovered that while the war went on the whole truth had never been told to us in Germany. To be sure, our highest military leaders did not deceive the nation simply out of evil purpose, but because they believed that it was necessary in order to keep up the war spirit. And in this lies one of the most dangerous errors of Prussian militarism, for it underestimated the moral value of truth even when it hurts, and overestimated the value of brute force. When I recognized this, my whole conception of life fell to pieces. I strove to orient myself anew and, as I hold self-deception fatal in such times, I never disguised my new attitude. There was soon a complete rupture between my old comrades and me. Whether my new concept is correct or not, history alone can tell. But I can certify one thing—that it was born of honest wrestling with my conscience.

As I had previously been greatly interested in political economy, it was the economic chaos resulting from the war which first compelled my attention. It became clearer and clearer to me that the economic interests of the nations are so tightly bound up with one another, as a result of modern industry, that no one nation can injure another without at the same time injuring itself. Besides, as a former soldier, I watched very earnestly the development of military technique. Not a trace was left of the once valued chivalry, spontaneity, and joyousness of war. The effects of the new death-dealing machines had become so frightful that the greatest possible gains can no longer compensate for the risks involved, and any further development must lead inevitably merely to a pitting of machines against machines.

As I did not believe in collectivism, basing my stand on my observations on compulsory monopoly during the war, and as I consider private initiative indispensable, I joined the bourgeois Democratic Party after the debacle. I described myself within the party as a pacifist for rational economic reasons. That there was an organized pacifist movement I did not discover until the year 1922. In the autumn of that year I came to know the chairman of the West German pacifists, Fritz Küster, who opened my eyes to pacifism. I was soon chosen a director of the German Peace Society and the German League for Human Rights, through which I made valuable connections with foreign pacifists. Since then I have spoken in public for pacifism eighty or ninety times yearly. I had to learn the art of popular and effective speaking as a young lieutenant studying in service. It is probably the only useful thing that I learned while a soldier. That I could employ this old remnant of my militarism in the service of peace, helped me over much embitterment that resulted from the rupture with my former comrades.

I dedicated the entire year 1924 to work for the betterment of Franco-German understanding. A speaking tour which I made, together with my friend, the French General Verraux, earned us, side by side with great successes in the field of pacifism, the foulest attacks of the German Nationalists. But in this respect I have finally learned to have a tough hide. I was never for a moment in doubt that there

can be no agreement between pacifism and militaristic nationalism. Our struggle cannot be carried on by mildness alone. The sharpness of my tone may have repelled many friends who were sympathetic for purely ethical reasons, but the great success which I had in gaining recruits for the Peace Society showed me that I was on the right track. The German Peace Society is today a firmly knit organization, not too strong in numbers, but a tried and tested warrior.

The militarists and Nationalists do not consider their cause by any means lost, and it would be fatal for us to hide from ourselves the fact that they are today much stronger in Germany because the majority of the possessing class and the intellectuals who have passed through the Treitschke school, unfortunately including large sections of the Social Democrats, have at heart more and more espoused militarist ideas of power. We German pacifists see quite clearly that the profits in the armament industry have been one of the prime motives in every war.

In the last three years our struggle has been chiefly directed against illegal armament in Germany. This struggle has often led us into severe conflicts with nationalist justice. The national treason trials against the pacifists have become a public scandal which, in our opinion, has tremendously damaged Germany's standing in the eyes of the world. Our most recent work has been in the field of refusal to serve in the army. The stimulus to it came originally from the breakdown of the League of Nations on the disarmament question and also from the well-known action of the English parliamentarian, Arthur Ponsonby. In England, during the war, the movement was largely limited to the Quakers. Six thousand conscientious objectors were at that time languishing in prison. But today the War Resisters' International is a world organization of the most far-reaching political significance. We are going ahead on the assumption that if governments show no sense, the people themselves will have to help a little.

In the course of the last winter I said sixty times at public meetings in Germany, and twice in England, that the nations which have recognized that a new war will mean the death of human culture and civilization, have a duty to cry out loudly and emphatically: "If you statesmen and field marshals, you cannon and poison-gas manufacturers really want war then you are welcome to beat one another's brains out, but we won't have anything to do with it!" And I have heard these words greeted with a storm of applause everywhere. There are some pacifists in Germany who reproach us for being too radical. They should not forget that the war interests are in no way averse to sending the masses to the slaughter if it will increase the profits of the few. We cannot defend ourselves without a certain radicalism. It is possible to find today in the speeches and writings of German politicians words which eight years ago only a few courageous pacifists would have dared to utter. If these new unconscious pacifists are even now struggling against the word "pacifism" it is largely out of fear of the Nationalists and the militarists who are still very strong. One of my friends once coined the epigram that a pacifist is a man who, despite the wild outcry of his opponent, does voluntarily what his opponent will do too late from necessity.

On the whole, we German pacifists can be proud of the success of our work since the end of the war. With courage high, and full of hope, we enter on the second decade of peace.



# Germany's Rehabilitation

By ARTHUR FEILER

TEN years after the collapse of the old German Empire German industry gives every sign of growing strength. It is still far from normal; it is still in a transition stage, in which a large part of the effort has to be directed toward repairing the ravages of the war and post-war days, making good lost opportunities, and laying new foundations. But since 1924—with occasional upsets—these efforts have been successful. In 1927, for instance, Germany produced an average of 15.59 million tons of coal (including brown coal) per month, as compared with 13.34 in 1913 in the same territory, or 17.46 in the full territory of the old empire. Analogous figures for iron give us 1.55 million tons in 1927 as compared with 1.20 and 1.83 in 1913. Since 1924 German industry has again had the sense of solid ground underfoot, just as the political state has shown itself stronger and healthier in the same period, and it has been fighting its way up the mountain. But behind this five-year period of growth lies the first post-war period, the years 1919-1923 with their burden of grim misery, when the new German state seemed to be doomed.

The German people is crowded into a territory which produces neither adequate foodstuffs for its population nor sufficient raw materials for its industry. The wealth of Germany is the willingness and capacity of her people to work. We must constantly import vast quantities of food and raw materials—and we pay for them in the work of our heads and hands, and in the manufactured goods which we export. That was the pattern of German commerce even before the war; and since the peace it has only been accentuated. For the territories cut off from Germany were in the old days lands producing agricultural and industrial surplus. What they produced for the rest of Germany has to be bought abroad by the smaller Germany. But everything which helped old Germany to maintain this balance of trade was taken from the little post-war Germany: our merchant marine was seized by the Allies, securities held abroad were confiscated, and German industries in foreign countries were ruined. All European countries had to struggle with terrific hardships to find their way back from a war system to peace-time economics, but for Germany the difficulties were vaster still. Even the blockade was maintained intact for months after the end of the war, and we received our commercial freedom only five years after ratification of the peace treaty; until then we had to give the victors complete most-favored-nation treatment, without compensation, while they could guard against German imports by all sorts of differential tariffs. And all these handicaps were imposed upon a half-starved people, completely without reserve stocks, with an exhausted agriculture, with factories out of repair, without raw materials for resuming production, without commercial facilities, without credit. And, upon such a people also fell the task, all the old centers of authority having collapsed, of reorganizing its state from the ground up—while in the East Russian bolshevism beckoned with its messianic hopes of a new communist society which, had the German workers succumbed to its enticements, would have

meant for Germany even worse misery than for Russia.

All this must be recalled to understand the situation of those first post-war days. Many people abroad suspected that Germany consciously brought on inflation, and deliberately ruined her currency, in order to make payment impossible and to sabotage the reparations account. Such was not the case. The first governments of the republic repeatedly sought, by increasing taxes, to stabilize the government finances and the currency. But they were always too weak. And, again and again, when their efforts seemed to be at the point of success, violent attacks of the victors, or sudden new demands of the reparations creditors, interrupted and destroyed their hopes. The French invasion of the Ruhr in 1923 sealed the issue. The Cuno Government, weak at home, and without a clear understanding of the impending result, regarded the paper-money presses as the only means with which to finance the struggle in the Ruhr.

The complete collapse of German currency in the fall of 1923 was the end. But in this last collapse the German people found the will and force for its own salvation. A new government undertook to end the Ruhr struggle, to stop the printing of paper money, and to reorganize finance by ruthless increases of taxation and rigid limitation of expenses. It made a last effort to settle the reparations question, inviting the reparations creditor Powers to send experts to study Germany's capacity to pay and to draw up a comprehensive plan of payments—going back to a proposal made in his New Haven speech by Secretary Hughes as early as 1922. When the experts of the Dawes Committee met in Berlin they discovered that the most important things had already been done: the finances were on the path of reformation, the currency was stable, every head and hand in Germany was concentrated upon the single goal of working in order to live.

The Dawes Committee then did that without which all the German effort would have been in vain: its program guaranteed Germany a moratorium, during which it could grow back into a normal productivity, and it assured Germany the first-aid measure of a loan, which was automatically followed further by private credits. If these two measures—moratorium and credits—had been adopted immediately after the conclusion of the peace Germany would have been spared frightful suffering and the world and its industry violent shocks and crises. An important measure of internal reconciliation followed. It was an event of great symbolic as well as practical importance when the Reichsverband der deutschen Industrie, the national association of German manufacturers, publicly and emphatically came out for acceptance of the Dawes Plan.

The wisdom with which the experts of the Dawes Committee worked for the peace of Europe cannot be sufficiently praised. They took the reparations question out of politics and made it a matter of economics. And, however heavy the burdens which they imposed upon Germany, they nevertheless assured peace and security for a period of years. Time has proved, however, that in two decisive matters



they misunderstood Germany's position. First, they underrated the effect of inflation upon Germany. They saw only that the inflation had virtually wiped out Germany's internal debt. But quite apart from the fact that a certain revaluation was necessary for the demands of subscribers to her internal loans, they overlooked the decisive fact that the dissolution of Germany's internal debt was counterbalanced by a sweeping decrease in Germany's capacity to pay taxes. Certain groups or individuals had profited by the inflation, by borrowing money and paying it back in deflated paper, thus acquiring possession of "real" values. But far larger sections of the German people had been robbed by the inflation not only of a considerable part of their income but of a large part of their capital. More, even those who profited by the inflation often reinvested their gains mistakenly and the result was bankruptcy.

Then the second gross error of the Dawes experts revealed itself. They believed that Germany's factories and mines were in sound and adequate condition, requiring only working capital in order to come quickly into competitive condition. This optimistic view of German industry at the beginning of 1924 has not been confirmed by the facts. For when the illusory prosperity of the inflation period had passed it was soon evident how seriously her isolation from the progress of the rest of the world during the decade 1914-1924 had affected Germany. She had a great industrial plant. But important parts of it were, in fact, antiquated, incapable of competitive production. The prices which German industry faced in the world market were crushing evidence of this fact. And when German manufacturers traveled abroad, particularly to the United States, they soon saw why: the industrial production of the world had made vast progress in that decade, while Germany had remained aloof. Lost ground had to be regained. And, so German industry set to work upon the vast task of modernization which has occupied the entire period since 1924 and is not yet completed. Antiquated factories stopped working; some were sold as junk and others were modernized; production was reorganized and standardized; a huge task of cleaning up had to be undertaken. The consequence was a tremendous need for capital. Not only working capital, as the Dawes experts had believed, but also vast sums of investment capital were required.

Other things which had been neglected for ten years had to be made up—particularly new houses had to be built to abate the crowded housing conditions. Germany's own strength was not adequate to the task. The people, after 1924, began to save once more and to build up their own capital—deposits in the German savings banks, which in 1913 amounted to about 20,000,000,000 marks, which in 1923 (when postage stamps cost billions of marks) had been reduced by the inflation to nothing, had by April, 1928, mounted again to 6,943,000,000 marks—109 marks per capita as compared with 291 marks before the war. Life insurance premiums, which also had been wiped out during the inflation, had by 1926 reached half the pre-war figure. And the total of new capital in 1927 had nominally reached the total of the pre-war period, although the world devaluation of gold gave it a real value of only two-thirds the previous figure. But even that was not equal to the need. For, even today, despite the lowered birth-rate, Germany's population increases by 300,000 every year; and, furthermore, the need caused a considerable change in the

working habits of the population. Today many more women, old people, and people of the class which formerly lived on its income are engaged in productive industry—perhaps 3,000,000 more than before the war—and require raw materials for their labor. The capital which she could not obtain from her own savings Germany sought to make up by foreign credits, particularly in the United States. To find this help, to build up the necessary capital by foreign credits—these were conditions precedent to the rapid restoration of the last four and a half years. The amount of this new foreign debt—assumed by the towns and states for building and extending their electric plants, gas works, water systems, street-car lines, and other public utilities, as well as by private industries and by banks desiring to extend credit to their clients—is not less than nine billion marks. The interest and amortization upon this debt naturally constitute a further burden upon German industry. But one is justified in the hope that its strength is more than equal to the burden.

Thus Germany, far from fulfilling the prophecy of the Dawes experts that she would be able from her export surplus out of her own production to meet her own needs and to pay reparations, has passed through an investment period with the apparent paradox of an unfavorable balance of trade and great reparations payments simultaneously—a paradox easily explained by the inflow of large foreign credits. This is what we call the transition period, from which Germany has not yet emerged. Meanwhile, she works at her own development. The real test of her capacity will come when, with her war and post-war damages more or less repaired, she works for the world market with an enlarged productive plant, in order, without further foreign credits, to meet her own inner needs and also to pay such reparations as may be demanded of her.

Only then can it be said that Germany is back at normal—if in the ever-changing state of industrial technique it is possible to use that word at all. Germany will then be faced with the same task as the other industrial states—that of completing political democracy, and giving it inner reality, by industrial democracy. The young German republic has in its first decade taken important experimental steps in this direction—by recognition of the trade unions, by developing wage agreements, by introducing an arbitration system in wage disputes, by establishing works councils, by organizations for the supervision and common regulation of the great monopolistic industries. These are attempts to solve a problem which is common to all the great industrial nations and upon which in reality they must all work together. The fight against unduly high protective tariffs, which the World Economic Conference assembled by the League of Nations in 1926 properly described as the chief cause of Europe's troubles, lies in the same field. Germany has another particular task in her agrarian problem. The condition of her peasantry must be bettered, and Germany must look forward to inner colonization, developing small peasant properties in the regions of the great landed estates. These are tasks for the future. But the political prerequisite for them exists in political democracy, supplanting the former privileged status of certain groups by equal right for all citizens of the state. And that this political democracy, despite all its troubles and perils, has been able to survive ten years, and constantly to consolidate its strength, is the decisive contribution of the young German Republic.



# German Foreign Policy

By LOUIS FISCHER

"OH to lose the next war," the patriot might sigh. For Germany is today as prosperous as most of the victors and more prosperous than some—for example, England.

I flew recently from the Lithuanian border to Berlin reading, very inappropriately, the "Fall of the Russian Empire," but receiving, from rich fields, clean, well-appointed cities, roads, and railway stations, impressions of the rise of the German Republic. In the capital, the evidence of German economic resurgence was everywhere: new buildings, better clothes, fewer bookshops, more autos (four times as many as in 1924, say the statisticians), obvious "Americanization" on the Kurfürstendamm and elsewhere. During my fourteen-month absence Germany had made easily noticeable strides forward, despite reparations, Rhineland occupation, a mounting foreign debt, etc. This is far from a paradise; there are unemployed who starve, war invalids who suffer; there are strikes and causes for strikes; there is a serious adverse foreign trade balance; there are many, many unsolved problems. Yet Germany has attained more than the "relative stabilization" which the Communists niggardly concede her.

This change is partly responsible for the Anglo-French alliance. Needless to say, the "naval compromise" between London and Paris involves more than fleets, and even if the cruiser agreement is dropped, the alliance will remain because one of the chief reasons for its existence remains: the resumption by Germany of her pre-war role as Britain's commercial rival. The revival of pre-war competition has revived the pre-war entente.

England can befriend one of the two great continental Powers, Germany or France. At Versailles the first signs of Lloyd George's pro-Germanism appeared, not unnoticed by Clemenceau. The succeeding years witnessed a diminution of Anglo-French cordiality and a crescendo of Anglo-German cooperation. Locarno meant that settlements between Germany and France would be effected through the mediation and on the terms of Great Britain. The subsequent Stresemann-Briand negotiations at Thoiry represented an attempt to cast off these "good offices" of the English. It failed because Wall Street and Downing Street objected, yet it marked the serious beginning of a Franco-German rapprochement which, though as distant today as ever, is a political and economic possibility.

German diplomats, in private conversation, make no secret of the fact that the British Foreign Office has put obstacles in the way of the Franco-German rapprochement. For its consummation would have excluded Britain from the Continent and isolated her in international affairs. With the United States and the USSR not her friends, she would have been left with Italy, a questionable reed and a potential liability, and with volcanic Japan. The rapprochement, moreover, promised further economic strength to Germany and further economic distress to England. These considerations reinforced the pro-French wing of the British Foreign Office. It had always been powerful. Sir William Tyrrell, formerly "permanent" head of the Foreign Office and now His Majesty's ambassador in Paris, was its patron.

Lord Northcliffe had stood for it and after his death the *Times* continued the tradition.

A strong faction in London, however, still yearned toward an alliance with Germany, partly in the hope that Berlin could eventually be weaned from her relatively friendly policy toward Russia. But when Lord Birkenhead's anti-Bolshevik ("golf") mission in the spring of 1928 failed to convince German diplomacy of the wisdom of turning a cold shoulder toward the commissariat, where Chicherin worked night and day, England was ready for an alliance with Poincaré. The renewal of the Entente, Chamberlain and Tyrrell reckoned, would keep France out of the Franco-German rapprochement, away from an agreement with the Bolsheviks, and away from the influence of America.

This alliance has a post-bellum history. At Versailles Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson agreed to guarantee France against a German attack. The Senate's refusal to ratify the peace treaty made the pledge a dead letter. It was revived at Cannes, however, in January, 1922, when the British Premier offered Briand security against an unprovoked offensive from across the Rhine. Briand seemed inclined to accept, but Poincaré demanded more—an alliance, for which London was not yet prepared. And, above all, he wanted to be free to occupy the Ruhr. Both Poincaré and Lloyd George realized that close coordination of Anglo-French efforts would result in more moderate treatment for Germany. Hence the former rejected such coordination, while the latter urged it. If that was true in 1922 it applies with greater force in 1928 when it is as much to France's advantage to settle the Rhineland and the problem of reparations as it is to Germany's. The Anglo-French bloc, in other words, is directed against Germany yet it may help Germany in attaining the immediate goals of her foreign policy, especially since the Dawes system, according to British opinion, only provokes and facilitates additional German competition against England's trade. London desires reparations revision, and a final settlement answers French interests as well.

It has become a truism to say that time is on Germany's side. The longer Rhineland occupation continues the less Germany is willing to pay for evacuation. If the Allies do not temporarily ignore the Versailles Treaty—as they did in the case of the Cologne zone—the second zone will be relieved of foreign soldiery in 1930, and sixteen or seventeen months more of the occupation, after it has lasted for ten years, is no intolerable burden, particularly since it probably entails no serious economic loss.

The German government insists that Rhineland negotiations may be conducted parallel with reparations pourparlers but that the two must remain separate and distinct. By this stand the Germans wish to make it plain that after Locarno and the Kellogg Pact, and after their loyal fulfillment of the Dawes Plan and disarmament requirements, they have a moral right to evacuation free of charge. Such a position may be ethically sound, but Berlin knows too well that Rhineland and reparations are not to be divorced. Discussions in the past have coupled both and future conferences will likewise treat them as mutually dependent sub-



jects. In the end Rhineland evacuation hinges on a reparations settlement.

Since this is so, since the Rhineland pawn check steadily loses value, since, moreover, France needs money for probable debt payments to the United States, Poincaré is in a hurry to reach a reparations agreement. The Germans, therefore, think it sound tactics to create the impression of not being in a hurry. They claim, with some justice, that the longer the Dawes Plan works the better its workings will convince neutral observers (Americans, mostly) of the necessity of reform. Yet in the absence of a fixed reparations total which Germany must pay as a punishment for losing the war, she may be pouring money into an empty barrel every time she deposits to Parker Gilbert's account with the Reichsbank. The Wilhelmstrasse's immediate aim, accordingly, is the determination of the size of the indemnity. French opinion seems to put it at forty to forty-five billion gold marks. German unofficial intimations hover around the thirty billion limit. In this connection, a suggestion that Germany take over all inter-Allied debts, assuming further scaling-down of reparations, might find an attentive ear.

For Washington to maintain stubbornly that reparations and inter-Allied debts are unrelated may be good election strategy and perhaps even fair foreign policy, but extremely poor economics. French, British, and German experts know that no settlement is possible without the United States or without consideration of war debts. The Allies and Germany will tinker with the problem. Only America can solve it. Because Washington temporarily rejects intervention in these matters, Germany cannot afford to antagonize either England or France. She will try not to. The Berlin Foreign Office says, in effect, "We must maintain friendly relations with Paris." Only rare voices assert the same with respect to England. For Germany and England cannot well cooperate economically, while Germany and France could. A Rhineland-reparations solution, furthermore, depends to a greater extent on Poincaré than on Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain.

Some German parties, many newspapers, and not a few diplomats are apprehensive lest the need of putting pressure on Washington to help modify the Dawes Plan by revising the debt conventions draw Germany into a joint European front against the United States. The Social Democrats, most Francophile of German parties, could do the Vaterland no greater harm than by using their pivotal position in the Müller Cabinet to win concessions from France at the risk of reaping disapproval from America. Germany's best policy would be to let France and England fight their own battles with Washington on the question of inter-Allied debts. For America is Germany's firmest support. Germany does not underestimate the value of United States sympathy. She seeks to cultivate it. She demonstratively refrained from reservations to the Kellogg Pact unlike England and France. She follows the State Department's lead in China. She attempts to identify herself with American foreign policy, or, as in the case of Russia, to adapt American policy to her own.

For her immediate objectives Germany needs French agreement. To accept the advice of one or two well-meaning but somewhat unpolitically minded editors and court the hand of Italy—which would be like showing a red rag to France—might spell disaster. Nor is concentration only upon Russia feasible. Moscow's help is very indirect in

reparations and Rhineland questions. The Anglo-French alliance was a rude shock for Germany and created the necessity for realignments and new friends. Party organs warn Germany that she must no longer play second fiddle to either England or France at Geneva. Germany should instead rally the smaller nations of Europe about her. Other observers point out, in particular, the possibilities of closer relations with the Balkans and South America. Still others direct their eyes to South America.

Matters remain in a state of flux, but that the new entente makes a great difference to Germany was extraordinarily clear in the case of Russia. In early August every German diplomat one approached poured fire and brimstone on the heads of the Bolsheviks. Purposeful misrepresentation by the daily newspapers of the proceedings of the Don trial in Moscow had created disaffection toward the Soviet Union which dovetailed well with a rather lowered temperature in German-Russian relations and which showed how difficult it was for Germany to pursue an isolated pro-Russian policy when both France and particularly England disapproved. (The mercury began to fall noticeably after the break between London and Moscow.)

But no sooner had the Anglo-French pact been announced than Berlin began to talk of resuming trade negotiations with Moscow, of granting credits, etc. Stresemann's last act before leaving for Paris to sign the Kellogg Peace consisted of pushing through with incredible speed a note which he knew would be welcome in the Kremlin. Briand's rude speech at Geneva confirmed Germany's worst fears. A policy of Western orientation only, the policy the Socialists would like to adopt, is obviously impractical. Germany needs Russia in case the necessity arises for retreat. The moment the Entente exerts too uncomfortable a pressure, Wilhelmstrasse, consciously or unconsciously, resurrects the bogey of the "Russian-German alliance." But it is more than that. Germany must lean on Russia politically, economically, and must look to her for military assistance. Russia, fortified by the red army, by merely passive behavior paralyzes Polish efforts against Germany. The army had its effect at the time of the Ruhr occupation and could again. Stories about secret war agreements between Germany and the Soviets may or may not have been true, yet the fact cannot be denied that the Bolsheviks want to see a strong capitalist Germany if they cannot see a communist Germany. England is Russia's diehard enemy. France, as the patron of Poland and Rumania and the partner of Britain, cannot befriend Russia. Germany remains, and the Soviet leaders are today facilitating the Russo-German rapprochement.

Germany, however, has too little international influence and too few long-term credits to bear the burden of an isolated pro-Russian policy. She is therefore now seeking American support. It need no longer be a secret that Germany mediated between the State Department and Litvinov with a view to the Soviet Union's adherence to the Kellogg Pact. Men who are responsible for German economic stability—and not without influence in the United States—would like to see American-German cooperation in Russian business. They say, however, that Mr. Hoover is opposed to such cooperation. And the Germans fear that direct relations between Russia and America may be achieved at their expense since the Bolsheviks undoubtedly prefer the better quality and cheaper prices of United States firms. This remains the problem: Germany's wish, on the one hand, to



bring the United States and the USSR together, and the hope that she may not lose trade thereby. Recent economic developments in the Soviet republic may, nevertheless, offer a solution by forcing the Bolsheviks to buy goods abroad in quantities that would please both Germans and Americans—always, of course, assuming sufficient short-term and fewer long-term credits.

Before the Dawes era Germany's answer to the Anglo-French bloc would have been Eastern orientation, or Soviet Russia. Today the United States is a far better guaranty against excessive Entente pressure. The Easterners are moreover weakened by the hostility of Social Democrats in the Cabinet. America, however, is not enough. Because

America is not a part of Europe Germany needs the counter-balance of Russia against the West. And as long as America refuses to entangle herself in European affairs, which means, concretely, to mingle inter-Allied debts with reparations, Germany will strive for a *modus vivendi* with France, even with England. At the same time, Germany must find new fields to conquer. She seems destined to become a banker of the Balkans, the engineer and railway constructor of Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan (a development England will watch), and a big merchant in China. Germany is too rich, industrious, and cultured to remain permanently within the limits sketched by the Treaty of Versailles.

## Post-war German Drama

By ERNST TOLLER

I HAVE been asked by the editor of *The Nation* to write a few words on post-war German drama. We are in the habit of using the term "post-war drama" without stopping to ask ourselves if there really is such a type, distinct in presentation, treatment, kind, and form from that of the pre-war period.

Did the war really cause this decisive change in German drama? Not at all. It is strikingly confirmed today, after ten years, that the present tendencies in the drama began their development years before the war, and that since then they have simply been in more rapid eruption.

The younger dramatists felt that an unbridgeable gulf divided them from the older generation. The struggle between the generations, the father-and-son problem, the fight between compromise and directness, between bourgeois and anti-bourgeois, had stirred young intellects before the war made a reality of what they had prophetically seen coming. To be sure, the war destroyed many moral and social, many spiritual and artistic values. But the foundations of these values had become rotten. In place of the idea, there had come to the fore a realpolitik which was leading to the abrogation of all reality. Freedom had become hypocrisy—freedom for the few, spiritual and economic bondage for the many. In the first dramas of Sorge, Hasenclever, and Werfel this hatred toward our elders was already smoldering. And these were the same elders who did nothing to prevent the war but, tricking it out in romanticism, pitilessly and unfeelingly sent battalion after battalion of young German manhood out to die.

During the war very little got to the public through the strict censorship. But after the collapse, every day brought new works from the newly liberated minds. The form which this art took was called expressionism. It was just as much reaction as it was synthetic and creative action. It turned against that tendency in art which was satisfied merely to set down impressions, one after the other, without troubling to question their essential nature, justification, or the idea involved. The expressionists were not satisfied simply to photograph. They knew that environment permeates the

artist and is reflected in his psychic mirror in such a way as utterly to transfigure this environment. Expressionism wanted to influence environment, to change it in giving it a brighter, more righteous appearance, to make it impossible,

for example, for a catastrophe like the war ever to threaten mankind again. Reality was to be comprehended anew in the light of the ideal, was to be born again.

All activity resolves itself into outer and inner activity, both of equal importance and strength as motivating forces. In style expressionism was pregnant, almost telegraphic, always shunning the peripheral, and always probing to the center of things. In expressionistic drama man is no accidental private person. He is a type posited for many, and ignoring the limits of superficial characterization. Man was skinned in the expectation that somewhere under his skin was his soul. The dramatic exponents of expressionism were Sorge, Göring, Balach, and Toller. Of their works may be mentioned Sorge's "Der Bettler," Kaiser's

"Von Morgen bis Mitternacht," Hasenclever's "Der Sohn," Unruh's "Ein Geschlecht," "Der arme Vetter" by Balach, and Toller's "Die Wandlung" and "Masse Mensch."

During the epoch of expressionism a significant development took place. A new character appeared on the stage—proletarian man. Of course, there had already been plays whose action took place in a proletarian milieu. But something fundamental divided expressionistic proletarian drama from such a play as Hauptman's "Die Weber" or Bucher's "Wozzek." In the old dramas the proletarian was a dull creature who rebelled against his fate with strong but rash impulse. The artist who pictured him wanted to awaken sympathy. In the new drama, the proletarian is active, conscious, rebelling against his fate, and struggling for a new reality. He is driven on by feeling, by knowledge, and by the idea of a brighter future.

It is useless to talk of the fiasco of expressionism, or to ask whether expressionism produced works which will still be remembered in fifty years. Expressionism wanted to be a product of the time and to react to it. And that much it certainly succeeded in doing. Never since Schiller's "Die



Ernst Toller



Räuber," since "Kabale und Liebe," has the theater been so much a rostrum for current happenings or so much upset by the strife and counter-strife of public opinion; passionate partisanship on one side, and violent one-sided reproaches on the other.

Let us examine for a moment the reproach of "tendency" leveled against expressionism. When a piece of writing portrays spiritual behavior, feelings, reactions to the phenomena of life and knowledge it does not seem tendential to the bourgeois, because these things have become traditional and because they express his conception of the world, his philosophy, his naked economic interest. He overlooks the fact that such writing also has a tendency, namely his own.

But when new observations are made in a drama, in opposition to those ideas to which the bourgeois has been accustomed, he calls such a work tendential. The atmosphere in any work of art, in so far as it transects a given social milieu, always has a definite impress that one is safe in calling partisan. There is, however, one type of partisanship which the artist must avoid, namely that partisanship of the black and white kind which depicts all persons on one side as devils of the blackest sort, and all those on the other as angels.

But since the spirit, the idea did not succeed in changing the character of the times; since the old reality with the old abominations, with the old greed, the old rapacious striving, the old danger zones, simply reappeared; since the peace which all were yearning for turned out to be a grin behind which the next war is looming; since the spiritual had again become a veneer and a mockery, younger dramatists appeared who thought that as the ideal was lacking there was no reason for it, especially in art. They set out to portray life and nothing but life. But the decisive thing in life for them was the uninhibited accord or antagonism of the sexual impulse. The chaotic, the sexual, became the focus of the new drama which tended to the epic in form. Side by side with this the struggle between the generations played a definite role. Speech became naturalistic again, but it was distinguished from the old naturalism by a dynamic impetus that gave it a distinctive rhythm. As dramatists of this type one may mention Brecht, Bronnen, and Kuckmaier.

The later German dramatists were unquestionably influenced by America, but the German brand of Americanism did not represent the great minds of America. What was taken over was the tempo, the banal optimism, the superficiality, in short that new matter-of-factness which has very little meaning and no connection whatever with the major arts.

German drama exists, as does all German art, between two worlds. The bourgeois world is spiritually and ethically convulsed and the world of the workers is visible as yet only among small or petty groups. The generation now thirty years old, the war generation, appears to be living in an interval of rest—a creative interval, let us hope. Those who knew the war as children barely bestir themselves. What work of theirs we see is classic, amazingly senile, and very seldom original. The last few years have given us several important novels (the novel seems to be developing in Germany for the first time and German novelists are now worthy rivals of French and English masters of fiction) but few dramas that one can call important or significant documents of the time.

## In the Driftway

FOR some weeks the Drifter has been neglecting his correspondence. It isn't that he is lacking in appreciation of such favors. Failure to make use of letters from readers does not imply lack of merit, as the editors say in returning manuscript. It means simply—oh, well, decide for yourself what it means. The Drifter doesn't know, and he hasn't the time or money to be psychoanalyzed, which seems to be the only accepted way to discover anything about motives in these days. But as the Drifter opens his correspondence file his eye chances on a number of communications which deserve to be rescued from obscurity. For instance, Wilma M. Straus sends this note from Richmond, Virginia:

While I was at a summer camp for boys this summer in Pennsylvania something occurred so beautifully unusual that I thought I would share it with you.

The boys had been introduced by a very remarkable person to the joys of nature study, particularly butterflies. One day, in the midst of an exciting game of baseball, a rare butterfly flew across the diamond. And these young Americans left their bases and chased it.

So you see there is great hope in American youth, though we try to drown it all in sports.

\* \* \* \* \*

U M-M-M, yes; probably so. But the Drifter finds his feelings a little mixed over the incident. Ardent devotee of nature that he is, he fears there is something abnormal in any group of American boys which allows a baseball game to be interrupted even by the Day of Judgment. More in keeping with the American scene is the information from J. B. Day of Alexandria, Virginia, that the doctrine of service has been extended to include "readiness to serve" and that a charge is made for said "readiness." To prove his point the Drifter's correspondent incloses a bill sent to him by the Alexandria Water Company in which that philanthropic enterprise lists as one of the items: "Readiness to serve and meter rental." Translated into plain English this means simply: "We are ready to take your money." But who isn't? And usually without charge.

\* \* \* \* \*

FINALLY the Drifter turns up a letter from Celia Baldwin, writing from Denver, Colorado. She recalls a screed of some weeks ago in which the Drifter lamented that pasteurization had taken the flavor out of cream. The letter goes on to say:

For many, many years, as a housekeeper, I have mourned for some good old-fashioned sour milk, "such as mother used to make." Time was in which we could take left-over milk, let it stand till it became bonnyclabber, and then make a delicious, cool dessert by adding sugar and nutmeg; or heat it into a toothsome cottage cheese. No more, alas, no more. Keep pasteurized milk to the clabber stage and you have a loathsome, putrid mass which you hurry out of the house as you would any other dead body. And that is what it is. All the life has been taken out of it by pasteurization. I did not understand this until Lida B. Russell, M.D., somewhat of a medical heretic, explained that pasteurization destroyed the lactic acid. She said furthermore that this deadened milk was unfit for the human stomach even before it became putrid.

THE DRIFTER



## Correspondence

*Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.*

### A Final Word

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Not as a personal favor do I claim your space for a last-minute statement to those prospective Smith voters who are afraid of throwing away their votes by voting Socialist. I wish I might claim space to cite reasons, born out of experience, for my high hopes of my party as the pioneer and teacher of that great political movement that is coming into being. We have been sadly impeded by the failure of many progressives to come to our aid at this psychological moment and by the failure of liberal papers adequately to understand or report our campaign. But that is water over the dam. In spite of it we are in good shape to push that intensive building in localities for which under American conditions a national campaign and a national movement are essential. We shall go forward whatever our vote, but of course every vote for us will count not only for its immediate effect on the victors but for its help in the essential task of building a party which does not belong to big business, a party of ideas and ideals. In other words, you do not throw away your vote when you vote our ticket.

But if you vote Democratic! First, you'll almost certainly be on the losing side and if your candidate should win you will lose. You will have to hire some theologian or liberal editor to explain why your Democratic vote doesn't mean what Raskob's or Frank Hague's does. Not since some of you started out to liberalize the World War have you undertaken anything so hopeless as the liberalization by your feeble influence of the party of Hague and Tammany, of the Southern racial bigots and mill-owners, of Raskob and his associated millionaires and open-shoppers. It is to these men that Governor Smith will be indebted if he wins and to them he will pay his debts.

You won't get beer legally, for the overwhelming mass of Democratic Congressional candidates are politically—not otherwise—dry. You won't kill bigotry, for the Catholic church is more solidly behind Smith than the Protestant is behind Hoover, and the Democratic appeal in the South is mostly to an appalling racial bigotry which Governor Smith has never rebuked.

You won't even be indorsing a man with a genuine progressive record or progressive intentions. Whatever Governor Smith's virtues there stands the other side: his part in the impeachment of Sulzer, his veto of laws to prevent election frauds, his evasion of his pledges to support the child labor amendment, his choice of Walker, his utter failure to choose proper public-service or transit commissioners, his shocking use of Commissioner Van Namee as campaign manager. In this campaign he has gone clear over to protection, he has outlined no comprehensive foreign policy, no complete program for unemployment, no concrete plan for dealing with the injunction evil, no plan for coal, no taxation program, no real or comprehensive program on public utilities. Did ever candidate seek progressive support at so cheap a price?

Yet *The Nation* which most of the year takes a position adequately covered by the Socialist platform not only does not support the Socialist ticket openly but, in spite of some good articles and editorials, has failed to discuss adequately the very issues it has made its own. Nothing is more certain than that those of your readers who ignore these issues on election day will throw away their votes.

New York, October 22

NORMAN THOMAS,  
Socialist Candidate for President

## Religion Important

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From time to time your paper has deplored the injection of the religious issue into the present political campaign. Is it bigotry and religious intolerance if I oppose a candidate's eligibility because of his religion?

Religion usually deals with two distinct subjects: the supernatural and the ordinary, every-day affairs of man. I have no quarrel with a candidate's beliefs regarding the supernatural purely, but a candidate's religious beliefs as they influence the mundane are of vital importance to us all. For instance, would I be guilty of religious intolerance if I objected strenuously to a Roman Catholic on the grounds of his religion's stand on birth control, education, the liquor question, its historic and doctrinal stand for the inseparability of church and state, heresy, its undemocratic system of ecclesiastical aristocracy, and its dogmatic position on what is moral and what constitutes morality? I hold that as religion exists today—strongly organized, dogmatic, dealing in the main with purely social affairs—every man's religion is my business.

New York, October 7

JACOB J. STERNBACH

## An Oversight

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask through your columns what is the reason that, in the preliminary report of your Presidential straw vote in the issue of October 17, you make no mention of the fact that the name of Verne L. Reynolds, the Presidential candidate of the Socialist Labor Party, had been omitted on your straw-vote ballot, even after that omission had been called to your attention?

New York, October 16

OLIVE M. JOHNSON

[We regret the oversight.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

## Rebuke

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You love to discover inconsistencies between the creed and the deeds of the clergy, yet you, a liberal, are allowing yourself to be fooled by the old shell-game, Hoover or Smith, while I, only a humble and naive cleric, have never been deceived and I shall vote, of course, for Norman Thomas.

Lincoln, Nebraska, October 9

JOHN H. LEVER

## For Foster

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a liberal, interested in a labor party for the United States. I am not a member of the Communist Party, and yet, at this crisis in American politics, I will cast my vote, the first vote I have ever cast, for William Z. Foster and Benjamin Gitlow. It may be but a vote cast in a negative direction, but at any rate it will be an honest vote.

I am too close to the labor movement to have faith in Smith as a champion of the proletariat. His present record in New York proves that the proletarian bringing his dinner-bucket of age-old wrongs to the Autocrat of the Fishmarket will get but short shrift. Hoover indorses Coolidge's record. That is enough. Thomas? A slightly cleaner and saintlier Al Smith.

I want to know why *The Nation* so completely ignores William Z. Foster and the platform of the Workers Party.

International Falls, Minn., October 7

JOSEPH KALAR



## New Votes for Thomas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From now until election day we are going to lend every effort to aid in the election of Norman Thomas and the Socialist ticket. It would be useless indeed to espouse the liberal and labor cause and then attempt even mildly to register a protest against the present political and economic order by voting for a Democratic candidate. Only in the last eight years has Al Smith shown the slightest evidence of having a mind that understands existing problems.

As young men, perhaps, we are apt to be more impatient with a rotten *status quo* than are our parents and our older friends. The following are some of our reasons for voting for the Socialist ticket from top to bottom:

1. We believe that the political alignment existing today between Republicans and Democrats represents no genuine distinction in our political or economic life. The recent migrations and counter-migrations of industrial capitalists between the parties, and the great emphasis placed on these movements prove quite conclusively that both the old parties are equally safe for Big Business.

2. Instead of the present political line-up there is needed a party that will understand the economic and social movements of our time, rather than parties that grow eager in behalf of the people one month before election.

3. The Socialist Party emphasizes its platform and not personalities even though in Norman Thomas it has an outstanding leader of courage and principle who has not been afraid to discuss frankly the Negro problem in the South.

4. The Socialist Party alone undertakes to teach the workmen and women of the country exactly how their condition can be bettered; namely, through an understanding of first economic principles and the formation of a strong, militant organization.

To carry out the program indicated above the undersigned are organizing the Young Voters League for Norman Thomas.

New York, October 19

FREDERICK V. FIELD  
JOHN HERLING

## A Question for Quakers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I express my thanks, as an individual Quaker, for your editorial on Hoover as a Quaker in your current issue? During the war you said brave words in appreciation of conscientious objectors, the boys who because of high moral principles would not become part of the war machine. Many who were not then pacifists now are. Hoover stands for increase in our navy and preparedness. Who votes for Hoover votes for these. How are such people going to face the young conscientious objectors if another war comes, backed by Hoover's policies?

New York, October 12

NELLIE M. SMITH

## From a Life Prisoner

(Censored by R. Reinhardt)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I know that you want your straw vote to be most nearly correct. Being in prison, and doing life, I'm hardly eligible to cast this ballot. But my indignation moves me. Although by all the laws of phylogeny I ought to be with the Republicans, this is a year when thieves fall out. So I register my mute protest for Al's cause, fervently hoping Gott mit uns.

Marquette, Michigan, October 15

CARL L. BAEUMER

## Mr. Marshall's Spleen

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of today, lauding Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, you, though a pretended liberal, evince a spirit of bigotry universally denounced by all lovers of justice. You say:

His chief rival, Attorney-General Ottinger, has shown himself unworthy of public trust in that he is absolutely wrong on the water-power question. His nomination is merely a sop to the Jewish voters of the cities of the State in order to draw them away from Governor Smith. It is a political subterfuge which deserves rebuke.

Attorney-General Ottinger probably entertains views concerning water-power as to which decided differences of opinion exist. Mr. Roosevelt certainly holds views on many subjects which are likewise opposed by many good citizens; so does Governor Smith, and, for that matter, there is scarcely a single public question as to which men do not honestly differ. For you to set up the editorial chair as a court of last resort and with innate modesty to announce that the Attorney-General is "absolutely" wrong on this subject, and from that premise to deduce the conclusion that he has shown himself unworthy of public trust, would appear to the ordinary man as presumptuous. His integrity and uprightness are not and cannot be impugned. His loyalty and fidelity to the public as State Senator, as Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, and as Attorney-General of this State have been generally conceded. He is a man of unimpeachable character, and yet, speaking in an utterly irresponsible manner, you do not hesitate to blacken his name merely because he does not see eye to eye with you and has dared to accept a unanimous nomination for Governor at a time when your candidate had publicly refused to run.

But you have gone further, and at a time when men with whom you have associated yourself are prating of religious bigotry as a campaign issue you, supposedly overflowing with the milk of human kindness (though frequently curdled), range yourself on the lowest plane of fanaticism by adverting to Mr. Ottinger's religion and characterizing his nomination as a sop to the Jewish voters in order to draw them away from Governor Smith, apparently intimating that the Governor or anybody else has a proprietary interest in those whom I know to be the most independent of the American electorate. In other words, you turn your back on all that you have said concerning bigotry and your suppressed emotions bursting all bonds lead you to resent the nomination of a Jew as Governor and to insult your Jewish fellow-citizens by intimating that when they vote they are swayed by unworthy motives.

I have observed for many years that men of your ilk, though parading as broad-minded, never hesitate by word and act to belittle the Jew when it suits your purpose. It is regarded as meritorious to resent what you look upon as his intrusion into public office, however qualified for it he may be. With all your culture you are unable to get away from the atavistic urge which unconsciously causes your mental processes to culminate in the cry of Jew! Jew!

New York, October 17

LOUIS MARSHALL

[To this letter we must add the following words from an equally prominent and equally public-spirited Jew—Samuel Untermyer. Speaking of the nomination of Mr. Ottinger, he says in the *New York World* of October 24: "He was nominated *solely* because he is a Jew and as a foil or cover to the campaign of bigotry that the Republican Party is waging throughout the nation. He is a Jew only as a stalking-horse to attract the Jewish votes. . . . He has been very active in the publicity end of exposing petty frauds. He is a 'devil of a fellow' after small offenders, but I have yet to know of an instance in which he has taken any action against big offenders." —EDITOR THE NATION.]



# Books and Plays

## Housewarming

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Now the last dark closet is opened;  
Curious corners flatten into empty angles.  
Once the whole tall house was haunted.  
You came with a lantern by night—  
And the hall was cleared.  
The spiders work there  
But no presence moves now the boards of the stair.  
Room by room  
Lamplight and moonlight ran  
Quicksilver along the floors;  
Washed upwards over wall-boards  
And the walls.  
We who searched there without breathing  
Found nothing to fear us—  
Only a broken bottle, an old man's shoe;  
Felt only the strong substance of beams  
And the glint on the window panes.  
Now the last dark closet is opened.  
One can live in a good house.

## This Week Portrait of Himself

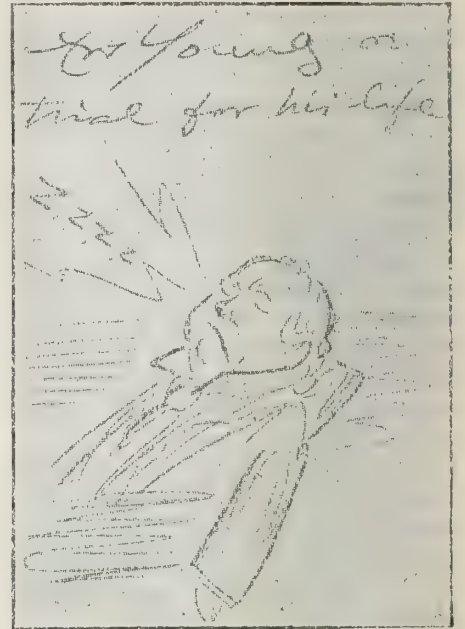
**W**AS ever a man so outrageously contradictory as Art Young: so simple and so wise, so grave and so funny, so tolerant and so didactic, so naive and so knowing, so banal and so impish—the opposites could be extended indefinitely. In "On My Way"\* he has written and drawn a record of his thoughts, feelings, and recollections

during six months of the past year. He is determined to omit nothing because it is trivial, nor does he. He includes much that is dull and flat, but next to an uninspired bit of reporting will be set down an anecdote or an observation buttered thick with native wit. And here and there is revealed a nice little streak of penetrating pessimism. He

even emerges as a gentle satirist when the case demands it, and he can be as solemn as the Supreme Court in session.

With cause, he is enormously proud of his talent; yet he is the humblest man that ever became autobiographical. He is not a bit sure that his book is growing into a good one, and as he goes along he worries about this. But he goes along none the less—at the same gait and in the same manner. "After all," he seems to say, "this is Art Young—the bad as much as the good. If I left out a word or put

in another that seemed more telling, the book would be Art Young plus or minus one word; it would be Art Young adulterated. If it is not as good as it might be, then neither, I suppose, am I. Besides, I suspect it is pretty good." Under the influence of some such modest metaphysic was the book written. The one thing that never occurs to the author is that he betrays himself in every line and every drawing as one of the most delightful human beings alive. He attempts to explain that, though popular, he has really rather a dour personality; though he would like to be decent, the capitalist system has made him close-fisted and fearful. He admits that his talent for anger is not great, but once he "stayed mad" for ten years at a tailor who refused to cash a check.



At the Masses trial

Along with the events of the days and with extensive comments on life, the author unrolls a pleasant if rather fragmentary news-reel of America in his time. Presidents, Senators, newspapermen, artists, rebels, almost every one you ever heard of, flicker through his book. He tells some impressive tales about La Follette and other, lesser statesmen; he talks of staff meetings on the old *Masses*, of varieties of cranks, of Eugene V. Debs sitting on a bench in Union Square with a group of down-and-outs. He describes an occasion during the Cleveland Convention in 1924 when he and the Editor of *The Nation*, walking along the street, were confronted by a banner "held high above a bursting brass band. 'The truth is out at last,' said Villard. On the banner I read 'The Nation Wants Coolidge.'"

Some important bits of Artiana are included in the book: a fragment of the famous speech of the Southern Congressman; his sketch of himself falling asleep at the *Masses* trial; the epic of the victoria. The fact is, of course, as the sketches on this page serve to indicate, only Art Young can convey Art Young.

FREDA KIRCHWEY



Boring Mad



"I Gorry, I'm tired!"

"There you go! You're tired! Here I be a-standin' over a hot stove all day an' you workin' in a nice, cool sewer!"

—The Masses

\* Boni and Liveright.



## German Approaches to America

*Das Amerikanische Wirtschaftswunder.* Von Julius Hirsch. Berlin: S. Fischer. \$2.10.

*Das Land Gottes. Das geistige Amerika von Heute.* Von Herman George Scheffauer. Hanover: Stegemann. \$2.

*Amerika und der Amerikanismus.* Von Adolf Halfeld. Jena: Eugen Diederichs. \$2.35.

*Geld und Geist.* Von M. J. Bonn. Berlin: S. Fischer. \$1.80.

*Zwischen Mensch und Wirtschaft.* Von Leopold Ziegler. Darmstadt: Reichel. \$4.50.

*Ueber die Form des Amerikanischen Geistes.* Von Erich Voegeln. Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr. \$3.60.

*Amerikareise Deutscher Gewerkschaftsführer.* Herausgegeben vom Allgemeinen Deutschen Gewerkschaftsbund. Berlin: \$1.80.

*Die Gewerkschaftsbewegung in den Vereinigten Staaten.* Von Heinrich Pollak. Jena: G. Fischer. \$4.50.

THE German post-war literature on America is a literature of many moods. There is first of all the mood of the small boy who has been permitted to go inside a Christmas window-display of toys. He has already heard about how wonderful it is going to be (he knows Mr. Ford's "My Life and Work" and "The Great Today, the Greater Tomorrow" practically by heart, and the heroic tales of other industrial magnates have formed much of his recent reading), and here he is watching the shiny engines run along the bright new tracks and the people moving about just exactly as though they were alive. With so much to do and so many gaily painted ways of doing it he is convinced the *amerikanische Wirtschaftswunder* has produced the best of all possible worlds.

There is also the mood of the other boy who does not care for games. He feels that little boys who spend their whole lives dashing from one game to another are spiritually non-existent, and he is further embittered because he finds that they are not content with managing their own games but reach out and seize control of the things which he likes to do, such as going to school, writing newspapers and books, giving plays. He feels that his kind of boy has been forced aside in the *Land Gottes* by a pushing youngster who has no understanding of aesthetics and is, upon occasion, unpleasantly moral.

Most of the books fall between these extreme moods. Adolf Halfeld's "Amerika und der Amerikanismus" fits in the class of social criticism through enumeration. The truth of the separate instances cited is undoubted; the truth of their sum is another matter. As a corrective of the enthusiasm for all things American which certain groups in Germany have based upon an admiration of technical progress, such a book has value; but it is worth questioning whether some of the weaknesses he mentions are as exclusively American as he suggests. In a number of cases he quotes American expressions as untranslatable into German; for example:

Erziehung, die in Europa eben Erziehung und in Amerika "die Massenproduktion von uniformierten und standardisierten Goose-Steppern" (unübersetzbar: Leute, die ihr Leben im Gänseschritt leben) . . .

[Education, which in Europe is education and in America "the mass-production of uniform and standardized goose-steppers" (the word cannot be translated: it means people who live their lives walking like geese) . . .]

One is inclined to inquire if at least those Germans who have had anything to do with the army would not understand him if he translated "goose-step" quite literally as *Gänsemarsch*, from which the American phrase directly derives.

In "Geld und Geist," barring the fulsome epilogue, M. J. Bonn has provided an introduction to American life of considerable discrimination. He reviews the factual basis of American politics, prosperity, and puritanism (the section on politics is

particularly acute), and then proceeds to a keen analysis of the problems which result from America's combination of the three.

The philosophical significance of the new world, the pattern and meaning of the American way of life, are the subjects of the three chapters on America in Leopold Ziegler's "Zwischen Mensch und Wirtschaft," and of Erich Voegeln's "Ueber die Form des Amerikanischen Geistes." Ziegler concerns himself chiefly with the contrast between America and Europe. Europe bears the imprint of successive periods of history, none of which entirely superseded that which preceded it; they coexist, overlapping each other like strata on a bare mountain side. This characteristic of being a "time" people makes for specialization, differentiation, for individual personality. In America time in the sense of history did not begin until Europe had already lived through many ages. Here, space is the determining factor. An absence of limits, alike of time and of frontiers, has resulted in an unlimited abundance of possibilities, which causes America to question the very axioms on which European life has been built. The American feels himself in the Garden before the fall: he asks why sickness, why poverty?; the Christian Scientist even asks, why death? In doing so he risks losing in a facile optimism the tragic sense of life which has contributed much toward the European concept of personality.

The basis of Voegeln's interest in the form of the American spirit is neither factual nor philosophical; it is aesthetic. Fact and philosophy are plentifully present in his work, for the discussion ranges over both the personal implications of pragmatism as affecting the American concept of self and its institutional expressions in the American social structure. But his method is not that of the usual study. He has a general definition of the American spiritual form; it is the form of an "open" self, resulting from confidence, sociability, and a desire to escape from the burden of being alone, as contrasted to a "closed" self, developed through logic rather than fact, skeptical rather than optimistic, intensive rather than expansive. But he is not content to treat the American form thus platonically; his critique is done over the shoulders of two of its outstanding men, George Santayana and John R. Commons. The resulting concrete statement dramatizes his philosophy.

Among special phases of American life, the labor movement has recently received important treatment by German authors. The report on their trip to the United States made by the German Trade Union Delegation in 1926 presents, especially in the section on the Trade Union Movement in the United States by F. Tarnow, a concise presentation of current conditions. These have also been more fully discussed in Heinrich Pollak's "Die Gewerkschaftsbewegung in den Vereinigten Staaten." It is interesting that this study should appear at almost exactly the same time as the equally thorough French treatment of "Le Problème Ouvrier aux États-Unis" by André Philip.

H. D. HILL

## A Balanced Study

*America Seen Through German Eyes.* By Dr. Arthur Feiler, editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Translated by Margaret L. Goldsmith. New Republic. \$1.

THIS able and valuable little book presents an interpretation of American life as seen by a distinguished German journalist. There is nothing in the book itself to prove that his nationality has in any way colored Dr. Feiler's observations. Besides being a writer with a delightful and straightforward style, Dr. Feiler is the most accurate and understanding of reporters, and his analysis of America is both penetrating and illuminating. He has a profound sympathy for a democracy trying to find itself in a machine and automobile age, and an age of great prosperity, yet, being a liberal, he sees clearly the dangers and evils of our present conditions, notably



those of standardization and especially the standardization of individuals. On one page he has made a perfect statement of the child-labor situation. His characterization of the attitude of labor is to be found in this nutshell:

To state the case schematically: some of the workers are too badly off to think of organization; others are too well off to see any advantage of organization; while a large majority only consider their problems as questions of the moment, and this is the decisive factor.

Again, his analysis of the Negro problem is amazing in its shrewdness and accuracy. It is impossible to think of another book that tells the story of the American industry so concisely. We agree with Mr. Eduard C. Lindeman, who in his preface to this volume declares that no other post-war European interpretation of American life has "reached an equal level of authenticity, insight, and discrimination." Well aware of current European criticisms of America, Dr. Feiler has judged independently of them, and he is another to acquit us of the charge of being entirely engrossed in our materialism.

This book should be in the hands of every intelligent foreigner who comes to America. It should be as standard in its field as is Baedeker among guide-books.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

## Modern Art in Germany

*Bauhaus Bücher.* Volumes 1-11. München: Albert Langen Verlag.

THE Bauhaus of Dessau is one of the unique institutions of Europe. Related somewhat to the Higher Art and Technical Workshops of Moscow and the Cizek School of Vienna, it is one of the rare art academies in which theory and practice are uncompromisingly modernist in every aspect. Under the guidance of such noted contemporary artists and architects as Kandinsky, Klee, Gropius, Feininger, Moholy-Nagy, G. Muche, and others the Bauhaus offers long and thorough training to men and women in pure and applied art; not, however, in the medieval spirit of the guild or domestic labor but with full regard to recent industrial development. A synthesis of beauty and utility is sought and the unity of all the arts on a social basis and application is postulated about architecture as the central and dominant art. Together with the training in technique and practice of some special trade or profession, which every pupil can resort to for a livelihood, great stress is laid on character building, on self-reliance and independence. The pupil is given a certain amount of information necessary to every intelligent person and is constantly taught to assert himself and to find orientation in any given circumstances.

In an effort to state in permanent form the basic doctrines underlying the practice of modern art in every field that might serve as a sort of post-graduate extension course to wide circles of interested students everywhere, the Bauhaus is publishing a series of booklets edited by W. Gropius and L. Moholy-Nagy, in their way as remarkable as the institution itself. Written by men who are expert in the subjects dealt with, their aim is to treat in clear language questions of art, architecture, and the crafts from the standpoint of the practitioner. Thus Gropius and Oud, both architects of eminence, write about their own field. Gropius (Volume 1) summarizes the development of functional architecture and the effect of machinery on it in America, France, Germany, Holland, and other lands. J. J. P. Oud (Volume 10) traces in detail the aims and achievements of Dutch architecture and thereby records some of the most successful experiments of modern European architecture. L. Moholy-Nagy (Volume 8) discusses photography in its relation to the cinema, advertising, painting, etc., delimits

the functions of each, and effectively destroys the fallacy of "artistic" photography and photographic art. Kandinsky (Volume 9) analyzes artistic creation as it proceeds from point and line to complete composition. Malevitch (Volume 11) investigates the essential "superadded" element of art not found in nature. Mondrian (Volume 5) seeks to establish the theoretic basis of "Neo-plasticism." Doesburg (Volume 6) reexamines the formative factors of all the arts in their interrelation. Other volumes treat of theatrical experiments, of crafts in metal, wood, glass, etc.

It is curious and instructive to find Kandinsky, Klee, Malevitch, artists so thoroughly subjective, intuitive, so dependent on the "inscrutable," proceed with as much of purely logical ratiocination as the proponents of the rigidly objective method, Moholy-Nagy and Doesburg. But the fact that the artists disagree with and among themselves does not make the books less interesting. The books abound in provocative and challenging ideas that tend constantly to disturb the readers' equilibrium and might lead some to reexamine and perhaps even revise their opinions. The volumes are profusely and beautifully illustrated with clear and large cuts; their make-up is exemplary: clear type, ample margins, effective layouts. Whoever holds that modernism is no accident or whim but roots in the social factors of our time and is a logical phase in the evolution of art—and the ubiquitousness of modernism makes any other view scarcely tenable—will find these booklets a source of first-rate importance both as key to the work of certain interesting individualities and as a general index to a state of mind of which they form a part.

LOUIS LOZOWICK

## Petroleum Politics

*Oelpolitik und angelsächsischer Imperialismus.* Von Karl Hoffmann. Berlin: Ring Verlag.

THIS is a familiar kind of German book. It consists of 430 large-size pages and hardly a sentence without its facts and thoughts. Beginning with the appearance of oil on the international stage, it takes the reader to every country of the world, to the directoral offices of every oil company in the world, and to almost every major and minor political event in the last decade in order to show the connection between these and oil imperialism. Though the result is a mixture of very germane points with considerable more or less irrelevant data, this is undoubtedly the best book on petroleum politics ever published and might well be translated into English—after expert pruning.

The title reveals the author's chief concern. Herr Hoffmann does not maintain, any more than other petrol politicians, that oil is today the only cause of international conflicts. But dig down through the debris of words, and petroleum will be discovered as the basic fuel of many a situation and the final spark which sets many a diplomatic motor into motion. In the relations between the United States and Great Britain oil undoubtedly plays a leading role. It is a decisive factor in the present and future of Anglo-Saxon cooperation or friction.

The known petroleum resources of the world are divided, more or less evenly, among British and American companies and the Soviet Union. Oil imperialism is thus a three-cornered fight among Great Britain, the United States, and Russia in which the last is more passive than positive.

The question of Anglo-Saxon unity has been much debated. As between the United States and the United Kingdom there are few serious sources of friction. Their banking systems supplement one another and our high tariff is not aimed at English goods. But as between the American and British commercial and geographical empires there are numerous seeds of friction. Mr.



## BORZOI GERMAN LITERATURE

**The Devil's Shadow**

by FRANK THIESS

"Those of us who read the first novel of Frank Thiess to be translated into English—*The Gateway to Life*—will open the second with a thrill of expectancy. In it Herr Thiess, of the younger generation of German novelists, continues a great undertaking in a great way. *The Devil's Shadow* is an epic of adolescence. Caspar Muller, whom some of us must remember as one of the lively group of students in the first novel, represents the type of pseudo-intellectual, talented, attractive and unstable, who follow every light that flashes in an ecstasy of ego-worship. His gradual disintegration is the more ironic in that it seems, to himself, success . . . Women, some charming, some disreputable, come into his life, but his passions of the flesh are always secondary to his great passion for himself. With mental facility, but no strength, he justifies his weaknesses by materialistic philosophy, and dabbles successively in gambling, politics and blackmail. We leave him on the way to America, outlawed and expatriated, but complacent in his new position as agent for a sort of high-finance Venusburg, a colossal organization for elegant debauchery."—*The Philadelphia Inquirer*

\$3.00

Also by Frank Thiess:

**THE GATEWAY TO LIFE****Defeat**

by RICARDA HUCH

A novel of Garibaldi and his times by Germany's foremost woman writer. "She too, reads swiftly and surely, not untenderly, the hearts and souls of her people, and they stand before me as veritable reincarnations. She has a wonderful gift of language . . . It is a graphic and gripping story."—*Baltimore Sun*

\$3.00

**Trenck**

The Love Story of a Favourite

by BRUNO FRANK

A vivid portrait of Frederick the Great. "Although a tale of love, fascinating in its first sweet flowering, pathetic and tragic in its sorrowful termination, *Trenck* is permeated with the essence and soul of Frederick."—*Baltimore Sun*

\$2.50

Also by Bruno Frank: *The Days of the King***Prisoners All**

by OSKAR MARIA GRAF

*Prisoners All* is one of the most astounding autobiographies ever published. Its author, Oskar Maria Graf, was born in 1894, the son of a Bavarian baker. After working as elevator boy, miller, baker, and post-office assistant, he fought in the great war and was involved in the Eisner revolution of 1918. He became known for his stories of village life and in 1927 his frank biography, *Prisoners All*, brought him fame. Thomas Mann said of it: "For a long time I have not been so completely captured, astounded, and overwhelmed by any book as by this personal record."

\$4.00

**Bonaparte**

by FRITZ VON UNRUH

Within the narrow limits of this play we have confined all that made Napoleon what he was—his genius, his ambition, his genuine vision, his vanity, his egotism, his utter unscrupulousness, and, above all, his almost insane love for Josephine, with its corollary passion for an heir.

\$2.00

Also by Fritz Von Unruh:  
**The Way of Sacrifice**

**The Devil**

by ALFRED NEUMANN

"Herr Neumann has written it as if he had not a pre-occupation upon earth but to tell an astonishing tale. What he has actually done is take a piece of history of a past era and turn it into an illuminated piece of the history of the human soul. And that is to say that he has also created, by the same act, an additional piece of the history of the novel."—Wilson Follett, in *The Bookman*

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Hoover would mention coffee and rubber. London is not happy at seeing Canada become an economic colony of her southern neighbor, nor is it pleasant to watch Australia turn to New York for loans and investment capital. Our business with India is increasing and Wall Street has put direct pressure on the City to convert India—the world's greatest silver market—to a gold standard and thus tie her financially to the Federal Reserve chain. Americans meet and compete with British in South America, Mexico, China, Persia, and elsewhere. The latest development is United States penetration into Abyssinia. Everywhere it is the urge for raw materials and for markets for goods and greenbacks.

Oil is one of the most important of raw materials. It is an element in naval as well as commercial rivalry. Hoffmann emphasizes the military value of the liquid at the expense of the commercial. On this score some Communist authorities have taken him to task. They would stress the dollar-and-cents factor. Personally I believe that oil imperialism is a combination of both, that now the one influence and now the other determines policy in a given situation, and that governments bear at least as much of the responsibility as private companies—especially in Great Britain and the United States.

The British-American oil war has a history, but it is no continuous affair. It is more an intermittent combination of battles and armistices. Indeed, the battle may rage in one part of the world and peace reign in another. The fundamental tendency, however, is struggle. That is the moral of Herr Hoffmann's fine volume.

LOUIS FISCHER

## Poet of German Unpreparedness

*Des grossen Kampfliegers, Landfahrers, Gauklers und Magiers Till Eulenspiegel Abenteuer, Streiche, Gaukeleien, Gesichte und Träume.* Von Gerhart Hauptmann. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag.

GERMANY is not only producing books more rapidly than any other country has ever produced them; she is also producing more handsome books than any other country has to offer. One of the most distinguished of her recent publications is Gerhart Hauptmann's "Till Eulenspiegel," a puzzling mystical epic, in hexameters worthy of the elegant quarto format, the solid binding, and the clean, stately type. "Till Eulenspiegel" is as cosmic, as baffling, as unfinished as the more ambitious of its predecessors have always been—a manner that fits the matter. "Gerhart Hauptmann," said Eugen Kühnemann in 1922, "ist und war nicht anders als der Dichter der deutschen Unfertigkeit."

The "unpreparedness" in this instance may be taken as literally as one pleases. The theme of the book is the foolish Titan, Germany, who rushed into a totally unwise and wicked war, and whose later sufferings are still the fruit of selfishness and blindness. The twentieth-century Till whose fantastic doings and generous, futile dreams are the framework of the poem is—as far as he is anybody or anything more tangible than the broken flights of the poet's wounded fancy—a Silesian war ace who has brought down French and British fliers by the dozen, and who knows now that every such homicide was the blackest murder. Cain in his own person, and sensitive scapegoat, moreover, for the sins and follies of his race and kind, his reason totters—what is insanity, after all, but a clarity of vision which cannot endure the glaring evidence of the world's murderous and suicidal folly?—and he wanders about Germany, like his whimsical name-cousin of half a millennium ago, with an owl, a mirror, and other grotesque plunder in a broken-down cart dragged by two repulsive nags christened Gall and Poison, studying the samples of human imbecility which are to be found at every crossroad and every street corner, drawing a perverse solace from grotesqueries seen and

perpetrated, and a more lingering delight from dreaming

Hauptmann's Till would scarcely have been possible without the "Eulenspiegel Reimenweise" of the sixteenth century satirist Johannes Fischart. The owl and mirror of the mad wag who delighted simple and gentle in the full-blooded fourteenth century, and whose reputed tomb is yet to be seen just out of Lübeck, are still conspicuous enough in this desolate epic of the twentieth, and the aviator's leather helmet is tailored without much difficulty into the fool's cap with its bell-pendants; but it was Fischart who first made the wag's exploits a vehicle for political, religious, and social satire. Hauptmann has brought Fischart down to date, in a vastly different spirit, it is true. He is capable of realism just as frank and stark—at intervals—but he has forgotten the old guffaw. This contemporary Till is no big-bellied buffoon, he is a sick-brained gentleman whose awkward antics are as painful as the sad scenes in some madhouse. But when he forgets his buffoonery we have mouth-filling music, in this strong, much-consonanted hexameter whose scansion is now and then a problem but which for the most part moves forward like a well-disciplined, muscular army.

The twentieth-century Till goes out of the world very quietly, without any of the boisterous tomfoolery that accompanied the demise of his immortal forebear. He wanders up into the Swiss Alps and, noticing an airplane fall, conceives the idea of imitating it and drops smiling over a precipice. After? As to that, reports vary. There are rumors that he does not rest quiet in his grave, but still indulges at times in laughing and bell-tinkling. It is hinted that angels of light and spirits of darkness have been overheard quarreling over possession of his soul. But there can scarcely be two opinions as to his ultimate fate ("Doch heisst's, dass der Tote ein gutes Gespenst ist"); for if Till-Hauptmann has no medicine for the world's malady, the suffering it visibly causes him is sufficient warrant for the goodness of his heart.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

## Walther Rathenau

*Walther Rathenau: Sein Leben und sein Werk.* Von Harry Graf Kessler. Berlin-Grunewald: Verlag Hermann Klemm A. G. Mark 8.

NO greater loss has come to the German Republic during the first ten years of its existence than that inflicted upon the whole nation through the murder in 1922 of the Minister of Foreign Affairs Walther Rathenau. That this assassination of Germany's foremost statesman immediately after he had won, at Genoa and Rapallo, the first success for German after-war diplomacy should have been the result of an ultra-German Nationalist conspiracy, seems a fitting external symbol of the deep inner tragedy. His life, from beginning to end, was one long struggle to overcome the conflict of Jewish and German character, of intellect and soul, of democracy and absolutism, of socialism and capitalism, of humanity and race. Count Harry Kessler, the well-known pacifist, has in a masterly fashion depicted this tragedy, making us realize that in the strivings, discords, failures, and achievements of this extraordinary man the deepest problems of our civilization are reflected.

Rathenau has never been a renegade to his Jewish blood. But throughout his life he has passionately striven to be more than a Jew. He felt the curse of the consciousness of inferiority forced upon his race by two thousand years of humiliation and persecution. He despised the religion of fear embodied in the Old Testament and perpetuated in the Talmud. He feverishly clung to a religion of courage as preached by Jesus, Socrates, Spinoza, Goethe, Fichte. He admired the "blond beast" of the Nordic type. And he proclaimed not only for himself but for all his kin the duty of adaptation to the noblest and highest in German character and culture.

To the German people he gave unreservedly his own abun-



## Significant Facts in October

### *The Nation Applauds*

The trans-Atlantic flight of the Graf Zeppelin.

THE NATION, October 24, 31

The establishment of the new Nationalist Government of China.

THE NATION, October 24

The release of the last political prisoner in the United States.

THE NATION, October 24

The demand issued by forty-five distinguished Southerners that the race issue be not dragged into the campaign.

THE NATION, October 31

The tendency toward the economic and financial recognition of Russia indicated in the contract signed by the Amtorg Trading Company acting for the Soviet Government and the International General Electric Company.

THE NATION, October 31

The remarkable achievement of the Germans in restoring to their people prosperity and peace in ten years' time.

THE NATION, November 7

### *The Nation Deplores*

The neglect by both major parties of the real issues of the campaign and the revelation of the existence on a large scale of religious stupidity, blindness and intolerance.

THE NATION, October 24, 31

The new oil scandal surrounding the renewal by Secretary Work of the Government's contract with the Sinclair interests for the oil of the Salt Creek fields.

THE NATION, October 24, 31

The advocacy of a high protective tariff by Hoover and also by Smith, who thereby abandons the historic policy of his party.

THE NATION, October 24

The destruction by police of the civil liberties of the Workers' (Communist) Party in its election meetings and in the New Bedford (Mass.) strike.

THE NATION, October 24, 31

The refusal of public-utility officials to answer questions about disbursements for propaganda and politics put to them by the Federal Trade Commission.

THE NATION, October 31

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*Mr. Rukeyser is the author of "The Common Sense of Money and Investments" and "Financial Advice to a Young Man." He was formerly financial and business editor of the New York Tribune and the New York Evening Journal.*

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dant power of thought and action. Twice his action saved Germany from immediate collapse. First, in 1914, when he, the civilian, the democrat, the outsider, forced upon the General Staff his conviction of the absolute necessity of commandeering the conservation, production, and distribution of all raw materials for war purposes. Without his assumption of the administration of this fundamental part of the military organization, the German army within a few months would have been without the necessary supplies for carrying on the war, and the battle of Tannenberg as well as the successes in Belgium and northern France would speedily have been followed by an Allied thrust toward Berlin. After the downfall of the imperial regime, anti-Semitic propaganda prevented Rathenau's candidacy for the Weimar National Assembly. But when it came to reviving national resources from the crushing defeat, when the vital question of how to fulfil the staggering conditions of Versailles without complete disaster had to be faced, the Jew Rathenau once more assumed leadership, in directing German foreign policies. He fully realized the danger of further French aggression, he clearly saw the annexation of Rhineland and Ruhr as Poincaré's goal, he bent all his energies upon thwarting such attempts at the start, by creating an atmosphere of trust in Germany's willingness and ability to live up to her financial treaty obligations, by summoning the former enemies of Germany to cooperation with her in the restoration of Europe. Neither he nor those who followed him in office have achieved full success in this work. But the worst at least has been averted thereby.

But this man of amazing practical sagacity was at the same time a profound theorist, a visionary mystic. His whole nature rebelled against the mechanization of life which is an inevitable part of this industrial age. The artist in him recognized the barrenness of what is merely intellectual. He, the captain of industry, the financial magnate, whose banks, smelting furnaces, electric plants, mines covered the whole continent, longed constantly for the freeing of the soul from the shackles of material pursuits, craved for an activity unfettered by selfish motives, and dreamed of the liberation of the masses from inherited class slavery. In the darkest years of the war, 1917 and 1918, he wrote two books—"Of Coming Things" and "The New Industrialism"—in which from the inevitable breakdown of the old monarchist and capitalist order he prophesied a new socialized order where the solidarity of feeling produced by the war would lead to the abolition of proletarian conditions. And, immediately after Versailles, he demanded in his "New Society" a radical reconstruction of the whole national production by introducing a year of obligatory industrial service for all Germans, in place of the former military service.

Such was the cosmopolitan patriot whose noble career was prematurely ended by Nationalist fanaticism.

KUNO FRANCKE

## Streaked with Promise

*Storming Heaven.* By Ralph Fox. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

WHEN "Storming Heaven" made its first appearance in England a critic said: "Mr. Fox's book makes the world more interesting." That is a fine, simple, and true statement, for here is a surprisingly vital novel, frontier-enlarging and streaked gloriously with promise. A story about a youth, it is itself youthful, in the older, decaying meaning of the word; that is, it is fresh, energetic, grave, and romantic. It is possible to read "Storming Heaven" quickly, for its merely entertaining qualities. From this point of view it becomes an adventure story of Soviet Russia with a wild, untutored American lad as the unconvincing, if pleasant, protagonist. Read it more carefully and a sense of excited bewilderment arises, for

at a dozen points the book rises sharply above the adventure-story level and makes us demand from the author more, perhaps, than his tale, as he planned it, required him to give.

Mr. Fox seems to have started out with a clear intention of making use of two of his many gifts: a splendid feeling for rapid and picturesque narrative and a deep, meaty knowledge of the length and breadth of present-day Russia. First he lifts his young vagabond, John, from the bluffs of Puget Sound and deposits him in that mad Vladivostok of the early 1920's whose farcical aspects William Gerhardt caught so amusingly in "The Polyglots." Then, to give his talent for panorama a chance, Mr. Fox shifts to the picaresque. John throws in his lot with a starveling Russian duo who pick up their infrequent kopeks by acting out "The Altogether Astonishing Tragedy of the Love and Death of Napoleon, Emperor of the World" for the benefit of gaping peasants. After this opera-bouffe interval, the story makes a characteristic turn. John takes up with a group of nomadic Kirghiz horsemen. The panorama quickens and broadens: an amazing sense is given of life awakening wholesale over the steppes of southern Russia. The mighty conflict between the tractor and the atavistic Asian spirit is dramatized in a hundred ways. But panorama is not all: the book lifts like a wave as the souls of the Kirghiz, melancholy, black, romantic with an intensity far beyond Western conception, are lit up with a strong, sure illumination. The tragedy of Andrei Sergeivich, for example, is worthy of Conrad; and it is merely one of the magnificent interpolations that impel the reader to ask again and again: Is this book, with its Jack London hero and its clever glamor, merely the high-class adventure story that its publishers term it—or is the author teasing us with glimpses of a talent ludicrously superior to the actual intrigue?

What is one to do when Mr. Fox, after elevating us to the tragic heights of the Andrei Sergeivich episode, coolly introduces us to his two cinema ladies, as if in self-conscious obedience to the laws of melodrama? On the one hand we have Nadya, the strong, good woman, the serious and deep-breasted female Bolshevik who tries to influence the Villonesque John in the direction of the Better Life; on the other hand is Neura, the fatal and vampirine beauty who shakes out cruel gipsy dances on the hearts of men until John's strangling hands administer fifth-reel justice. The cue is simple: one is just about to settle down to a lazy enjoyment of a vivid, fervent melodrama cast skilfully in a familiar mold when another disturbing scene is introduced. Under the Chinese Wall in Moscow Mr. Fox collects a group of crippled beggars, diseased peasants, mad monks, the dregs of all the Russias, the leprous outcasts who are being so ruthlessly cut off from the body politic by the great surgeon's knife of the Bolsheviks. Without the slightest strain, Mr. Fox reproduces the talk of these miserable creatures—and with such power and pity and understanding that we are suddenly confronted with an adult artist dealing with moving material.

It is almost incredible that an Englishman should reveal so much emotional sympathy for the Soviet experiment, that he should transcend at once the usual political preoccupations and view the Russian metamorphosis as a deeply religious change. With what nonchalance he rises above stereotyped judgments, entering into the strange, intense life of Soviet Moscow as if there were no slightest barrier of race or tradition between him and a people which is still almost a literary curiosity to the Westerner.

The conviction returns: "Storming Heaven" is the uneven work of a young creative talent, luxuriantly gifted and, perhaps with a slight ironic arrogance, trying its hand on a plot and a trio of main characters obviously beneath its best efforts. Here is a book trying its hardest to be a thrilling tale of adventure and every fifty pages or so blowing up into something splendid and deeply felt. There are few living English novelists whose next work will be awaited by the writer with more eager expectancy than the author of "Storming Heaven."

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN



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is interesting to note that the authors, after teaching the subject for seven years before putting their material into a book, are not disposed to give too much credit to what they call the "current formulas and practices of democracy," and that the tone of "reform" is lacking in what they write. The chart illustrating the organization of the executive branch of the government of Indiana is a striking visualization of the complexity which State government in this country has attained.

*Hogarth Essays.* Doubleday, Doran. \$3.

It was an excellent idea to select from the two series of Hogarth Essays published in England by Leonard and Virginia Woolf these eleven pieces which represent roughly the point of view of the Bloomsbury School. Virginia Woolf's "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown" still remains, upon rereading, the best statement yet rendered of the case against Wells, Bennett, and Galsworthy. Mr. Eliot's three essays on John Dryden, The Metaphysical Poets, and Andrew Marvell make one wish once more that his pen were more fertile than it is. The other contributions are less interesting, with the exception of Roger Fry's remarks on The Artist and Psycho-Analysis. Gertrude Stein continues to furnish her usual excellent variety performance with her Composition as Explanation. There is also an intimate sketch of Henry James by Theodora Bosanquet, who was once his secretary. Like most eulogies of him it does its best to present a fascinating personality and succeeds in presenting a dull and disagreeable being.

## Drama Gallant Defeat

CERTAIN societies—notably that of the late eighteenth century—have amazed succeeding ages by the readiness of their tears. "Sensibility" was admired more than any other spiritual trait and weeping was so obviously a modish occupation that the feeblest author might be sure he could touch the heart even though he could not do anything else. But the eighteenth century is a long way behind us and it is not easy to get under the skin of a contemporary audience, for the intellectual and the man-about-town are alike in priding themselves upon a certain emotional inaccessibility. They may be moved to laughter, of course; they may be moved to indignation, and even, upon rare occasions, to thought; but all the defenses go up when any attempt is made to strike through their armor and appeal directly to that organ—the heart—of whose existence we have become, for very complicated reasons, ashamed. Tragedy, with its compensating grandeur, is a lost art, and mere pity embarrasses us unless, perchance, it can be fortified with the tonic bitterness of irony or at least transmuted into indignation against some remediable wrong.

Under the circumstances it is doubtful if any producer has felt no obligation to stage a play merely because it happened to be an honest and effective bit of writing would risk money upon "Exceeding Small" (Comedy Theater) which betweens as the first of the season's offerings to be sponsored by the Actors Theater. Here, in spite of a perfectly

realism and a careful avoidance of anything merely sentimental, is nothing which could possibly be called "hard boiled," happens to be, on the contrary, an appeal to a pity which cannot plot to become anything except its own hopeless self. The effort of the play is not unlike that of Mr. Maxwell Anderson's "Saturday's Children," and the writing is marked by some thingable touches of nature which give it a quality reminiscent of that piece; but whereas Mr. Anderson allowed his characters to temporize with their destiny, Caroline Frank, author of the present tragedy, permits hers no escape.



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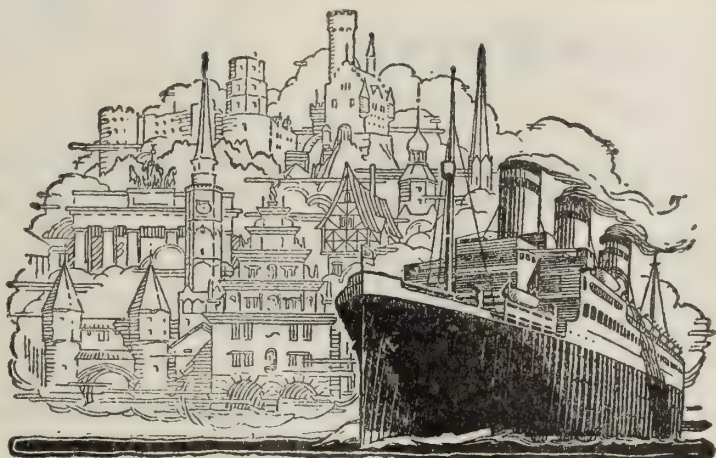
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When the contemporary writer does occupy himself with the unrelievedly tragic aspects of life it is usually to some drab scene like this that he turns, and the artistic problem involved is always the problem of finding some means by which his play or his book can be made to yield that something more than mere pain which every work of art, however somber, must give. When faith in justice has gone, some faith in man, however elementary it may be, must remain if the story is to be still worth the telling, for if life is no more than the struggle of wholly insignificant people against unbeatable odds then it would be better to turn one's eyes from the shameful spectacle instead of endeavoring to reenact it in a theater. This irreducible minimum of alleviation Miss Frank provides by her gentle emphasis upon that certain gallantry of spirit which characterizes her hero and her heroine. They go down with their poor little flags still flying and the sight of them makes just bearable what would otherwise be intolerable.

In "Olympia" (Empire Theater) plot and characterization are spread pretty thin even for Molnar, but I find his impudent wit and unflagging dexterity still amusing. Two new musical entertainments demand mention. "Three Cheers" (Globe Theater) was given profitable heart interest by the noble sacrifice of Will Rogers who came to the aid of his injured friend, Fred Stone. Rogers was dutifully applauded and some of the more patriotic Broadwayites had tears in their eyes, but Rogers needs, of course, no such ballyhooing and he is at his very best in the current entertainment. "Animal Crackers" (Forty-fourth Street Theater) is an insane vehicle designed for the Marx Brothers. I can only say that it seems to me the most hilarious entertainment of its kind I have ever seen.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

In "Mr. Money Penny" (Liberty Theater) Channing Pollock has put into practice a standard rule for successful preaching: Talk loudly and clearly about something which everyone knows. Mr. Pollock's text is "Money is Not Everything," and his method is homiletic impressionism reminiscent of "The Beggar on Horseback," the *Daily Worker*, and Eddie Guest. The acting, particularly that of Donald Meek and Hale Hamilton, is excellent.

Two players hold the stage for two hours in Eugene Walter's English version of Louis Verneuil's French drama, "Jealousy" (Maxine Elliott Theater), and not until the middle of the last act does the shortage of characters appear to be a drawback. Then a poignant and authentic study of a jealous husband and a frightened wife breaks down for a few moments into jejune melodrama. But, on the whole, the evening is a triumph for the workmanship of the authors and the art of Fay Bainter and John Halliday.

P. B.

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THE NATION

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# International Relations Section

## Japan Dams "Dangerous Thoughts"

By WALKER G. MATHESON

**J**APAN which fears radicalism as a threat to the Mikado far more than imperial Russia trembled before nihilism and anarchism will spend at least \$1,500,000 (3,083,000 yen) during the next fiscal year to "improve the national thought" and wipe out trends toward socialism.

Extreme socialistic sermons and communistic cries all are regarded in Japan as "dangerous thoughts." Especially since the culmination of the World War and the bolshevization of Russia, thousands of students and labor leaders have been arrested for expressing menacing opinions toward the government. The idea of socialism is repugnant to most Japanese. This is due primarily to the fact that, since radical ideas are thrusts at the Throne, they constitute lese-majesty of the worst sort. Such ideas, too, are regarded as sacrilegious because they are aimed at the status of the emperor, himself regarded as a sort of god and descendant of the gods. Lastly, any new idea directed against the government or any office-holder, from cabinet members to mere police officers, can be regarded as a form of conspiracy against the Throne because all public officers are deemed to represent the Mikado personally in performance of their duties.

The manner in which Japan proposes to dam the growing wave of communism and socialism is unique. The principal work will be carried on in the universities and middle schools, always hotbeds of new ideas the world over. The Government will appropriate nearly \$75,000 to extend the present unofficial system of the Ministry of Education to supervise students. The step has been taken by the Government on its own responsibility with the understanding that the ministry will cooperate in wiping out "dangerous thoughts" among the students.

The Ministry of Education will create a special research board of six members to watch over the general trend of student thought. All educational institutions will be required to submit periodic reports to this board giving in detail what the general student body is thinking. It is expected that by this system any new tendency toward "forbidden thinking" which is considered so menacing to the empire can be spotted easily.

Each institution will have a supervisor of students whose business it will be to sound out their thoughts and locate mental maladjustments. Students are not to be kept under control or constant watch, however. The "thought supervisors" are to act as advisers whom the students might take into fullest confidence if dangerous thoughts do arise to disturb them. It is pointed out that, with the supervisors acting as fathers to the students, they will go a long way toward helping them from falling permanent victims to dangerous thoughts.

Besides the \$75,000 appropriated by the Government for detective work in the schools, the Ministry of Education will receive an additional \$750,000 to establish the "thought watchers." The monitors also will be required to be on the

watch for secret societies organized for social-study research, for it is well known that when students are forbidden to take up radical doctrines they are the more eager to do that very thing. The ministry also is to ask for \$85,000 for the development of spiritual culture and \$427,500 for the extension of the curriculum to include adequate social education.

"Dangerous thoughts" in other branches also will be fought tooth and nail by the Government. The War and Navy ministries will ask for large sums for extensive lectures and pamphlets to direct the thoughts of soldiers and sailors, among whom the Japanese Communists have been working with some success. Courses in "better thoughts" in schools conducted by the army and navy also are to be created.

Policemen, it is announced, will be required to attend special schools for the exact purpose of studying "dangerous thoughts." They will be instructed by lecturers who are known to have studied "dangerous thoughts" but who at the same time are considered by the authorities as immune to the workings of the thoughts themselves. The police instruction is being arranged so that the officers will be better able to detect perilous tendencies toward radicalism.

The Communications Ministry, it is announced, will receive nearly \$300,000 during the next fiscal year for the stated purpose of improving thoughts of the thousands of postal and telegraph office employees throughout the nation.

The Japanese version of communism is an exotic. As such, new Japan, ever ready to adapt itself to foreignisms, is eager over it, the same as it is over cowboy hats, the cinema, and other strange importations. The Government, anxious as it is to occidentalize Japan in many ways, is zealous, however, in maintaining the morale and morals of the nation. Western dancing is curbed as much as possible, the films are censored rigidly, and "dangerous thoughts" are absolutely tabooed. In the latter respect it is interesting to note that fascism causes little alarm and attracts no attention because the government idea of fascism is that it is a natural growth. It bears no threat to the state because it is cloaked as super-patriotism, with a self-imposed, professed mission of defending the existing order. When the activities of the so-called Japanese fascism culminates in political assassination, it causes less excitement among Japanese than a mildly communistic soap-box speech in Hibiya Park. The Japanese form of fascism, in the government mind, is more a nuisance than a menace. There are more than thirty Japanese fascist societies, composed of super-patriots engaged in zealous reform, blackmail, and murder of politicians. They are, as a rule, unmolested.

Student clubs, labor meetings, and farmer rallies, on the other hand, always are under the scrutinizing eye of the police in the belief that they produce alien, "dangerous thoughts." Raids on such gatherings result in hundreds of arrests. Less than half of those taken in custody are released on grounds that they show positive signs of giving up "dangerous thoughts" and returning to more orthodox tenets. It has only been within the past month that police bans on preliminary hearings of alleged Communists in Japan have been lifted. The ban on seven Osaka hearings has been removed, with no indication of how many more there are to come. Tokio never has lifted the bans on radical hearings since 1925.



Although Tokio is a hotbed of radicals, most of whom are students, Osaka, the manufacturing city of the empire, is regarded as the center of the Japan Communist Party. Its leaders as a rule receive their training in the Oriental Communist University in Moscow, and, besides spreading propaganda among the factory workers and farmers, they are known to have planted a large quantity of communist pamphlets in the army and navy.

Japanese communist leaders are young men in their twenties. The Osaka *Mainichi* has this to say of them:

They are becoming independent of their parents and imbued with zeal and courage for the practice of their principles and ideals. They are not fully experienced in social life and apt to be misled by novel and extraordinary doctrines. They are prone to be captured by radicalism and are ready to make themselves martyrs to it. We pity thoughtless victims as we hate radical leaders endeavoring to mislead young, innocent men with premature judgment and views of life.

That the Orient is afraid of communism more than any other Western influence is seen plainly in Japan's desperate attempt to curb radicalism and in China's wholesale "red raids." Revolution in Japan often has been prophesied since the World War. The present efforts of the Government to curb communism, a movement generally believed to be financed from Moscow, may be taken to portend that the Government itself is not so sure that a revolt is not far off. It was in 1868 that Japan threw off the tyrannical yoke of the Shoguns, placing the Mikado on the throne as the real rather than nominal ruler. Japan is now the only remaining absolute empire. Perhaps it is Young Japan's dream to make it an obsolete empire. At any rate there is something on the horizon, and to the Mikado it may look red.

## The Spoils System at Geneva

**W**ILL the Secretariat of the League of Nations become a dumping-ground for nationalist politicians?

The danger of such a calamity has been recognized by the Assembly of the League in a resolution passed at the last session, and a warning has been sounded by the Foreign Policy Association in its *News Bulletin*, from which we quote the following excerpts:

Within the last few months much concern has been felt over developments within the Secretariat at Geneva. This body, which consists of 465 members representing thirty-four nationalities, day by day does the spade-work for the meetings of the Council, the Assembly, and the various commissions. . . . The success of the League depends upon the intellectual capacity, but primarily upon the international-mindedness of its permanent officials. . . . When Signor Anzilotti resigned from the Secretariat to become a judge on the World Court in 1921, the fourth committee of the Assembly voted to suppress as unnecessary the post of Under-Secretary-General which he occupied; but this action was finally reversed and another Italian appointed to the position—obviously for political reasons. When Germany entered the League in 1926, a new and, what has been widely regarded as unnecessary, position of Under-Secretary-General, to be occupied by a German, was created. And when Spain returned to the League this September, it was on the understanding that a Spaniard should be head of the minorities section.

Originally, members of the League Secretariat consisted of former professors, publicists, or government officials who,

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upon entering the League service, willingly cut themselves off from a national point of view and embarked upon an international career. But later appointments, made to satisfy political considerations, have usually been of professional diplomats. Originally not a single Under-Secretary-General was a diplomatic official, but at present three out of the four fall into that category. The increase of the diplomatic element in other positions of the Secretariat seems equally marked. It is the practice of most foreign offices to include service upon the League Secretariat within the period which determines the retiring age and pension of the diplomat concerned. In April, 1927, Mussolini proclaimed the rule that no Italian could take service with an international public institution without the previous consent of the Italian Government. . . .

From the standpoint of the morale of the Secretariat, the situation is grave. Promotions to the high posts are not made from within the ranks; the plums are reserved for diplomats of the great Powers who temporarily leave their respective services for a turn at Geneva. It is not now possible for a young man to look upon the Secretariat as offering a permanent international career. The advancement of high officials for the moment at Geneva would seem to depend upon how well they serve national, rather than international, interests.

This situation will inevitably affect the willingness of states to bring their troubles to Geneva. If states A and B become involved in a dispute and if a diplomat from state B happens to be in charge of political questions in the Secretariat, state A will inevitably distrust the League machinery. . . .

The appointment of a representative of a smaller Power as one of the Under-Secretaries-General and the adoption of the rule that no professional diplomat should hold the position of assistant Secretary-General would do much to remove any such suspicion.

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FOR HERBERT HOOVER we have no warmer wish than that his administration may be worthy of the unprecedented and epochal landslide which has put him into office. No doubt here as to what the American people wanted and no room for anything else than a cheerful, good-natured acceptance of the result in the familiar American spirit of clearing the decks for the victor. Anybody who received such a popular vote ought to feel humble and deeply stirred to give the country the very best that is in him. If Mr. Hoover does that, if we are to have in the White House the Hoover of those earlier days before he entered the political arena and threw overboard all his Wilsonian ideals, he may win for himself the regard, the affection, and the gratitude of the great mass of the American people who were thrilled by the personality of his Democratic rival even when they could not vote for him. There are friends of Mr. Hoover in large number who believe that he will confound the liberal opposition to him by giving us a noble-spirited, progressive administration. If that should prove to be the case no one would rejoice more than the editors of *The Nation*, who have been among his severest critics. To have broken the solid South at last is in itself a wonderful achievement; to have carried, as at this writing (the morning after the election) seems probable, no fewer than four of the Southern States, is epoch-making, even though it is not a personal victory for Mr. Hoover.

For it opens the way to that needed political realignment for which we have so long called, and it ends the absurd bugaboo of Negro domination if a single State in Dixie should go Republican. No man has entered the White House freer than Herbert Hoover. Disliked by most of the politicians, he has been chosen largely by the anti-Catholics and the Drys, but to no one does he apparently owe any personal debts. He is, therefore, in the best possible position to show the country what manner of man the real Hoover is and how great the things an enlightened engineer can achieve in the White House. While we cannot abate one jot of our opposition to the principles for which he and his party stand, we naturally and earnestly hope for the prosperity, peace, and progress of the country under Mr. Hoover's guidance.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY is smashed—of that there is no doubt. It chose to run a Wet and Catholic and it has paid the price. As things look today, no living man above thirty years need expect to see a Catholic nominated again for the highest office in the land. Moreover, the completeness of Governor Smith's defeat makes impossible his renomination four years hence, as might have been the case had the election been close. If, as now appears, to our great satisfaction, Franklin D. Roosevelt has been chosen Governor of New York, there has risen another star upon the political horizon in Governor Smith's own State to play a great part in the complete party reorganization which must come unless it is simply to fade out. Of that we shall have much to say in the future. Today we would only add our tribute to the extraordinary campaign made by Governor Smith. Single-handed he waged his fight against the forces most hostile to our American democracy. Privilege and bigotry and religious intolerance he assailed with frankness and superb courage. On the merits of the debate he should have won. But the American people decided not on arguments, but largely upon feelings, passions, and prejudices. No man who had to carry the triple burden of his religion, his "wetness," and his affiliation with Tammany Hall could have waged a better campaign than the Governor of New York. He ends the battle having impressed his personality upon the whole country and having won the lasting affection of multitudes. Let no one deny to him, or to Norman Thomas, the praise they deserve.

THERE IS CONSOLATION in the results of the voting for United States Senators. Throughout the campaign *The Nation* has emphasized the importance of sending back to Washington the members of the progressive bloc who in recent years have done so much to hold in check the powers that are seeking to overwhelm popular rights in this country. We rejoice, therefore, in the reelection of La Follette from Wisconsin, Shipstead from Minnesota, Frazier from North Dakota, and Howell from Nebraska. It is gratifying, too, that California has returned Johnson, Massachusetts has reelected Walsh, and Tennessee has rewarded McKellar with another term. On the morning after election the fate of Wheeler in Montana, Dill in Washington, and Neely in West Virginia was still in doubt.



**TEN YEARS SINCE THE ARMISTICE!** Ten years of disillusionment since the wild jubilation of that November day in 1918 when the world faced the future with a deep resolve that such a war should not come again. Looking back upon those years it seems incredible that people could settle into the old ruts, reabsorb the old prejudices, and forget the lessons of that worst conflict in history. But that is precisely what they have done. The Allied Powers are spending more money for "defense" than they did before the war, and their weapons of destruction are infinitely more deadly than they were in 1918. The governments of the older Powers are using military forces to capture economic empires as persistently as they ever did. Only in the defeated and outcast nations have the lessons of the war been taken seriously. What a sardonic fate for the ideals of Woodrow Wilson that they should find root only in the nations which he denounced! Germany, ten years after the armistice, is working valiantly for peace against the militarism of the Allies, and Russia has become the foremost champion of subject peoples. In our own country the most hopeful sign of a movement toward peace is the great increase of interest in foreign affairs. While most of our people are still drunk with the old patriotism, organizations like the Foreign Policy Association—now celebrating its tenth anniversary—have greatly increased their scope and influence. An informed public opinion favorable to open diplomacy may in time realize the hope of the first Armistice Day.

**I**N THE ANCIENT CITY of Kyoto during the week ending on November 16 Japan's twenty-seven-year-old Emperor, Hirohito, will complete the elaborate six-day ceremonial which marks his ascension to the throne. He is the first modern emperor of the island kingdom, the first to emerge from the impenetrable seclusion which has surrounded every Japanese emperor for many centuries. Japan has considered seclusion so sacred that, although the new Emperor's father, Yoshihito, was insane for many years, not a newspaper dared to mention the fact. The new Emperor plays tennis, rides horseback, and experiments in his own biological laboratory. In 1921 he broke all Japanese precedents by traveling for two months in Europe, where he was much impressed by the relative democracy of Western princes and by the parliamentary system. He comes to the throne of Japan at a time of grave economic depression and widespread discontent. His Government's policy on the Asiatic continent has evoked the bitter opposition of China and Russia; his prestige is being used by the Japanese upper classes to suppress honest revolutionary thinking. The overthrow of hereditary monarchies in China and Russia has had its inevitable effect upon the younger generation in Japan. Unless Hirohito's advisers show great astuteness in adapting the powers of the Emperor to the demand for democratic government, it may well be that Japan's first modern Emperor will also be her last.

**T**HE FRENCH PARLIAMENT reassembled on November 6 without a Cabinet. After Edouard Herriot had once prevented the congress of the Radical Socialists from demanding that he and the three other representatives of the party withdraw from Premier Poincaré's Government, a last-minute resolution was put through calling for such action. Upon receipt of the four resignations Premier Poincaré at once sent his resignation to President

Doumergue. The defection of the Radical Socialists from the coalition Government has long been brewing. Their primary objection to Poincaré's policy was based on the proposal to restore in part the opportunities of Roman Catholic missionaries in the French colonies. Religious bitterness has been acute lately in France as well as in this country. Rumania was also without a cabinet as this issue of *The Nation* went to press. The Bratiano Government had resigned, but the leader of the National Peasant Party had refused to form a cabinet unless he could have full liberty of action. The old guard was unwilling to concede so much.

**U**NDER OUR GUNS, with a score of airplanes circling overhead, Nicaragua held its "free" election on November 4 and has chosen General José Maria Montcada, Liberal candidate, as its President. The result was not unexpected. There was little to choose between, both candidates having committed themselves to intervention by our marines in return for the opportunity to run for office under protection of our bayonets. The question that interests us is not which one of the obsequious candidates gets into office but whether the marines, having accomplished their professed purpose, will remove themselves from the country. Will they come home, or do they intend to stand guard over Nicaragua's new President to protect him from the Sandinistas—who are not reported as having turned up at the polls on November 4.

**W**ITH BANDS PLAYING and crowds cheering, twenty-six knitters who have been on strike against the Allen A Hosiery Company of Kenosha, Wisconsin, marched to jail to begin indeterminate sentences for contempt of court because they refused to pay a fine levied by Federal Judge F. A. Geiger for defying an injunction. This injunction was a sweeping order against picketing which the Allen A Company secured by evading the spirit of Wisconsin's liberal labor laws and going to the federal courts on a technicality. The imprisonment of the strikers without trial by jury in a progressive State like Wisconsin emphasizes the need of a new law limiting the power of federal courts to issue injunctions in labor disputes. The menace of irresponsible power in the hands of federal judges has also been demonstrated recently by the dismissal of the case against Judge William H. Atwell of Texas, whose attack upon the Brooklyn lawyer, F. R. Serri, was described in *The Nation* of August 29. After Mr. Serri had attacked the credibility of a prohibition officer Judge Atwell said: "In my country had you made such an accusation against an officer of the law the officer would have smashed you before you got out of the courtroom. Would you like to go to jail with your client?" When Mr. Serri sued Judge Atwell for \$50,000 damages for slander the suit was dismissed by Federal Judge Campbell with these words: "The law is settled that judges of courts of record of superior or general jurisdiction are not liable to civil actions for their judicial acts even when such acts are in excess of their jurisdiction and are alleged to have been done maliciously and corruptly."

**T**HE FINAL CONDEMNATION of Brookwood Labor College by the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor was one of the most inexcusable pieces of bureaucratic tyranny that our labor movement has ever known. When the original position was taken against Brook-



wood last July by the American Federation of Labor only vague charges of "radicalism" were mentioned and there was no opportunity for an open hearing. This star-chamber procedure aroused such a storm of opposition from various labor unions that President Green hastily promised to consider protests before final action. Despite this promise he did not invite the Brookwood authorities to appear for a hearing, and the final order urging all affiliated unions to withdraw support from the institution was quite as peremptory as the first. President Green then had the audacity to declare that "So far as I am advised the college authorities did not ask to present their side of the case either at our July meeting in Atlantic City or the one . . . on October 18." This after scores of letters and telegrams had poured into the offices of the American Federation of Labor asking for a hearing for Brookwood, and after the college authorities had telegraphed and written for such a hearing. What are we to think now of President Green? Meanwhile we appeal to all friends of workers' education to rally to the defense of Brookwood.

**I**N ROBERT LANSING there was profound knowledge of international law and far greater wisdom as counselor to the President than has generally been admitted. Deeply convinced of the guilt of the Germans—being entirely ignorant of the French and Russian pre-war conspiracies—and profoundly affected by the lies of the period, he was for unrelenting war, but only while it lasted. Before we entered the war he demanded that we treat Great Britain precisely as severely as we did Germany in the Lusitania notes. It was Lansing indeed who framed the stiff note to England in connection with her seizure of American ships and her violation, as he privately said, "of every canon of international law," which lay upon Wilson's desk from May of 1915 until November, to go forward then entirely emasculated. When Secretary Lansing reached Paris for the Peace Conference he was outraged, as were his associates, Henry White and General Bliss, at the way in which they were shelved. Sorely tempted to resign, Mr. Lansing held on lest Berlin derive encouragement from his retirement. When he returned to this country he made the fatal mistake of defending a treaty which he had bitterly opposed and knew to be wrong. In Paris he fought—unlike Wilson—for the immediate cessation of the hunger blockade of the Central Powers; had his wise plans been followed Europe would have been rehabilitated much sooner. As for his dismissal from office by his raging and ungrateful chief, nothing was more to Mr. Lansing's credit than the acts which roused Mr. Wilson's ire. Beyond that, he was a sensitive, fine-minded American, who, whatever his faults of judgment, set a very high standard for public servants to live up to.

**A** MASTER-BUILDER, perhaps the master-builder of the United States, died in New York on October 30. Otto M. Eidlitz was a man extraordinarily beloved both by the labor unions and the capitalists who rear the great structures in New York City and elsewhere, by the latter to such an extent that he was constantly refusing work that was offered to him—a \$3,000,000 contract just before his death. This was not only because of his attractive personality and his sterling honesty, but because his heart was set on producing a fine quality of work. For that, like every real artist, he cared far more than for any financial return. He was an admirable employer of labor, just and sympa-

thetic, with a clear understanding of the working man's side. The business of building in New York has been particularly subject to graft and has often been gravely harassed by labor-union blackmail and extortion. Against that Mr. Eidlitz set his face like flint, but, best of all, he was likewise equally outspoken about the many wrongs committed by capital. So clear was his impartiality that he was asked to become the author of an arbitration agreement which after twenty years is still largely in force. In war time the government called upon him for aid, which he gave without pay. Then, too, he proved himself a leader and a great force for conciliation. To the day of his death he was able to make stubborn, unjust, and less honest employers than himself come to his point of view. Were there many men like Mr. Eidlitz, the problems of labor and capital would profit enormously.

**T**WENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO Martha Berry took two children from the back-country districts of Georgia into her own home and began to teach them the rudiments of book knowledge and manual work. After a time she was able to build a tiny school-building and a dormitory for ten pupils. Today the Berry Schools of Georgia, housed in modern dormitories and school-buildings, have 1,000 pupils from the poorer families of the South, with 3,000 children on the waiting list and 7,000 alumni. The *Pictorial Review* made a wise and popular choice when, through its committee of judges, it gave its annual \$5,000 award for the best achievement by an American woman to Martha Berry. The South should also be proud of another educational experiment, which had its modest beginnings in Virginia last year and which continued in North Carolina this year. We refer to the Southern Summer School for Women Workers in Industry, which held its second session in Burnsville, North Carolina. In this school twenty-five girls from cotton mills, laundries, telephone exchanges, and cigarette factories of the South studied for several weeks the principles of social science as applied to their life tasks. They were told about the labor movement by some of its ablest exponents. They went back into the factories of the South with a determination to make their new learning count for the improvement of the conditions of their class. We hope for a continuation of this work.

**F**IRST FROSTS HAVE COME, Atlantic liners are charging off-season rates, and from Maine to California the American fireside is settling down to an exciting winter. For Mary and John and Aunt Jane have been abroad this year. Mary had a "wonderful time"; John spent the summer, after the Olympic Games, at the Dome in Paris; Aunt Jane is working feverishly on her first "talk" to the woman's club. The house is full of souvenirs, and reminiscences hover in the air like the smokes of Indian summer. Almost 320,000 American citizens have traveled abroad since January 1, and 35 foreign countries are richer by \$877,000,000, a figure which will "probably exceed even our net export of capital during the year," according to Dr. Ray Hall of the Department of Commerce, who has made a study of travel statistics for the first eight months of 1928. American tourists in 1927—285,000 strong—spent \$770,000,000 abroad. The increase during 1928, Dr. Hall estimates, will be \$107,000,000, making the largest total for any year since 1919-1920, when European travel was resumed after the World War.



# Hoover Wins

AS was foreordained, Herbert Hoover has won the Presidency, and by an amazing margin. The country has again voted to continue in office a selfish and reactionary government which should, for its sins, long ago have been reduced to impotence. For this victory Mr. Hoover can personally claim little credit. Millions of honest, unprejudiced Americans who believe in him as a man and as a humanitarian, including many readers of *The Nation*, have voted for him, sometimes as a lesser evil, but often because of genuine admiration for him, his achievements, and his point of view. Aside from these voters, however, from the beginning of the campaign there has been a group to whom he emphatically owes his success: Prejudice, Bigotry, Superstition, Intolerance, Hate, Selfishness, Snobbery, and Passion. Had he uttered no word and made not a single gesture these, his bond-servants, would still have placed him in the White House. It is idle to say that he did not wish their aid. At his right hand and at his left stood these furies of our political life to the very end of the campaign, without adequate rebuke, without the scorning and the scourging which should have been theirs. To them Herbert Hoover is in lasting debt, as well as to the forces of privilege, of economic power, of concentrated wealth.

Upon great masses of our fellow-citizens his victory serves notice that no one of their number may aspire to the highest office of the land; to multitudes it tells the tale that the aspirations of their fellow-men may be vetoed where passion holds sway. From it may be deduced a triumph for those who would upon certain moral issues impose their will upon their fellow-men whatever the costs. Let no man dare the sacred order hereafter unless his be the right clothes, the right accent, the right education, the right association, and above all the right faith. Let him be sure that his habits shall be those of Baptists and Methodists alike; let him never seek to face again the intolerance of the Protestant. We chronicle a victory for know-nothingism, for the narrowest of nationalistic ideals, for those who would surround this country with Chinese walls, with barriers against trade, barriers against peace, reinforced by encircling steel.

Each of these groups will henceforth claim the victory as its own and seek to grow fat upon it. Each will demand its toll and each read into the verdict the interpretation it desires. More than ever our American plutocracy sits deep in the saddle; more than ever the power of Big Business remains unshaken; more than ever the god of Prosperity is enthroned in Washington. At his feet new and sacrilegious offerings have been made. It is he who is to dominate the nation's communal life, since Mr. Hoover dedicated himself to this idol throughout his campaign. In addition to the full dinner-pail Mr. Hoover offered the full garage. Upon the homes with telephones, radios, electricity he dwelt unceasingly and in detail; only as if through an afterthought he added that he sought to abolish poverty in order that the plain citizen might have leisure for things of the spirit. Things of the spirit! Two words for them; ten thousand for the things that make for physical comfort. Ten thousand words to prove that all these material gains were the direct gift not of nature or of industry, but of the Republican Party itself. Not with bread and circuses this time,

but with garages and motor cars and radios and the electric current and the profits of the Stock Exchange!

What will Hoover do with his opportunity; what will he make of himself? The passions that fought for him may claim him as their own. Or it may be that he will free himself to do those things for which his warmest friends and admirers hope—to make over the unbalanced, absurdly ill-grown structure of government, to stress economic issues, to bring into his administration the spirit of science, of the engineer, and to inspire it with his desire to abolish poverty for the neediest. Let us hope that this will prove to be the case; that his acts in office may belie the melancholy content of his words upon campaign platforms; that something of the warm, human passion for the under dog which runs deep in the veins of his adversary may yet move Mr. Hoover to see that the masses advance best when progress and prosperity come from underneath. For the benevolent autocrat remains an anachronism in the body politic, and the teaching that prosperity has its *fons et origo* in Washington will return again and again to plague him who at the same time, with amazing inconsistency, denounces those who would bind together government and business.

As for the rest, progressives and liberals will see, we are sure, in this decisive triumph only a call to an intenser opposition, to a bolder challenge of those who once more have taken the government for their own. These men who declare that they alone are fit to rule, that in their high hands the destinies of the land must be placed—whether they sit in the seats of the political mighty or of their masters the overlords of trade—are the very men who may be counted on to blunder and to fall. It is they who give us our Dohenys, our Sinclairs, our Falls, our Denbys, and our Daughertys. It is they who compel such housecleanings as those that have periodically rocked the business world in insurance, in oil, in the railroads, and, soon to be, in the power industry. Give them the reins and they cure no fundamental ills; indeed they dare not prescribe for a trade so ill as coal-mining. For they see only symptoms and not causes, and have no real remedies as cures.

Perhaps it is just as well that Herbert Hoover has his chance to show what the engineer in the White House can do; whether or not he has it in him to work and to give and take with other men in order to achieve as President. Perhaps his abode in the White House may have been ordained to hasten the coming of a better day and a new order of society by demonstrating that not even an engineer may succeed by empiricism alone. Reason for discouragement and despair? Not the least. It merely means a longer struggle, a deferring of the day when the American people will realize that they must rouse themselves lest they lose forever the opportunity to do so. How many times did not the Slave Power achieve its victory at the polls, only to crumble from within and by pressure from without? Another day, another battle! A true reformer finds in defeat the stimulus to more determined advocacy of the principles which animate him. Now is the time to plan for a union of forces to create a truly liberal party which shall take for its own the best of the issues discarded by the Democrats during their gradual moral disintegration.



## Fritz Kreisler

**F**ORTY years of virtuosity before American audiences! That is what Fritz Kreisler can today look back upon with complete satisfaction, or could if it were ever possible for an artist of his stature to be satisfied with his achievements. A prodigy at ten when he won the eagerly coveted first prize and gold medal of the Vienna Conservatory of Music, he next carried off the Premier Prix de Rome at the Paris Conservatory at the mature age of twelve. He first toured the United States at thirteen, in 1888-1889, with Moritz Rosenthal, only to return to Vienna to complete his non-musical education before making his second debut in Berlin as a youth of twenty-four. Since that time he has been a precious possession of the whole world, with the United States, in part because of his American wife, a second fatherland. But a man like this is, of course, an international possession. He is at home in a world which, Heaven be praised, knows no nationalistic boundaries and was less affected by the hates and prejudices of the World War than almost any other sphere of intellectual activity, though not unaffected as Kreisler himself learned.

That he stands in the front rank of living violinists is, we believe, undisputed, and, unlike some of his contemporaries, he has genius unmated with eccentricity and quite unspoiled by success. Like Paderewski and a few other musicians, Fritz Kreisler would have been a great man in other walks of life—he could, by the way, have been a great pianist had he not preferred the violin. The little volume of his war experiences reveals an ability in the literary field to make one long for a day to come when he may be inspired to set forth the world as he sees it from the highest rung of the musical ladder, to put into words his hopes and aspirations for music and musicians.

No one can hear him play without sensing the depths of the nature that is his. That superb presence on the concert stage, that toss of the head when he stops playing, that intensity of his spirit and breadth of artistry—those speak for themselves. Bowing, technique, tone, understanding, intellectual interpretation are all there in fullest degree. It is no wonder that the critics have long since exhausted their superlatives—when they are fair—and have been often restricted to recording the fact of his playing to jammed houses and the nature of his performances; the vocabulary of praise is too readily exhausted.

Today we had rather dwell upon the man himself, his fineness and his greatness. Not only has he been blessed with complete modesty, but also with complete kindness, qualities too rarely met with among those who hold commanding positions. Something of the woe of the world is stamped upon his features, especially since the World War. Into that horror a stupid militarism ordered him and he went, to be saved for all music-lovers by an injury which brought his government to its senses. Released, he came back to the United States only to suffer, as the passions rose and the hatred grew, at the hands of our superpatriots, our 100 per cent Americans. So far as we are aware no word of pain, or complaint, or criticism has ever crossed his lips. Perhaps he, too, felt that his persecutors knew not what they did. He had seen the mad passions of his countrymen abroad. He must have realized to what baseness patriotism in war time descends. His very greatness made him beyond

hurt. It is related of Guizot that once his adversaries after violently assailing him roared: "Now what have you got to say?" He replied: "That you have not yet climbed up to the level of my contempt." So sharp a retort could never have come from Fritz Kreisler; but his assailants surely never climbed to the lowest level of anything but his pity. Fortunately time has brought sense to this land. No man, we are sure, is more welcome in America and none is more at home. To an unprecedented degree Fritz Kreisler is assured of the homage of the music-lovers here and under every other flag.

## Literature and Drama

**D**AVID BELASCO occupies a peculiar position in the contemporary American theater. Even his warmest admirers would not maintain that he enjoys today any obvious preeminence like that which was his some years ago and yet, though he has ceased to be regarded as a leader and an authority, he continues to be one of the most successful of Broadway producers. Time was when an announcement of his plays was, as a matter of course, given the most prominent place in any forecast of the season and when his name was more often mentioned than that of any one else in any discussion of the American theater. His aims, his theories, and his hopes dominated all discussions of the stage, and his productions were not only the most successful but the most esteemed as well.

Today few think of him as in any sense a leader, and even his most popular offerings seem somehow old-fashioned. And yet, going his own way, he holds his own audience in his own way. Younger men have mocked his stubborn loyalty to his conception of theatrical realism, and many critics have berated him for his persistent avoidance of any play which could possibly be considered to possess any literary merit. Yet loss of prestige has not involved loss of business success. The theater which bears his name is no longer considered as once it was a Temple of Art, but there are few other playhouses in New York as often filled, and the Belasco audience still thinks of itself as a thing apart from both *hoi polloi* on the one hand and the high-brow on the other.

The most successful part of his career as a dramatist lay within that comparatively brief period when acted plays were not generally printed. Today the successful drama is quite as likely to be published as it was in the time of Shakespeare or Congreve, but of Mr. Belasco's innumerable pieces a relatively insignificant number have been seen in type and the appearance of six of them (only three of which have previously been printed) in a single volume\* has a particular sort of interest. Their author has always been one of those who insist that the drama is a thing apart, that no sort of judgment passed upon it outside of the theater is of any significance whatever, and it is not irrelevant to inquire, now that the text of these selected plays is available, whether or not there is some relation between this contention and that loss of prestige which Mr. Belasco has certainly suffered. In a preface he states the heart of his creed:

The standards by which true literature is judged can-

\* "Six plays: Madame Butterfly, Du Barry, The Darling of the Gods, Andra, The Girl of the Golden West, The Return of Peter Grimm." By David Belasco. With an Introduction by the Author and Notes by Montrose J. Moses. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.



not properly be applied in judging drama. Ability to write well in other fields (in poetry or narrative, fiction or biography) does not necessarily imply ability to write well, or even tolerably, for the stage. Indeed, the one talent seems generally to exclude the other. . . . A play—a genuine play—is a very distinct and special form of writing. There are many compositions extant, in the form of colloquies and dialogues, containing elements of literature such as poetry, rhetoric, and eloquence, which are nevertheless damnable as drama. And, per contra, there are many most excellent plays which are insignificant as literature. My plays are all written to be acted, not read.

Now part of this is so obviously true that it is very easy to accept the rest without thinking. Many great writers have undoubtedly written very bad plays. Dramatic composition is certainly a form of writing quite different from any other. But does the fact that much good literature is not good drama mean that all good drama is not good literature, or has Mr. Belasco been proceeding all his life upon a conclusion deduced from what the pedantic would call a "fallacy of the illegitimate converse"? Ability to write well in other fields does not necessarily imply ability to write well or even tolerably for the stage. Perhaps, even, the one talent does usually exclude the other. But does that suggest that good drama is necessarily marked by an absence of sincerity, depth, and veracity which only the glamor of the footlights can hide? It may be that the answer is No and that Mr. Belasco's career in the theater wrecked itself upon something as seemingly remote from practical playwriting as the fallacy of an illegitimate converse. Through the careful avoidance of literature in all the plays which he has either written or chosen for production, he has succeeded in remaining a commercially successful manager, but he has surrendered to others the leadership which he once had.

## "Look Upon the Jury!"

"PRISONER, look upon the jury!" the judge directs at the beginning of every criminal trial. It would be well if not only the accused but all of us looked upon the jury a good deal more carefully and thoughtfully than we are given to doing, for the jury is the source of justice in the judicial system under which we live. The judge, the prosecuting attorney, the police, the witnesses expert and inexpert are all tributaries to the stream whose head is the twelve ordinary citizens who pass on the facts establishing guilt or innocence.

This is a day when democratic institutions are under attack from two sides. The more radically minded are out of sorts with them because of a feeling that they have failed to produce government in the interest of the people. The more conservative are condemning democratic institutions in the hope of getting rid of such popular control as they confer. But the attack on the jury system draws its support chiefly from the ranks of the conservatives. With all its defects the jury system seems to be the best method to date, either tried or suggested, for dealing with crime. It is quite possible, as a good many students of the law advocate, that in certain cases accused persons should be allowed to choose trial by a judge in preference to that by a jury (such technique is already considerably in use), but the

right to a decision by a jury should remain unabridged whenever it is the preference of a prisoner.

At the same time believers in the jury system should recognize that many of the criticisms made in connection with it are sound. A large proportion of the men who are most needed on such bodies manage to evade service and are quite callous in their indifference to their obligations under our judicial methods. The same men who assail the police for failing to protect them against crime will use any right or subterfuge to avoid serving on a jury. The same men who take pains to vote on Election Day consider it a matter of course to seek exemption from the usually more important duty of serving on a jury. *The Nation* is already on record as against exemption from jury service by occupation. Professional men, a highly necessary element if juries are to be what they ought to be, have so arranged it that they are practically all excused from service. We see no reason why there should be exemption for any occupation as such. Excuses should all be personal, granted only for the best of reasons by the presiding judge. Blanket occupational exemptions have been obtained in nearly all cases, we surmise, not for valid reasons but because the men concerned have unusual influence and have not scrupled to use it. There is no reason either why women should be exempt from jury service, as they are generally in this country. Now that they have the vote, jury service should be recognized as a logical civic right and obligation.

But the fault is not all with those who serve on our juries—or refuse to. Official regulations and methods in connection with jury service seem to be contrived so as to make such work as expensive, inconvenient, and obnoxious as possible. In the first place the prevailing pay of \$2 or \$3 a day is absurdly antiquated. There was a time in this country when that represented at least the pay of a day laborer, but that day is long past. Judges and prosecutors have been busy in getting their pay raised, but they have had no word to say in behalf of the jurymen. The jurymen's pay ought to be at least doubled, and it should be available to every man who is called to court for any purpose in connection with jury service. The prevailing practice is to pay only such men as actually act on a jury, while numerous others are called to court as possible jurymen, losing half a day or more from their work only to be sent away unused and unpaid.

Equally or more important is some method by which a prospective jurymen may be allowed to choose the time when it is most convenient for him to serve. The busy season varies in different occupations, just as personal plans do. Of course everybody could not be exactly accommodated, but an approximation might be reached. Some such arrangement is already in effect in certain places, as for instance in Essex County, New Jersey. There the court calendar is divided into three terms, and when drawn for jury duty one has the privilege of picking the term most convenient.

Finally a great deal of time is wasted in connection with jury service through absurd rules and practices which are generally one-sided. A man called for jury duty is liable to a fine if he is late, but a tardy judge will keep a whole courtroom of men waiting for half an hour and then take his seat without a word of apology. Exemption from jury service would not be sought so persistently if it were not for the fact that busy men resent the way in which their time is squandered and their personal rights ignored.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

A YOUNG Latin American complained to me the other day that there was in all these United States not one statue erected in honor of Francisco Miranda. I shrugged polite sympathy but confessed that I had never heard of the gentleman. He was not in my school-books. The young man from Central America undertook to rub the rougher edges from my ignorance and related to me briefly the life of Miranda of Venezuela. I cannot understand why his name is not mentioned with Lafayette, Rochambeau, and the rest, for he brought over a regiment to aid us in the War of Independence and served with the French forces here with great distinction.

My Latin-American friend said that he thought he could furnish an explanation for this land's neglect of the fame of Miranda. The Daughters of the American Revolution, he told me, had once contemplated some public honor for Miranda, but, upon examining his career, they found that he had lived in sin with a titled English woman and had also been one of the many lovers of Catherine of Russia.

This, to be sure, is merely hearsay. I do not care to libel the gallant Venezuelan or the lady of Russia. The Encyclopaedia Britannica is reticent in the matter and merely states that he went to Russia, "where he was warmly received." However, it appears as if the reception must have been too warm to conform with American standards.

And yet even the sparse life in the Encyclopaedia presents him as the most fascinating of all revolutionists. No one war was enough for Francisco Miranda. The liberty of the world lay on his conscience and after the last shot had been fired against the British he went to England and, with charming assurance, endeavored to drum up interest in an expedition to free Latin America. When the French Revolution broke out Miranda was in it. In Austria and in Turkey he agitated against existing tyrannies. Later he landed in Colombia, where he proclaimed freedom, and again in Venezuela. And it was here that he was captured and sent to Spain to die in a Cadiz dungeon.

Men of far less fire live icily in marble monuments. Even a Puritan community should be willing at this late date to forgive the sins which Miranda committed against the marriage code. And in the case of Catherine, for instance, how can anybody tell after all these years which one should shoulder the blame. If blame there was. The empress was a woman of great executive ability and few scruples. Miranda was far from home.

But, no matter what the facts, I'm for the statue. Monuments are peculiarly fitting anchorages for uneasy spirits. Those of the dead who were very good in life have no need of granite blocks to hold them down. In their conscience there is no disorder to make them dream and toss about. They even sleep too deeply to be at all concerned with the friendship of posterity. The consolations of sculpture should be reserved for men in whom purpose was half itch and half high principle. For in life the throb which lies in any such person sets him to wandering about the world. He cannot ever reach his goal, for he does not know precisely what it is. And so eagerness does not die with him. The world he left should give him rest by whis-

pering down to him through the earth, "There, there." And if posterity is kind it will make a monument, for that is practically the only way in which the living can pat a dead man on the back.

As a matter of fact, public monuments have a power for reformation which is largely neglected. Cast a man in bronze and set him at the intersection of two busy streets and he can hardly resist the urge to conform. If his private life was open to reproach this simple expedient lifts him out of error, for he no longer has a private life.

When I see Washington peering down above the tree-tops of a little city park I know that this was not the man who swore prodigiously. Under the hand of the reverent artist all the damns have disappeared. And each and every one of the many Lincolns in public places is a man about to speak nobly and in cadenced prose. You can look at any sculptor's Lincoln you please and I defy you ever to get the least suggestion that the gaunt man will grin and say, "It seems there was . . ."

And so it would be with Miranda if we made him into a statue. Into the bronze there might come an ardor and a yearning. It would be the ardor which sent Miranda to fight for American freedom and not at all the ardor which sent him to Catherine. Little children and Daughters of the American Revolution could pass by safely. A Miranda of metal would be without sin.

Perhaps it is rather a pity that we seldom set up statues of men who still live. It would have a most pronounced effect upon their conduct. If any community will agree to have me molded thin, austere, and earnest I will hereby agree to become precisely like that. I shouldn't like to make a fool of the sculptor. Nor of the public either. Marvels are possible in marble and the sculptor could make me alert and eager. If for instance he posed me on one toe sloth might well be shamed out of me.

I hate to wait for posthumous recognition. If the project is delayed until after my death the figure will serve only as a good example to generations yet unborn. I want the aid of example and inspiration myself. As a bicycle rider can go ever so much faster if only a motor sets him pace just so could I follow to glorious achievement a bronze Heywood Broun with sword held high and the light of consecration in my eye.

Just what this statue might be expected to inspire me with I am not so sure. The existence of such a monument would cut confoundedly into my working time. Always you might hope to find me lolling about the pedestal eavesdropping to hear the remarks of the passers-by. Perhaps I would be disappointed in that. Statues do not inflame the imagination of the public much. The first ten years of my life were spent in close proximity to Bolivar in bronze. I never knew his name. To me he was merely "that funny man riding a horse."

When I am unveiled I rather prefer to be set down while still afoot. I should be pedestrian in marble as in life. Also I suggest to the nameless sculptor that he do me fully clothed and with my trousers neatly creased. There is no point in sticking out for naturalism.

HEYWOOD BROUN



# Wall Street's Speculative Optimism

By MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER

*[This is the first of a series of articles covering the more significant aspects of business and finance. The Federal Reserve Bank, super-power, the bunco game of hidden earnings and assets will be considered. The next article, Chain Stores, the Revolution in Retailing, will appear shortly.]*

OF late, the building of financial castles in the air has resulted in the fulfilment of dreams. The tipsters, the windbags, and the unqualified optimists have for once been vindicated by the event. In speculative quarters, the unprecedented phenomena have been described as characteristic of a new era in finance and trade. Since 1922 representative industrial stocks have actually exceeded in their spectacular upturn the meteoric rises which charlatans predicted for their own shoddy financial wares. In the last seven years, seventy representative industrial stocks have trebled in value. Meantime, thirty representative railroad stocks have doubled in value. The experience of this post-war period has challenged the cynical old Wall Street aphorism that "stocks were made to be sold."

Is the American economic society better off as a result of the marking up of stock prices? Usually, there is an undeniable psychological exhilaration in periods of rising prices. The stock market has become a scoreboard for registering managerial success or failure. The big board gives the financially minded public an opportunity to applaud business achievements and to hiss at commercial blunders. The executives of companies whose stocks have been speculative favorites, such as General Motors, Chrysler, Radio Corporation of America, Montgomery Ward & Company, Sears Roebuck & Company, General Electric Company, International Harvester Company, American Smelting and Refining, and R. H. Macy & Company, have sensed tangible evidence that the crowd was with them. High prices for common shares constitute an evidence of public favor, and accordingly open the way to raising new capital on advantageous terms. The present period constitutes a golden opportunity for prosperous companies to raise additional funds through stock issues, which entail no definite promises to investors. Inasmuch as shares constitute a claim only to residual earnings after all prior obligations have been met, companies do not obligate themselves legally to show any earnings on their common shares. Accordingly, whatever inflation may have taken place in common stock values technically imposes no necessary hardships.

However, as a practical matter, executives feel called upon to justify market valuations of their securities through building up business profits. This pressure from the stock market, which is partly only psychological, intensifies the mad race for heightened volume. Moreover, the goad of speculators may tend to make corporate managers less open to socially wise innovations which cut down net profit available for dividends. There is a danger that it may discourage new adventures in profit-sharing, such as the plan of the Endicott Johnson Corporation which, after paying the regular dividend, credits one-half of the excess earnings to the account of a fund for employees, and that of Sears Roebuck & Company which makes substantial deductions from profits for the account of the fund which holds

stock in the company for employees. Such a liberal policy causes the ratio of net to gross earnings of the mail-order house to make a superficially unfavorable comparison with that of the F. W. Woolworth Company, which indulges in no similar deductions, although it remunerates store managers in accordance with the success of their particular units.

The social dangers of stock-market inflation, however, concern the consumer of merchandise less than the investor in securities. A long-term rise means that the investor must pay a higher price to buy a given amount of earning power, past, present, or prospective. It also entails a consistent reduction in the current dividend return obtainable on stocks. Such movements end at least temporarily when stock prices exceed a level at which new investors are attracted. Those who buy even the best stocks near the end of the cycle may have to wait patiently for years to get their principal back intact. Furthermore, no candid observer can deny that there is much lost motion in excessive and uninformed trading by amateurs, whose highly emotional operations tend to exaggerate price movements in both directions.

Until turning-points are reached, speculators, who are like participants in a game of pushball, enter the speculative arena, hoping to be able to pass the ball to some one else. Speculators, less concerned with intrinsic value than with the expectation that they can resell at a profit, hope that irrespective of the fantastic price they pay they will be able to find a still more optimistic buyer who will relieve them to their advantage. In the present set-up, the highest remuneration is paid to those who can accurately foresee changing security values. The rewards for canny judgment at the great whirlpool of speculation are prodigious, and, though drastic punishment for blunders is far more general, the hope for success flares up eternally. Accordingly, statistical demonstrations of disappointments sustained by amateur traders are powerless to check the nationwide impulse to participate in prosperity without working.

The psychosis of the amateur financial mind is such that it rejects evidence of a thousand speculative failures and focuses attention on a few exceptional outstanding successes. The Italian-marble palaces along the north shore of Long Island, in Westchester, in California, and in Florida constitute the indigenous means of paying tribute to the extraordinary speculative intelligence of the small minority of successful financiers. In this fast-maturing country the crop of millionaires is large and growing. But the records show that for every palace built to glorify those who bought stocks near the bottom and sold near the top there are tens of thousands of average homes rendered a little sadder and more barren because of faulty speculative calculations.

Whether on Main Street or on Wall Street human beings only occasionally are able to think clearly and eschew feelings, emotions, passions. The prize for keeping one's head and acting promptly and independently during recurrent periods of popular delusions is great riches. That lure—and the thrill of the quickened chase for dollars—has thus far in 1928 drawn a record-breaking horde of men and women with little capital and experience, but with a vast amount of hope, to the great nerve center of speculation.



Some marginal traders succeed for a time, but ultimately most of the lay plungers fail. They constitute the suckers who create opportunities for more analytical financiers.

Speculation dates back to the first attempt of a mortal to tie the present to the future. Never before, however, have so many persons directly participated in security speculation as this year. The wider public, which was apathetic a few years ago when stocks were really on the bargain counter, began to clamor for stocks after they had already soared to unprecedented heights. Accordingly, the more recent advance cannot be explained exclusively in terms of cold logic. Proponents of the advance insist that the stock market has been discounting the arrival of a new era in American business. Unquestionably this post-war period has been marked by America's economic coming of age. Formerly many of the country's foremost projects, such as the railroads, were built in anticipation of future growth. Now American business is in a state of realization; it is cashing in on the foresight of the pioneers. Moreover, the post-war period has witnessed the emergence of America as the foremost creditor nation in the world. In pre-war times, America was debtor on balance, and the dividends and interest paid by American companies were formerly partly garnered by alien owners residing abroad. Such émigré securities have subsequently been repatriated, and the funds paid out to security owners flow back into the domestic stream of investable capital. For the first time in American history, capital has been generated at so rapid a rate that the supply has exceeded the demand. Security prices in recent years have been adjusting themselves to this new condition.

In pre-war times the investor still retained mental reservations toward even the largest American industrial corporations, which he considered unseasoned. Such companies were still an experiment in the competitive world, and timid investors used to capitalize corporate earnings with great moderation. Politically, trusts were on the defensive. But the new post-war period has been plainly the era of big business. Mass production and mass distribution constituted formulas for increasing the dominance of great corporations. Small and inefficient enterprises, confronted by intensified competition, began to suffer heavy mortalities. The better-managed corporations, with war profits behind them, built up huge corporate surpluses, squeezed the original water from their shares, and primed themselves for the new competition of the future. Gradually, even the less discerning perceived the consequences of the flowering of great corporate enterprises, and investors and speculators began to show a new faith in the future of securities of such favored corporations.

Stock prices represent an attempt to capitalize corporate earnings and dividends, present, past, and future, with due regard to prevailing interest rates. Most observers were inclined to regard the long-term decline in interest rates as the principal cause of the advance of security prices between 1922 and 1927. But in the last four to eight months interest rates have reversed their course, without checking the advance in stock prices. If there is merely a lag between interest rates and stock prices, it is a longer one than commonly experienced in past markets.

The old rule-of-thumb notion was that good stocks were worth ten times their earnings. At present, according to the compilations of the Standard Statistics Company, 429 representative industrial stocks are selling at 15.6

times earnings, 48 utilities are selling at 15.6 times earnings, and 37 railroads are selling at 13.6 times earnings. The changed basis cannot be explained solely on grounds of fluctuations in interest rates. It represents in part a new optimism concerning the future. The income tax on present income and the tax exemption of future possibilities have stimulated the wealthy classes to lay increasing emphasis on prospects, rather than on present realities. The price of stock represents an attempt to capitalize future dividends, and in their present mood investors and speculators are taking an extremely sanguine view of what future dividends through the years will be. Accordingly, buyers are willing to share a large part of the anticipated gains with sellers. The essence of the riddle concerning the financial aspects of the so-called new era is whether the public is ready as a permanent policy to capitalize corporate earnings more generously in stock prices than in the past.

Of course, in future periods of public pessimism the rate for capitalizing earnings will decline, but, in my opinion, will remain higher than the pre-war rate in comparable periods of depression. To support such an assumption, there is evidence that a relatively small number of business institutions will get an increasingly large share of the nation's and the world's trade, and there has been a growing public effort to buy a stake in such selected enterprises. Companies have been favored which seem to be the chief instruments through which America is expressing its new world leadership in finance and trade. The new set-up in business enhances the opportunities for large net profit by leaders. Moreover, an epidemic of mergers and consolidations has reduced unprofitable competition. Furthermore, important strides have been made in the last decade in the technique of management. Standardization and simplification have helped to reduce drains on profits, and further opportunities for cutting down primitive industrial waste are still open. Such advances enable well-managed companies to increase net profits without raising prices to consumers or cutting wages.

The cultivation of important new industries such as the automobile, the radio, and the airplane has heightened the productive facilities of this country and has increased the aggregate purchasing power. The fruits of mass production have been made available to an ever-widening circle of consumers through the magic of the instalment plan, which enabled the average man to spend far in excess of his current means. A rising standard of living, which was financed by the payment of higher real wages, constituted the basis for the wave of prosperity which rested on larger per capita consumption. The already insatiable demands of the ordinary person were whipped into a buying frenzy by high-powered advertising and selling, which increased volume without necessarily heightening the prudence with which consumers exercised their buying options. A phase of the improved living standard has been the electrification of the country in this push-button age. With power consumption increasing at the rate of 15 per cent a year, and with new economies in using fuel and through mergers and interconnections, the public-utility holding companies have waxed wealthy, and their securities have in many instances proved bonanzas to their holders.

Moreover, the railroads, under more friendly conditions of regulation under the terms of the Transportation Act of 1920, have regained at least a moderate amount of prosperity, reflecting marked improvement in operating efficiency.



By giving swifter freight service, the railroads have cut down the need for large merchandise inventories on the part of retailers. The carriers accordingly have fostered the new custom of hand-to-mouth buying, which tends to stabilize business. Dividends have risen more rapidly than earnings. On account of accumulated surpluses and better managerial methods, executives have felt it safe currently to pay out a larger share of net earnings than in the past. Fluctuating styles in the realm of investments have also changed the basis for pricing common stocks. Not only has there been a tremendous increase in the number of American security buyers with the rise of the small investor during the last decade, but there has also been a radical shift in investment taste. There has been a new appreciation of the value of common stocks, instead of bonds, as long-term investments for individuals who are more concerned with providing purchasing power for the future than a stipulated number of dollars of uncertain purchasing power. Related to this development has been the vogue for investment trusts in the United States in the last four years, trusts which transfer to experts, real and alleged, the problem of selecting suitable securities for the portfolios of laymen. Such cooperative funds automatically assure wide diversification and presumably expert selection. Investment trusts as a class have been large buyers of common stocks and the well-managed trusts come into the market as buyers when the more emotional public has become temporarily frightened.

The absence of pre-war panics, as a result of better administration of the banking machinery of the country, has extended the period of unbroken high industrial activity. And finally, in recent years, the reservoir of investable capital in the United States, which reflects a period of high

productivity, has been artificially swollen by the reduction of the federal government debt at the rate of a billion dollars a year.

The foregoing citation of factors which contributed to the long-term advance of stock prices constitutes to a marked extent water that has already gone over the dam. The investor must always decide to what extent stock prices have discounted new developments. Appraisers of speculative trends are already beginning to focus attention on the reaction which may be the sequel to the advance. John J. Raskob, Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, and a wide variety of delegates to the recent convention of the American Bankers Association publicly confided their belief that the present level of stock prices is too high. But for weeks the public tended to ignore such warnings, just as it defied the cautionary leadership of the Federal Reserve System, whose attempt to put the brakes on speculation in the first third of the year only succeeded in causing two short periods of drastic liquidation. Subsequently, stock prices and brokers' loans soared to unprecedented summits.

Pseudo-scientific forecasters have made a lamentable failure for several years in calling the turns on this remarkable stock market. Financial high priests have been repeatedly wrong in articulating the oracular judgment that prices were too high. Meantime, out-and-out bulls, of the type of William C. Durant, have been more reliable prognosticators, although on occasions Mr. Durant's expressions of optimism have come only shortly before a drastic intermediate reaction. If such men continue indefinitely to view the market as roofless, they will doubtless at length prove spectacularly wrong—at least, from the criterion of short-term results.

## The Real Situation in Russia\*

By ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

**F**UNDAMENTAL to any understanding of the real situation in Russia is the fact that Communist Party policies are not determined by a few score leaders, but by the hundreds of thousands of the members; that the course of the revolution is controlled by the rank and file, long and intensely trained in political thought and action. In them resides a vast revolutionary intelligence that is not to be fooled by the resounding phrases of journalists and orators: a revolutionary will that is not to be thwarted by the intrigues of politicians or intimidated by bureaucrats. In every struggle they manage to get to the root of the issues, to make their voice articulate and their will effective.

But in "The Real Situation in Russia," not only do the author, Trotsky, and the translator, Max Eastman, ignore these facts but the publishers are moved to announce that "all the documents in this book were suppressed and outlawed by the Stalin regime and came out of Russia underground."

Very luring to the reader, only it doesn't happen to be true. Long ago various sections of the book were published in the Russian press, particularly in the *Pravda*, official organ of the Communist Party with a circulation of over 600,000 penetrating into the farthest steppes and forests of

the Soviet lands. The first part of the book was printed in the *Pravda* of November 2, 1927. The substance of some of the second part in the issue of November 17. The Joffe letter, in its original form, appears in the magazine *Bolshevik*. If the reader wants it in English, let him ask at the public library for *Inprecor*, and in *Inprecor* of December 12, 1927, he will find the Counter-Theses on Work in the Village and other Opposition documents to the extent of 30,000 words. In them the Central Committee of the party is accused of "cheap sneers," "revenge," "knoting to the kulak" (rich peasant), "bourgeois lying." And all this, translated into three languages, is printed by the Central Committee and distributed throughout the world. Surely an original method of suppressing and outlawing documents!

The controversy with the Opposition is presented by Mr. Eastman in his preface and in the copious notes which accompany the text as a contest between two sets of leaders: "the clear-headed honest revolutionists" against the "reactionary bureaucrats, politicians, and heelers." As in the Zoroastrian religion a duel between the forces of good and evil, the God of Light, Trotsky, pitted against the God of Darkness, Stalin. This version of the Russian Revolution quite accords with the conception of the hero-worshipping Westerner; the giants and geniuses at the top determining

\* "The Real Situation in Russia." By Leon Trotsky. Translated by Max Eastman. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.



the policies and the rank and file acquiescently carrying out the program handed down to them. But it is not, it has never been so. The leaders propose, but the party masses dispose. Again and again they have not hesitated to reject the proposals of Stalin, Bukharin, Trotzky—even of Lenin. But in "The Real Situation in Russia" this fact is never touched upon. In the present controversy, then, it is essential to know the feelings of the party masses about the program and tactics of the Opposition and their verdict.

Let us take a typical group, a "cell" of the party, not in Moscow but in the country. Let us go to Kvalinsk on the Volga where I lived for fourteen months. Of the seventy Communists in the town, twenty became well known to me by frequent visits to my house, journeyings together into the villages, and subsequent correspondence. Here are a few:

Stephanov, the quiet bullet-scarred Red armyist, now on the ring post that brings Moscow a month nearer to the snowbound villages beyond the Volga. Into the village his sledge sweeps with jangling bells calling everybody to the Soviet. Shaking the snow from his coat, he plunges into the crowd, shouting greetings, distributing mail, taking subscriptions for the peasant papers, answering complaints in Chuvash, Mordvin, and Tartar. Blizzards rage, he is pursued by hungry wolf-packs, kulaks conspire against him, his child dies, but he never misses a trip, never loses patience and good humor.

The students Rodenov and Kobilov, standing with clenched fists before a portrait of Marx, dedicating their lives to communism and to good roads in Russia; dragging sleds from hut to hut gathering gifts of grain and cabbages for a Lenin-corner, entering the village clubs to drive out drinking and hooliganism with games and books and revolutionary songs.

Khonin, the rural judge, discoursing to the peasants on the moot questions of the day: why boys steal grain, why families break up, why wives suddenly become unmanageable. All day holding official court in the village school, then, round the samovar, private court till midnight, adjusting land disputes, reconciling hot-tempered sons with despotic fathers, getting peasant opinion on proposed changes in the law, expounding the Soviet theory of law, not as codes superimposed by autocratic rulers but as rules of life drawn up by the people themselves, calling up visions of the society to be, without judges or courts or jails. A few hours sleep in the strawshed, wrapped in his *shuba*, then at it again.

If one must have a hero of the Revolution, why not find it in groups like this, working away in the 300,000 villages of Russia with all the diplomacy of Chicherin, the eloquence of Trotzky, the energy of Stalin, the single-heartedness of Lenin. With no plaudits or drums to cheer them on, fighting against age-old ignorance and traditions on these lone far-off fronts, as valorously as in 1917 they fought on the barricades and against the armies of the imperialists.

Now came the Opposition, telling how to deal with the peasants. In the papers columns of speeches explaining the new program, in person two Opposition leaders from Moscow. Stripped of glittering phraseology the gist of the new proposal was: "Curb the kulak (rich peasant)! Organize the poor!" But this was precisely what the Kvalinsk Communists were doing with all their might. They were organizing the farm hands into unions; exempting the poor peasants from taxes; advancing them loans for horses, seeds,

implements; uniting them in tractor artels and cooperatives; defending their interests in court; at every turn, with every strategy, raising barriers against kulaks and nepmen.

What new concrete measure did the Opposition propose? It was this: A forced loan of 150 million poods from the kulak. Or in the fervid words of one of the Oppositionists: "Let the poor peasants rise up, grab the kulak by the throat, and shake out a billion rubles!" A seductive and exhilarating proposition. No longer the patient, nerve-wearing, laborious methods of circumventing the kulak. But falling on him with a bludgeon, in one fell swoop smashing and ruining him altogether.

Glorious but not revolution, was the verdict of the Kvalinsk Communists. Despite the dazzling revolutionary phrases in which it was couched and the apparently revolutionary action to which it summoned, they branded it as anti-revolutionary. They condemned it as the device of men who might be brilliant internationalists and Marxian scholars, but who were abysmally ignorant of Russian realities in rural life; the fantastic scheme of urbanites isolated from the villages. They rejected it as adventuristic, visionary, and impossible. It was impossible because there was no way of defining the kulak. Only five of the 34,000 peasants in the Kvalinsk district had four horses—these might be kulaks. But how select the kulaks among the 10,000 two and three-horse peasants? A sheer impossibility. For this reason the forced grain levy would fall not only on the kulak but on the middle peasant with disastrous consequences. For if Moscow could arbitrarily commandeer his surplus, what inducement to produce? Why toil and sweat only to see the fruits thereof taken away from him? Far better to sow just enough for his own needs. The result would be little grain on the market, no grain for export, the complete disorganization of agriculture. Thus the blow aimed by the Opposition at the kulak and striking the middle peasant would shatter the economic basis of the Soviet state.

At the same time the attempt to enforce the grain loan by rousing the enmity of the village would be a shattering blow at the moral basis of the Soviet state. For the peasant no longer, as of old, meekly submits to ukases from Moscow. As these Kvalinsk Communists knew so well, a decade of revolution has created a new peasant: independent, conscious of his power, jealous of his rights. Resentful of anything superimposed on him, he respects only those laws which he has had a part in formulating. Even in 1918-1920 the grain requisitions roused him to rebellion and a wave of revolt swept through the villages. In 1928 a forced grain loan would be rank insult to his sense of justice, an affront to his new-born pride of citizenship. He would resist it by every means at his command. That would mean once more the army in the villages, sabotage and hatred of the Communist regime. It would mean the dissipation of the loyalty and confidence so carefully built up by seven years of tireless labor. At one stroke the destruction of the object which Lenin urged the party at all costs to achieve: the union (*smichka*) between peasants and workers. At one stroke the alienation of the peasants, the mainstay of the Red army—a blow at the national defense.

(It may seem that the disasters flowing from the Opposition measure are a bit exaggerated. But all these fears have been confirmed by the experiences of the past winter and spring, when even the mild measures adopted for forcing grain from the richer peasants brought a contraction of the sown area, the hostility of the villages, the active and



passive resistance of the peasants resulting in thousands of arrests.)

As the Soviet press continued to print the speeches of the Opposition, the Kvalinsk Communists became bored or annoyed. As the Opposition in their headstrong insistence on the prolongation of the debate went beyond all bounds of party discipline and Soviet legality, they became exasperated, embittered, enraged. First, this rage was directed against the Opposition leaders, then against the Central Committee of the party: "Had we done one-tenth as much, long ago we would have been expelled!" They sent demands to Moscow to cease conciliating and temporizing with the Opposition, to take drastic measures against the offenders. Thousands of other groups like Kvalinsk did the same. No Central Committee ever had such a clear, definite mandate to act. Only however after the practically unanimous condemnation of the Opposition by the party in the Fifteenth Congress and by all the Communist parties of the world in the Comintern was it expelled in a body. The intransigent and irreconcilable, refusing to bow to the will of the party, were ordered into exile.

This exiling is depicted in a highly sensational manner, and according to Mr. Eastman not only Trotzky but "his friends were violently dragged out of their homes, shipped into desert. . . ." Very lurid, but that is not the way it happened to Trotzky's friend, Feodorov (page 204) in whose home I lived in Moscow. As an active Oppositionist he was slated for exile and the G.P.U. proposed that he join Trotzky at Alma Ata. Feodorov protested that he didn't like the climate. A few days later, and over the telephone, the G.P.U. asked: "How about going to America? We can fix up a job for you in the Amtorg there!" Feodorov's wife was in raptures. But not Feodorov. His was a most exacting taste in places of exile. Courteously but firmly he objected. So while the G.P.U. racked its brains in an effort to please their fastidious client, Feodorov went on a visit to Leningrad, then to Zinoviev and Kamenev in exile, some sixty miles from Moscow, carrying rugs and curtains for their barely furnished quarters. Finally after a month of *pourparlers* a satisfactory place was found for Feodorov—the city of Kharkov with a position as manager of a chemical factory. His departure was celebrated by some fifty Oppositionists in his home, in an evening of fun and fellowship. They joked about the "vacation" the party was now giving them, the first in twenty years; they held mock trials, jocularly ordering this cold-hating comrade to exile in frozen Siberia, that heat-hating comrade to blazing Turk-estan. There were Russian dishes and steaming samovars, rollicking stories, folk-songs, and village dances till morning. A real old-time Russian *vecherenka*.

There is nothing of this sort in the book. For Mr. Eastman has set out by all means to convince the reader that the Oppositionists were the victims of unrelieved brutality and trickery and into his elaborate introductions and footnotes he admits only such material as would buttress his arguments. Many of the incidents related seem to me a bit distorted, if not apocryphal. However, granting their authenticity, against them can be placed others that would lead the reader to quite a different impression.

For instance, why has Mr. Eastman not included the authentic incident of November 7, at the textile factory where Trotzky was a great favorite? Suddenly without warning he appeared before the workers forming in line for the Tenth Anniversary parade. Cheers greeted his first

sentences glorifying the October Revolution. But as he passed to an attack on the party there were murmurs of dissent, then protests, then shouts: "Stop it!" Trotzky lashed out ferociously, calling them "bureaucrats! bourgeois!" "No, Comrade Trotzky," they cried holding up their hands, "we've been spinners and weavers here for twenty years. We're Communists and you're splitting the party." Trotzky persisted, rousing the workers to rage, and from their hands he escaped only by fleeing in his car. Everywhere the Opposition met a like rebuff. A spontaneous rejection by the very workers who were at first allured by the seductive promises of the higher wages and more privileges, held out in the Opposition program.

About this side of the conflict Mr. Eastman is eloquently silent. While dwelling on the "intrigues" and "ruthless strategy" of the party against the Opposition, he sedulously omits the ruthlessness and violence and provocative tactics employed by the Opposition against the party. One might think that the Oppositionists were all sweetness and light, harmless as a brood of doves. No hint to the reader that the faction they organized was put on a war footing, with secret pass-words, and a Red Cross captained by Joffe; that the Oppositionists forcibly seized halls, violently ejecting the regular party workers; that they repeatedly violated explicit promises given to the party; that they supplied the bourgeois press with party documents, and even waged their propaganda among correspondents of the foreign capitalist press.

It was by this defiance of all party discipline and loyalty that the Oppositionists alienated such sympathy as they first enjoyed among the workers. In their eyes the course pursued by the Opposition was leading to the disruption of the party, and—despite all disclaimers to the contrary—to the formation of a second party, a threat to the very existence of the proletarian state. Alarmed at this prospect the masses rallied to the defense of the party and to the support of the Central Committee. If in the provinces it was the agrarian program of the Oppositionists that defeated them, in the cities it was primarily their tactics, stirring deep and widespread indignation. They were condemned by the party masses as dangerous, if not destructive, to the revolution.

Nothing of this in the book. The feelings, ideas, and judgment of the party masses are ignored. They are completely left out of the picture, or dragged in now and then to appear shouting hosannas to the Opposition. The whole controversy is presented as a duel between contending leaders, with Mr. Eastman striving by all means to glorify the Trotzkyists and to blacken the Stalinists, but in his bitter partisanship he overreaches himself. He leaves the party acquiescent in perpetration of a monstrous crime.

If this were true, how pitifully abject and contemptible the character of the million revolutionists comprising the Russian Party, how utterly lacking either in will or in intelligence. For either they have been hoodwinked and tricked by the "demagogism, lying, and jesuitry" of Stalin and his henchmen, and were ignorant of the situation; or craven, cowering, and browbeaten, they lack ordinary backbone and courage to rise up in protest against it. The party that wrought the greatest revolution in history, the party that fought through a decade of war, famine, blockade, now become a crowd of dupes or cowards!

Is it possible that anyone believes that this is the real situation in Russia?



# Notes from Washington

By DUFF GILFOND

*Washington, D. C., October 29*

THE United States Tariff Commission has just completed a \$20,000 investigation on corn and sent its report to the President. The three Republican commissioners, although two of them knew better, in their timely solicitude for the farmer recommended an increase in the duty. Commissioner Lowell, nice old fellow, might be exempted from blame on the ground of ignorance.

Raising the duty on corn cannot help the farmer any more than changing the style in lamp-posts. Considering that only one-twenty-fifth of 1 per cent of the total production of corn and less than 2 per cent of the marketable surplus is imported, foreign competition can hardly be the cause of the farmer's troubles. Whether the duty on corn be fifteen or fifty cents he will still have difficulty in meeting his bills.

This condition, however, did not deter the President from ordering the investigation. It was, as explained to him, perfectly innocuous; the unsuspecting farmer could be persuaded it was a relief measure; and it could be completed just before the election. Mr. Coolidge was impressed, and although Secretary Jardine pooh-poohed it and the Democratic Tariff Commissioners Dennis and Dixon snickered, the farce began. It has been whispered that the President's letter to the Tariff Commission was not even tactful. Instead of requesting it to furnish the data on corn about which a question had risen, he forgot the commission was purely a fact-finding body and bluntly asked what it could do about raising the duty.

Chairman Marvin and Dr. Brossard, the high priests of protection, and their acolyte, Mr. Lowell, readily found a way to do Mr. Coolidge's bidding. Since the Attorney-General has ruled that the transportation rate may be included in determining the cost of production, the commissioners figure on the longest haul, regardless of whether the commodity will ever make it. In this instance they reckoned the freightage from the Middle West, the center of corn production, to San Francisco, the point of contact between American and Argentine corn. They could have selected the Eastern route, as imported corn is also used on the Eastern coast, but it is cheaper. To be sure, it is preposterous to think of trundling corn over the precipitous Rockies to protect American farmers and a pity to provoke the Argentine government when they send us so little, but politics are a grave consideration. Last year the commissioners gave American cherries a buggy ride all across the country with the hope of wresting the Eastern market from the Italian cherry grower. But the disadvantage of moving the Western cherries is so great that in the East Italian cherries are still eaten, without fatalities, and at a higher price.

The Tariff Commission has frequently been charged with a hyper-protective spirit. Commissioner Dennis once said the tariff, like the elbow, "flexes" one way: up, not down. This is not true, exactly. A survey of the pending investigations of the commission indicates that one is actually being made with the purport of reducing a duty. The commodity is matzoths, the sacramental bread of the

Jews, all of \$10,000 of which was imported in 1927. Matzoths could neatly be added to the list of important commodities on which the duty was reduced in the last three years: bob-white quail, paint-brush handles, cresylic acid, and phenol.

Matzoths came into the limelight when the yearning of a sentimental New York rabbi for the Palestinian brand became known to Senator Curtis. That good Indian, with an eye on Jewish votes, especially from the Empire State, quickly took the matter up with the Tariff Commission. Between them they decided Jews would never go to heaven if they continued to eat American matzoths and, in spite of the fact that wool and aluminum have been badly in need of an investigation, this question of the matzoths could not be neglected. Besides, it will undoubtedly be easier for the Republican Party to hurt the feelings of the manufacturers of matzoths than those of wool and aluminum.

While futile investigations like the one on corn are rushed and completed, really important studies are still dragging on. Linseed oil is the prize example, although its mistreatment is not the fault of the Tariff Commission. Uniquely enough, this whole board, including the reactionary chairman, recommended a reduction of the duty more than five years ago. The President avoided the performance of a disagreeable task by pronouncing the data insufficient. Subsequent excursions by the commission's experts and the repeated raking up of more statistics have not changed the President's mind. The linseed oil report will never be fat enough to burst out of the White House pigeon-hole.

Mr. Hoover at length discontinued Negro segregation in the Department of Commerce—after refusing for two weeks to see the Negro delegation who, through political vantage, forced the move on him. "He is too busy with great national issues," his secretaries repeatedly explained. Dr. Work, after seven conferences with the colored leaders, generously agreed to wipe out segregation in the Pension Office of the Department of the Interior, where, incidentally, he had instituted it. But when he was asked to be equally fair about the General Land Office, he indignantly replied that he hadn't put it there. To Neval H. Thomas, president of the Washington branch of the N. A. A. C. P., he snarled: "Why are you kicking about Negro segregation in the government? Aren't you teaching in a Jim Crow school?"

The exigency of the election, nevertheless, provoked some humanitarian gestures. A wall was torn down in the General Land Office, actually leaving white and colored adjudicators in the same room. As it is a long room, however, with the desks at either end, and since the Mason and Dixon's line, left by the wall, has not been removed from the floor, over-dainty persons may still find some consolation. The colored adjudicators are deprived of the service of the twenty-four fair white girl stenographers, any of whom may take the dictation of the white adjudicators across the boundary line. But an attempt to placate them was made by substituting for their personal colored stenographer a white man. (Oh, it would have to be a man; white



womanhood must be protected!) The Negroes are still not grateful. When, hour after hour, they are obliged to wait because their sole stenographer is not available, they have been known to sulk.

In the Department of the Treasury, where Secretary Mellon denied the existence of such a shameful thing as segregation, thirty colored girls are banded together in one office under a colored chief. They don't sulk here. So vehement was Uncle Andy in his protestations that he succeeded in convincing even the victims. "There's no segregation here," the chief told me. "You couldn't expect them to put everybody in one room, could you?" Yet, in this group, known as the "colored division," one young woman submissively checks up figures, although she was accepted as a stenographer in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Unfortunately, that was by telegraph after she had creditably passed the examination but before the authorities had seen the color of her skin.

Unlike his superior, Mr. Ogden Mills, the highbrow assistant, admits there is segregation, but offers a noble justification. "Be reasonable," he said to one reformer. "Would you have me put those segregated men out on the street?"

## In the Driftway

**F**ASHION is no respecter of business. It makes and unmakes industries with a nod. The cotton and woolen trades have had to face reduced business because of short skirts, while manufacturers of silk and rayon have basked in prosperity. Prohibition, the Drifter had supposed, must have benefited greatly the makers of candies and other sweets, since those who take their sugar in the form of alcohol do not normally use much of it in other ways, and those who have drubbed out of their lives the Demon Rum develop a taste for sugar in its original state. But it appears that the habit of cigarette smoking among women has offset whatever prohibition may have done to the advantage of the candy-makers, and the great British cocoa pool, confronted with lessened consumption and falling prices, has collapsed, pouring down maledictions upon the Wicked Weed which quite put to rout the phrases of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. But the Drifter surmises that the passion for slenderness has hit the candy-makers harder than the feminine taste for tobacco. The desire for a willowy body, in accordance with fashion, has been strong enough to triumph over the love of chocolates. And where can our reformers find a basis for a moral crusade against those whose only sin is to seek the figure of a Psyche in preference to that of a Juno?

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HE Drifter has never seen a ghost, yet he knows where they ought to be, for every day, from a certain window, he looks into a churchyard. Behind the tilting gravestones and the little spire tower the buildings of lower Manhattan. Perhaps nearness to the dead intensifies the Drifter's liking for this little church. Probably the Drifter is a thing belonging to a race of things fundamentally afraid of dying—people who long ago, to appease that fear, called on their dead ancestors to help them, and arranged sticks and rocks in patterns, which grew into shrines and temples and churches.

**W**HAT began to happen to the churches of the world, the Drifter wonders, when wise city fathers, in the name of public health, began to forbid churchyard burial? What began to happen when the church was divorced from the bats and ghosts, and when that dark symbol, the sexton's spade, was driven beyond the city limits? What happened to the old ghosts of Egypt, and Greece, and Palestine, and Valhalla that are fused into something the Drifter still feels when he looks into the shadowy churchyard under his window? Who, after all, was the central figure in the church—the man who preached in the pulpit on Sunday or that grim priest who lived there seven days a week, the sexton who pulled the same bell-rope for services, for weddings, for alarms, for funerals, the man of the bell and the spade?

\* \* \* \* \*

**N**OW, the Drifter is not superstitious. Sometimes he thinks he has transferred all his old religious impulses to a new creed built on love and hate, fear, wonder, and hope for all that America symbolizes by those tall buildings on lower Manhattan. Yet deep in his heart he feels that Westminster Abbey or little Trinity in Wall Street, churches associated with the physical dead, must always seem holier than ever will be Harry Emerson Fosdick's sanitary temple built for the Rockefellers on Riverside Drive. The Drifter is rather certain he would feel holier standing in the portal of the church and looking across the street at the tomb of that hardy man-killer, Grant, than gazing from the tomb toward that costly pile dedicated to God, through his servant John the Baptist—but free from any suggestion of the dead.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence Reimbursing Bondsmen

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

**SIR:** Among your readers there are some who have put up bonds on aliens ordered deported to Soviet Russia. We are looking for those readers to advise them that we can get their money back through the Department of Labor at Washington.

The impossibility of deporting to Soviet Russia in the absence of diplomatic relations has led the Department at last to see the wisdom of canceling the bonds and letting these aliens go. They are old cases dating back to the federal drive against Russian Communists.

Will your readers who know of any such bondsmen get in touch with the American Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City?

New York, October 26

ROGER N. BALDWIN

## An Invitation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

**SIR:** A dinner honoring John Dewey and the members of the Educational Delegation to Soviet Russia will be given at the Hotel Astor on November 10 by the American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia. Dr. Dewey, Fola La Follette, and others will speak. *Nation* readers who are unable to attend the dinner are cordially invited to come in for the program of speeches at nine o'clock.

New York, November 2

LUCY BRANHAM



## Miss Mayo and the Rockefeller Foundation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I brought to the notice of the president of the Rockefeller Foundation the statements made by Professor W. Norman Brown in his review of the two books in reply to "Mother India." I asked him whether the foundation had anything at all to do with the publication of the book. The president of the foundation, Dr. George E. Vincent, made the following reply:

First, the Rockefeller Foundation has had nothing whatever to do with Miss Mayo as an investigator or a writer, has had no request of her, has offered no suggestion, has paid no money to her, and has had no connection of any kind with her books.

Second, two men connected with the Rockefeller Foundation are friends of Miss Mayo's. Independently of each other, in Miss Mayo's own house, in the course of conversation, they were asked by Miss Mayo for suggestions about some movement which she might promote by first-hand study and the writing of a book. The initiative was hers.

Both men suggested that international health offered an important and promising field. Both suggested the health section of the League of Nations as the chief source of information on this subject.

As to India, one of them has never been in India, knows nothing about conditions there, and never even mentioned the subject in his talk with Miss Mayo. The other, having visited India, described it as an example of a country in which problems of modern preventive medicine have to overcome unusual difficulties. He spoke in general terms and made no specific suggestions.

Ames, Iowa, October 20

B. B. MUNDKUR

## Police Cruelty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You frequently bewail the fact that policemen torture prisoners. In commenting on this evil you generally assume that it can be wiped out by abolishing the signed confession as evidence in a criminal trial. Such a step might affect the batting averages of prosecutors but I do not believe it would cause any far-reaching reforms in our police forces. Policemen are not particularly anxious to get signatures on dotted lines. They care a great deal, however, about securing material evidence, and if they can force a prisoner into furnishing them with valuable clues they will go about their task in a true, businesslike way.

As long as the police have access to prisoners the third degree will exist. This is inevitable wherever promotion in a police force is dependent upon "successful" arrests. To attempt to reform the character of the individual policeman is quixotic; the very nature of his work hardens him to human suffering. A few men may retain their sympathies while serving on our city forces, but the bulk of our policemen are too callous to feel any qualms about inflicting physical pain.

If this evil is to be abolished, the police must be denied access to prisoners. In other words, the control and operation of patrol wagons and police-station jails must be under some jurisdiction independent of the police. This jurisdiction would, in essence, be identical to that of the warden of a State penitentiary. It would be concerned only with the detention and transportation of prisoners and not with making arrests and securing evidence. It would, therefore, have no interest in the innocence or guilt of anyone.

Chicago, Illinois, October 10

JAMES E. FOSTER

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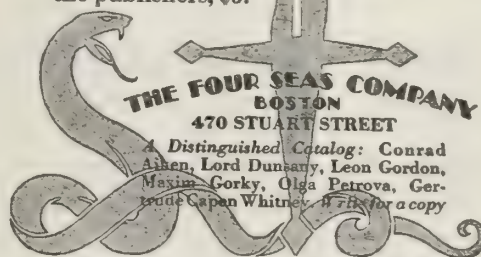
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# Books and Plays

## To Certain Bostonians

By WITTER BYNNER

Secure on your seats you sit, the little while  
Yet left you of your session among men;  
But oh, the insecureness of the smile  
With which you prate your carefulness again!  
Again, again, and still again, till death  
Shall relieve you of the tombstone in your minds,  
You use the measured syllables of breath;  
But naught of all that you are saying blinds  
To unmercy a merciful world, O righteous five,  
Though you be judge or governor or president.  
You could not bear that men should stay alive  
Who would not mean to life the things you meant—  
But in the human heart, consider how  
Secure they sit and sit, forever now.

## Eleventh Anniversary

By MAX EASTMAN

Trotsky is banished; Lenin lies in state.  
The sword, flung off, still flickers in the sod;  
The god-destroyer, dead, becomes a god.  
A fog of worshipers, where shone the great,  
Worms in to darken and to desecrate.  
A troupe of crude farce actors tread the boards  
Where trod the chiefs of the real battle hordes  
Of the exploited, storming the forts of fate.  
Thousands that in that day spoke boldly, find  
Rash the straight word, imprudent the clear mind,  
Undisciplined the will that states: *We can*.  
Oh, what a quickly shifting ear is man!  
Speak, if you have no deed; the truth is great.  
They rot to earth who only stand and wait.

## This Week

### Nature Lovers Will Be Mystics

“THE Outermost House”\* by Henry Beston went out of its way to attract me. It describes minutely and pleasantly the observations of a sensitive person who possessed the imagination and fortitude to spend a full, round year on the Great Beach of Cape Cod living by himself in a small house built on the high dunes south of the Nauset Coast Guard Station. Twice I have walked that beach on the way from Provincetown around the Cape. I have come down reluctantly from the springy coast-guard path on the turf-covered cliffs above Nauset to drag through the sandy stretches to the south. I have bathed and basked and cooked on the beach. My nostrils still hold the acrid, solid smell of heavy quilts in a damp well-closed bedroom in the keeper’s house at Nauset Light. The first chapters of Mr. Beston’s book sent me off in search of charts and maps and diaries and photographs, and these sent me back to the book to compare notes and try

to identify wrecks and reestablish in my mind the geography of that stretch of the Cape Cod shore.

This was almost as much fun as a cross-word puzzle and created a friendly feeling toward Mr. Beston; for all I know I may have emptied the sand from my shoes on his front step. But as I read further in his book a disconcerting thing happened. I found myself disliking “The Outermost House.” Perhaps this sort of feeling is bound to arise when someone tries to tell you all about something you have experienced intimately and intensely yourself. Whatever the reason, I began to rewrite Mr. Beston’s book for him. Mentally I heckled him in a way he would properly resent if he knew about it. Must nature lovers, or amateur naturalists, always turn mystic? I inquired. Try as they will to achieve an air of bright objectivity, they seem inevitably to collapse into generalities about Nature. They look around them and report—nicely and accurately; and then they wander off into a hopeful, inventive discussion of the deeper meanings of things. The impulse that directs a flock of birds to fly in unison and symmetry, the desire that drives them to migrate over great stretches of sea to distant shores, the rhythm of waves that “beats in the sea like a pulse in living flesh,” the passion that drives the alewives up into the ponds—such phenomena induce in our more verbal nature lovers a mood of reverential awe or hazardous speculation. A good naturalist occasionally emerges as a good mystic as well, but too few of the breed are willing to consider the primrose by the river’s brim as even primarily a yellow primrose. This sort of tender-minded susceptibility is not a help to good reporting. If Mr. Beston had held himself to a straight story of life on the beach—as full as he wants to make it of human, ornithological, conchological, or botanical interest—my pleasure and interest would have lasted through the book. But he editorializes as he goes along. Evidently he never was a newspaper reporter, or perhaps he was a foreign correspondent. He editorializes, for instance, on the way of Nature with a man:

Dwelling thus upon the dunes, I lived in the midst of an abundance of natural life which manifested itself every hour of the day, and from being thus surrounded, thus inclosed within a great whirl of what one may call the life force, I felt that I drew a secret and sustaining energy. There were times, on the threshold of spring, when the force seemed as real as heat from the sun. A skeptic may smile and ask me to come to his laboratory and demonstrate; he may talk as he will of the secret workings of my own isolated and uninfluenced flesh and blood, but I think that those who have lived in nature, and tried to open their doors rather than close them on her energies, will understand well enough what I mean. Life is as much a force in the universe as electricity or gravitational pull, and the presence of life sustains life. Individuals may destroy individuals, but the life force may mingle with the individual life as a billow of fire may mingle for a moment with a candle flame.

Skeptic that I am, I would believe even more deeply in Mr. Beston’s emotions if he left me to guess them from the quality of his writing and the intensity of his observation. He saves the day by continuing in the next line:

But now I must begin to tell of the birds who are wintering on the coast, of the exchange of species which takes place here, and of how all manage to live.

\* Doubleday, Doran. \$3.



As a matter of fact, Mr. Beston sees his birds and his waves and even his human companions with an eye for significant detail. He knows the shore birds really well and his descriptions of their habits are clear and full of life. But even here he fails somehow to convey the delightful and comic mannerisms of the sandpiper tribes as they run and teeter and cock an inquiring eye; or to transmit the high-pitched conversational clatter that descends from a flock of wheeling terns. He should read, as no doubt he has read, the lively descriptions in Thoreau's "Cape Cod." There was a man who could walk a beach and tell his experiences without ever once being lured off the track by metaphysical whimsies. I finished "The Outermost House" with a final question lurking in my mind: Did its author ever act and feel or did he only look and wonder?

FREDA KIRCHWEY

## The Battle for Food

*Hunger Fighters.* By Paul De Kruif. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

**D**R. DE KRUIF'S chief virtue is that he knows how to give the quest of the scientist all the thrills and gaudiness of a fight with broadswords. In his chronicle there is no sign of the conventional man of learning, sober, somber, and a shade ridiculous. Instead there emerges a gallant and even a somewhat rakish fellow, warring magnificently against the recalcitrance of nature and no less against the hunkerousness of man. It was so in "Microbe Hunters," and it is so in the present book. Turn, for example, to the chapter on apthous fever, the dreadful foot-and-mouth disease. The hero here is Friedrich Loeffler, and he leaps out of the laboratory like some medieval swashbuckler, his eyes dancing, his armor flashing, and his mustaches "a pair of curved whiskbrooms." What was a mere name becomes a man. What was a solemn inquiry becomes a struggle to the death, and as exciting as any other.

De Kruif achieves this business with great skill. He enjoys fighting for its own sake, and he enjoys it especially when it is carried on against the churlish reticences of God. In his eye a Loeffler is far more than a shrewd fellow, wrestling with a hard problem; he is a rebel of the first caliber, a Davidsbündler pitted against the worst Philistine of them all. The tale is told nervously, uproariously, with immense gusto. It bulges through the ordinary decorums, and has recourse to phrases more vivid than suave. De Kruif, as they say, knows his onions, but he is surely no professor. He writes, when his blood is up, like a house afire, and what he writes makes gorgeous reading.

I have a feeling that, in "Hunger Fighters," his heroes interest him a shade less than they did in "Microbe Hunters." After all, bacteriology is his trade, and as a sworn adept he naturally rates its problems and exploits above those of the agronomist and the agricultural chemist. No doubt he is right. It is one thing to perfect a wheat that will stand frost, and quite another and more spectacular thing to do battle with microbes that slay whole populations. Thus Loeffler comes out rather better than the other heroes of this book. They have good lines, to be sure, but Loeffler is the star of the show, though he alone comes to complete defeat in the end. The organism that causes foot-and-mouth disease is still elusive; it creeps through the finest filters and baffles the most searching microscopes. But soon or late it will be tracked down, and when that time comes De Kruif will have another famous story to tell.

In "Hunger Fighters" he covers a wide range. He tells of Mark Alfred Carleton, who found the Kubanka wheat in Siberia and brought it to America; of Marion Dorset, who solved the mystery of hog cholera; of Angus Mackay, who developed the Marquis wheat; of Henry Wallace, the corn wizard, and of many another like them. The names are mainly unfamiliar.

These great enrichers of the nation are unknown, even to their direct beneficiaries. For one American farmer who has heard of Carleton or Dorset there are thousands who know and venerate Lydia Pinkham and Billy Sunday. The irony of it does not escape De Kruif. It tickles him to set forth the harsh obstacles and meager rewards of these incalculably useful and honorable men. He has made a good job of his book. Now let him do one on the surgeons.

H. L. MENCKEN

## The Nonentity as Hero

*Theresa.* By Arthur Schnitzler. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

**S**CHNITZLER'S "Theresa," described on the jacket as its author's "first full-length novel in twenty years," is so competently written and yet withal so thoroughly undistinguished that its chief effect is to raise in the mind of the reader a question which would have been treason not so very many years ago. Accurately subtitled "The Chronicle of a Woman's Life," it recounts all the events in the existence of a singularly characterless female, and the question which it provokes is simply whether or not the modern novel has not already done somewhat more than justice to this particular subject. Flaubert seems to have discovered it in "Un Cœur Simple" and Maupassant helped to make it popular with "Une Vie," but every beginning realist since their day has felt constrained to prove that he could make an uninteresting person interesting, and by the time one has finished "The Old Wives' Tale" of Bennett one has begun to suspect that there is, after all, no reason why dull lives should be the only ones worth the attention of the serious artist.

There was, to be sure, a time when all of us read these chronicles with delight. Sensationally unsensational, they helped us to feel that we were getting into touch with "reality" and that we might trust their authors not to betray us with any false glamor. We championed them hotly as brave protests against a too facile romanticism, and we noted with pride our ability to become interested in tales so unvarnished. But their importance was too much the importance of a protest not to be, in part at least, temporary. Their unconventionality became gradually conventional and their dullness, ceasing to be in any way surprising, became merely dull. Other novelists—Somerset Maugham for instance—who were strictly within the same tradition of realism showed us how the same methods could be employed in the treatment of material intrinsically more interesting and, whatever we might think of the classic examples of the nonentity as hero, we felt no particular desire to follow his unadventurous adventures over again.

In "Theresa" the realistic form is pleasantly simplified. The story is told in a graceful narrative which adopts the straightforward directness of the *conte* rather than the elaborately dramatic method of the conventional realistic novel; but the story, though artfully recounted, remains essentially banal. We meet Theresa on the eve of her first amorous adventure, and we follow in detail her career as a governess, but her career does not seem to reveal anything except a certain listless incompetence in her own character. She is not particularly good or particularly bad. From the beginning to the end, her chief desire was to marry someone who would look after her, and yet, though she was never moved by any very intense passions, she persisted in sharing the bed with pretty nearly everyone who asked her. Since the affairs were quite casual with her there is nothing particularly surprising in the fact that they were always quite casual with her lovers also, and that she was left at the end of each one of them exactly where she was before. There was nothing except the desire for her favors likely to make any man willing to marry her, and it does not seem that any very remarkable shrewdness would have been necessary to make her realize that she could not reasonably expect to sell what she was so generous in giving away.

If it was Schnitzler's purpose to show that the repetitious



history of an almost completely negative person could be made readable he has succeeded, but the *tour de force* has been accomplished before and there is nothing except novelty which can make a *tour de force* interesting.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## French Art

*Modern French Painters.* By Maurice Raynal. Translated by Ralph Roeder. Brentano. \$7.50.

M. RAYNAL'S book, "Modern French Painters," is one which automatically will have both an immediate and permanent interest, for it gives something of the lives, the beliefs, and usually the author's opinion, of fifty contemporary painters. To be sure its title is misleading, for it leaves out some of the best-known Frenchmen: Bonnard, Denis, Bernard, André, and even Matisse, and includes numbers of Italians, Spaniards, Poles, and Russians. He is said to have omitted Matisse because of the dislike he bears him or his work. This is a pity, for we should welcome a dissection of his painting which did not, as Coquiott's, concentrate on the painter's spectacles. We should be willing, too, to back Bonnard against Suzanne Roger or R. T. Bosshard. However, taking what we have, one cannot but admire the conscientious criticisms of most of the major names of the present day. The author writes, he says, "to inform and not to flatter." In weighing the candidates he has "added their aesthetic intentions to their technical qualities, preferring a groping and blundering art to that of imitators and diluters." Bravo!—except that, if one is to believe the author, here also good intentions tend to lead toward hell.

There is the case of Modigliani. "Attractive as he was himself," his art was "the result of direct emotion and a waste of sensory impulses due to an indolence too charming to be harshly censured." It "is characterized primarily by an appearance of childish mawkishness due no doubt to his morbid sensibility. . . ." "In point of execution his art was mannered, a little artificial, a little Botticelliesque, but charming." The key to the situation seems to be that his interest in plastic meditations could only be gathered from his conversation. For, while M. Raynal succeeds in admiring those artists, such as Soutine, Kisling, Marie Laurencin, who respond incorrigibly to their feelings, his marked favorites are aestheticians such as Picasso, Juan Gris, Metzinger, and Gleizes: even those who, like Derain and Utrillo, are so unconsciously. He enjoys Derain's spontaneity, his sensuous color, his romantic conception of human forms, but the secret is that

Derain leaps from the second to the fourth dimension, that is to say, his sensibility refuses to be caged in any but the simplest formulas; it claims the right to exist in a space uncircumscribed as yet by mathematics, in a space which Euclid has not yet darkened by undemonstrable postulates.

Similarly the admirable thing about Juan Gris is his use of a metaphor that is purely plastic, so that "since in the figure of rhetoric the *arms* of a man become those of a windmill, in the picture the lines of a music staff may equally well become the strings of a guitar." Of course, figures of speech vary in quality, and M. Raynal recognizes this, not being persuaded by an artist's excellent theory to like his poor work, and not, as far as is human, disliking good work because of what he considers poor philosophy.

It is difficult, though, to admire either the philosophy or the achievement shown in the arrangement of the book. It commences with a pea-green binding of linen, continues with binding papers of flat mourning black, is interrupted by an elaborate, though not unsuccessful, title-page in the modern manner, and continues through 164 pages of styleless printing enlivened with piquant misprints. The translation reads excellently, and the illustrations are good.

WALTER GUTMAN

## Santo Domingo and the American Empire

*Naboth's Vineyard: The Dominican Republic, 1844-1924.* By Sumner Welles. Payson and Clarke. Two volumes. \$7.50.

THE figure of Naboth, murdered for his vineyard, was applied to Santo Domingo by Charles Sumner, in a speech before the United States Senate in December, 1870. Sumner Welles, "Sometime Chief of the Latin-American Division of the Department of State of the United States and American Commissioner to the Dominican Republic from 1922 to 1925," now borrows the title of that speech for a narrative history in two large volumes. To Sumner, military intervention was a "dance of blood." To Welles it is a "costly mistake." There is a difference.

Except for the fine chapter on the Grant annexation project, the first volume might have remained in the inkpot without intolerable loss to anybody. Senator Sumner cannot be vindicated too often. Time, patriotism, and the military prestige of General Grant tend to erase from memory the fact that he was the dupe of concession-hunters like "General" Cazneau and "Colonel" Fabens in a flagrant violation of international law, accompanied, as Sumner pointed out at the time, by usurpation of war powers in peace time by the President of the United States. Judge Schoenrich's excellent history of Santo Domingo is weak at this one point, showing too much reliance on the 1871 report of Grant's "roving band of commissioners," as a contemporary critic dubbed them. Any lack of emphasis on American-Dominican relations in the early part of Judge Schoenrich's account has already been extremely well covered by Dr. Mary Treudley's study, "The United States and Santo Domingo—1789-1866," of the existence of which Mr. Welles does not seem to be aware. The period from 1871 to the first American customs receivership in 1905 is amply treated by Schoenrich, who knew the literature intimately as one of the attorneys in the San Domingo Improvement Company arbitration. Contrary to Mr. Welles's confident belief, his bibliography is quite incomplete, as may be ascertained by a glance at Miss Treudley's. By letting well enough alone, he could have cut the bulk of his work in half and greatly improved its chances of being read.

For the period 1905-1916, Mr. Welles adds to the detail of Judge Schoenrich's narrative with materials from "the archives of the Department of State." Absence of specific references would make an itemized check difficult, but the reviewer has not been able to note anything of importance not already published in the printed volumes of Foreign Relations. It is curious that an ex-diplomat who has lived in the country should not have made use of the *Official Gazette* (*Gaceta Oficial*) of the Dominican Republic, or of the annual reports of the Customs Receivership since 1905. The obvious explanation is that he is mainly interested in political, diplomatic, and military history. Aside from some secondary works in Spanish (among which Max Henriquez Ureña's "Los Estados Unidos y la República Dominicana" is only one of those conspicuously absent) he has, by his own admission, relied mainly on statements from Dominicans who took part in the controversial events for the Dominican side of the question. This is certainly not the most accurate or least prejudiced type of source.

With 743 pages of his space gone, the author gets at last to the period of the American intervention of 1916-1924, concerning which he has first-hand knowledge. After all, it is in Mr. Welles as candid ex-diplomat that our interest centers, not in Mr. Welles as amateur historian. With only 155 pages for his real story, he is cramped for space. Military "justice" for civilians is barely referred to, the name of Fabio Fiallo, the jailed poet, not even appearing in the index. There were, it is admitted, "scattered cases of injustice or maltreatment of civilians in the northern, central, and southern provinces," and "many



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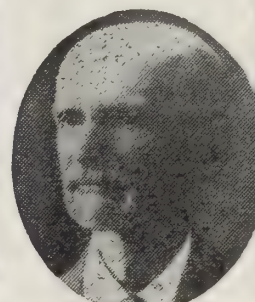
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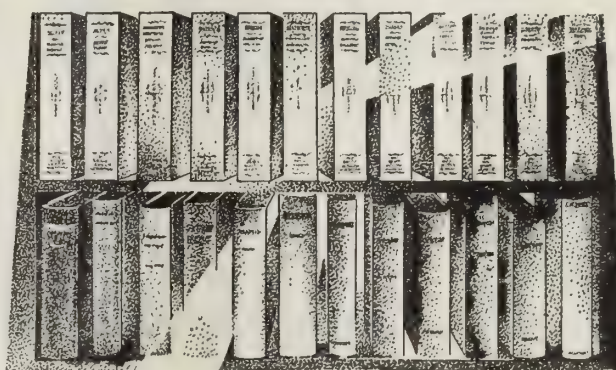
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atrocities were undoubtedly committed" in the eastern provinces. Were it not for this single admission, the general effect of judicial remarks about the unreliability of witnesses might be mistaken for praising with faint damnation. Even one case of wanton killing is none the less murder. Something might be added to the oft-repeated statement that the one officer against whom "many of the most revolting acts of barbarism" were charged "committed suicide before his trial." This officer happened to hold the rank of captain, and was not one of the minor figures out in the brush of the back country. Exactly what were his orders, oral and otherwise, we have no means of knowing. His arrest and death have been shrouded in vague generalities, and the suicide welcomed as an admission of personal guilt which somehow cleansed the others of sin.

"Naboth's Vineyard" is a conventional political, military, and diplomatic history, faulty in technique but strewn with important facts. Its viewpoint is liberal on the whole. It is lucidly written, by a man of intelligence, one who apparently puts down his actual views, pro or con, with perfect candor. He condemns the military government as a costly mistake. We need not share his enthusiasm for the utterances of Charles Evans Hughes as a new and faultless decalogue of Latin-American policy or his optimism about commercial cooperation as a road to real good feeling in order to credit his sincerity. It remains a fact that Americans exploit many thousands of acres more land in the Dominican Republic than they did in 1916. America has the lion's share of the import trade of Santo Domingo, without taking her export sugar, as was formerly the case. What that country needs from us is the removal of some rather subtle economic inequalities. She is not economically self-sustaining, and cannot even retaliate against the injuries inflicted by our tariff wall without hurting herself more than she does us. That these small nations cannot protect themselves against a dangerous amount of alien landholding, or against the ill effects upon the working classes of the importation of cheap labor by foreign concerns, is a fact which no candid observer can fail to recognize.

M. M. KNIGHT

## Books in Brief

*When It's Cocktail Time in Cuba.* By Basil Woon. Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

A lively and informed Baedeker to Cuba written to please readers of the *New Yorker*.

*Quaker Adventures.* By Edward Thomas. Fleming H. Revell Company. \$2.

Peace is not dull for the Quakers. In war or in peace their young men and women have solved William James's puzzle of the moral equivalent of war. Wherever life is harsh and exciting and bitter, young Quakers find their way. In France they built houses just behind the guns; in Germany they fed children between revolutions; in Russia they served tea to bandits and bought horses in Samarkand and removed cataracts from Moslem eyes; in Ireland they faced both British and Sinn Fein guns; in Serbia a young Quaker, unarmed, drove his supplies through bandit country with such good cheer that the bandits gave him an escort; in America they teach Indians and set up soup kitchens in the strike counties of Pennsylvania. Edward Thomas believes that "scientific security," individual and international, requires that men go unarmed, and that one reason the world does not agree with him is that such stories as these Quakers can tell are not retold as adventure stories and because "editors fail to publish them, doubting if they will interest people." So he piloted a score of Quaker adventurers to a radio station to tell their tales; this book is a collection of their stories. They are uneven; some of them would naturally find their way to editorial scrap-baskets; others belong on the front page of history.

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*Hafiz, the Tongue of the Hidden.* By Clarence K. Streit. The Viking Press. \$2.

Hafiz has often been attempted in English, most of the time without pleasing result. Either the translator has undertaken the impossible task of rendering the ghazals literally, in which case they become unreadable, or he has taken such liberties with the great Persian as to leave him no longer Persian. Mr. Streit follows Cranmer-Byng in the use of quatrains, and achieves a considerable success. But the ampler versions of Gertrude Bell and Richard Le Gallienne are still the most interesting we have.

*Politicians and Moralists of the Nineteenth Century.* By Emile Faguet. Translated from the French by Dorothy Galton. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.50.

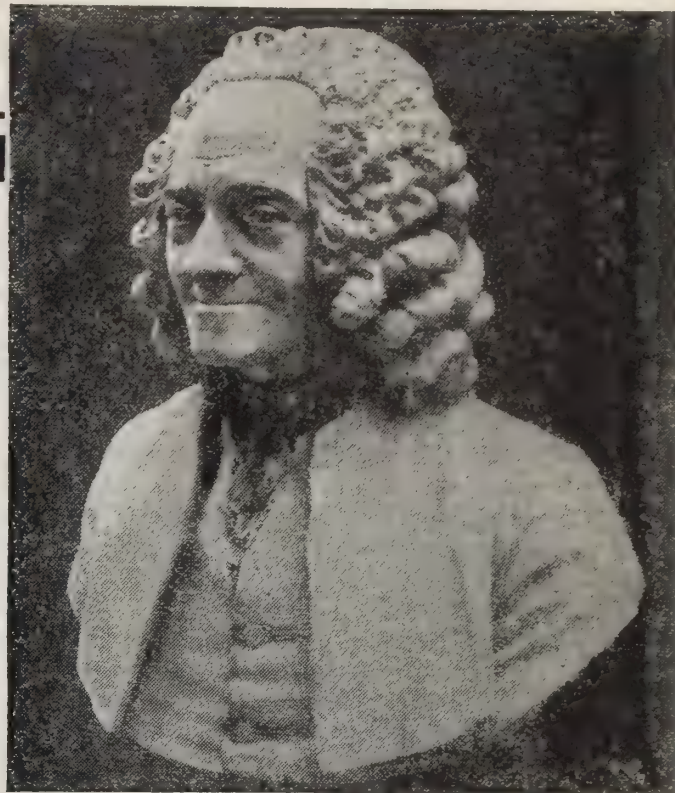
A real service to letters has been rendered by the translator in making available to English readers the third volume of Faguet's brilliant series, first published in France some thirty years ago. The word "politicians" is not to be understood in its derogatory American sense; the politicians and moralists studied in this volume are Stendhal, Tocqueville, Proudhon, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, and Renan. Faguet is chiefly occupied with an exposition of these men's leading ideas, which reflect the hopes and fears of the nineteenth century. Here is a commentator more lucid than his originals. He meets the test of the great critic: when he has done, he has made it almost superfluous to read the works of his subjects. The writing constantly sparkles with epigram. Suspicious of strongly marked general ideas for himself, Faguet displayed an almost infinite receptivity for the ideas of others, and this was the secret of his success as a critic. As far as he chose to go, he overlooked little. But his interest in ideas was so intense that he does not give us portraits of personalities which exist vividly in the flesh. He adhered to the principles of a facultative psychology which made him see very clearly a subject's leading characteristics without tempting him to consider their causes, or combine them into a dynamic whole.

*Chinese-Japanese Mythology.* By John C. Ferguson and Masaharu Anesaki. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. \$10.

East and West are meeting as never before, and a century hence Chinese folk-lore may become almost as intimate a part of American tradition as the Greek stories which, geographically and emotionally remote as they are, yet form part of every schoolboy's cultural heritage. Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Anesaki attempt to supply the need for a summary of the myths and folk-stories without an understanding of which Oriental painting is mere lines and Oriental stories mere words. The rich illustrations double the value of the text.

*From Serfdom to Bolshevism.* The Memoirs of Baron N. Wrangel. J. B. Lippincott and Company. \$4.

The author of these reminiscences of seventy-three years of Russian history (1847 to 1920) was the father of the better-known Baron Wrangel who led an army against the Bolsheviks in 1919-1920 and who still heads a band of mercenaries in the Balkans. Except when he writes of the Kerensky and Communist revolutions the old noble has a sense of humor, an urbanity, a cynicism which are winning even when you hate his views. A reactionary of the first water, he can nevertheless mock the Czars whom he meets in society and scoff at the weakness of the ruling class of "we's." He despises the rising "bourgeoisie" of the second half of the nineteenth century, and sneers at the "intelligentsia" which to him includes everybody from Miliukov to Lenin. His sidelights on the life of the landed nobles, the serfs, the civil service, the army, the corruption of the Romanoff regime, Count Witte, the Jewish banker Rothstein, and a few other prominent Russians are interesting though fragmentary. Written by a rheumatic man past seventy, these memoirs are a real performance; but they are of little real value to the general reader.



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## Drama

### Melpomene on a Soap-Box

"GODS OF THE LIGHTNING," the long-promised drama based upon the Sacco-Vanzetti case, has arrived at the Little Theater. Maxwell Anderson and Harold Hickerson, authors of the piece, have wisely chosen an imaginary analogue rather than the case itself and, thanks, in part, to the freedom which is thus permitted them, they have written one of the most effective dramas of social protest which it has ever been my privilege to see.

In one sense, "Gods of the Lightning" is straight propaganda. Written out of an intense conviction, it never for a moment forgets that it has a purpose, and it hammers unceasingly at the point which it wishes to enforce; but it is too vigorous and too vivid to suffer from this fact as other propaganda plays seem almost inevitably to do. Rapid, relentless, and flaming, it takes hold upon the audience from the moment the curtain rises, and it carries the spectator up a long crescendo of excited indignation which leaves him, not purged by the catharsis of art, but still raging with that as yet undischarged anger which it is the business of the propagandist to create. Doubtless there have been before this plays upon controversial subjects which were more judicial and more mellow—certainly "Gods of the Lightning" makes no effort to suggest either of these qualities—but I can think of none more likely to accomplish what this one sets out to achieve, which is, I take it, to work upon the passions of the audience and to transform placid citizens into active radicals.

Much of the effectiveness of the play must be due, of course, to the practiced skill of Mr. Anderson and to his gift for writing dialogue at once forceful and convincing. But this effectiveness was made possible by the choice of a fundamental design which reveals on the part of one or both of the authors a surer sense of just what the propaganda play can accomplish than is usual with those who attempt to make a forum out of the stage. Mere argument, reasoned and logical, is never effective in any fictional form; since nothing can be really proved by events which the author is at liberty to invent or by the analysis of motives which he is at liberty to attribute exactly as he sees fit. Hence the play with a purpose is analogous, not to the debate, but to the oration, and it is according to the principles of oratory rather than the principles of argument that it must be constructed. Any coolly reasoned conclusions which it attempts to draw are invalidated by the fact that the data upon which they are based were invented for the very purpose, and any pretense of disinterested logic is obviously a fraud; but none of these facts is of any importance where polemic, whose purpose is not to convince by argument but to transform conviction into passionate protest, is concerned. Though Melpomene is a sorry advocate when she chooses mere argument as her weapon, she can become on occasion a magnificent agitator, and it is that which Messrs. Anderson and Hickerson have made of her. Assuming that their two analogues of Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent victims of a conservative conspiracy and assuming that this conspiracy was coldly aware of itself, they have set forward these dreadful facts with a passionate eloquence which never falters. Fiery invective alternates with bitter irony and melodramatic excitement with scathing satire.

The district attorney does his ugly job. A savagely caricatured judge pronounces his sentence. And from the dock the prisoners utter their defiance. Nothing has been omitted which could prepare the audience to receive with pleasure the most violent expression of the most subversive opinions, and these expressions are not minced. The manacled victims, speaking in character, say things which few, speaking in propria persona,

would dare to say publicly, and the effect of their daring is like that achieved by an orator who has brought his audience to the point where they are crying for vengeance. In the seat beside me two highly respectable ladies who had come armed with notebooks trembled visibly and not without reason; for it is doubtful if the American theater has ever seen an attack upon respectable American institutions more dynamically effective than this, and certainly most attempts to do similar things must seem, when put beside it, academically anemic. "Gods of the Lightning" does not belong to the "theater of ideas"; it is not, like the plays of Ibsen or of Shaw, addressed primarily to the professional intellectual; but it might, on the other hand, find a place alongside of certain great speeches in the library of the revolutionist. As it is now, well acted and well produced at the Little Theater, it gives the theatergoer a kind of thrill that he has not often experienced and is not likely to find elsewhere.

"Girl Trouble" (Belmont Theater) is a mild comedy about a young man who (pardon the mixed metaphor) kicked over his mother's apron-strings. It did not impress me greatly. "Americana" (Lew Field's Theater) is the new edition of Mr. McEvoy's revue. It makes commendable efforts to be different and, as a result no doubt of those efforts, it is very spotty. Rosamond Johnson and Taylor Gordon, accompanied by a double quartet of Negro singers, contribute some good singing.

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The Machiavelli of legend is pure skunk—if skunk may ever be regarded as pure; the Machiavelli which Lemist Esler dramatizes in "The Grey Fox" (Playhouse) is rather a noble scoundrel. He begins as an idealist, but on his first diplomatic mission the Countess of Forli exploits his love for her to his humiliation and defeat. After that he emerges as villain, though a villain redeemed by one unswerving loyalty—to the republic of Florence. The dialogue and action of the play hold one's interest throughout, though rising to few intense moments. Henry Hull and Chrystal Herne carry the leading roles. Among the lesser parts that of Cesare Borgia is done with gusto and spirit by Edward Arnold.

A. W.

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By RUTH ALEXANDER

*Cape Town, September 1*

THE group of bills which in the near future will determine the political future of the non-European elements of the population of South Africa are at present awaiting the further taking of evidence by the committee appointed last year for the purpose. The more or less tentative drafts of these measures, which were laid on the table of the House of Assembly during the last session, have been somewhat nervously discussed in public by members or prospective members of Parliament who find it difficult to forget that there will be a general election next year.

Meanwhile, a reading of the bills in their present form is sufficiently depressing to those who do not think of the population of South Africa solely in terms of the million and a half of whites who at present control and exploit the five and a half million Indians, natives, and colored people [the term "colored" is used here in the South African sense, i.e., natives with some more or less remote admixture of white blood]. A policy at its best aggressively paternal, at its worst severely repressive, is outlined in the measures dealing specifically with the native peoples. The Asiatics, or Indians and Chinese, are apparently to look for no alleviation of their existing disabilities, since they are not mentioned at all in these bills. But the half a million colored people, who in the Cape Province actually form the deciding factor in certain constituencies, and who include by far the greater part of the educated and literate element among the non-European population, are to be accorded certain new franchise privileges which, illusory in so far as any real addition to their political power is concerned, will yet, if actually carried into effect, have far-reaching results.

The measure has indeed been framed with great astuteness, to crystallize into legislation the deliberate policy of the Nationalists, a policy which, characteristically, suits both their sense of what is godly and their sense of what is shrewd. They feel that they cannot evade a moral responsibility for these people, who, if all white men had been both wise and continent, would never have come into being. They are doing their best, by legislation which makes it a punishable offense for a white person to have irregular sexual relations with a native, to insure that there shall be no large fresh additions to the race from without since marriages of white and native persons in South Africa are naturally very rare. The rapid increase from within would be a matter of greater concern to them if it were not kept in check by a very high infant mortality rate and the heavy incidence of tuberculosis and venereal disease. But they feel that a policy of political if not of social absorption would at once satisfy their own consciences and give the colored people a gratifying assurance of special treatment.

The anti-native feeling among the colored people is as strong, above that lowest level of poverty at which all prejudices are swamped in a helpless common misery, as is the anti-color feeling among the white people, the "Europeans."

Colored servants will not work in the same kitchen or eat at the same table as a native servant, though the native may be the cleaner and healthier of the two. A colored girl who allowed a native to make love to her would lose caste among her friends. But their common disabilities have hitherto drawn the better educated among them together for mutual support and mutual improvement. Thus the teachers of both stocks have met and conferred, and at Lovedale, which is primarily a college for natives, most of the few colored youths who have managed, by heroic efforts, to pass the boundaries of primary education, have obtained their secondary education. And since in the Cape both natives and colored people enjoyed the same franchise privileges as the whites but were barred on precisely the same terms from entering Parliament, while in the other three provinces the same blank negation held both from even exercising a vote, it was natural for them at election times, or at any moment of political crisis, to make each other's cause their own. Further, in the Cape natives and colored people were not debarred from becoming members of the Town Council or the Provincial Council, so that at these elections also they were accustomed to uphold each other.

The Nationalists are rapidly changing all this. Despite the uncompromising dictum of the old republican constitution that there shall be "no equality between black and white in church or state," branches of "the African Bond," that is to say the colored section of the Nationalist Party—the Northern Nationalists would never tolerate colored branches of the same name as their own—are being opened and financed in the big towns of the Cape Province, where alone of the four provinces colored and natives vote on the same basis as the whites. The qualifications are the ability to write their names, addresses, and occupations on the registration form, and either the owning or occupying of property worth £75 a year, or the earning of at least £50 annually. Of these requirements the natives and colored people, for whom there is no compulsory schooling, as there is for the whites, and a great dearth of schools of any sort, find the first the hardest to comply with, so that a few weeks before election time little classes are wont to spring up mysteriously all over certain constituencies to help out the free and independent electors in this respect. At the meetings of the Bond branches the listeners are exhorted by white speakers to support the Government, which intends to raise their status and treat them on a political footing similar to that of the whites, with whom they must accordingly combine to drive the natives back to the regions whence they came, and to which they really belong. This appeal both to interest and to the vanity of the half-caste has proved extremely popular.

If this propaganda succeeds, how will it affect the evolution and even the survival of the colored people as a separate race? Is it likely or possible that they will so survive? Outside of the Cape Province their numbers are small as compared with the white population, negligible as compared with the natives. The poorer and larger part of the colored people, like the poor everywhere, are of inferior physique and have little stamina. They are riddled with tuberculosis and venereal disease. Their mode of life and such culture as they do possess are not native to themselves, but imitative of Dutch or English or American life and culture, according to their locality and to the tradition of their own particular



mission school to which most of them are still indebted almost entirely for education and for recreation. They attend the mission school, and find in the mission prayer-meetings, bazaars, concerts, and tea-meetings comforting substitutes for the concerts they may not go to, the plays they may only scan from the gallery, the cafes into which they dare not, even though the management allowed them, walk and sit down to their meal, for fear of the insults of Nordic tea-drinkers. The government schools for the colored people bear no relations to their numbers. The mission schools are unhealthily overcrowded and thousands of colored children grow up with no schooling at all. The bulk of those who do attend school receive a primary education only.

Hence it comes about that the few American Negroes who have found their way here become naturally, by virtue of their superior knowledge and by an aura about them of freedom and of the initiative born of freedom, the natural leaders of the colored people, wherever they have in any measure emancipated themselves from the direct tutelage of church or mission school. They have as yet neither songs nor legends of their own; the language they speak is that spoken by the Europeans to whom they are kin by blood, but among whom they live as in a glass-walled prison, seeing, hearing, but never coming into contact. The colored people of South Africa, if they do survive as a separate section, will, so far as present indications serve to show, only do so as a sort of overseas province, culturally speaking, of Harlem, New York, and a province of which that enormous and varied community would have no reason to feel particularly proud. For what independent and self-respecting development can there be for a people who are teaching themselves to deny the blood of one of the two races from which they are sprung, while the other has long since cast them off?

And what is to be their reward for this humiliating and suicidal betrayal? The Nationalists have, to do them justice, never pretended that any measure of social or economic equality was intended as part of their scheme for the raising of the status of the colored people. What they do propose, when it comes to facts, is an electoral amelioration, marking off the colored man once for all from the native. They propose to take away from the native of the Cape Colony the vote which he has hitherto enjoyed on the same terms as both colored and white, and to substitute for it Native Councils with severely restricted powers and a comprehensive supervision by the Native Affairs Department for local government, and a quota of seven European members in Parliament. The vote of the Cape colored people, on the other hand, is to be left untouched. In addition to this, it is proposed to bestow on a male population which in 1926 totalled over 31,000 for the three remaining provinces of the Union, all of whom now possess no vote, one European member of ordinary powers in the House of Assembly. (It is laid down in the Act of Union that all members of Parliament must be of European descent.) It is true that the bill as drafted provides that at any time after seven years from the passing of the Colored Persons' Rights Bill both Houses of Parliament may, if they choose, place these thirty thousand and more voters on the ordinary voters' rolls of their districts, in which case their one member will of course disappear, and their political status seem altogether equal to that of the whites. But this would imply, for the Transvaal and the Free State, which retain their original franchise basis, adult male suffrage for col-

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ored men as well as white, a state of things utterly unacceptable to the whites of the North. It need only be pointed out at the moment that as the average constituency of the country is about three thousand, the provision of one member for the whole of the colored population outside the Cape Province can hardly be said to err on the side of generosity.

But even to be placed on the register that will entitle him to this fairly slender amount of representation, the colored man will have to prove to the satisfaction of a special board to be appointed for the purpose that he is really a colored man and not a native. Any person born prior to the gazettement of the Colored Persons' Rights Bill who has one native and one colored or European parent may be classed as a colored person provided that the Board decides after inquiry "That such person is, from his language, associates, and standard or habits of living more closely akin to a colored person than a native." But if he be born subsequent to the passing of this act he can only by a special resolution of both Houses of Parliament be declared a colored person. The native, at present, may not purchase intoxicating liquor, and may not buy land outside certain areas. Since, for purposes of the revised franchise, a complete register is to be made and kept of both colored and native men, it seems reasonable to suppose that the same register will be used for all general purposes. Who the incorruptible and learned folk are who are to make the decisions that will be so momentous to thousands of their fellow-men and how they are to be selected is not announced.

The division, already deep and tragic, in many colored families where cross-strains have produced children of the same parents who are yet widely different in appearance, will under the proposed Colored Persons' Rights Bill, be most cruelly emphasized. It is impossible that such drastic differentiation, with its far-reaching consequences, should not further increase the disharmony among the colored people, while in its administration cruel injustices will be inevitable, and creeping corruption all but inevitable. The mere passing of such a measure will effectively alienate the colored people from the natives, and split them up into mutually hostile groups among themselves. From a people so weakened there can be for many a long day little to fear. Is it impossible that some idea of this sort has occurred to the gentlemen responsible for the framing of the Colored Persons' Rights Bill?

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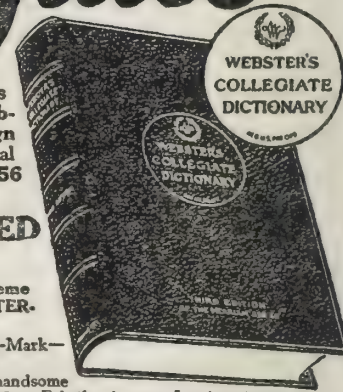
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MR. HOOVER'S DECISION to go to South America was a splendid piece of personal and international strategy for which the President-elect deserves the warmest praise. The months between election and inauguration with their empty personal publicity and their tedious political intrigue have always been embarrassing to our Presidents-elect. Mr. Hoover escapes from besieging office-seekers and goes where his presence will do most for international goodwill. He will sail down the West Coast, cross the Andes, and come back to the United States after visiting Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, and Venezuela. Since no President or President-elect of the United States has ever visited these countries, Mr. Hoover's visit will be interpreted as an unusual gesture of recognition and friendship. He will doubtless spend most of his energy in preparing the ground for improved international trade, but he can scarcely escape the critical comments of the South American press concerning our military policy in the Caribbean. The understanding developed by such a visit may prove of lasting value in checking the grosser expressions of our imperialism.

IT WAS A BITTER CAMPAIGN, but in all the whispering and whimpering there was nothing, for downright face-to-face insult, to equal Calvin Coolidge's telegram congratulating Senator Curtis on his election. William Allen White once called Curtis a "nitwit"; Mr. Coolidge was sub-

tlar and meaner. "It is a special satisfaction," the man who had known the idle obscurity of the Vice-Presidency wired to the Vice-President-elect, "to congratulate you on your election to the office of Vice-President, *because I know your peculiar fitness for that position.*"

THE MONKEYS WIN in Arkansas. By solemn popular verdict, duly recorded on November 6, it is forbidden in that State to teach that man "ascended or descended from a lower order of animals." Arkansawyers are to be permitted no relationship with the apes, and who is to say that the apes, in consequence, are not celebrating the event? Indeed, the ape has been all too seldom consulted in the matter of kinship with man. Observation of a group of monkeys leads one to deduce that they do not engage in extensive and expensive warfare, that they do not compel young children to work long hours, that in short they are less anti-social than their cousin—except in Arkansas and a few other States—man. The recent argument in Arkansas, which resulted in the passage of the anti-evolution bill, was enlivened by the antics of the Reverend Ben M. Bogard, president of the American Anti-Evolution Association. Mr. Bogard challenged Charles Smith, professed atheist, to debate the question of evolution with him, on the theory that the hair of a dog will cure its bite and the luke-warm opponents of evolution would be strengthened in the faith by meeting with one of the awful consequences of non-belief. In the course of the fracas Mr. Smith spent several days in jail, Mr. Bogard suffered considerable adverse criticism for having invited him to come to Little Rock, and as a consequence has brought suit for libel against the *El Dorado Daily News* for an editorial alleged to be "malicious, defamatory, and libelous," and an attempt to "hold this plaintiff up before the public as a fanatic."

THE DRY LEADERS have hailed with great enthusiasm the election of Herbert Hoover, declaring it to be proof that the American people are overwhelmingly in favor of the retention of prohibition. Two of them are quoted as asserting that this was the true meaning of the election and that its outcome could not be construed as a "referendum on religious faiths." Naturally enough the Anti-Saloon League finds that the election is "a thorough vindication of the Anti-Saloon League." Curiously enough, the various societies opposed to prohibition are equally certain that the outcome is a tremendous step forward toward the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Why else did so many people vote for Governor Smith, many more than ever voted for a Democratic candidate before? To them Governor Smith's huge vote is entirely attributable to the Republicans who want the repeal of prohibition. They point to the vote in the referendum in Massachusetts in which thirty-three out of thirty-six counties voted to instruct the Massachusetts Representatives in Congress to work for the doing away of prohibition. Both sides can claim what they please. The fact is that the election advanced us not even one inch toward the solution of the prohibition problem. Nobody will ever know how many people voted against Smith because of his Wetness, or voted



for him for the same reason; for at least twenty-five different motives actuated people in this campaign. That is the difficulty with our system. In almost no Presidential election (in only one since 1888) has the electorate been in a position to give a clear-cut mandate to Congress on a single distinct issue. Which is all the more reason to press for the nation-wide referendum on the Eighteenth Amendment which *The Nation* has been urging these several years.

**THIS YEAR'S ELECTION** emphasized to an unusual degree the disparity that may exist between the electoral and popular vote of a candidate under our curious method of choosing a President. Hoover received 444 electoral votes to Smith's 87, but as this issue of *The Nation* went to press Hoover's popular vote had reached almost 21,000,000 and Smith's not far from 15,000,000. Thus Smith received only 16 per cent of the electoral vote but about 40 per cent of the popular vote. In a cabinet system of government, such as prevails in Europe, Smith would be a power as the leader of the opposition in the national legislature—here he is retired to political obscurity. Mark Sullivan writes that if Hoover had received 275,000 more votes "geographically distributed in the right way," he would have carried every State. To which the *New York World* retorts that if Smith had received 354,000 more votes geographically distributed in the right way, he would have won the election. Smith had a lead of 55,000 over Hoover in the combined vote of the largest fourteen cities. New York, Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, and San Francisco went for Smith; Baltimore, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, and Los Angeles preferred Hoover. In spite of the Republican landslide, Senator Wheeler was reelected in Montana and Dill in Washington, but Neely lost in West Virginia. Governor George W. P. Hunt, another progressive Democrat, failed of reelection in Arizona, while Milwaukee did not return Victor L. Berger, the one Socialist in the House of Representatives. Representative Fiorello H. La Guardia, independent Republican, was fortunately reelected from New York City.

**THREE INTERESTING ADDITIONS** to Congress are the new women members, Ruth Bryan Owen, Ruth Hanna McCormick, and Ruth Baker Pratt. The first named is a Democrat and a daughter of William Jennings Bryan; the others are Republicans. All three are striking and forceful persons. In a legislative assembly apparently designed for the suppression of individual merit, these women may, none the less, make themselves felt—and heard. Mrs. Owen is said by her friends to be liberal and tolerant as well as able. We hope that she comes to Congress free from commitments to the Democratic Party in Florida; if her hands are not tied she will doubtless be counted among the small progressive group in the House. Ruth Hanna McCormick—daughter of the late Mark Hanna and widow of Senator Medill McCormick—can also be counted upon to stand on her own political feet as far as her dubious political associations in Illinois allow. She has her father's drive and tenacity, with a manifestly greater interest in the welfare of her fellow-men and women. Readers who are interested in her personality and record will find them vividly set forth in an article by Mildred Adams in *The Nation* for October 26, 1927. Mrs. Pratt has been a conscientious and useful member of New York City's Board of

Aldermen. She has worked hard and has hurled carefully documented criticisms of the budget and other Tammany measures at the heads of a heedless majority.

**IT IS HARD** to take President Coolidge's Armistice Day address seriously; it is such a mass of absurdities and contradictions. We hope that the first thing Mr. Hoover will do will be to hire a good editor and give him a large blue pencil and full authority to put the Presidential public utterances into consistent and intelligible English. That this speech of President Coolidge's should be held to be statesmanship, and that it should be solemnly received beyond the seas as laying down the foreign policy of the United States for decades to come, is enough to make ordinarily decent American citizens resolve to make Thanksgiving Day a special period of thanksgiving that Mr. Coolidge will so soon retire to private life. At the same time it will be necessary to add prayers that Mr. Hoover will do better on these subjects than he promised during the campaign. Meanwhile, the fact remains that President Coolidge made use of Armistice Day to announce that we are immediately going to increase the number of our cruisers to the ratio which he thinks is right for us to maintain, while uttering such solemn twaddle as that we have no intention of entering into any competition of armaments, that while arming more we must lead the way toward disarmament, that armaments cannot protect the nation from war but that none the less we must continue to be armed and well armed, and that we are so sacredly and peculiarly constituted that we may inculcate militaristic doctrines and arm to the teeth and yet never be militaristic! Immediately on top of this comes the new naval program of the militarists in the Navy Department demanding 15 new cruisers and a navy second to none. Was there ever greater hypocrisy and absurdity? Fortunately, there are already many protests against the downright wickedness of this policy.

**FRANCE'S NEW CABINET** means that France has returned to normalcy. It was no more natural for M. Poincaré to sit at the head of a Cabinet which included Louis Marin, the wild jingo of the manufacturers' association; Aristide Briand, who is usually the apostle of reconciliation with Germany, and Edouard Herriot, leader of the anti-clerical Radical Socialists, than it would be in this country if Mr. Hoover invited Mabel Walker Willebrandt, "Jim" Reed of Missouri, Dr. Straton, Frank P. Walsh, and Senator Norris to sit in his Cabinet. When the franc threatened to chase the paper mark toward zero, France, for a moment, dropped her normal political animosities, and gentlemen who had been cursing each other in public joined in a Cabinet of national union, just as in war time all the European countries had recourse to coalition cabinets. This unnatural Poincaré Ministry lasted more than two years; but recently the Radicals returned to a peacetime fighting basis. Partly, their change was a result of provocation from the Right; coalition cabinets always seem to fall under conservative domination. At any rate, the Radicals announced that they would not stay in the Cabinet if it continued to plan for a return of the Catholic teaching orders and for an increase in the military budget, while refusing to permit civil servants to form a union. Poincaré refused their demands and formed a new Cabinet with the Radicals left out. Instead of commanding two-thirds of the



Chamber, the new Ministry has a slim majority; and the short-lived ministries and bitter dog-fighting of normal days seem destined to return.

**"PEACE, FREEDOM, AND WORK,"** according to the new premier, Julius Maniu, is to be the slogan for Rumania. Not for nothing did 60,000 peasants, with their rations tied up in their handkerchiefs, march quietly to Bucharest a year ago in protest against the rule of the Bratianus and the rich landowners. The National Peasant Party has triumphed, and its leader is to form a cabinet, to call for the election of a new parliament, to negotiate a loan under the auspices of the League of Nations, and—under the slogan mentioned above—to reform the Rumanian Government with the Government of the United States as a model. It would be easy to be cynical about that last; in many ways, of late years, the United States Government would fall short of a desideratum for small and aspiring countries. But there is something touching and heartening about this new Government in Rumania. A member of the troubled Balkans, rent by war and exploited by a group of unscrupulous capitalist citizens, with a musical comedy prince and a queen who has spent most of her life in effective self-advertisement, Rumania deserves a regime of "peace, freedom, and work." It is not unlikely that the new Government will be the prelude to a complete overthrow of the monarchy and to the establishment of a republic.

**TANGIBLE AND SALUTARY RESULTS** continue to come from the Federal Trade Commission's exposé of power propaganda. The Federal Radio Commission has stopped a public-utility company from setting up its own radio station for the dissemination of propaganda, and the National Education Association has started on its proposed investigation of the use of the schools for propaganda purposes. In denying the Richmond Development Corporation a permit to construct a radio station, the Radio Commission pointed out that the corporation is closely allied with the Roanoke Water Works Company, and that the original application for the permit proposed to "promote a better understanding between the public and public utilities generally." Chairman Ira Robinson stated that this indicated "an intention to engage in a type of propaganda which is now being extensively condemned after revelations uncovered by the Federal Trade Commission." The National Education Association has announced the appointment of Dr. Edwin C. Broome, superintendent of schools at Philadelphia, as chairman of the committee of ten authorized by the Minneapolis convention to investigate propaganda in the schools and to report on the principles which should guide teachers in handling such material, and on any necessary machinery to protect the school officers and teachers from being used by private interests. Furthermore, there is good evidence that newspapers are being increasingly cautious against being exploited by propagandists.

**WINTER IS COMING** and almost nothing has been done to protect the several million of our unemployed from destitution, but 283 persons in the United States will not worry. They are the individuals who received in 1927 an income of more than \$1,000,000. Our nation has now attained the proud distinction of possessing more million-dollar incomes than any nation in the history of the world, and more by fifty-two than the United States

in 1926. While the average wages of factory workers are approximately \$25 a week, and while only a handful of farmers can boast of a substantial income, practically all the higher classes of income-tax payers from the \$10,000-a-year group to the million dollar group increased last year. The earnings of corporations declined while the great personal fortunes made by speculation increased—and most of the profits from the greatest gambling year in the history of finance will not be reported until next year. While the Internal Revenue Bureau was announcing its figures, another bureau of the Government, the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, was issuing a statement of the average wages of certain women workers in our factories. The median weekly earnings of Mississippi white women are \$8.60, of Negro women \$5.75, of South Carolina white women \$9.50, of New York white women \$14.95.

**HARVARD UNIVERSITY** announces a gift of \$3,000,000 which it has accepted for the purpose of splitting Harvard up into small colleges of three hundred men each, somewhat after the manner of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, with proper adaptation to American conditions. This is an extension of recent developments under which freshmen live by themselves and upper classmen are more and more put on their own, freed from lectures and brought into closer touch with individual instructors appointed to supervise their reading. Decades ago President Eliot hoped for something of this kind. When the effort was made to tie the Institute of Technology to Harvard through the McKay bequest, it was his hope that Tufts College and other nearby institutions would move to Cambridge to be under the wing of the university without losing their identities as separate colleges. It is impossible to comment at length upon this radical departure until an official statement lies before us; we shall refer to it again in an early issue. Meanwhile, it is an interesting example of the way one rich man by a huge gift, made at the instigation, doubtless, of university officials, can alter the whole structure of an historic institution; at first glance we feel that the experiment ought to be of enormous benefit to the entire university world.

**WE REGRET TO RECORD** the death of Warren Worth Bailey, editor of the Johnstown (Pennsylvania) *Democrat*. A devoted and uncompromising single-taxer, a Democrat by party affiliation, and a true democrat as well, Mr. Bailey rendered conspicuous service to the liberal cause in America. He was a member of Congress for three terms and was elected a fourth time only to be robbed of his seat by fraud and the interminable delays which made it impossible for the House of Representatives to take cognizance of the facts prior to the expiration of the term during which he should have sat. He was a journalist by profession who upheld its best ideals—he had been publisher of his paper since 1893, but he was probably prouder of the fact that he was the publisher of the first single-tax newspaper, the Vincennes (Indiana) *News*, than of the success of his *Democrat*, in which, by the way, he bravely opposed our going into the World War. The esteem in which he was held in his community is apparent from the fact that he, a Democrat, represented a Pennsylvania constituency containing many beneficiaries of the protected industries of that State. Mr. Bailey was a splendid citizen and will be missed.



# What of the Democracy?

**W**HAT future for the Democracy? It has sustained its greatest disaster at the polls while at the same time recording a greater vote than ever before in its history, indeed a larger vote than the total of all the ballots cast in 1924 for Wilson, Roosevelt, and Taft. It has discovered, moreover, a new leader in Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt himself sniffs at the idea that the party is smashed. On the contrary, he declares that it is "rejuvenated"; that it has a "bright outlook for the future"; that "a vote nearly twice as large as that cast for any other Democratic candidate for President is another evidence of the comeback of the party." Per contra, others who are not flushed with the excitement of an extraordinary personal success are clear that what has happened foretells the end of the Democracy. Among these is Norman Thomas who reads in the election sure signs that the process of Democratic disintegration is at hand.

The truth probably lies between the two extremes. But of this we are sure: With all respect to Mr. Roosevelt, it is hopeless to expect that the Democracy can ever be molded into the party of sound opposition, based on principle, which this country so sorely needs. The campaign has brought out again that the party is composed of utterly discordant elements which at bottom can never be reconciled. The Southern wing has now proved that it will never support a Catholic Wet, although the bulk of the party's urban vote in the North is largely Catholic or Wet. On the other hand, the South's bitter anti-Negro attitude makes it clear that no Northern candidate, not Franklin D. Roosevelt or any other, will ever be free to demand justice for the disfranchised colored population as long as the Solid South constitutes the basis for the hope of Democratic victory. As for the masses of the Democratic voters in the North who are not Catholic or Wet, the party has done its very best to alienate the thoughtful among them by throwing overboard most of its principles and, apparently with deliberation, has set about to wipe out as many of the distinctions between it and the Republican Party as it possibly can.

Thus, lest it be regarded as the party of the non-possessing, it has thrown itself into the arms of Big Business. All through the campaign it heralded the fact that it was not dangerous to Big Business when it should have been highly dangerous to the forms and tendencies of Big Business which it so bitterly opposed in 1912 under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson. It has again sought to make terms with Big Business by declaring that as to the tariff it was no longer a bad boy, and never, never would be one again. Indeed, it was so good that its candidate actually promised that there would never again be a general tariff revision. As for our foreign policy, as if to emphasize again that the Democratic Donkey is really only a lesser Elephant, it threw overboard the entire Wilsonian post-war program, including the League of Nations, and piped only in minor tones as to our wrong-doing in Nicaragua and elsewhere in the Caribbean. In this way it achieved its purpose: The campaign was waged on personalities and not on issues, except in so far as Governor Smith in his person called up prohibition and the issue of intolerance. Otherwise principles were

forgotten, or deliberately abandoned. The radical social and economic program once urged by Mr. Wilson was sunk without trace. The Democracy revealed itself as being without fixed principles, as purely an opportunist organization.

It is this which Franklin D. Roosevelt overlooked in his natural astonishment at the vote polled. Numbers are, of course, a chief party aim, but principles ought to mean far more. When numbers are achieved, first, by the abandonment of historic party policies, and, second, by the purely accidental appearance of a vibrant and vote-winning personality, they count for very little in the future orientation of a party. If Mr. Roosevelt, and whoever else may turn out to be the heirs and assigns of the party machinery, desire the Democracy to continue the policy of pretending to be just like the Republican Party, it is not difficult to prophesy for it many years of exclusion from office. The Republican Party can always win at that game. The result will be that the United States, instead of having a two-party government, will be reduced to a one-party system, unless a new grouping comes to pass.

For ourselves, we see no reason whatever to alter our belief that as long as the Democratic Party represents the reaction and intolerance of the Protestant, Dry South and the Catholics and the Wets of the North, its possibilities of usefulness as a strongly welded and united opposition are nil. Therefore we repeat what we have said many times before, that it ought to die and the sooner it dies the better; the sooner there will be a new birth of a really progressive, honest, and liberal party. The country needs nothing so much as a new line-up between liberals and reactionaries—a division into those who believe that the Government exists primarily to make money for those who already have it, whose gospel is the smug doctrine of creature comfort above all else which Mr. Hoover preached from the beginning to the end of his campaign, and those who believe that it must be the servant of the people. Yes, the servant of the people—even to the extent of owning and operating for them the public utilities and water-powers and basic industries which are fast being monopolized. Radicals and conservatives—these are the two camps we need, the realignment we ought to have.

We are happy to read, therefore, that the progressive Senators in Washington are to meet soon to decide whether to come out for a new party or not. We regret that we cannot join Mr. Thomas in believing that we should build up the Socialist Party, but we cannot forget that for most Americans socialism connotes only bolshevism or anarchy. Hence a new designation and a revised program upon which all liberals may unite are the demand of the hour. We wonder if within the Democratic Party itself there are not a lot of able and clean men, like Frank Polk and Brand Whitlock, who are ready to strike out for a new deal, who realize that a rebirth of the Democracy into a great fighting instrument for liberalism at home and abroad is an impossibility. If there are such, we appeal most earnestly to their patriotism to set about the task of discovering with those like-minded of all faiths the basis upon which a new alignment can be made.



# Smith Breaks the South

IT is an extraordinary political event, Governor Smith's breaking of the Solid South. For generations students of American politics have been hoping for this; the best friends of the South have prayed for it. Anything that would free that section from its post-bellum hatred of the Republican Party and its fear of Negro domination—often artificially stimulated by politicians without any other issue to parade—and permit it to split normally on economic or political issues has seemed the most desirable of political happenings. For the dead hand of one-party government and race-prejudice combined has thwarted or delayed unconscionably the intellectual, social, moral, and industrial development of the South. That the smashing of this solidarity should now have come about through a narrow passion for prohibition, through an outburst of sectarianism and of bigotry is the irony of fate. None the less the great fact is there: the Solid South is broken at last. A precedent is established of enormous importance to the whole country. What has been done once can be done again, especially when it appears eventually that the revolt of Texas, Florida, Virginia, and North Carolina will not mean the coming of Negro domination, or any of the other bugaboos by using which the average Southern politician has talked himself into office.

Plainly Governor Smith brought about this historical happening and not Herbert Hoover. The South voted *against* the Governor of New York and not *for* Mr. Hoover. Beyond question the motives were mixed, and it is equally clear that it will never be possible to assign to each one of those motives its exact percentage of responsibility. One Democratic county committee in Florida which voted not to support Governor Smith did so solely because he had disavowed the dry plank in the party platform; it solemnly recorded its belief that the Governor had abandoned the Democratic Party and that therefore loyal Democrats were justified in voting for somebody else. The appeal of the bishops, headed by James Cannon, for votes against Smith because he was a Wet was effective in large degree. But dread of the Pope, the bigotry of the fundamentalists, and the generally narrow religious views of that section were even more effective in breaking the Solid South. That there were other contributory causes is obvious. There are now whole communities in Florida and elsewhere made up of Northern people. In Georgia, in North Carolina, in Alabama, in fact all through the South, the industrial development has been enormous. The manufacturers and the managers of mills and factories and many of their employees have become Republicans because they felt it was to their financial interest to do so, just as it was undoubtedly in considerable part their influence which induced the Democratic Party to abandon at Houston its historic tariff policy. The South is changing and it will continue to change as it increases in wealth, as its tremendous natural resources are further developed, as more and more foreign and Northern capital pours into that section. Finally, it is beyond question that more Negroes voted in this election than have been allowed to vote for sometime past, and they generally voted for the Republicans. It is a significant fact, also, that the States in the South which remained true to Democracy were those in which the Negroes are in numerical superiority.

Now it is of course possible that the break-up of the South may help to fasten upon us the one-party rule of the Republicans. That chance we must run—just as we have to face the one-party allegiance of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, a solid block of Republicanism that should also be broken up. If a new party does not divide the South and New England on genuine political or economic issues, the Republican Party is more and more likely to profit. Not that we believe that the four revolting States have left the Democratic fold for good. Not in the least. But the break will come again; we shall again have States leaving the Democrats because people vote as they think and not because of tradition or an absurd fear that intermarriage and social equality with the Negroes will follow the day after a State enters the Republican column. As for the Negro, we are sure that he will profit by the change. Given genuine battles between two parties over real issues, and more and more Negroes will be asked to vote. Even should this prove not to be the case, it will be of enormous benefit to them if the habit of the Tillmans and Heflins of riding into office solely on the backs of the Negroes is ended. Already the dispatches report that Mr. Hoover contemplates entirely reorganizing the Republican Party in the South. That is an admirable objective. It is as full of crooks, black and white, and of mere job-seekers, as any party could possibly be. Usually it is a scandal and a disgrace. If he can bring it about that the fine men and women in the South who are at heart Republicans vote and act as such, he will confer a great benefit upon the whole country.

## Blood from a Stone

FRANCE, England, Belgium, Italy, Japan, and Germany have agreed to appoint representatives to a commission which is to reexamine the whole subject of the European war debts. It is an old subject. The war ended ten years ago, but with the exception of the work of the Dawes Commission there has not been any attempt to date to approach the financial wreckage of the conflict with honesty or realism. So far it has been a magnificent game of bluff on all sides, but there is a fair degree of hope that the coming examination of the war debts may be more of a business and less of a political session than most previous discussions. The United States is to be asked to take part, and Washington has intimated a willingness to do so, although reiterating the old cry that our claims against Europe shall not be allowed to hinge in any way upon the arrangements of European nations among themselves.

It is the Dawes Plan which has led to the new commission on war debts. That agreement was concluded early in 1924, and next year reaches the full scale of payments, a sum from Germany to the Allies of 2,500,000,000 marks (\$625,000,000) in goods and money. The amount is an increase of 40 per cent over present payments, and there is much question outside as well as within Germany of whether that country can raise the tribute or—if so—transfer it. What chance is there that the new European commission will scale the tribute down? None, one would say, if he took at face value the declarations of the various governments concerned. England asks an annual amount equal to her yearly debt payments to the United States when they reach the maximum; Italy asks the same in respect to her



debt payments to Great Britain and the United States; Belgium makes a similar demand in regard to her debt payments to the United States and wants a sum sufficient to cover the cost of the Germany currency floated in Belgium during the occupation; France is out for her annual debt payments to Great Britain and the United States at their maximum, and also for the cost of restoring the devastated regions. The total foots up to about the maximum annual charge under the Dawes Plan, but would be far less desirable for Germany because yearly payments for the liquidation of the Allied debts would stretch out over a much longer period than those called for in the Dawes arrangement.

But in these demands there is a lot of the old bluff, which the Allies can hardly be expecting to maintain if they are serious in calling a new conference. The largest item by far is the amount demanded for settling the various debts to the United States. This is computed in each case at the *maximum* yearly payment called for, a sum not due for many years and one which, in fact, no intelligent student of the problem expects ever to be paid at all. Take Italy as an instance. A Paris dispatch to the *New York Times* says that Italy wants \$22,000,000 annually to cover her debt service to Great Britain and \$26,000,000 for similar payments to the United States. But Italy is not paying us \$26,000,000 annually; she is giving us only \$5,000,000 at the present time and it is highly doubtful if we ever get more—certainly never \$26,000,000. France is reported to be asking for \$62,000,000 a year to pay to England and \$125,000,000 to the United States. Stuff and nonsense! France actually has no debt agreement with us whatever. In 1925 that brilliant financier, Andrew W. Mellon, refused Caillaux's offer beginning with an initial payment of \$40,000,000 annually. A few months later Mr. Mellon accepted preliminary payments from Italy which were only 25 per cent as good compared with the total debt involved, and in 1926 he agreed to the Bérenger offer beginning at \$30,000,000—or \$10,000,000 less than Caillaux proposed! Even so the French Parliament has so far refused to ratify the arrangement, so that technically France has agreed to pay us nothing. Actually she has been sending \$30,000,000 a year, although \$20,000,000 of this is credited by our Treasury as against war supplies bought after the armistice and only \$10,000,000 toward liquidation of the war debt.

At the same time the Allies are less culpable in this huge bluff than we are, because we have insistently refused to reduce the debts due us in return for similar concessions from the Allies toward Germany. The Allies are therefore obliged to carry on their books their full obligations toward us up to the end of the sixty-two-year periods for which they were contracted on a progressively increasing scale. What a pious humbug! We shall never get those fat and distant payments, and we owe it to world peace and stability to renounce them and so permit the Allies to ease the now probably impossible burden imposed on Germany by the full Dawes payments.

The Allies are unfortunately not able to expect this from us in the coming negotiations. Possibly they have in mind something more hazardous for us but more likely to come to pass—a big American loan to Germany. This would leave the Allies sitting pretty and the United States holding the bag. It would be a beautiful case of taking money from one pocket to put in another—more dangerous though not more stupid than our present policy.

## Mexico's Great Trial

NOT since the days of Juarez and Maximilian has Mexico seen so dramatic a grapple of church and state as that which culminated in the trial of José de Leon Toral, the young cartoonist who murdered Obregon. Calles precipitated the conflict, as if to determine once for all, cost whose life it might, the terrible duel that dates back to the Conquest and the Inquisition. His sudden militant evocation in 1926 of the Juarez laws and the Constitution of 1917 was a definite challenge. The church, overconfident of traditionally Catholic Mexico, took up the challenge. There was national propaganda for the reign of Cristo Rey as against the presidentship of Calles; and at the same time a cessation of services, a period of mourning, and a boycott which was intended to bring to a crisis the economic life of the nation. The boycott failed; the mourning was gradually sloughed off; and cessation of services gave visible evidence of what Toral despairingly said determined his crime: "Mexico was forgetting Christ and losing its religion." The only people who stood by the church were the only people in Mexico to whom the church and religion were synonyms: the remnants of the aristocracy and part of the city middle classes.

In 1926 a group of women plotted to kill Calles. They were tried and released, after much publicity, on the ground that they had taken no measures to carry out the plot. Calles said they were fanatical females, not worth bothering with. Some time after, there was an attempt on the life of Obregon, for alleged complicity in which several priests were shot without trial. Then came the bombing of Obregon's campaign headquarters by members of the Madre Concepcion group, and the bombing of the National Chamber of Deputies by other members of this same circle, "not to kill anybody," they declared, "but simply to frighten the Deputies into changing the Constitution." By his own veiled confession, Toral killed Obregon because the unforeseen death of the President-elect might throw Mexico into a scramble.

Into the trial of Toral went the packed forces of church and state. It was deliberately a show-down. The church, three days before the trial began, celebrated the Day of Cristo Rey, a national holiday decreed by the Pope. Two hundred thousand pilgrims were massed at the shrine of Guadalupe, a suburb of the capital. Elaborate services were held in all the churches, dedicating Mexico formally to Cristo Rey. Except for a few boos and hisses in the course of the trial, and possibly planned anti-Toral manifestos in the streets, nothing happened.

It was an ostentatiously fair trial, dispiriting to martyrdom. Toral was even allowed to describe the third degree employed to obtain the confessions which involved Madre Concepcion and her sixteen followers. The jury was picked from the lower, city, middle class, which might be expected to sympathize with Toral and be swayed by the fact that one of the defendants was a nun. The nun was sentenced, as intellectual author of the murder, to twenty years' imprisonment, Toral to death. He goes down, with Obregon, the executed priests, Juarez, and hundreds of anonymous guerrillas, soldiers, and women, on the long list of human sacrifices begun in Mexico in the name of Christ four centuries ago.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE most useful service within the power of any publication would be to use the fires of bigotry for the purposes of illumination. We ought to chart the domain of prejudice in order to guide the footsteps of the coming generation. Naturally it will not be enough to concern ourselves wholly with such disabilities as may lie across the path of Catholics. Indeed it might be fair to say that membership in this particular church need not always be a handicap. It never yet stopped anyone from being mayor in Boston nor yet in New York. Obviously there are districts where Catholics run better than their Protestant competitors. But even in Boston or New York there has been no set ban against the Protestant.

However, the survey which I have in mind should concern itself with other things than politics. Prejudice is not restricted to religion. There is, for instance, an anti-Negro feeling which rests on race alone. In the case of prejudice against Jews I suppose the bigotry is partly racial and partly religious. There is also the somewhat recent drive against the citizen of foreign birth and sometimes against his children. The melting-pot has come to be a place in which he is supposed to surrender bones and buttons and hop out looking like William Allen White.

Many said it was a pity that the religious issue should have been dragged into the campaign. I can't see that. Since it exists there is no reason why we should not know of it. Indeed we want more light upon the matter rather than less. For the most part the people who complained against the religious issue being brought to the fore were those who wished to knife a Catholic and have their action construed as patriotism or a defense of prohibition. But there are many exceptions to this rule. For a long time I have been urging that some American newspaper take up the question of concrete discriminations in this country against the Jew. In conversation with several Jewish friends I have found much opposition to any such inquiry. They say that it would stir up prejudice.

But bad enough should never be left alone. In common honesty the public has a right to know the facts. When enough information is available we shall be able to add the necessary footnotes to the Declaration of Independence. When a child is taught in school that all men are created free and equal he should be allowed to look at the foot of the page and learn the necessary exceptions which are noted.

It has been suggested to me that any such inquiry ought to include a survey of the Negro's status. Unfortunately this would have little appeal to any journalist. If a white community discriminates against a Negro that can hardly be said to be news. In this respect we have at least gone a short step past hypocrisy. Many States make no bones at all about their determination to keep the Negro in political, social, and economic bondage. The Negro himself must shoulder part of the responsibility. Too often he has been willing to accept injustice tamely. Moreover, he has certainly made indifferent use of his vote. It was possible for Herbert Hoover to go "lily white" in the last campaign and still sacrifice no tangible number of votes in States and cities where the Negro holds the balance of power. The colored men of America ought to

get over the habit of voting Republican willy-nilly.

It is perfectly true that Governor Smith made no particular gesture of friendliness toward the Negro in the last campaign. In fact it was not possible to get any sort of statement from him when there seemed a possibility of gathering into his support a large percentage of this Republican vote. I still think it would have been a useful gesture upon the part of Negroes to rebuke the party in power. And even if they could not bring themselves to vote for Smith and Robinson there was the chance to back Norman Thomas.

Jewish prejudice is quite a different matter. It is my guess that no major party would care to nominate a Jew for President because of the hill-billy vote which is so large in all the rural States. But the problem is much wider than this and it is dangerous because insidious. For instance, no man knows just how many schools and colleges are working on a quota basis or barring Jews entirely from enrollment. A. Lawrence Lowell was somewhat unfairly dealt with when he publicly announced that Harvard was considering the matter of making some restriction as to the number of Jews to be admitted. The criticism directed against Mr. Lowell was unfair because the very thing which he publicly announced as being under discussion was already done by stealth in scores of educational institutions.

And surely it is no secret in New York that there are hospitals in which the young Jewish doctor must be at least twice as able as his Gentile competitor in order to get an appointment. We know that there are apartment houses which require "social" references and any number of summer hotels proudly proclaim the fact that Hebrews are not wanted. Again the slogan "Christians only" is overly familiar in the advertisements of some of our largest concerns in the "help wanted" columns. Mr. Hoover was fond of saying during the campaign that this was the land of equal opportunity. No one took him up on this, for a fair question might have been framed for him to answer. It would run: "Equal for whom?"

Incidentally and somewhat irrelevantly I have learned from a letter the solution of the great farm mystery. Before every election we are told that the honest agriculturists are angry and purpose to make their revolt felt at the polls. After this announcement our rural friends invariably go and vote Republican as usual. This curious behavior has been explained on the ground of prosperity and on habit but Mr. Gustav Heden informs me that the true explanation is applejack. He writes:

You have said, "There seems every reason to believe that the majority of the people of the United States favor prohibition in its present form." That statement is true on the face of it, but it does not mean anything, for we all know that if the possession of applejack had not made the farmer independent of prohibition he would have voted for Smith, and that applejack more than anything else determined this election. The voting proved nothing much except that the city dwellers are Wet and that the applejack-drinking farmers are "dry."

To even up things the city dwellers should get genuine applejack at least. Lead us to it, Mr. Broun!

HEYWOOD BROUN



# What Next in Washington?

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

THE Presidential election of November 6 resulted in a landslide—in fact, in several landslides. It resulted in a real landslide of popular votes for both candidates, a landslide of electoral votes for Herbert Hoover, a landslide of loose and excited talk about Governor Smith's "crushing" and "unprecedented" defeat, and a landslide of obituaries on the Democratic Party. The first two of these resulted directly from the election; the last two from unintelligent scrutiny of the election returns, coupled with a very slight acquaintance with political history.

It is true that Hoover's victory was decisive from all angles, although much less decisive, from the popular standpoint, than that of Harding in 1920. It is true that he carried forty of the forty-eight States, including four of the hitherto Undigestible South, and that he will have 444 votes in the Electoral College to Smith's 87. It is equally true that Smith received at least 6,000,000 more votes than any man ever nominated by his party for President, and, moreover, that he received a decidedly larger percentage of the total vote than either of the last two Democratic candidates before him.

In the light of the figures, talk about "the overwhelming disaster to which the party was led by Governor Smith" is sheer nonsense, or pure malice, or both. Not only did he lead it to the highest peak of numerical strength in its history, but under his leadership it attained greater comparative and competitive strength against its opponent than it had enjoyed since 1916. The writer is not a Democrat. He would cheerfully see that party securely buried, and its place taken by an organization with a genuine program of reasoned, constructive opposition to the predatory plunderbund which has just been returned to power. But why be silly? A party that survived 1920, when its candidates received 34 per cent of the vote; and 1924, when its candidate received only 30 per cent of the total—obviously that party has not been annihilated by the results of 1928, when its candidate not only got more than 40 per cent of the popular vote, but actually added 6,000,000 voters to the party roll.

That the party as now constituted contains within itself the germ of decay and death, I surely believe and fervently hope, but that germ is not to be discovered either in the nomination or in the defeat of Governor Smith. On the contrary, the very fact that he could be nominated on the first ballot, and that he could obtain the support of such a large proportion of the party organization, offers the only basis on which it may hope to survive. If it dies it will die because Bourbon leadership, typified in such men as Simmons, Heflin, Blease, Ferguson, and Bilbo, prevails over the progressive leadership exemplified in Smith, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Senators Walsh and Wheeler. It may so prevail, and the next four years may witness its triumph. The public will see that issue joined when Southern leaders begin to conspire at ways and means to check the growth in party and popular strength of Franklin Roosevelt. If they succeed in shelving him—or his progressive counterpart—the ultimate doom of the party probably will be sealed, although its actual demise may be lamentably slow.

There is something of which a great many voters both

north and south of the Mason and Dixon line are not aware, although few elements in the party alignment exercise more force. It is the fact that continued Republican success in national elections inspires no such poignant grief in the breasts of Southern Democratic leaders as might be supposed—*so long as their State and local tickets remain intact*. Uninterrupted and practically uncontested occupation of the Senatorships, Governorships, and seats in the House, and complete control and distribution of the smaller prizes, was a wonderful consolation for seeing a Republican in the White House, and it has enabled many a Southern statesman to endure the spectacle with complacency. Not until their own nests were disturbed would they really worry. Now, that is precisely what happened November 6. Democratic State tickets in the South almost uniformly ran far below their normal strength. Worse, seats in the House, held by Democrats since the Civil War, actually were lost in North Carolina and Virginia, and others were retained by narrow margins. Now we can understand the dismay which was apparent in high Democratic quarters! Now we can understand the stern and vociferous demands to "purge the party of Tammany and the body of death!" And now, moreover, we can understand the character of the fight, and the motives behind it, that will be made to return the party to Bourbon leadership and control. If that effort succeeds, the aim of future Democratic national conventions will not be difficult to forecast. It will be to nominate national candidates to be beaten, but beaten on such platforms and under such circumstances as will offer the minimum of danger to the success of the local tickets. First, and above all, this would mean no more Catholic candidates! It would mean cautious and meaningless declarations of national policy. It would mean opposition of a purely critical nature, and that largely perfunctory and for home consumption. It would, in short, mean turning the country over to the Republican Party—in other words, to the Power Trust, the Aluminum Trust, the high-income-tax bracketeers, and all the other pets of governmental favoritism and protection.

Of course it may be said—in fact, it was said on the floor of the Senate two years ago by Senator Reed of Missouri—that this is just about the course which the Democratic Party in Congress has been pursuing for several years. And the reply is that the nomination of Governor Smith at Houston was the event which put at end, temporarily at least, to that course, and set the party on the road of genuine progressive and constructive opposition. The present question is whether it will remain on that road and evolve into the party of liberal and popular causes, or whether it will get back into the old rut.

"No more Catholics," I have written. Well, I will say now that I do not believe Governor Smith would have been elected if he had been a Protestant. The Republican candidate, no matter who, was bound to win. Dawes, Curtis, or even Jim Watson would have won. It is impossible to convince a majority of the American people that they are not as prosperous as they should be, or that they would not be less prosperous under a Democratic administration. I fully agree with Will Rogers that Hoover's election and



Smith's defeat were due to the simple fact that one was a Republican and the other a Democrat, and that "Hoover would have beat Coolidge if Coolidge had been running on the Democrat ticket."

Nevertheless, the gallant Governor struggled under many and terrific campaign handicaps, of which his religion was by all odds the heaviest. Even Christ staggered under the burden of the cross, and Al Smith was only a man, and running on the Democratic ticket, at that. Without this burden he would still have lost, but with what a difference in the Electoral College! Thus, he would not have lost Virginia, Florida, North Carolina, Texas, or Tennessee. In addition he probably would have carried most, if not all, of the following: Missouri, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Maryland, Wisconsin, North Dakota, Arizona, and Nevada, and if he had carried all of them the vote in the Electoral College, instead of 444 to 87, would be 302 to 229, and Governor Smith would have been defeated by the defection of one State—New York!

The effect of the religious issue in the Southern States was obvious; the evidence of its potency in the West is almost as convincing. "Herbert Hoover ought to lay a wreath on the statue of Martin Luther!" exclaimed the Washington correspondent of a Western newspaper the morning after election. Minnesota, populated largely by German and Scandinavian Lutherans, is a conspicuous example of the point. Running for reelection was Senator Shipstead, on the ticket of the defunct Farmer-Labor Party. In other words, he was practically an independent candidate, without money or party organization. Opposed to him was the Republican candidate, supported by a powerful and smoothly functioning party organization, supplied with plenty of funds. On every single important issue, except prohibition, Shipstead's record and position was identical with the record and the position of Governor Smith. They were together on farm relief, power, Republican corruption, and foreign policy. What happened? Shipstead carried the State by 300,000 and Smith lost it by 100,000. Exactly the same state of affairs existed in North Dakota, where the Progressive Senator Frazier was reelected; in Washington, where Senator Dill won, and in Arizona, where Ashurst was reelected. Even more startling is the case of Wisconsin, which although wet and progressive like Smith, went for Hoover, while reelecting La Follette by the gigantic majority of 400,000—and that of Nebraska, which reelected the Progressive Howell, but despite Senator Norris's indorsement, turned Smith down decisively! The advantage which should have accrued from his stand on farm relief was completely nullified by the circumstance of his religion.

The accident of having been born a Catholic was but one of the Governor's "bad breaks" (I speak, of course, from the practical standpoint of getting votes). There was his radio manner. Undoubtedly an army of voters was influenced by the radio appearances of the candidates. As between Smith and Hoover, there is no doubt about which is the best platform speaker. Smith is very effective before an audience, and Hoover is simply terrible. Yet there is no doubt that over the radio Smith sounded terrible and Hoover sounded fine. The very emphasis and accentuation which adds to Smith's platform effectiveness, made him, over the radio, seem truculent and grating. The drollery which convulsed his personal audiences reached the radio listeners merely in the form of awkward and bewildering pauses. On the other hand, Hoover's deadly, even monotone,

devoid of emphasis and almost of inflection, was perfectly adapted to clear radio transmission. Above all, it had "that dignified sound." And thus, incidentally, arises another consideration for convention managers of the future. "What sort of radio voice has he got?" will certainly be added to the list of vital tests.

Post-mortems are useful only in so far as they furnish a basis for future action. But every person who believes in genuinely democratic government, every person who sickens at the sham, smugness, and snobbery which pervade official life in Washington, and every person who loves candor, simplicity, and courage, will hope that Governor Smith's decision not to run for office again does not mean that he will refuse to take an active and vigorous part in the future discussion and settlement of public questions. He is only fifty-five, and only those who followed him through the exhausting, nerve-racking, back-breaking itinerary of the campaign can appreciate his amazing strength and vitality. In many ways, he is just coming into his full powers. During the campaign his stature increased almost from day to day. That is possible only with humble men, men like Smith, who are willing to learn.

As for President-elect Hoover—one may hope, one may pray, one may listen to his liberal defenders, but can one really believe? It is significant that the Washington correspondents, who have had eight years and endless opportunity to get acquainted with the Secretary of Commerce, were fanatically for Al Smith, almost to a man. Reporters who attended Candidate Hoover's press conferences, reporters who accompanied Candidate Hoover on his few campaign trips, reporters who were assigned to cover Hoover headquarters, came away burning to give their last drop of blood for the Smith cause. Most of them had never seen Governor Smith. But they had seen plenty of Candidate Hoover. One of their number, older and more reflective than the majority and speaking without passion, put it this way: "He's just as he always has been since I've known him—he hasn't a damned bit of respect for anybody's intellect except his own."

However, I think it is generally agreed that a subtle change became apparent in the President-elect about four years ago. He was no longer the brisk and hearty engineer of 1918-1919. It was about four years ago, or perhaps a little earlier, that he began to suspect Destiny of having an eye on him, and that the words, "My Place in History," seriously entered his thoughts. These two things clouded a clearer mind and warped a sharper intellect than Hoover's—those of Woodrow Wilson. Their effect on Mr. Hoover was depressing to those who once knew him as a man of blunt and forceful speech and a decidedly scientific cast of mind. His speech became distressingly like that of the late President Harding's heavier utterances, his actions became devious and unpredictable, and the scientific mind became wreathed in the gaudy clouds of Purpose, Service, and Destiny. This was just the sort of thing that never could happen to Al Smith—and you loved him for it.

I look for a White House Spokesman in the next four years who will be more oracular and diffuse than he of the last four, and withal, testier and more intolerant of criticisms of "my policies." Already the boys on the job at Palo Alto have been told that it is "undesirable" for them to speculate on the membership of the next Cabinet! It looks as if we are in for it. There's one consolation—you're all in the same boat.



# What's Wrong with *The Nation*?

By H. L. MENCKEN

THE main thing wrong with it, I believe, is that in its laudable progress from liberalism to libertarianism it occasionally hangs back and moos sadly, like a cow torn from its calf. I do not apologize for the simile: a cow is quite as good a man as a liberal. What ails liberalism, as a practical scheme of reform, is its naive and irrational belief in law, a superstition that has cursed the human race long enough. It is time, God knows, to get rid of it, that civilization may have a chance, and I naturally look to such enlightened and disreputable journals as *The Nation* to help along the process. But every time I begin to glow with hope *The Nation* comes out with kind words for some preposterous prohibitionist or other wowser, or with an editorial demanding insanely that Congress put down crime by forbidding the interstate shipment of pistols. What could be more disconcerting, more irritating, more muddy-headed, more absurd? To forbid the sale and shipment of pistols would be simply to take them away from honest men and arm all gunmen to the teeth, just as forbidding the sale of alcohol has closed all the honest, decent, sanitary saloons and given a monopoly to filthy speakeasies. Such aberrations, I confess, annoy me excessively. I react to them as I react to jazz, or to the soapy, voluptuous gurgle of Monsignor Manning. They impede my respiration and make me pitch and toss. When I encounter them in a paper I respect it is a sad day for me.

This belief in law, as I say, is one of the grand curses of the world. But liberals retain it with a horrible tenacity. Their politics is a game of discovering abuses and passing laws to put them down. They are forever advocating that someone be jailed. The perfect pattern of a liberal, sub-species Anglo-Saxon, was the late Woodrow Wilson, who was also the perfect pattern of a witch-burner: has it escaped notice that he sat for Rollin Kirby's eloquent portrait of Pastor Killjoy of the Anti-Saloon League? Fortunately for the human race, the science and art of Law Enforcement has broken down—in the United States, most spectacularly. It has been run into the ground by fanatics, and made magnificently ridiculous. So most liberals of any sense begin to wobble, and many of them turn to libertarianism. Libertarianism is the theory that men are happiest, not when they are rigorously policed, but when they are free—happiest, and safest. It is grounded upon the assumption that the normal man is actually normal, which is to say, decent and well-disposed, even though he may be stupid. It proceeds to the corollary that if this is not true, then nothing whatever can be done about it.

The Ku Klux Klan was a great liberal organization—perhaps the archetype of militant liberalism. It flung itself alike against the toryism of Rome and the radicalism of the emerging Aframerican. It was violently in favor of law enforcement, and devoted itself in particular to enforcing such laws as were inherently unenforceable. Every prowling Methodist parson in the land regards himself as a liberal, and with sound reason. Liberalism arose in England among the non-conformists, and they have been its chief supporters everywhere. Even the jihad against Al Smith that has just convulsed the republic was based upon liberal principles.

It was, at least in theory, an attack upon the corruption and intransigence of the big cities. It was eminently pious, righteous, forward-looking, right-thinking. It was as pure in its ideology as the war against war. Nevertheless, it was vile.

But I have no commission to argue for libertarianism. It continues to be somewhat immoral, like nullification; moreover, it is rapidly making its way, and illustrious liberals are converted to it every day. My job is to suggest improvements in *The Nation*. I suggest only one, but it covers a great deal of ground. I propose that before *The Nation* give its approval and confidence to any American public man hereafter, it put him on ice for a year, remaining silent the while. Let him rest there quietly, proving his case. If, at the expiration of the test, it is not clearly demonstrated that he is a mountebank, then let him have his anointment. But if the evidence against him is plain, then let him be heaved into hell with the rest of them. My scheme would save embarrassments and repinings: I mention only the name of Borah. My prediction is that the ointment bill would be inconsiderable.

By public man, of course, I do not mean only politicians. The term takes in bishops; it takes in labor leaders; it takes in all the vast rabble of frauds that now preys upon the American people, cadging their money and promising them magical sticks of candy. The frauds ecclesiastical, indeed, seem to me to be far worse than the frauds political. They are bolder and more impudent; their takings are heavier; they last much longer. It has been one of my vices, for years, to read the denominational papers; at the present moment I am a subscriber to fifty of them. What is in them? For one thing, an endless bawling for money. For another thing, a raucous and malignant denunciation of everything that enlightened men hold to be honest and true. What the charlatans behind them screw out of the booboisie annually I don't know, but it must run to billions. Yet there is a convention that they must be treated politely in the press. Even *The Nation* treats most of them politely. I propose that it examine them more realistically—and more frequently.

The labor leaders, running from the fat heirs of old Sam Gompers at the top to the Socialists and Communists at the bottom, are quite as bad. I have been in active journalism for twenty-nine years, and during that time have known many hundreds of newspaper reporters, some of them intelligent. All newspaper reporters come into contact with labor leaders; the majority know scores. Well, I have never known or heard of a reporter who had any confidence in any of them. To the journalistic eye they are almost unanimously mountebanks. In every city room in the land they are pigeon-holed with the vice-crusaders, the prohibition agents, and the Methodist clergy. A few more or less honest fanatics, true enough, leaven the mass, but they are surely not many. I propose that *The Nation* scrutinize these prehensible fellows a bit more carefully—and a bit more frequently.

And so on, and so on. In sum, my belief is that *The Nation*, misled by its lingering liberal hallucinations, only



too often yells up the wrong rain-spout. It labors under the delusion that the worst rogues are those who break laws. Why was the Ku Klux a public nuisance? Because it broke a few good laws? Hardly. It was a nuisance because it tried to enforce a multitude of bad laws. And behind it, both in the South and the Middle West, stood the body of evangelical clergy—law enforcers to a man, and public nuisances to a man. I think it might be very plausibly maintained that the crimes of the late Secretary Fall, as grave as they seemed, were vastly less dangerous to the common weal than any one of a dozen decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, upholding law enforcement and mauling the Bill of Rights. Fall and his friends got very little,

and what they missed will be wasted anyhow. But the single decision in the wiretapping case will be a burden and an affront to every decent American citizen for half a century.

So I propose a moratorium on acknowledged rascals for a while, and a more scientific examination of the virtuous. The United States is not materially damaged by its Falls and Sinclairs; they are mainly comic characters, with touches of pathos. But what is to be said of a Senator who pauses in his denunciation of their banal rogueries to swallow the infinitely worse corruptions of the Anti-Saloon League, with its pious condonings of blackmail, burglary, assault, and murder, and its frenzied war upon every right that men have fought for for a thousand years?

## Have We Recognized Soviet Russia?

By MAURICE FONTAINE

RECOGNITION of the Soviet Government was not discussed by either of the major parties in the recent campaign. It was ignored in the party platforms and by the party orators. Even Senator Borah, in his forensic enthusiasm for Mr. Hoover, forgot to revive a question to which he had previously attached great importance. Governor Smith, by silence at least, lent consent to the policy of non-recognition. Both candidates remained uncommitted up to election day. Presumably, therefore, the President-elect is free to continue or to reverse this refusal to recognize a government which has existed in Moscow for eleven years. At least, this would be the presumption were it not for certain events which recently transpired, unnoticed by the American press, preoccupied with the excitements of World's Series and the Presidential campaign. At this calmer moment these events deserve belated consideration.

On August 31 the Soviet Government handed to the French Ambassador in Moscow, M. Herbette, a document signifying its adherence to the Pact of Paris, known in America as the Kellogg Treaty. In due course this document was delivered by the French Embassy in Washington to the Department of State. Acknowledgment of its receipt was made by Secretary of State Kellogg in a statement to the press on October 3.

On October 15 M. Herbette called at the Foreign Office in Moscow and delivered to the Acting Commissar of Foreign Affairs, Litvinov, two official copies of the Pact of Paris, in English and French, bearing the signature of Secretary of State Kellogg. In discharging this mission, according to the official *Isvestia* of October 16, "M. Herbette declared that the delivery of these copies signifies the acceptance of the Soviet act of adherence. *The obligation of the Government of the United States, provided in Article III of the pact, has been fulfilled.*"

What obligation had the Government of the United States undertaken which had to be fulfilled by the visit of M. Herbette to the Soviet Foreign Office? M. Herbette refers us to Article III of the pact. This article establishes Washington as the depository of the treaty and of subsequent instruments of ratification and adherence. It is as the guardian of the treaty that certain obligations devolve upon the Government of the United States. One of these is set forth in the following clause of Article III:

It shall be the duty of the Government of the United States to furnish each government named in the preamble and every government subsequently adhering to this treaty with a certified copy of the treaty and of every instrument of ratification or adherence.

For some time to come, it appears, M. Herbette will be busy running to the Foreign Office in Moscow as messenger boy for Mr. Kellogg; because the United States must likewise furnish the Soviet Government with certified copies of every instrument of ratification or adherence—and Mr. Kellogg expects all the world to ratify and adhere.

What is the significance of this transmission of official documents from Moscow to Washington through French diplomatic pouches? Simply this: The Government of the United States, having received the adherence of the Soviet Government, found itself constrained, under the terms of the treaty, to call in the French Government and say:

"We have received an instrument of adherence from a government at Moscow. According to Article III of the treaty, it is our duty to furnish certified copies of the treaty to every adhering government. We have no embassy in Moscow. Will you be so good, therefore, as to deliver on our behalf to the government in Moscow these copies of the treaty, duly signed and certified by the Secretary of State."

This is an imaginary colloquy. But some such request must have been made by the State Department; otherwise the actions and remarks of M. Herbette are unaccountable. Paraphrased in any imaginable terms, the State Department must have requested the French Government to deliver a document to a government at Moscow. This is the irreducible essence of the matter. Perhaps the State Department could not bring its lips to form the unaccustomed syllables of the complete official designation of the Government of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics; but at least it must have referred to a government, a government existing in Moscow, whence it had received an instrument of adherence and to which it must deliver a copy of the treaty, an actual government coming within the definition of that word as it appears in Article III of the treaty. This is the significance of M. Herbette's explanatory remark on October 15. The American Government had incurred an obligation toward the Soviet Government, and had fulfilled that obligation. If that be recognition—make the most of it.

Perhaps it was not recognition—either *de facto* or *de*



*jure*. But at least it was unprecedented for the State Department, even in its most secret thoughts, to envisage the existence of a government at Moscow. And how much more significant for it to send messages to that government through M. Herbette. Secretary Kellogg, no doubt, would contend that this does not constitute recognition, which, as we understand Mr. Kellogg's theory, is a matter of intent. By this theory, you cannot stumble into recognition of a government merely by thinking of its existence; not even by the accident that you and it become parties to the same treaty. It all depends upon intent. And certainly no one will say that the State Department intended to recognize the Soviet Government when it sent M. Herbette, bearing treaties, to the Moscow Foreign Office. That was a pure formality, a technicality involved in Article III of the Pact of Paris, a duty which the United States has to perform with respect to "every government subsequently adhering"—any and every government whether recognized or not.

It is rumored that certain American Senators, fearing lest the ratification of a treaty between the United States and the Soviet Union might be construed as recognition, will urge a reservation expressly disclaiming that intent. But the Senators' fears arise from another section of Article III, which says:

Every instrument evidencing the adherence of a power shall be deposited at Washington and the treaty shall immediately upon such deposit become effective as between the power thus adhering and the other parties hereto.

From which it appears that the Senate, by ratifying the treaty, approves the establishment of treaty relations between the U. S. A. and the USSR. The Soviet Government has already completed its part in these formalities. The instrument of adherence transmitted from Moscow to Washington was ratified on August 29 by a resolution of the Presidium of the Central Executive Committee of the Union, fulfilling the requirements of the Soviet Constitution with respect to treaty-making. In this the Soviet Government was the first Power to give constitutional ratification to the treaty, a necessary formality which has not yet been completed by any of the original contracting parties.

It is the anomaly of seeming to ratify a treaty with an unrecognized government which may compel some Senators to demand a reservation announcing that the treaty does not mean what it says it means with respect to the Soviet Government. This may ease the conscience of the Senate, but it will not affect the events of the past few months—the deposit of Soviet documents in Washington and the errand of M. Herbette to the Moscow Foreign Office. The Senate may ratify the treaty with its fingers crossed in the direction of Moscow. But the act of recognition, unlike treaty-making, is not a prerogative of the Senate, and does not require Senate approval. The State Department bestows recognition as it pleases, and in its own fashion, without benefit of Senate. If there is any significance in the visit of M. Herbette to the Soviet Foreign Office on October 15, and in his remarks on that occasion, it will not be affected by Senate reservations. This thing actually happened, albeit obscured by the smoke and noise of a Presidential campaign which did not consider the question of Soviet recognition worth discussing.

The incident might be ignored as unimportant were it not for what happened in the recognition of the Chinese Nationalist Government. On July 25, 1928, the American Minister in Peking signed a tariff treaty with representa-

tives of the Nationalist Government. Up to that date the United States had not recognized the Government at Nanking; nor was it understood that signature of the tariff treaty constituted full recognition. *De facto* recognition had been accorded, but nothing more. Complete *de jure* recognition, Mr. Kellogg explained, was a matter of intent. On September 27, however, two months later, the State Department announced that its legal experts, after mature deliberation, had decided that the signature of the tariff treaty on July 25 had in fact constituted complete *de jure* recognition as of that date, and that no further formal declaration would be necessary. The United States had been fully recognizing the new Chinese Government for two months and no one knew it. According to the State Department, the recognition of the Chinese Government was discovered by the legal experts to have occurred on July 25, although Mr. Kellogg apparently did not know of it until two months later. The discovery of an intent two months after the act would be the function of a psychoanalyst rather than a lawyer. But let this pass. The Nanking Government was recognized, and the Nationalist flag burgeoned on the Chinese legation in Washington. Evidently recognition, whether by intent or by the interpretation of legal experts, can happen almost imperceptibly. It can happen and pass unobserved for two months. On October 9, President Coolidge signalized the new state of affairs by sending a cable to the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Nanking, felicitating the Chinese people upon the anniversary of the establishment of the Republic.

This brings us back to the President-elect. In the matter of relations with the Soviet Union he is uncommitted either by platform pledges or by campaign promises. Whether M. Herbette's visit to the Foreign office in Moscow has in any way committed him may be left to the future deliberations of the State Department's legal experts. It is probably entirely a matter of intent. And yet the silent and almost invisible manner in which Chinese recognition came about invites interesting speculation. If the new President, for any reason, desires the establishment of diplomatic relations with Moscow, he may conveniently discover that the matter has already been attended to and requires no further formality. It may be that the United States has in fact fully recognized the Government of the USSR ever since October 15. In which case, it will be quite in order for the President of the United States to send a cable next November 7 to the Commissar of Foreign Affairs, felicitating the citizens of the Soviet Union upon the anniversary of their Revolution.

## In the Driftway

WHILE the United States has been in a state of political eruption, spouting up finally in a lava of votes a man by the name of Hoover and dropping him through the roof of the White House, another upheaval has been taking place in Italy with processes as spectacular and difficult to understand. In Italy old Etna has been having one of its periodic coughing spells, and inhabitants of the mountainside have seen their homes and vineyards buried under a stream of molten stone, moving with agonizing deliberation but relentless power. Those in the path of this stream of lava have had to abandon their homes and



livelihood and flee for their lives, as periodically others have fled for centuries. At one eruption—perhaps not centuries but several years ago—the Drifter happened to be on the scene. He was not camping out on the volcano waiting for an eruption—even a Drifter lacks such patience—but was visiting a mountain village some twenty miles away. Etna is the most impressive mountain the Drifter has ever seen. There are many higher peaks, but generally they rise from surrounding heights which account for most, or much, of their total altitude above sea-level. Etna rises, solitary and sheer, for almost two miles out of a valley practically at sea-level. The volcano is an almost perfect cone on a base twenty-five miles in diameter. The upper reaches are covered with snow even in summer. Mongibello is the Sicilians' name for the volcano—a combination of *monte*, the Italian, and *jebel*, the Arabic word for mountain. This putting together the two nouns expresses the Sicilians' respect for Etna.

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NOTHING could have been more peaceful than Mongibello on the afternoon of the Drifter's arrival in his nearby village. Seemingly the mountain was the same sleeping beauty it had been since the last previous eruption. But the next morning the crater was enveloped in a vapor which toward afternoon became dense black smoke rising skyward like a funnel. Word went round the village: "L'Etna fuma! L'Etna fuma!" Rumbblings, like distant cannon fire, could be heard even twenty miles away. But we had no way of knowing whether lava was flowing. "Wait until night," said the excited Sicilians. "Then, if lava is flowing, it will show red in the darkness." So interest increased toward dusk, and then we saw what looked like an immense bonfire, glowing red and yellow and now and then flaring up as if someone had thrown on fresh brush. When we considered that the burning patch in the darkness was twenty miles away, we realized that it was a roaring furnace and what looked like gentle flickers were in fact huge masses of molten lava spouted many feet into the air.

\* \* \* \* \*

CERTAIN then that the volcano was in eruption, the Drifter and a friend started early next morning for a closer view. They intended to leave the railway at Giarre, a city in the path of the present lava stream, but by a traveler's mistake were carried five miles beyond. This delayed them somewhat, and nightfall found them still toiling up the slope afoot. They slept in a workman's shack, used ordinarily only as a day shelter, and were awakened frequently by a shiver of the earth which rattled the timbers of their hut. In the morning they reached the lava-bank, ten to twenty feet high. The flow had ceased and a gray crust had formed over the surface, making it possible to approach within a few feet without feeling the heat. The lava looked inert and harmless and the Drifter's companion poked the bank with his walking-stick. When he withdrew the stick a second later, a red hole glowed beyond and the ferule of the cane had been melted off.

\* \* \* \* \*

WHY do people continue to live on the slopes of this mountain which every few years sweeps away their all? For the same reasons, the Drifter supposes, that boys in fishing villages go to sea and the sons of miners to burrow in the bowels of the earth. With most people occupation, like place of residence, is an accident.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

*Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.*

### Catholics and Birth Control

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* there appears a letter from Margaret Sanger, containing statements alleged to have been made by a "Father P. J. Ward of the National Catholic Welfare Council of Washington, D. C." As I am the only person of this name on the headquarters staff of the National Catholic Welfare Conference (not Council) I presume Mrs. Sanger refers to me. I am not a priest, however.

The statements attributed to me and given by Mrs. Sanger in quotation were never made by me and are not a definition of "the attitude of the Catholic church concerning the morals and habits of non-Catholics."

About two and one-half years ago an official of the American Birth Control League came to the offices of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and, without disclosing her identity, asked for information on the attitude of the Catholic church toward birth control. She explained she was a non-Catholic. Toward the end of the conversation, which was more or less a desultory one, she disclosed, in reply to a question from me, that she was an official of the American Birth Control League.

A few days afterward this lady returned to my office with a typewritten statement, prepared by her, purporting to be a report of our conversation. It was an erroneous and misleading report and the statements therein were not a true record of the conversation. I so informed her and expressly gave her to understand it could not be taken as a statement of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. It was simply a garbled and distorted version of a conversation, written by a Birth Control League official.

When the American Birth Control League circulated this report in March, 1926, it was officially repudiated by the general secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, in a letter to Mrs. Sanger.

The circumstances under which the representative of the American Birth Control League came to the National Catholic Welfare Conference headquarters, without having made any appointment, the hiding of her identity as an official of the League until actually taxed with it; the preparation of a report which the American Birth Control League made every effort to have me indorse, all suggest that the whole thing was arranged for purposes of birth-control propaganda. The use of this report in the present instance is convincing proof that such was the case.

Washington, D. C., November 2

PATRICK J. WARD,  
Director, Bureau of Publicity  
and Information

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The typewritten statement of the conversation our legislative secretary had with Mr. Patrick J. Ward was submitted to him on March 2, 1926, for amendment or correction. In a letter dated March 4, 1926, Mr. Ward wrote to the legislative secretary of the American Birth Control League: "... there is one statement in paragraph two of 'Facts Brought Out in the Interview' which escaped my attention and which I would ask you to correct. 'Marriage without the desire and responsibility of parenthood and not lived in strict continence is adultery' should be 'Marriage without the desire and responsibility of parenthood and not lived in strict continence is im-



*moral and sinful.* . . . I shall be glad if you will make this correction."

The original report submitted to Mr. Ward was entitled: "Report of an Interview with Mr. P. J. Ward of the National Catholic Welfare Council. (Mr. Ward is directing the organized work against Birth Control and has the authority to speak on this matter for the entire Council.)" Nevertheless, the only change or correction made in this respect at that time is the one referred to above.

On April 21, 1926, Rev. John J. Burke, general secretary of the Catholic organization, asked for a further correction of the mimeographed report, stating that the National Catholic Welfare Conference "has not had to come out in the open, but has been in the open ever since the first efforts were made to amend the present Federal Penal Code which forbids the United States mails to be used for carrying contraceptive information. Kindly make this correction."

In view of repeated opportunities to correct our report, the present repudiation of his statements by Mr. Ward is rather belated.

Both officials were given the opportunity to deny the statement that I quoted: "It is her duty [the Church's] to interfere and block all legislation that will adversely affect the morals of non-Catholics as well as Catholics, etc." Neither has ever done so.

New York City, November 5

MARGARET SANGER

## Science and Religion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You are right in stating that aside from Sir Oliver Lodge and fellow-spiritualists science can make no claim to especial knowledge in the field of religion. However, when high-school instructors and those whose whole knowledge of science has been obtained from the Haldeman-Julius publications, *The Mercury*, and the Sunday supplement are so emphatic that the scientific mind has no room for religion, are not the confessions of faith of the scholars quoted both justified and valuable from the negative viewpoint at least? Science is quoted as calling religion "bunk." Cannot science deny?

TRESCOTT T. ABELE

Townsend Harbor, Massachusetts, October 24

## For Chicago Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Nation Club of Chicago meets every second and fourth Tuesday of the month at the Morrison Hotel. Here in Chicago we have a wealth of talent available in the way of speakers to make our gatherings interesting and intellectually stimulating. Our program committee is busy arranging far in advance meetings for speakers active in various fields, political, educational, literary, and dramatic.

We cordially invite all readers of *The Nation* in the Chicago area to join with us. The officers of the club are: President, Max Alper, 1532 North Kedzie Avenue; secretaries, Louis B. Cella, 127 North Mayfield Avenue, and Anna Cadkin, 5706 Wentworth Avenue.

Chicago, November 1

LOUIS B. CELLA

## The Croatian Crown

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article entitled Yugoslavia at the Cross-Roads which you printed in your issue of September 19 contains an his-

torical error, "From 1102, when, on the extinction of the Croat dynasty, Croatia entered into a 'personal union' with Hungary, the Magyar rulers became *ipso facto* kings of Croatia." So far is this from being the case that the Kotromanics dynasty reigned over Bosnia, Croatia, and the various countries constituting Western Yugoslavia uninterruptedly from 1163 to 1463, when the Turks at last succeeded in over-running the country. The last Kotromanic king made good his escape, and the family established itself in Russia.

The Iron Crown of Croatia was last worn by a Kotromanic. It is still preserved jealously by the Croats in Agram and they refused to hand it over to the Karageorge dynasty which at present reigns in Belgrade. In my presence, as it happens, a representative of the Croatian people not later than a few weeks ago formally admitted that this crown belonged to the Kotromanic dynasty in the person of its last living representative, Prince Alexander Dabisha-Kotromanic, who is a resident in Berlin. The Prince is a descendant in direct line of succession from the last king. His claims to the throne of his forebears are being put forward effectively just now.

The "certainty" with which Mr. G. E. R. Gedye asserts that "none of the leaders of the Croat revolt against Belgrade dreams of cutting adrift from Serbia" is merely evidence of a somewhat superficial judgment. It is evident that, with Serbian police and military in charge in Agram, the Agram leaders are not likely to proclaim from the housetops their full and ultimate intentions. That declaration will come in due time when it will be possible to back words by deeds.

Berlin, September 25

GEOFFREY FRASER

## The War Song

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A "song plugger" who has attained a modest success in the theater may be as little expert as professional diplomats in gauging the social implications of "The War Song" current at the National Theater. But because of my great delight in participating in the proceedings, I am bound to testify that this curious play by the Spewacks has had upon at least one person connected with the undertaking a profoundly moving effect.

I speak, of course, out of a great ignorance of the textbook conception of social virtues. After all, one who has busied himself with writing and singing, in a small way, the nation's songs could not have been concerned too much with these elements that make for hatred and bitterness and distrust in the heart of man. Enough that he sang a little and made glad the heart a little—if he did.

But now, for the first time in my life, am I struck by the tremendous importance of the sort of thing we are doing on the stage of the National. "The War Song" presents a viewpoint on war that is certainly much this side of idolatry. It is not weighted down, to be sure, with the dead hand of propaganda, but it certainly portrays the senseless, futile recompenses war seeks to make for love of home, true love of country, and love of humanity.

That this is being done in a spirit of gentle irony and laughter, with here and there an indication of the tragic consequences of war, is, of course, I hope, no detractor from the sincerity with which "The War Song" is being presented. The laughter may not be Olympian (your correspondent and the authors may be more acquainted with Mt. Sinai or the Hill of Golgotha), but it is certainly out of hearts that beat with a generous wisdom.

Though our play deals with war, there is no hate in it. If I may say so, though we are in it, we are somewhat above the battle. If I know anything about such things, "The War Song" has clarity, urbanity, and wit. Having said so much, out of a glad heart, I shall say no more.

New York, October 7

GEORGE JESSEL



# Books, Music, Plays

## This Week

### On Reviewing Books for Children

**I**T is, of course, impossible to review children's books. One can describe them and thrust them into convenient classifications for the relief of floundering parents and uncles and aunts. More than that is risky and usually absurd. It is as if some superperson from the fourth-dimensional world of Mr. Wells were to step across that shadowy borderline and begin writing reviews of Mr. Wells's books. Think how embarrassing—for Mr. Wells and for the rest of us! "But we *like* Mr. Wells," we would insist piteously. "Some of his books. Do let us keep 'Mr. Polly.' You can have 'William Clissold' and all of Mr. Wells's religions if you want." "I am sorry," the superperson would reply, "but you mustn't like them—not any of them. The novels of H. G. Wells are puerile, beneath the contemptuous notice of intelligent beings. Now Proust is better, if you must have novels; and, in the field of serious speculation, Einstein is a reputable thinker. Tentative, of course, floundering, but still reaching out. . . ."

So with children's books. We may approve this one and banish that, we may say that Howard Pyle wrote delightful tales and that Alger wrote nonsense. We may invent categories and attempt to set standards. All our efforts will appear irrelevant and often irritating to the beings of the world we have, half unconsciously, drifted out of. The best we can do is to accept humbly enough the verdict of children on books they have read and salt away what wisdom we can for reference in the Christmas shopping season.

One of the bits of wisdom I have learned is that categories do not exist for children—except perhaps such casual divisions as Books I Like and Books I Hate, or Books I Want to Read and Books I Have to Read. I can remember, for instance, my favorites at two or three different periods. When I was ten or twelve I liked better than any other books "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." But I also consumed Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood," the Uncle Remus stories, a selection of ten-cent thrillers, the milky charms of Louisa M. Alcott, "Alice in Wonderland," and—with an almost anthropological zest—Hamlin Garland's "Boy Life on the Prairie." When I was in high school I read everything written by Jane Austen, all the novels of George Meredith, and also, with a passionate thirst, the works of Robert W. Chambers, Richard Harding Davis, and Anthony Hope. I am certain that these books, in spite of the judgments of my elders, were to me merely unclassified pleasures. They fell into no categories of major and minor, no divisions as to kind and method, manner and style. I simply liked them. Tentacles of curiosity and emotional need reached out and gathered them in to certain dim ends of satisfaction and delight. This promiscuous attitude of children was illustrated by a comment my nine-year-old son made to

me the other day. I urged upon him the virtues of a certain book. "Well," he said, "I bet it isn't as good as 'Winnie-the-Pooh' or 'Trains, Tracks, and Travel.'"

Children should review children's books. This is largely impossible since most children not only decline to classify but remain stubbornly inarticulate about the reasons for their likes and dislikes. They label books with appropriate epithets—"interesting," "exciting," "slow"—and consider the job of criticism done. Perhaps it is; perhaps all criticism is only an elaboration of those words; in any case they are all we shall get from them. The best we can hope to do, then, is to listen to the opinions of those elders who have listened most attentively to the opinions of children. Some parents, some teachers, some librarians, a few writers who are none of these, have been wise enough to suppress their own critical dogmas and forget their own preferences. They have set down, and perhaps tried to analyze for wider use, the preferences of those who must ultimately be the consumers of books written for children. But even they must not be taken too seriously!

FREDA KIRCHWEY

## This Year's Crop

**I** WAS brought up on Palmer Cox's Brownies, and Tenniel's pictures for Alice, Linley Sambourne's illustrations for Water Babies, and Doré's Dante: strange and hardy fare that still keeps its flavor. But for all that, the picture books of the nineties compare with 1928's, as the single bitter but exciting grapefruit of Sunday breakfast then compares with the monstrous, tropically sweet and yellow offerings of every day in the week now.

True, this year, as usual, there are a number of undistinguished, false, and gawdy picture books, with insipid tales inside and rhymes that are worse than chopsticks played on an out-of-tune piano. The illusion dies hard with some publishers that a would-be author who has nothing to say to adults and no glamorous words to his bow can always earn victuals by a book for "the kiddies." But the bad books do not matter.

There are so many good ones this year, so many which are not only distinguished contributions in themselves but portents of better and better things next year, that in this one field at least I believe the dull will perish, and beauty shine.

The new lists are full of experiment: the cheaper books, within their limitations, have been made with the same feeling for line and design, humor and savor of text, as the expensive ones. The children's books in the five-and-ten-cent stores are still without style and spirit; but the cheaper counters of the department stores will carry thousands of the Macmillan fifty-cent books. "Three Little Kittens" in that series, by Kurt Wiese, begins to show the freedom in playing with typography and bold use of yellow, green, and purple ink that makes European picture books, especially the Russian ones, so amusing. Mary Lott Seaman's "Golden Goose," in the same series, is another bolt from conventional treatment. The artists are beginning to have fun on these jobs, and this is the beginning of health in any creative field.

Neither of these compares with Peggy Bacon's "Mercy and the Mouse" (Macmillan, \$2) or Wanda Gag's "Millions of Cats" (a tale that will last as long as Grimm



—By Boris Artzybasheff from  
"The Fairy Shoemaker"



or Anderson), but the social significance of such yeasty efforts in the cheaper books is bound to alter the base of children's book publishing. It induces technical experiment on a large scale, it joins and encourages the schoolbook publishers who are considering the possibility of color printing. Those children who are slow to the word and pricked by graphic representation will have yet their full measure of schooling.

Peggy Bacon has followed her "The Lion-Hearted Kitten" of last year with a tale of careerist adventure about a kitten who was "soft and gray like the dust under the bed, with eyes like huckleberries and whiskers like a thistle." Mercy had charm and S. A. to start with, of course, but the story of her cunning rise from cellar to parlor is told with the saltiness of Aesop. I promise you that no child who is introduced early enough to Mercy will live to believe all the personality stuff in the *American Magazine*. Nor will Nell Brinkley take any of the attention of a child bred to look at the amazing family



—By Helen Sewall from  
"Menagerie"

scenes in which Mercy moves. Peggy Bacon's second book this fall is "Songs for New Voices" (\$5), a group of poems chosen by Louis Untermeyer, for which David and Clara Mannes have selected the music. Harcourt, Brace are to be congratulated on the book not only as a contribution to the musical education of the next generation, but as a piece of book-making.

They seem to have made no stipulations with the artist, but left her entirely free to decorate

rather than illustrate the book, and the result has been another mile-post passed in American book-making.

"Millions of Cats" (Coward, McCann, \$1.25) is as important as the librarians say it is. Not only does it bring to book-making one of the most talented and original of American lithographers, an artist who has a following both here and abroad, but it is a marriage of picture and tale that is perfectly balanced. And the story pattern, so cunningly devised with such hearty and moral simplicity, is told in a prose as skilful as jingle. "Cats here, cats there, cats and kittens everywhere, hundreds of cats, thousands of cats, millions and billions and trillions of cats." Easily the best novel since Cinderella, in that genre.

Lou Rogers in her "The Rise of the Red Alders" (Harper's, \$2.50) make another hearty contribution to children's literature; and again there is that happy, firm-knit quality about the book that comes from having text and pictures done by a two-handed talent. It is a pleasure, too, to have a book for children into which the author has poured all her knowledge of the world, so that, really, what Lou Rogers has learned in suffrage campaigns and on soap-boxes and in tenements and on Connecticut hills enriches the beaver society, with its plots, complots, and wars that she writes about with such swiftness and warmth.



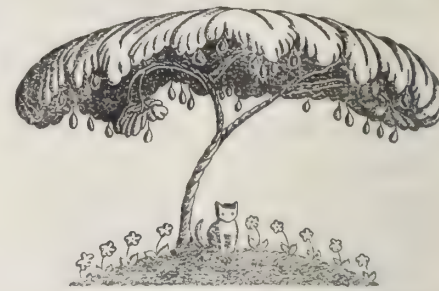
—By Peggy Bacon from  
"Mercy and the Mouse"

"City Stories" (Macmillan, \$2), told by the Lincoln School children, and edited by two of their teachers, is an interesting experiment, and is equally appealing to the young and to their parents. Jacket and end papers are by child artists and the illustrations by Helene Carter. I was astonished to discover that the children had such fine ears and such relish for city noises, and a talent for inventing words to record that relish. This book is by far the best I know which tells about modern city life, simply.

Longmans, Green have republished "The Pig Tale of Ah Lee Ben Lou" (\$3.50) and other tales by John Bennett whose "Master Skylark" is classic, a big thick book with the old lively silhouettes by the author; and David MacKay has given new life to "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" (\$2.50) by adding Arthur Rackham illustrations and making a magnificent book. I ex-

pected not to like it, but the illustrations are simpler than Rackham has lately seemed to be, less sugar and fewer twined lines. James Daugherty's illustrated edition of Irving's "Knickerbocker History" (Doubleday, Doran, \$3) is another payment of effective homage to a classic.

Collectors of children's books, and in Europe there are as many connoisseurs of these as of old lace, will not miss "Ghond the Hunter" (Dutton, \$2.50), by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, a tale of birds and beasts in the jungle and in Hindu villages, and "The Fairy Shoemaker" (Macmillan, \$2), by William Allingham, which also includes poems by Walter de la Mare and "The Forsaken Merman," by Matthew Arnold. Both



—By Wanda Gag from  
"Millions of Cats"

are illustrated by the designs of Boris Artzybasheff, which continue to remind one of fine things like old Castilian tortoise-shell combs, gold brooches of the Renaissance, and cobwebs at morning.

Berta and Elmer Hader's pictures for Cornelia Meigs's "The Wonderful Locomotive" (Macmillan, \$2) have a thoroughly American flavor. Helen Sewell's beautiful designs for "Menagerie" (Macmillan, \$2), a collection of rather bread-and-butter animal poems by Mary Britton Miller, are as fine as Artzybasheff's and have more warmth. Miss Sewell is already well known for her etchings. One by one the best artists of the day are making books. Importations, like Harper's editions of Elsa Beskow's tales for Swedish children, further enrich the shelves.

There has never been any broad market in America for prints. But a generation of children served as this one is being served, may develop new sensibilities.

ERNESTINE EVANS

## Poems for Children

*The Land of Dreams. Twenty Poems by William Blake.* Selected and Illustrated by Pamela Bianco. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

*A Book of Nonsense. Verse, Prose, and Pictures.* Collected by Ernest Rhys. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

*Jane, Be Good!* By Isaiah C. Howes. With a Foreword by Jane Garey Barus. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

*The Children Sing in the Far West.* By Mary Austin. With Drawings by Gerald Cassidy. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

I HAVE to go on the theory that poems which are good for children are good for adults, and that while the reverse cannot be altogether true it is nevertheless true within the limits set by the experience and comprehension of children—whatever those limits are. In other words, I am unwilling to say of a given poem written for children that while I do not like it myself I can conceive of its being suited to its purpose. There would be no end to concession that way, and there would be, I think, no end of harm done. Undoubtedly many children prefer bad poetry to good, just as most adults do. But this does not mean that anyone, old or young, should surrender his judgment. And I suspect that in the world of good poetry there is no clear distinction between youth and age.

When, for instance, is one expected to cease enjoying Blake's "Songs of Innocence," from which Pamela Bianco's selection is taken; or when to begin enjoying them? I do not know. I only know that they are among the best of English poems, and that since they are simple, at least on the surface, they must be good for children as well as for the scholars who happen to be so busy these days finding evidence that Blake



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drew in them the first mature lines of his philosophy. I know, too, that I was bored by Pamela Bianco's silly prefatory letter to "Dear Mr. Blake" explaining why she executed the volume; and suspect therefore that it will bore the kind of children I like. The illustrations, though thin and mannered, are by no means silly. But they could not quite make me forget the letter to Mr. Blake.

Mr. Rhys's "Book of Nonsense" places me again on safe ground, for surely it is safe to praise the poems of Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, and Mother Goose. The question, however, is whether this is a good collection for children. My answer, since it gave me great delight, is that it is. I know no other collection of the kind which is so rich in both poems and pictures, and which is so perfectly printed. Edward Lear's absolutely outrageous drawings are here as well as his absolutely foolish limericks. We get Lewis Carroll, unfortunately, without Tenniel; but get in a later section fresh wealth in the form of two German works by Heinrich Hoffmann, brightly translated and charmingly garnished with what I take to be Teutonic illustrations; and get to boot some of Munchausen's tales in prose, besides pages of miscellanies too varied to describe.

As to the new books judgment is more difficult—or would be if I did not pursue my own prejudices through them. "Jane, Be Good!" arouses, with its crude, preposterous drawings and its ultra-simple verses, my prejudice in favor of absurdity. It is on the plane of absurdity, I fancy, that child and adult can most profitably meet—and who is there to say that this whole question of poetry for children is not simply a question as to how old and young readers may manage to agree? Mrs. Austin's volume seems to me to succeed best in those portions where she has forgotten her purpose, which was, beginning forty years ago when she taught school in the West, to provide for her pupils native poems that kept "the child's approach and the child's feeling for the movement proper to his thought." My suspicion is that no one is wise enough to do such a thing. At any rate, I find Tamalpais, In Papagueria, Dead Water, Seven Rhyming Riddles, and the group of Indian Songs altogether worthy of their very gifted author, whereas I am not attracted by those other pieces in which she has labored to "keep the child's approach."

MARK VAN DOREN

## Mother Goose

*willy pogany's mother goose.* Thomas Nelson and Sons. \$4.

*Mother Goose Moving Pictures.* By C. F. Pritchard. Illustrated by Stacy H. Wood. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

*Mother Goose Circus Parade.* By C. F. Pritchard and W. C. White. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

**A**FTER I had examined these large, splendid, brightly illustrated volumes I turned to a little book less than six inches square, a facsimile published nearly a quarter of a century ago of the first edition of "The Only True Mother Goose Melodies, without addition or abridgment, embracing, also, a reliable Life of the Goose Family, never before published," which volume first made its appearance ninety-five years ago. And for two hundred years before that children had been soothed with rhymes of Little Jack Horner and Little Boy Blue, of Taffy who was both a Welshman and a thief, and of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt who so successfully arranged their domestic affairs. Contemporary endeavors to improve on these verses, which have become as deeply interwoven into common life as has Ecclesiastes, are always a little pathetic. Let them be as highly colored as they may, they are the old verses still. They will never be any better, for they do not need to be, and they have an integrity and permanence that forbids them ever to be any worse.

This is not to say that pictures may not sometimes be illuminating and desirable. Mr. Pogany has a portrait of Miss Cross Patch sitting by the fire that should make any child more

cheerful—or rather, as an awful example, less cross. And by contrary, his Curly Locks, who was required neither to wash dishes nor feed the swine, is depicted seated on a very large, very downy cushion, with a ravishing plate of strawberries and cream at her left elbow. Of the great class of handsome books, this one is unusually satisfying. The other two books are games with Mother Goose rhymes—moving-picture cut-outs for the proverbial rainy day and a history of a circus whose performers are characters from Mistress Goose's troupe. D. V. D.

## Adventure

*The Conquest of Montezuma's Empire.* By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

*Wulmoth the Wanderer.* By H. Escott-Inman. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

*Tartan Tales from Andrew Lang.* Edited by Bertha L. Gunterman. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

*Knights of Charlemagne.* By Ula W. Echols. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

*Edwy the Fair.* By A. D. Crake. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

*Bradford on Mt. Washington.* By Bradford Washburn, Jr. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

*Halsey in the West Indies.* By Halsey Fuller. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

*Martin Johnson, Lion Hunter.* By Fitzhugh Green. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

*Andy Breaks Trail.* By Constance Lindsay Skinner. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

*Lenape Trails.* By Clifton Lisle. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

**A**DVENTURE! That high life, that soaring of spirit! But probably the lowest possible ebb of spirits comes while one examines the adventure books of the current season for boys and girls. For most of them there is a set formula compounded of a fair proportion of life on the bounding waves, pirates, the high road, warfare, loot, murder, with a dash of love, honor, and mystery. Historical backgrounds or action set in another country give a special value to a few of the books, chiefly because the pioneer periods in history have fired the imagination of the children of our over-civilized age and they rejoice in tales of earlier and more strenuous times.

Among these are the romantic if harsh tales of the "Knights of Charlemagne" by Ula W. Echols, and the "Tartan Tales from Andrew Lang," also warlike; the ecclesiastically tinged tale of "Edwy the Fair" of Saxon England during the raids of the Danes by A. D. Crake, and of "Wulmoth the Wanderer," of the same setting, by H. Escott-Inman; and Andrew Lang's "The Conquest of Montezuma's Empire," a fiery tale of early Mexico vigorously illustrated by James Daugherty. To all of these writers adventure comes in the shape of an armored warrior atop a swift riding horse.

"Lenape Trails," by Clifton Lisle, and "Andy Breaks Trail," by Constance Lindsay Skinner, have a frontier background of our own country. "Halsey of the West Indies" and "Bradford on Mt. Washington" are two of the latest additions to the Putnam juveniles written by authors under a prescribed age limit. They have the merit of freshness and eagerness. "Martin Johnson, Lion Hunter," by Fitzhugh Green, is probably the best of the lot, because it is a simple direct story of natural elements, animals, hunting, and the wilder Africa.

Fundamentally the books on adventure are a travesty on the term. Tawdry attempts of jaded adults to build up through a quickly changing tempo of action an excitement that may pass for adventure. Nowhere even a suggestion that adventure may emanate from within, that its genuineness may rest on its inner urgency, that, "One man with a dream, at pleasure, Shall go forth and conquer a crown."

REBECCA HOURWICH





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## Children's Books in Brief

*Juniper Farm.* By René Bazin. Translation by Margery Bianco. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75. (Ages 8-12.)

A distinguished French author has made a simple and convincing record of French peasant life. Said the father of four little peasant children: "Isn't it a fine thing to be happy, Marie?" "It certainly is," she replied, "but it's a lot of bother, just the same!" The book's keynote lies in the willing acceptance of responsibilities, and in the old-fashioned teaching of them by farm life.

*A Hat Tub Tale.* By Caroline Emerson. Illustrated by Lois Lenski. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2. (Ages 6-10.)

This is a book which the author probably had great fun writing, and Lois Lenski still more illustrating, but which only certain children will have fun reading. The qualities toward which its somewhat conscious humor is directed—greediness, selfishness, untidiness, and such—would make a child squirm even while laughing and that is always an uncomfortable form of exercise. The book has imagination and inventiveness and shows familiarity with childish foibles.

*Castles in Spain.* By Bertha L. Gunterman. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50. (Ages 9-15.)

Here are collected a group of interesting legends. The material is original and striking, and the Spanish atmosphere and feeling most successfully maintained throughout the book without any undue straining toward ultra-exotic language.

*The Story of Youth.* By Lothrop Stoddard. Cosmopolitan. \$2.50. (Ages 12-16.)

This book will appeal to many adults and to some analytical and inquiring young people. It presents interesting views of the position young people have held in the world during various historical epochs—the Babylonian, Viking, Elizabethan, Georgian, and many others. It treats such fascinating subjects as the Children's Crusade, the whipping masters, medieval childhood, child-labor abuses, chimney-sweeps. An unusual historical background and a fine literary equipment make this book distinct and original.

*Nine Short Plays.* Edited by M. Jagendorf. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50. (Ages 10-15.)

Many have asked the question put in Mr. Jagendorf's preface: "Why are there no children's plays equal in sensitive beauty to Blake's and Stevenson's children's poems?" Unfortunately this collection does not begin to answer that question. It is difficult to judge the acting value of a play by reading it, but these themes appear banal, the characters insipid. Those familiar with the field of children's plays have been sufficiently bored by dreams, seasons, toys, and columbines. Mr. Jagendorf's own play of "Merry Tyll" and, possibly, "The Bean Bag," by Towle Adair, are the only ones of any apparent dramatic value.

*Plays for People and Puppets.* By Catharine Reighard. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50. (Ages 10-15.)

Very different is this collection. Making no strained or hackneyed efforts at originality, "The King of The Golden River," "Rumpelstiltskin," "Aladdin," and similar fine fantasies and fairy tales have been dramatized in such a way that they are invested with additional vitality and artistic worth. Details of scenery, properties, lighting, and bibliography have been worked out by an experienced and careful hand.

*The Rose and The Ring.* By W. M. Thackeray. Brentano's. \$2. (Ages 12-15.)

A new edition of a most beloved satire, with illustrations by J. H. Tinker. These show the influence of Arthur Rackham and, here and there, of Heath Robinson. Silhouettes, while good, do

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not seem a happy combination with detailed line drawing. One is glad that the original "Angelica fecit" drawings have been included.

*The Treasure of Carcassonne.* By Robida. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2. (Ages 8-12.)

Rather an amusing tale of an impractical troubadour whose dream, after many ruefully humorous adventures, finally does assume reality.

*Don.* By Zane Grey. Harper and Brothers. 75 cents. (Ages 12-16.)

This is one of the Harper Round Table reprints of old favorites—a sketch barely as long as "Rab and His Friends." Lovers of long short-stories as well as lovers of dogs will appreciate this well-told tale of a thoroughbred hound.

*Adventures in Afghanistan.* By Lowell Thomas. The Century Company. \$2. (Ages 12-16.)

Lowell Thomas's place as an adventure writer for boys seems to grow surer with each volume. His narrative appears more thrilling than ever, and his trip through the wilds of Baluchistan, Waziristan, and the Khyber Pass with such companions as Chase, his intrepid cameraman, and Y. B., who became "so thrilled he could scarcely keep his monocle in his eye," will be followed with the usual absorbed interest by even more than the usual number of boys.

*The Count of Monte Cristo.* By Alexander Dumas. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.50. (Ages 12-18.)

The illustrations in this beautiful new edition are by Mead Schaffer, and never has he done better work. He will be remembered by his illustrations for "Moby Dick," "Omoo," "Typee," "The Cruise of the Cachelot," and other favorites.

*Where It All Comes True: In Italy and Switzerland.* Experiences and Observations of Betty and Mary as related by their aunt, Clara E. Laughlin. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50. (Ages 12-16.)

This book is a welcome contrast to the recent flood of books by children for children. It has been carefully edited by a discerning aunt, and while it presents a trip through Italy and Switzerland from Betty's and Mary's point of view, it has been enriched by the ample collaboration of Clara Laughlin.

*20 Hours, 40 Minutes: Our Flight in The Friendship.* By Amelia Earhart. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

A simple and straightforward narrative of a great achievement, stamped with the modesty, quiet humor, and keen intelligence of its famous author.

*Flying With Lindbergh.* By Donald Keyhoe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

Until now Lindbergh has been, despite the efforts of innumerable reporters, more of a symbol than a human being. His aide, Keyhoe, gives us a quiet account of the recent tour of the United States, under the auspices of the Guggenheim Foundation, with many glimpses of Lindbergh which seem to bring him closer.

SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

## More Briefs

*The House at Pooh Corner.* By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

Since this volume ten days after publication was in its fifty-first edition there seems to be nothing one can say for or against it which will be of the slightest use or interest to anybody. "The House at Pooh Corner" might be called the "Abie's Irish Rose" of juvenile literature if it were not for the fact that, with all its unrestrained whimsy, it is a nice little book. The gloomy and sardonic Eeyore is by far the most attractive character in it.

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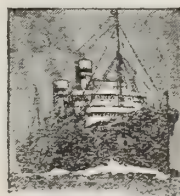
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*Early Days in Ohio.* By Florence M. Everson and Effie Power. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.

The idea of describing pioneer life in the form of fiction is excellent. But the fiction must be interesting as well as realistic; and there is no need to "write down" to the intellects of young readers. "Early Days in Ohio," in spite of the alluring subject and of the attempt to make the writing friendly and pleasantly juvenile, is merely dull. And children are twice as impatient of dullness as their elders.

*Engines.* By E. N. daC. Andrade. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

This is the sort of book that boys—and, thanks to our modern education, girls also in some cases—sit up nights over. There is no attempt at making the subject "attractive"; if you want to know about engines you will read this book and find out. The language is clear, the explanations and diagrams are simple and practical, the plates are many and interesting. Mr. Andrade has forgotten that he was writing to please boys and girls and has merely tried to be explicit. And nothing could please them more.

*A Child's Story of Civilization.* By Stephen King-Hall. William Morrow and Company. \$3.

"You can imagine the story of the world to be like a huge plum cake. You are not big enough to eat it all; it would give you a tummy ache; but we can pick out the plums." Thus Mr. King-Hall urges his young readers to commence his confection; and with all due respect to his physiological wisdom, one would wager a large sum that almost any child would prefer Mr. H. G. Wells, and certainly Hendrik van Loon, even including the indigestible portions.

## Fiction and Biography Shorts

*Charlotte Löwensköld.* By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard. Doubleday, Page and Company. 1927. \$2.50.

It is a far cry from the "Story of Gösta Berling," which took the world by storm in 1891, to this the latest novel of its authoress. What was then a daring plunge into the deep and alluring waters of mystical romanticism has gradually with her become an habitual mode of attack bordering on mannerism. Worse, the charming and unsought naivete of her earlier productions, which yet valiantly tackled ugly realities and somehow transmuted them, as in "The Emperor of Portugallia," has degenerated into a veritable Victorian squeamishness. It must be said, too, that the loosely episodic structure that was so admirably adapted to the grand epic theme of "Jerusalem" is ill suited to the recital of how a full-blooded, independent girl is weaned from her absorbing devotion to a handsome young clergyman who develops into a religious egotist and cad. The famous authoress will not lose many of her host of admirers through this book, precisely because it is ostensibly in her accustomed manner. But the discerning among them will grieve that she has not seen fit to rest on her well-earned laurels.

*Respectability.* By Bohun Lynch. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

A saga of upper-middle-class English life, written by an English novelist and critic who deserves to be better known in America. We are taken into the inner recesses of the minds and souls of influential hypocrites and smut hounds whose American brothers are to be found in the novels of Sinclair Lewis, the Watch and Ward Society, and the Anti-Saloon League. We are the privileged spectators at the trial and conviction of a distinguished book of essays, carried through in true blue Bostonian fashion. All this and much more indicates the fellowship in folly of the English-speaking world.

*Juggler's Kiss.* By Manuel Komroff. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

A puzzling Faustian allegory by one of the more eminent members of the Bewildered School of American fiction, founded by Sherwood Anderson and still marching on to victory—in the reviews. The virtues of this story of the life-defeat of Dundee are its sincerity, its naivete, and its racy narrative flow, observable only in the occasional episodes which wander vaguely in and out of the loose texture of the book. Its fatal defect is that it sounds like an improvisation; the story blunders about in exactly the same way as its hero. Manuel Komroff, like his master, is an excellent short-story writer; in his first novel we have imbedded a few haunting tales of strange trades and adventures; for the rest nothing but a confused series of brief, dissolving views.

*Mary Lee.* By Geoffrey Dennis. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This is a reissue of the original edition of 1924. It is mentioned here because so few people seem to be aware that in Mr. Dennis we have one of the few authentic novelists writing in English today. One or two critics have already noted the magnificent originality of "Mary Lee"; possibly, with its reissue, Mr. Dennis's all-too-scanty audience may enlarge to respectable proportions.

*Blake's Innocence and Experience.* A Study of the Songs and Manuscripts "Shewing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul." By Joseph H. Wicksteed. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$8.

Mr. Wicksteed in this complete and beautiful volume lavishes upon the "simple" poems of Blake the same commentator's care that has until now been the lot only of the prophetic books to receive. Reproducing opposite the text of each poem in "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience" the engraved page as Blake left it (though, except in four cases, without color), and closing with a facsimile of the famous "MS. of Experience," he has supplied a text much to be desired by all who were not able to afford the expensive editions. But in addition he has done much to illuminate the deeper meanings of Blake's superficially ingenuous songs. There is a danger here, of course. But Mr. Wicksteed has avoided it, and in general has thrown much light on the already shining surfaces of the younger Blake. The poems, as he points out, are of such stuff as will endure examination. His own examination, based upon a special study of Blake's experience in love and marriage, seems likely in turn to endure.

*Life and I: an Autobiography of Humanity.* By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

Mr. Bradford's biographical writings have invariably revealed a strong bent toward weak philosophizing. This latest volume summarizes his always amiable but never profound reflections on "the general I that fills and makes the world." And here again, as in his biographies, his writing is irritatingly adequate—so adequate that one never becomes excited enough to protest or applaud. One is mildly entertained or mildly bored.

*La Vie de Stendhal.* Par Paul Hazard. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 12 francs.

The French Academy recently awarded one of its numerous prizes to Paul Hazard for the collectivity of his work. His two new biographies, the "Lamartine" and this "Stendhal," are competent and readable little volumes, not brilliant—Rod's "Stendhal" is much livelier and crisper—but arriving, by dint of many careful and affectionate touches, at an appealing and satisfying portrait. As befits a number in a series labeled "Vies des Hommes illustres," the book deals much more with "Vie" than with "Oeuvres." But surely no study of the man Beyle is complete without some detailed account of the work, since in this case, even more than with most writers, it is the works, and not the queer freak of a man, that have lived.



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## Music

### The Leaderless Orchestra

**A**SSEMBLED on the stage of Carnegie Hall, on Saturday evening, November 3, eighty musicians gave the first orchestral concert to take place in America without the guidance of a conductor. Whether or not they wrote the opening lines in a new chapter of musical history remains to be seen. Certainly they demonstrated in an all-Beethoven program, comprising the Eroica Symphony, the violin concerts with Max Rosen as soloist, and the Egmont Overture, that it is possible to give a clear, precise, and balanced performance of the classics without the aid of the familiar stick in the hand of the leader.

Since the organization of the Moscow "Persimfans" (an abbreviation of the Russian for First Symphonic Ensemble) six years ago, five other conductorless orchestras have appeared in Russia, as well as those in Leipzig and Berne. According to report, they have successfully challenged the traditions and conventions of more than a century and it has been said that they will in time mean the passing of the virtuoso with the baton. This one must doubt—at least for our city. For, after all, in a music-surfeited town like New York, concert audiences are more than familiar with the literal text of the Eroica. What interests them is the illuminating rendition of the Eroica made possible by the genius of a Toscanini. The faithful transcription of the score given by the American Symphonic Ensemble was refreshingly free of the exaggeration that a great work too often suffers at the hands of a lesser man anxious to impress audience and orchestra with his individuality and originality. For this one was profoundly grateful. On the other hand, one was not always conscious of the intimate communion with the spirit of the music, the awe-inspiring revelation of the real Beethoven, that only the soul of a supreme musician can evoke.

This is not meant in any way to belittle the amazing achievement of these eighty men, whose performance was a logical protest against exhibitionism on the podium and should be a lesson to worshipers of graceful gestures and beautifully tailored backs.

In almost every article on leaderless orchestras mention has been made of the fact that the idea, essentially Russian in its inception, is a form of musical communism. The truth would seem to be quite the opposite. Under a conductor each player must remain part of a beautifully balanced organism, his own individuality repressed or released only in so far as the dictator deems necessary for the common good. In a symphonic ensemble a large measure of responsibility rests with each man who must necessarily be familiar with the whole score and more particularly with his own cues. Interpretations are decided upon by a committee chosen to represent all the players, and suggestions by any participant are welcome. This might be called musical democracy, but hardly communism, which theoretically, I believe, would demand a dictatorship of the rear desks. Indeed had the rear desks followed Mr. Stassevitch's glances and movements less accurately on Saturday night we might have missed the uncanny precision, which to the ordinary listener, accustomed to following a symphony concert partly with the eye, seemed almost to savor of black magic.

From an economic point of view one wonders whether an orchestra that requires sixteen rehearsals for a single concert can pay its way. As Mr. Villard, Editor of *The Nation* and former president of the New York Philharmonic Society, told the audience, the American Symphonic Ensemble has no "angel," no backing of any kind. Only a very active popular response to their enthusiasm and idealism can make possible the permanent existence of the organization. Let us hope that they will

find that response. They have amply deserved it. And let us also hope that these pioneers will inspire other companies of musicians in smaller towns, where the prohibitive salaries paid to star conductors have hitherto made symphony orchestras impossible, to band together for the study of scores and to found symphonic ensembles of their own. It will mean a higher standard of musicianship throughout the country, a saner goal for most students than the already overcrowded concert platform, and perhaps the first real step in the making of a nation of true music lovers.

BLANCHE BLOCH

## Drama

### Logic and Love

**S**AMSON RAPHAELSON'S "Young Love" (Theater Masque) left Chicago amid shouts of moral indignation. One reviewer there had called it "such a play as Leopold and Loeb might have written" and most of the others had protested that they, at least, had never heard of any goings-on as scandalous as those represented in the offending play. Under the circumstances New York had every reason to expect something horrendous, but New York failed to make allowance for the cloistered lives led by Middle Western newspapermen. It seems that no one out there had ever heard that in this abandoned age of ours young people have been known to consummate marriages before having them celebrated, or that husbands of ten years' standing have been known to make what Chicago newspapers no doubt call "improper advances" to girls younger than themselves. They were not at all reconciled by the fact that the play has a most admirable moral, and they are gasping yet at the audacity of a playwright who would choose such a subject. To those who, like them, believe that only the diseased imagination of a decadent author could conceive a series of events so scandalous, "Young Love" will doubtless afford that peculiar kind of pleasure which many people take in being shocked; to others who have heard rumors that in parts of this country less pure than Chicago people have been known to do things almost as deplorable, it will seem, on the contrary, a very neat little comedy.

The initial situation is as follows: Two young people, thoroughly *au courant* with the adolescent liberalism of our "younger generation," fall romantically in love. Like all in their condition, they are sure that no human beings ever felt what they feel until, in a moment of folly which they mistake for courageous frankness, they confess to one another that each has felt himself, in spite of his great love, just a little moved by the gallant advances of an older person. Can it be that they are mistaken about the ineffable and eternal nature of their passion for one another? Neither is willing to enter upon anything which promises to be merely a marriage like any other, and the girl, absurdly logical, proposes a test. Each had best yield to the temptation which he has felt and then decide whether or not they really love one another as no two people ever loved before.

Now granted this initial situation—and I for one am quite willing to confess, even at the risk of being thought to have consorted with particularly depraved people, that I have heard of compacts quite as preposterous as this one gravely entered into by very earnest young people—the question remains how it is to be treated upon the stage. The real difficulty is not a moral but an artistic one. The story so inevitably suggests the lurid preachments of the Sunday supplement that it is very hard to conceive of it in any other terms, and the problem of the playwright is the problem of treating it from some angle not obviously moronic. This problem the author has successfully solved and he deserves, so it seems to me, no little credit for having done so. Carefully avoiding all the abundant opportunities for



mock tragedy and tabloid sermonizing he has grasped the fact that the heroine is neither a solemn warning of the depravity to be expected from children of the jazz age nor a pioneer experimenter in the realm of rational sex ethics, but merely a fool of that particular sort who makes comedy—one of those, that is to say, who supposes that people will *feel* rationally about a plan which they have rationally thought out. And having grasped that essential fact he has proceeded to evolve a very convincing as well as amusing series of complications which lead finally to debacle just serious enough to satisfy the requirements of comedy. For when the smoke has cleared away the young lovers go away together convinced that they will "live happily ever after" but obviously destined to do no such thing.

For some reason or other it is always the playwrights who adopt an already established formula who get all the credit for theatrical dexterity. "Young Love" is as neat in its working out as the most conventional dramatic exercise could possibly be and yet there is not a single situation which developed according to the tried and true recipes of the stage "technician." Ten times as much real dexterity went to the writing of it as is required for the handling of a conventional plot and I see no reason why the author should not be given credit for the fact. Dorothy Gish heads an excellent cast.

Noel Coward's revue, "This Year of Grace" (Selwyn Theater) has Beatrice Lillie and Mr. Coward himself as stars. All that can be said of the superiority of the English revue over the American has been said many times. And only part of it is true. There is one excellent satiric scene, the English Lido, and one fine specialty number called Dance, Little Lady, but the chorus is really very bad and much that is usually described as "intimate" or "refined" is only thin. At its best "This Year of Grace" has touches of superior work. At its worst it is faintly reminiscent of an entertainment arranged by the curate for the benefit of the Village Improvement Society.

"Tin-Pan Alley" (Biltmore Theater) is another night-club play with Claudette Colbert as the pure and much-wronged heroine.

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# International Relations Section

## “Die Wacht am Rhein”

By EMIL LENGYEL

TEN years after the armistice ex-enemy soldiers are standing in German territory. At the Rhineland conference which took place in Geneva in the middle of September the German Chancellor, Herr Hermann Müller, asked for the immediate evacuation of the left bank of the Rhine occupied by the Allied troops. He based his argument on the fact that the Reich complied with its obligations resulting from the Treaty of Versailles, is executing the Dawes Plan, is a member of the Council of the League of Nations, and a signatory to the Locarno and Paris pacts. The Chancellor, furthermore, invoked the obligation of the Allies to evacuate the Rhineland under Article 431 of the Treaty of Versailles which stipulates that “if before the expiration of the period of fifteen years Germany complies with the undertakings resulting from the treaty the Allied army of occupation should be withdrawn.”

The Treaty of Versailles set up on the right bank of the Rhine a demilitarized zone, fifty kilometers wide, where no German fortifications and military garrisons may be maintained. Inside this zone there is a strip of ten kilometers which is a neutral zone, a No Man's Land. These are the “permanent zones” intended to safeguard France from German attack.

On the left bank of the Rhine there are three “temporary zones,” to be occupied by Allied forces for five to fifteen years. The northernmost zone with Cologne as its center was evacuated in December, 1925. The two other zones with Coblenz and Mayence as their centers are to be evacuated in 1930 and 1935. The occupation of these territories was to guarantee the execution of the financial clauses of the treaty.

On September 16 the representatives of the six interested Powers, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, and Germany, reached an agreement to the effect that, as the communiqué to the press says, “official negotiations will be opened relative to the demand of the Chancellor of the Reich in regard to the earlier evacuation of the Rhineland.” The good impression created by this sentence is more than counter-balanced by the following two sentences which speak of a heavy price for the early evacuation. As a *quid pro quo* the Allies insist on the definitive regulation of the reparation question by a committee of experts designated by the six governments. Moreover, to disable the Germans from preparing for war in the Rhineland a military Control Commission will be appointed.

The unfavorable outcome of the Geneva conversations shocked the entire Reich. The liberal newspapers began to lament the end of the era of Locarno. *Germania*, organ of the Catholic Center Party and a staunch proponent of the republic, hinted of an international calamity. It could not conceive that the winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, M. Briand, in whom Republican Germany had hoped to find the apostle of a new religion, should stage a revival of the dismal days of 1923. The reactionaries of the Stahlhelm reminded Germany by the organization of a mass parade that their policy was right. Even the cautious Minister of National Defense, General Groener, found the time opportune for indulging in a little saber-rattling and asked for

equal rights in competitive armament. At the same time Marshal Hindenburg blew the bugle of high nationalism in Upper Silesia. The Reich discovered that the days when the *Vossische Zeitung* could write so confidently about the Franco-German peace alliance had receded into the dim past. The day has come for the friends of “spite-alliances.” The political Who's Who began to scan the horizon for the foes of France and it did not require much scanning to find them. Communist Russia has once more become the pet of the anti-Communist newspapers of Germany.

In the face of the spontaneous outburst of disgust the French intrenched themselves behind a diehard intransigence. For the first time in many years the ultra-Fascist *Figaro* and the radical *l'Oeuvre* found themselves in the same boat. With the exception of the Communist *l'Humanité* and the Socialist *Le Populaire*, the Paris press displayed the greatest enthusiasm for the policy of M. Briand. They all sang the same refrain: “How can France know that Germany will faithfully execute the financial clauses of the treaty?” How can she consent to the evacuation of the Rhineland until the problem of reparations is finally solved?

Nor is France reassured regarding the willingness of Germany to settle the reparation problem definitely. Theoretically she owes 132 billion gold marks, the amount which the Allied representatives agreed in 1921 was Germany's capacity to pay. However, it is now tacitly admitted in all former Allied countries that this figure cannot serve even as a basis of new negotiations. The French would be satisfied with Germany's consent to pay 40 or 50 billion gold marks.

The *Lokalanzeiger* reminds its readers that at the Peace Conference Marshal Foch, with the emphasis of a victorious campaign, solemnly asserted that France could never be safe from German attack unless the Rhine was her boundary. Nor have the Germans forgotten that for five years after this categorical declaration the French left no means untried to annex or at least Gallicize the left bank of the Rhine. Fortunately for them, the English did not participate in the occupation of the Ruhr and in response to the urgent representations of Downing Street Premier Poincaré had to assure them that his government had no intention to annex Rhenish territory. It was chiefly the French who helped establish the abortive Rhenish Republics and gave aid and comfort to the autonomists.

The problem of the Rhineland directly affects the daily lives of three million people, apart from its international implications and from its influence on the life of every German. There are about 50,000 French soldiers in the occupied area and smaller contingents of English and Belgian troops. They make the housing situation even more serious than it is in unoccupied Germany. Many complaints have been made on account of the damages done to the Rhinelanders by the maneuvers of the Allied military. There has been much friction between the occupying forces and the German civilian government. For a time the occupied zones were run by Allied soldiers in violation of the Treaty of Versailles which left the government in the hands of the Germans. Quite recently, however, much progress has been made in this respect. Most of the ordinances of the Inter-allied High Commission which had the force of law have been abolished and the laws of the Reich have been introduced.

It is only fair to admit that the English had a stabilizing influence in the Rhineland and that for a long period



they performed a useful service as shock-absorbers. But for their intervention the history of the autonomous republics would be more than merely a series of sometimes amusing and sometimes disgusting incidents.

There are certain hopeful aspects of the Rhenish situation. Most important of them is a closer union of the occupied territory with the rest of Germany. Before the war the people of the left bank of the Rhine, who belong mostly to Prussia, were highly antagonistic to the Berlin rule. The Rhinelanders are mainly Catholics and the Prussians are Protestants. The Rhinelanders are easygoing and jovial with more than a touch of Latin levity. They hated the heavy-footed bureaucracy of the Prussians and, above anything else, they hated Junkerism. There was a serious Rhenish problem before the war. The Prussian Rhinelanders were trying to organize a new Bundesstaat which would have comprised their own province as well as the Bavarian Palatinate and Rhenish Oldenburg and Hessen.

Such plans no longer exist. French oppression and the democratization of Prussia have wrought a complete reversal of public opinion in the Rhineland. The Junkers are being squeezed out of the Prussian administration and the government of Prussia is Social Democratic.

For nearly two thousand years "Die Wacht" and "La Garde" have been fighting on the Rhine. It is no wonder, therefore, that once more the last phase of a great war is being fought out on the banks of the river. M. Briand was mistaken when at the end of the Rhineland conversations he exclaimed: "We have liquidated the war!" As long as the armies of the Allies are standing on the Rhine the war is not liquidated. Even M. Briand's recent declarations were characteristic of the war-time mentality. The Quai

d'Orsay does not seem to realize that by insisting on Germany's bad faith it might instil the idea of the *revanche* into the Reich. The Germans might just as well commit the crime for which they are being punished. They might just as well default on their payments for which they have been put into the debtors' prison. Fortunately, the idea of peace is more deeply rooted in Republican Germany than the French militarists are willing to admit.

## Contributors to This Issue

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SENATOR BORAH'S ANNOUNCEMENT at the Good-Will Conference in New York that he will do nothing to block the passage of the bill for fifteen additional cruisers, but will vote for it if thereby the ratification of the Kellogg Pact can be expedited, is, we fear, characteristic. He knows that the navy bill is uncalled-for and indefensible; that it makes for war and not for peace. If he has read the newspapers, he has learned that in about every country in Europe we are called hypocrites because we offer the Kellogg Pact to renounce war and then go on building more cruisers. "And it is unescapable," Edwin L. James cables to the *New York Times*, "that the [European] critics refer to the Kellogg Pact with the question: 'If there is not going to be any more war, what will you do with your new warships?'" Why Senator Borah cannot see that the passing of the navy bill will mean that no one in Europe will take any stock in the Kellogg Pact is beyond us. But, just as his ardent support of Hoover after denouncing him as a man unfit to be trusted with the expenditure of \$100,000,000 of government money is attributable to his desire to get the pact ratified, so now he is willing apparently to throw everything overboard in order to get something which will have no value if there are more speeches like that of Mr. Coolidge on Armistice Day and we engage in a naval-building race against England. It is a melancholy picture of compromise which he presents.

THE SIMPLE TRUTH is that every cruiser we build from now on is built against England. No one in Washington believes anything else, for there is no other navy to rival ours. Germany has none; neither has Russia nor China. Italy's is negligible, and no one is so silly as to assert that France's navy could possibly attack us. The Japanese "menace" has faded out of the prints ever since the Washington Conference limited Japan's strength to the ratio of three to our five. There remains only England. Against her we build and against her only. Why pretend anything else? The General Navy Board's plans are obviously based on war with England. How else could they possibly be justified? This is the simple fact. Now is the time for the English-Speaking Union, and every other organization that exists to bring about better understanding between England and the United States, to make itself felt.

SACCO AND VANZETTI are dead. But Tom Mooney lives, after twelve years in a California prison. The judge who tried him, the jury which convicted him, thousands of his fellow-citizens, all believe that neither he nor Warren Billings committed the crime for which they are now serving life sentences. That the two men still languish in jail is another instance of the vast abyss between justice and the law, the progress of the courts and reality. Now a national committee is being formed under the auspices and with the approval of Dr. Harry F. Ward, Professor John Dewey, Clarence Darrow, Professor Jerome Davis, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Sinclair Lewis, Norman Hapgood, Inez Haynes Irwin, and others. The plan is to set the facts about Mooney's and Billings's innocence—and they are facts, amply substantiated—before Governor C. C. Young of California and President-elect Hoover. Mr. Hoover has only to ask for Mooney's pardon, it is thought, to have his request granted; and if he examines the documents already prepared, he cannot fail to ask. Mooney has declared that he will not accept parole, on the ground that it would imply admission of guilt. He asks unconditional pardon for a crime not committed. This is the least, and indeed the only recompense the State of California can make to a man jailed unjustly for twelve long years. But it is not too much to ask, and one can only wish the new committee success in achieving it.

DULNESS AND UNIMPORTANCE have become the predominating characteristics of recent conventions of the American Federation of Labor, and this year's session at New Orleans has been no exception to the rule. The convention is made up largely of paid officials who pass resolutions year by year in favor of the organization of American industry and then forget them. Two years ago at Detroit a ringing resolution pledged the federation to the organization of automobile workers, but no real drive for organization took place and no industrial union was constructed to cement the quarreling craft unions of the metal industries. For several years the workers in Southern cotton mills, who work the longest hours and receive the lowest wages in American manufacturing, have been almost wholly neglected. The last year has witnessed the ruin of the bituminous section of the United Mine Workers—once the



glorious vanguard of the American labor movement—the partial ruin of the unions in the ladies' garment and fur trades, and the evaporation of the remnant of organization which followed the Passaic strike. These disasters are largely due to the overwhelming power and ruthlessness of American employers, and to a much smaller degree to Communist dissension, but no honest friend of the labor movement can fail to place much of the blame on the inept and timid leadership of the American Federation of Labor. Never did our labor movement show more plainly the need of a rebirth of militancy and intelligence.

IT IS A NOTEWORTHY resolution that the American Newspaper Publishers' Association recently passed at its convention, condemning the action of the Supreme Court of Minnesota in enjoining the publication of the *Saturday Press*. It recalls that the *Saturday Press* was enjoined from publication after it had printed articles exposing vice and gambling in Minneapolis and alleging inactivity and connivance on the part of police and public officials. This injunction—as *The Nation* of August 22 recorded—was obtained by the Hennepin County Attorney, one of the persons who had been criticized by the newspaper, the official acting under authority of a law passed by the Minnesota Legislature in 1925 which provides that the courts may enjoin the future publication of any newspaper which they deem malicious or defamatory. Under this law, of course, the *Saturday Press* was denied a trial by jury; the judge alone heard the evidence and issued the injunction. Such procedure, says the A. N. P. A. resolution, "if permitted to stand, will render all guaranties of free speech valueless in Minnesota, and such choking of thought and expression can be extended further if not checked." The resolution further brands the law as a "deadly attack upon our institutions and government" and calls upon "all free and loyal Americans to demand the restoration of the right of free speech. . . . The ideals upon which our nation is founded are still vital and necessary, and if we are to retain what our forefathers have transmitted to us, freedom of speech and freedom of thought must be preserved." The Minnesota law is the first of its kind in the United States, and we shall watch with interest the outcome of the appeal taken to the United States Supreme Court by the American Civil Liberties Union.

THE RIGHT OF COLLEGE PROFESSORS to state their political preferences in public without concealing their official titles is involved in a bitter controversy at the University of California between President W. W. Campbell and several important faculty members. Shortly before the election, the Smith-for-President Club of Berkeley held a meeting in the Berkeley High School and sent a public telegram of good wishes to Governor Smith with the names and titles of forty-eight teachers from the University of California attached. The telegram did not purport in any way to represent university action, but President Campbell without asking these teachers for their version of the affair attacked them in a letter to the press because they allowed their university titles to be appended to their names. Eleven of these teachers in a public reply declared:

It is impossible for a university professor or administrator to separate himself from his title. If that title is used in public, it is not fair to say that he is "capitalizing his connection with the university for the purpose of promulgating his views." . . . To demand that he take means

to instruct newspaper reporters or secretaries or officers of meetings or clubs, political or otherwise, that his title must not be used requires the impossible and denies that freedom which Mr. Campbell declares that he recognizes.

We are glad that these eleven professors had the courage to attack President Campbell publicly and to defend their constitutional rights against a college president who has used his official position to support such reactionary measures as compulsory military training. We also congratulate the editors of the *Daily Californian*, the student paper of the university, who flatly condemned the action of their president in a leading editorial.

IS COMMUNISM BECOMING RESPECTABLE? The courts of the city of Los Angeles seem to think so. Some weeks ago seven Communists soliciting funds for the National Miners' Relief Committee were arrested in the Hollywood section, charged with soliciting alms without first filing a notice of intention. Their attorney pointed out that the ordinance under which the arrests were made applied only to "charitable corporations or associations," and that the Supreme Court of California had defined such associations as "organizations for the general public good." It had held that certain organizations similar to the Y. M. C. A. were too particular in their appeal to be counted as "charitable." The attorney for the Communists called the attention of the judge to this decision, but the judge found all seven guilty, obviously accepting the Workers' Party as an "organization for the general public good"—a long step for a California court to take.

IF THE WORLD ever reaches prohibition it will not be by a straight line. The issue must be fought over and experimented with for many years on scores of fronts. In a burst of zeal following the World War the Canadian Provinces generally established dry regimes, but one by one they have since returned, in part at least, to allegiance to John Barleycorn. Somewhat the same thing has happened in New Zealand. A quarter of a century ago New Zealand had an excellent local-option law under which the country was divided into districts, each empowered to establish its own liquor policy. Under this system New Zealand was gradually drying up. Not fast enough, however, for the ultra Drys, who demanded a uniform national policy. During the World War prohibition was accepted, only to be defeated soon after by the vote of the returned soldiers. In 1925 the Dominion again decreed prohibition as the result of a referendum, but another popular vote has just been taken in which a licensing system has been voted in by a majority of 100,000. What next?

ENCOURAGED BY A SWEEPING VICTORY in the municipal elections and the Ashton by-election, the British Labor Party is pressing its campaign for success at the next general election with renewed confidence. In the municipal elections the Labor candidates, who included 451 women, made a net gain of 111 seats in city councils outside of London and 77 seats in the metropolis, carrying 180 of the women to victory. In the 51 Parliamentary by-elections since the last general election Labor has made a net gain of eight seats and the Conservatives have lost ten. It is evident that the existing poverty and unemployment in Great Britain are providing the Labor Party with excellent ammunition for attack, and the party's leaders are not slow



in realizing their advantage. In a recent broadside from the Labor Press Service is this challenging summary of economic conditions in September, 1928, as contrasted with the same month in 1927:

Unemployment has increased by 2.2 per cent, coal production has decreased by an average of 200,000 tons weekly, iron production has decreased by 88,000 tons for the month, steel production has decreased by 58,000 tons for the month, exports have decreased by £5,200,000 for the month, shipping freights have decreased by 8 per cent, railway receipts have decreased by £140,000 a week!

But stock exchange security values have increased by 4.4 points, having risen to 126.3, on the basis of a December, 1921, index figure of 100, and wages have decreased by £174,300 a week.

A Government which came into power on its promise to restore prosperity is gravely embarrassed by this type of attack. Incidentally in another part of the British Empire on November 17 Labor scored substantial gains in the form of a half-dozen seats in the Australian Parliament. The Australian elections, however, did not disturb the Nationalist majority and Premier Stanley Bruce returns to power.

**THE MOST POPULAR MAN** in Argentina, Hipolito Irigoyen, has been inaugurated again as President—after a six-year lapse. Twice, in spite of opposition from aristocratic circles, he has been swept into office on overwhelming majorities. Irigoyen, formerly a teacher of psychology and sociology in the University of La Plata, became a powerful political factor because he was the friend of labor. The crowd loves him, and turns into legend the background of his strange, reticent, more than austere, militantly simple personality. During his first term he made a practice of keeping one door of the presidential Pink House—which corresponds to our White House—always open to anybody with a cause or a grievance; and he himself preferred this door. The first time he entered the Pink House it was on the shoulders of voters, and he would have been carried there again had he not raced through the crowd to avoid a triumphal display. Throughout his life he has been a thorn in the side of the classes that have usually elected presidents who are social ornaments. Even now, he is the cause of a schism in the Argentine Congress. The Chamber of Deputies is with him enthusiastically, the Senate bitter against him. The first official act of his second term was to decree an eight-hour day for government employees; next he hopes to nationalize Argentinian oil lands.

**THE DEATH OF LALA LAJPAT RAI** in Lahore on November 17 comes at a singularly inopportune moment for the cause of the Indian Nationalists, if any moment may be conceived of as less opportune than another for the loss of so valuable a leader. He was the author of the resolution calling for the boycotting of the Simon Commission during its visit to India and took part in the demonstration against the delegation upon its arrival on October 30. His leadership will be especially missed, therefore, in the critical days immediately ahead, for he was practical as well as inspired, not merely dreaming of native rights but working for them with an abundance of common sense. Trained as a lawyer, Lajpat Rai was a leader of the Nationalist uprisings in the Punjab in 1907, for which he was imprisoned. Later he went abroad, living in New York City for some time during and after the World War and contributing to *The Nation*

and other periodicals in behalf of home rule for India. Upon his return to India he resumed agitation, and in 1922 he was again imprisoned, this time with great injury to his health.

**TEN SYMPHONIES**, six hundred and three songs, endless chamber-music pieces—these are some of the achievements of Franz Schubert, who died, at thirty-one, a failure, quite unappreciated by his time. Today, his death one hundred years ago is being commemorated all over the world and we are especially happy to record the fact that the United States is taking the lead in the celebration. Not until 1843 was there a performance of one of Schubert's works in America—the A Minor Quartet, opus 29. Now his imperishable memory is being utilized to create a foundation in the United States which will make it possible for promising artists to be heard by audiences of genuine musical understanding. Heresy though it be, we still prefer the melodies of Schubert, Schumann, and other great men of the romantic school to any modernist we have yet to hear. We consider the world infinitely enriched by the author of the exquisite "Unfinished Symphony," "The Erlking," and "The Wanderer," and so we print this humble tribute to the great Austrian who, like Schumann, lived briefly but enriched the world enormously.

**SIGRID UNDSSET** and Henri Bergson have just been awarded Nobel prizes for literature, that given to Bergson having been held over from last year. Few people will be inclined to quarrel violently with these awards, but few will feel that there was anything inevitable about the choices made. Mme Undset is not unknown in England or America but it is doubtful if any committee outside of Scandinavia would have thought of her as the most distinguished of the living writers who have not yet received the Nobel Prize. Bergson has been the recipient of many honors and he is probably less highly regarded at the present time than in the years when his championship of "intuition" created a popular sensation. Other awards went as follows: To Professors Heinrich Wieland and Adolph Windaus for chemistry; to Dr. Charles Nicoll for medicine. The peace prize has not yet been awarded.

**THE LATEST ORGANIZATION** to appeal to the joining instinct of the American public is the Book League, younger brother to the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Literary Guild and several lesser fry in the same family. The League offers certain novel privileges to those who become members. In addition to twelve new paper-bound books a year, it promises twelve cloth-bound reprints of important old books. The new books will be in magazine form, and following the text a literary magazine containing book reviews and notes will be included. If the prospective subscriber should look dubiously at the pale-brick paper covers of these volumes he will perhaps be solaced by the prospect of having the set bound together at the close of the year. At any rate the booksellers are likely to consider this method of distribution a less alarming form of competition than those offered by the older organizations. On the editorial board of the Book League are the following persons: Edwin Arlington Robinson, Van Wyck Brooks, Gamaliel Bradford, Hamilton Holt, and Edwin E. Slosson. Frank L. Polk is an advisory editor, and the managing editor is Isaac Don Levine. The League's first book, appearing this month, is "Zola" by Matthew Josephson.



# Mr. Coolidge Plays with Fire

NOT in years has any American President made so dangerous and so provocative a speech as did President Coolidge on Armistice Day. The very hour which, out of consideration for the dead in France, should surely have been devoted to the preaching of good-will among all nations, the President picked out to devote to an attack—upon the Germans? Not at all. Upon our Allies in the World War; those whom we so solemnly assured in war days were bound to us by indissoluble bonds cemented by our joint bloodshed in France. The White House has since inspired press statements that the President has been delighted by the floods of approving telegrams and letters which have reached him since he made his speech. Undoubtedly the Anglophobes, our militarists and jingoes of every description, have applauded the President. As a result the Washington correspondents assert that the immediate passage by the Senate of the bill for fifteen more cruisers is assured. That may be, but it is also a fact that an amazingly vigorous chorus of disapproval of the President's outburst went up the minute it was printed.

Among those who protested in New York were the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick, Henry Sloane Coffin, Rabbi Wise, Nicholas Murray Butler, who declared that the President's policy was "wicked," Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and others in the Good-Will Conference for Peace which was taking place in New York just at that moment. The indignation of these speakers was doubtless heightened by the fact that the day after the President's speech appeared in the press the new program of the General Board of the Navy—largely founded, as Dr. Butler said, "on professional vanity"—appeared in the press. It is a repetition of its familiar demand for a navy second to none. Not, it is true, to be created overnight, but none the less as the definitive object of our naval policy. It is once more explained, as President Coolidge declared, that this is not the beginning of a great naval competition. That merely recalls to us the fact that on a certain occasion some twenty years ago the Kaiser of Germany similarly asserted that his naval program was based on needs and not on any attempt to rival Great Britain. "The German fleet," said he, "is not built against anyone, and therefore not against England, but according to our necessity." They are all alike, these militarists; they talk alike no matter what happens, and now as in 1908 they are pointing the way to future hostilities. Yet we are assured by a section of the daily press that President Coolidge merits all praise for telling the Allies that we shall tolerate no more nonsense from them.

To this we reply that that sort of spread-eagleism and saber-rattling is the devil's own work. It is sowing dragons' teeth which can yield only one crop. What has been the retort from Europe? The Italian press denied the truth of Mr. Coolidge's statement that we lost heavily by the war and unanimously declared that his words were the expression of an economic imperialism dangerous to the whole world. A London correspondent of the *New York Times* reports that British anger is rising; that the public resents the choice of Armistice Day as the occasion for justifying further American naval expenditure and for lecturing down to the Europeans from Mr. Coolidge's high attitude of holy

moral superiority. Lord Birkenhead is, of course, among the first to say: "So far as England is concerned, I am not sure that we especially required it"—the "it" being the Presidential advice to European countries. The press of England teems with letters of protest. Half the papers of Germany write against the speech and its implications; the other half welcomes it because of the drubbing given to England and France. As for the French press, it dwells, naturally, on that lack of logic and consistency in the speech itself upon which we touched in our issue of last week. French dailies deny that the President has a right to indict a whole continent. They question his facts and contrast his speech with Mr. Kellogg's extraordinary statement that there are no reservations to the promise of the Powers to fight no more and that we shall assume no responsibility to enforce observance of the Pact of Paris. That the President's figures as to naval construction are wrong is contended by the London *Daily News*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and other newspapers. The *Daily Herald*, representing Labor, solemnly declares: "Despite all reassuring phrases, all the elements of an Anglo-American conflict are present."

Now we are well aware that there was a great deal of bluff in the President's speech. He unquestionably wished to make it clear to Europe once more that we shall not weaken in our determination to exact every cent of the money coming to us under the debt settlements, or demanded by us where there is no settlement as yet. We are aware also that the President thinks that by threatening to build the additional cruisers he can bring pressure to bear toward that further limitation of navies for which he again pleads in this mentally chaotic utterance of his. But this is the stupidest kind of diplomacy. It is a mere following of the example of Woodrow Wilson when in a speech in St. Louis he demanded "incomparably the greatest navy in the world" if our Allies and enemies abroad did not do what we wished. It is the reverse of statesmanship because it is playing with fire. It stiffens the backs of the imperialists in every country; it gives them the very weapon they need to hold out against further limitation of armaments, and it inflames the big-army-and-navy jingoes at Washington. Already Congressman Britten, chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee, has followed Mr. Coolidge in an attack upon Great Britain and France in which, with characteristic American self-satisfaction and self-glorification, he declares that "the true basis of American statesmanship is honesty of purpose coupled with frank, open expression of opinion, while the very heart of the European diplomacy is the art of deception, the soul of trickery."

If the public opinion of the United States does not speak out promptly, our relations with Europe and Great Britain will be worse than at any time since our unfortunate participation in the quarrels of Europe. We do not deny a certain amount of provocation to Mr. Coolidge, for we have criticized in our columns the stupidity, the folly, and the underhandedness of the Franco-British naval agreement. But the thing to do is not now to threaten and berate and lecture those involved, but to pour oil upon the troubled waters lest we find ourselves far along the road to an Anglo-American conflict.



## An Ugly Sea Tragedy

ON a storm-tormented sea littered with the wreckage of a once great steamship, where living persons clung desperately to floating jetsam and dead bodies floated unheeded, a Negro quartermaster with the memorable name of Lionel Licorish found himself in a boat with an injured fireman—and no oars. The quartermaster jumped overboard, swam to a capsized lifeboat, got a pair of oars, and then swam back to his own craft. He then rowed about amid the wreckage, picking up a score of those fighting for life in the water. In that same engulfing sea Paul A. Dana found himself near a stewardess, Mrs. Clara Ball, when their lifeboat—which had had a hole stove in it—capsized and left them to fight the ocean as best they could. Together they swam to a spar to which they clung, immersed in water, all afternoon, all night, and most of the next morning until rescued by the American Shipper. In the radio room of the doomed steamship, an Irish operator, O'Loughlin, continued to send calls for help even after the list of the vessel compelled him to lie on his stomach. The final plunge of the vessel found him still there at his post—and carried him down. On the careening deck of the *Vestris* a commander who had waited too long to summon help, and been unequal to debarking his passengers in the titantic difficulties of the last hour, nevertheless died like a man and a sailor. Spurning the advice of a steward to save himself with a curt "Hell, no," Captain Carey went with his ship.

Such instances of resourcefulness, endurance, courage, and plain old-fashioned human obstinacy are good to recall against the less creditable background of the foundering of the Lamport and Holt liner. For one is inclined to write down the loss of the *Vestris* as the greatest disaster of the sea, *morally* speaking, that has occurred in this century. More persons perished in the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Titanic*, but the former was torpedoed in war time, and sank so quickly that no skill or heroism could have prevented some human sacrifice. As to the liner *Titanic*, the loss was due to a lack of sufficient boats in which to lower the passengers. No captain and no crew could rise above that. On the other hand, the foundering of the *Vestris* will be remembered as one in which the captain was apparently more occupied with the possible hope of preserving his ship and its material cargo than in saving its human freight. And worse still, the wreck of the *Vestris* will be associated with the ugly memory that while more than half of the passengers—including most of the women and every child—were drowned, three-fourths of the crew were saved.

What we call "fixing the blame" for the wreck is going on apace, and eventually the proper sum of condemnation will be measured out and apportioned among various scapegoats. And as usual the deeper causes will remain unprobed and the blame, in its more fundamental reaches, will never be distributed. Every steamship wreck in our times is different up to a certain point and then it is tragically similar to every other. Up to the moment when the order comes to take to the boats every disaster is a story by itself. From that time on certain facts recur with monotonous persistence. Often there is a shortage of boats, though this is less common since the *Titanic* went down. That disaster was followed by laws requiring more adequate life-saving equipment which have resulted in genuine improvement. But

though the boats be numerous enough, it is invariably found that some of the gear is defective or unworkable, and there is commonly some lack in oars, food, water, or other necessities. It usually turns out, too, that the crew shows itself unfamiliar with lowering the boats or with rowing them once they get in the water. Boat drills on steamships are notoriously farces, and what can be expected on the third day after sailing of a crew most of which was probably new to the particular ship, if not unused to any ship? Finally, it always happens when the order comes to take to the boats that men and women show themselves to be human. Some dominate emergencies and some shrivel before them. Some prove themselves—surprising fact!—to be heroes and others to be rats.

Will we learn something through the foundering of the *Vestris*? Just as the sinking of the *Titanic* brought an increase in life-saving apparatus, so perhaps we may hope from the experience of the *Vestris* that boat drills may be something other than the solemn nonsense now customary and that attention will be paid not simply to *having* life-saving equipment, but to keeping it in readiness for use. Perhaps, even, we may begin to insist upon having a substantial number of real sailors in the crew of every steamship, though that is rather much to hope for. Finally, the sinking of the *Vestris* should remind us that the sea is still unconquered. We have so successfully subdued nature ashore that we tend to grow careless and arrogant toward it. But at sea the most we have done, from the *Ark* to the *Leviathan*, is to gain a little more speed, a little more comfort, and a little less hazard. We are as far from conquest as ever. It is best so. Man would be insufferable if he were to become master of everything.

## Mr. Hoover's Trip

MR. HOOVER, unable to wait until March to begin work, is rushing off to South America on a "mission of good-will," and it is reported that a group of young men in the Department of Commerce are at work compiling whole books full of statistics upon Latin-American trade and resources for Mr. Hoover's edification. Mr. Harding once asserted that his chief reading, in the interval between his election and his assumption of office, was the Old Testament. Mr. Hoover reads trade statistics. On the whole, it augurs well. The Old Testament is dangerous reading for a man who must concern himself with foreign relations. Either the New Testament or trade statistics is better. "Good-will" and "trade" are increasingly synonymous.

Possibly the President-elect is mapping his course after that of the Prince of Wales. There are those who disrespectfully assert that the Prince of Wales is the chief drummer of the British Empire—a better good-will ambassador than even a Rotary Club could provide. He is the symbol of the majesty of empire—even a colony with a grievance is proud to be visited by the son of the King of England. Furthermore, it is quite possible that the Prince and the counselors who accompany him learn by travel. Doubtless the same thing will be true in Latin America. There is not one of the Latin republics which will not be proud to receive the President-elect of the wealthiest republic in history; and even the President-elect also may learn something.



The ex-Secretary of Commerce knows as much of the currents of world trade as any man in America. He knows that our exports to Latin America still amount to only a sixth of our total exports; but he also knows that ten years ago they formed only a twelfth of our export trade; and that so far as manufactures go—the part of our trade which is destined to grow—Latin America already absorbs more than a quarter of our foreign shipments. It was no accident that he picked Latin America for his good-will tour. If he had been seeking merely areas of present friction, he might have made his soothing speeches in Europe; plainly, he preferred to visit not merely areas of friction but areas of possible trade expansion.

Visiting Latin America, however, he is likely to learn of matters which are not reflected in the trade statistics. In Chile and Peru he will still find a lingering bitterness over our mismanagement of the Tacna-Arica dispute. He may learn that sometimes it is better to let the Latins settle their own troubles in their own way. President Coolidge's arbitration, General Pershing's impressive presence, could not calm the ancient passions of that frontier; but when the American officers retired, a Chilean newspaper conducted a campaign of reconciliation; a Peruvian poet visited Chile; and today without alien intervention, the two countries are on the highway to a compromise. We hope Mr. Hoover may hear of these episodes.

In Argentina Mr. Hoover may meet a touch of coolness. His campaign speeches about the tariff were reported in full by the enterprising Buenos Aires newspapers, and resented. Argentina ships a little corn—not much—to our Pacific coast, and a certain amount of hides and meats, all of which are affected by the American tariff.

He may also learn that the United States naval commission which is training Brazil's navy does not conduce to friendship—or trade—with Brazil's neighbors. This active cultivation of a big navy in the Southern hemisphere is one of those matters of American policy least reported and most resented.

While in Brazil Mr. Hoover may not have time to mount the river to Mr. Ford's five-million-acre rubber plantation. But he will hear of it; and he will note that it is an empire within an empire. He has at times shown a resentment of the little baronies in our own home coal fields, where the ordinary processes of civil government are subjected to an industrial despotism. If he has time to visit the American copper mines in Peru and Chile, the rubber empire in Brazil, the oil principalities in Venezuela and Colombia, the banana dukedoms of Central America, he will note what power American capital wields, and understand, perhaps, why thoughtful Latins are appalled at this industrial "progress" in their countries.

Finally, stopping at Mexico on his way home, he will talk with our ablest foreign ambassador, Dwight W. Morrow, who has been able to face an economic revolution and to work with the tide. Mr. Hoover may learn from him how inevitable the Mexican Revolution was in a country governed by a native despot in the interest of such regal foreign landlords. Reflecting upon what he has seen south of Mexico, he may ponder how to avert in those countries the catastrophes which a similar economic status has produced in Mexico. If he reflects deeply enough upon that series of events and phenomena, he might become not merely America's greatest salesman, but the greatest statesman of the greatest economic empire of history.

## Those Terrible Britons

IN the interests of international peace and friendly understanding some things ought to be prevented by law. Among those which come in mind immediately are (1) books about the United States by visiting Englishmen—especially visiting English lecturers; (2) Mr. St. John Ervine's drama column in the *New York World*; and (3) criticisms of American books in any British review.

The English reviewer almost invariably adopts one of two tones: approval tinged with surprise, or disapproval tinged with sorrow. More than often an English critic finds in the book under his eye a microcosm of American civilization. We have before us, for example, a column from a recent issue of the *London Times Literary Supplement*. The reviewer is discussing a book by an American about "stunts," a word apparently employed to cover all sorts of athletic and acrobatic exercises. It seems to be a solemn book in which are collected some 700 examples of agility and strength. One would hardly think the book worth more than a trifling mention in a literary review. But its reviewer sees in this volume something of vastly greater significance than a rather pedantic compendium of generally unimportant information. He considers it at considerable length as "one more manifestation of American earnestness, industry, and energy." He explains that an Englishman would have described such "minor feats of balance" in fifty small pages, while the American, with characteristic elaboration, consumes 500 large ones. He points out that these "stunts," employed in England to "while away rainy hours in cricket pavilions," are in America seriously applied to the end of physical education and moral improvement for the young. (We should like to urge upon the reviewer, as extenuating facts, that our climate is obviously superior to England's and that we have no cricket pavilions, but we suspect he would discard such frivolous suggestions.) He is determined to make us all Puritans for the sins of one earnest and encyclopedic authority on stunts. The book is interesting to him, he concludes, "as an illustration of the American temperament; and it may be taken as an example of the inability of the American to play or of his aptitude for directing play to some profitable end."

We cannot forbear to quote the directions for performing one of these stunts by which our national character is to be judged. Its simplicity and charm should commend it to everyone. Its name is "Heel Jump," and the instructions follow:

*Materials.*—A pencil.

*Preparation.*—Place pencil on floor and stand so that toes almost touch it. Bend over and grasp front of toes.

*Stunt.*—Jump over pencil without releasing hold on toes.

*Coaching.*—A sudden raising of the back simultaneously with the projection of the body forward will accomplish the feat.

After all, why should we resent an attempt to explain the temper of the United States by a book packed full of exercises like the above? Who knows; we may achieve new heights of national greatness if we concentrate assiduously enough on the effort to "jump over pencil without releasing hold on toes." Perhaps America's future battles will be won in the heel-jumping pavilions of Yale and Harvard.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

IT is always a zestful sight to see men exercising their intelligences, with agility and sound principle, in the cause of intelligent behavior. It is even possible that on some farthest star this effort will come to some good end. But in spite of these props, I find my spirits sinking lower and lower when I read such expert expositions of the lunacies of censorship as Morris Ernst and William Seagle have just turned out in "To the Pure . . ."<sup>\*</sup> I say to myself "If this doesn't hold them, nothing will," and echo answers promptly, "Nothing will."

For censorship is simply not one of the things that come from intelligent consideration of life and times. It comes from emotional consideration. And when a couple of brilliant young men tear the pretensions of intelligence from the vice crusaders, they have no call to be surprised, when the dust has settled, that the vice crusaders don't even know that they've been by that way at all.

At the end of this antic book, the censors have been made to look like the most hopeless lot of fools in the world, as indeed they are, but I have a desolated feeling that the censors, knowing this already in the secret places of their hearts, won't give a blame. They labor, we know, under what we call, in our neat modern speech, a compulsion neurosis. Their feelings are geared so that, if the skies fall, they can do no other. They are as slick as the next one at calling in the treachery of words and the stencils of "Thinking." But nobody need try to tell me that plain proof that they are fat-heads is going to get anywhere near what's biting them. The point about censors is that there is something they would rather not be than fools. They would rather not burn in hell-fire. If their mothers had caught them young, put a small night-light in their rooms during those hours when bears could be heard creeping up the stairs, or small red devils could be imagined twisting little tails about the corners of the bed, the vice-crusaders might have been led to put away childish things in decent season. If their teachers had been up to snuff, and had calmed their agitations over their little "sins" of pre-adolescence and so on, they would have had a second shot at salvation. If their colleges had breathed a wholesome air, some later tardy reconstruction might have come about. But none of these things happened to censors, as you can tell by looking at them, so by the time they begin to scan bookstore windows and the advertisements of art galleries, their own heavy-hearted emotional fears, undissipated and uncalmed, are so at floodtide that no mere intellectual derision can so much as pin their ears back.

All this would be pretty sad, but for one thing. That thing is the grossly maligned and outlaw business of bootlegging. I hope to live to donate the first dollar to a huge mountain monument to bootleggers—in addition to those dollars already more pragmatically spent by me toward the first down-payments on their Rolls-Royces. If we are to live in a world where the fear-ridden, shame-ridden, emotion-steered censor is to be allowed to flourish because his garb of piety is accepted at its garment value, we must do a little something for ourselves. If it so happens that there are those of us whose mothers did put night-lights at our bed-

sides, so that we survived the fears of early childhood, and those of us who outgrew the filthy sense of the inherent evil of the human being in toto, we have nowhere else to turn but to our bootleggers, purveyors of whatever kind of nourishment we regard as valuable to us.

Now there is an odd and somewhat devastating quality appertaining to the bootlegger. He's a pretty lovable guy. This fact makes no more sense than the panting labors of the censor. It also is bedded in the realm of pure feeling. He goads you into the fields of action where the adrenalin runs high. Adrenalin creates a delightful feeling—competence, well-being, delusion—if you like—of vast power. Proscriptions shut off all this surging upward thrust, and invite you to the satisfactions of nullification. Anybody who imagines that these latter are the more stimulating is hereby permitted to go out and count noses.

I shall at this point assume that you have counted the noses, and that you droop sorrowfully back with the numbers outrageously against you—that is, if you are not on my side. I shall then ask, with an acuteness borrowed from the authors who have sent me on this investigating tour, whether or not this brainless, feeling-drenched censor remote from intellectual control and the dupe of himself as well as all his terrified brethren, is not in the end our greatest benefactor. There is really only one thing we really ought to be allowed to find out about "the pure"—namely, whether these treasures that they withhold from us because they tremulously cannot manage them are worth our time to bootleg them into the house. On the basis of the lists provided by Mr. Ernst and Mr. Seagle of books and what not proscribed by the Sumners, the Watch-and-Wards, and so forth, there doesn't seem to be a great deal going about now that is worth fooling around for. A bootlegger of liquor must prove that what he has is something better than merely gin or Scotch—it has to be good gin or Scotch. At least, as good as can be made in the home, and in a short time. A good book-bootlegger has to meet, at the present time, no greater requirement than that, for the moment, his stuff is contraband. To take as our basis just those books listed in "To the Pure . . .," the books that scare the censor are not good enough to be worth bootlegging.

After all, as these prancing and stimulating authors affirm, and then prove, the arch-crime of censors is their folly, and though folly may not seem a reproach to them, to us, after we have had a little experience with them, it is at least no sign-post. A very delightful jurist of my acquaintance said the other day: "Well, the law is always a hundred years behind the lawyers and judges, and the lawyers and judges are a hundred years behind the times." We are here tempted to ask what the times are a hundred years behind, and the first answer that submits itself is "To the Pure . . .," except that we must then change that neat sequence of figures and say that the times are a thousand years behind "To the Pure . . ." And even as I salute the intelligence, the honesty, and the courage of Mr. Ernst and Mr. Seagle, I remember that the Yankee translation, unauthorized, of a musical comedy playing in Paris in 1918, which was called by the French "Plus ça change," was just good old "As You Were."

HEYWOOD BROWN

<sup>\*</sup> Viking Press. \$8.



# Chain Stores

## The Revolution in Retailing

By MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER

*[This is the second of a series of articles covering the more significant aspects of business and finance. The next article, The Federal Reserve System, Is It a Popular Menace? will appear shortly.]*

**H**UGE fortunes are in sight for the skilled merchandisers who can repeat in the field of retailing the more efficient performances which have already been standardized in the realm of production. The trend toward heightened efficiency has been enthroning big business at the expense of little business. Great department stores, chain stores, and mail-order houses are rapidly gaining a larger ratio of aggregate consumer patronage. The movement has recently become so accelerated that statistics become outmoded before they are classified. A wholesale realignment of the agencies which are seeking to woo dollars from consumers is taking place. The battle, though it arraigns big business against little business, is waged less on the issue of size than on that of efficiency. The traditional rule-of-thumb merchant is confronted with a future of diminished prosperity. For several years the statistics of business mortalities have been heavily weighted with the casualties of independent retail stores and of jobbing houses which served them. The independent single unit storekeeper, though not necessarily doomed, seems destined to get a smaller share of the aggregate retail business in the future. At present, independent retailers still do about 60 per cent of the total business.

Of the newer agencies in the realm of distribution, chain stores are having the most rapid expansion. Department stores, which developed several decades earlier, have apparently reached a phase of diminished rate of growth, though their trade continues on a high level. Department stores in the future are likely to grow with the population. Chain stores are expanding far more rapidly, and there are no indications thus far that the movement has yet begun to spend itself.

The scientific approach to problems in retail distribution is so recent a development that adequate data are still lacking, and probably will be until 1930 when it is hoped the government census will be extended to include retailing. It is estimated that aggregate retail sales in the United States in 1928 will attain the unprecedented height of between \$42,000,000,000 and \$43,000,000,000. According to the best available statistical computations, the department stores of the country did 16½ per cent of the total retail volume in 1926; chain stores about 12 per cent; mail-order houses, 4 per cent; company stores, commissary stores, and that type of institution, 2 per cent; house-to-house canvassing, 1 per cent; consumer cooperatives, ¼ of 1 per cent; and independent small retailers, about 63 per cent. In 1928 the most striking shift has been the relative gain of the chain stores at the expense of the independents. Paul Nystrom, sales specialist and professor of marketing at Columbia University, who made these estimates, believes that chain stores may do 16 per cent of the total retail business in 1928.

Chain stores, though originally established before department stores, at first grew more slowly, especially before 1900 when the department stores were already expanding rapidly. The chain stores began to gather distinct momentum after 1910, and have had their most impressive growth since 1919. Since 1914 the chains have probably quadrupled their volume, which has tripled since 1919.

A gain of 17.68 per cent was shown in the reported sales of thirty-six chain-store organizations for the first nine months of 1928 as compared with the corresponding period in 1927. The net sales were \$1,025,158,895, compared with \$871,144,486 in 1927. In recent months there have been singularly few new chains. As a matter of fact the number of chains has probably diminished as the stronger and better-financed chains have been absorbing weaker systems. The Kroger Grocery Company, for example, which was recently publicly financed by Lehman Brothers of New York, who have been especially active in bringing capital to companies in the retail field, has been rapidly absorbing other chains. Thus far, this year, the Kroger chain, which is second in size only to the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, with its 17,000 stores, which do a larger gross business than the Pennsylvania Railroad, has absorbed the Hoosier Stores Corporation, the Folts Grocery and Baking Company, the Eagle Grocery Company, C. Thomas Stores, Inc., Universal Grocery Company, Piggly Wiggly Corporation, Piggly Wiggly Valley Company, Columbus Piggly Wiggly Company, Middle States Stores Company, Missouri Illinois Stores Company, and the Fly and Hobson Company.

There are in the chain-store field two schools of thought on the subject of expansion. One believes in buying out established companies, with proved earning power. That is a quick road to bigness, obviating the delays and the expense of building up new units. The disadvantage lies in the expense entailed in paying a substantial premium to the old owners. Financial sleight-of-hand facilitates such mergers. The financial public is willing to capitalize earnings more liberally when they are included in the statement of a well-managed, publicly financed chain than when they are retained by a smaller, less-known company, whose shares are not readily marketable. From a stock-market standpoint, it is obviously profitable for a big chain whose stock sells twenty-five times earnings to acquire a privately owned chain at fifteen times earnings.

The second school of thought leans to the view that it is preferable to open up new units, and avoid the expense of paying fancy prices to other founders. It is noteworthy that Sears, Roebuck and Company, which recently had 170 stores, and Montgomery Ward and Company, which will have more than 150 by the end of the year, are in each case opening up their own units, starting at scratch. These two mail-order houses, which have been flirting with the chain-store idea for several years, really entered the new field on a substantial scale this year. Montgomery Ward and Com-



pany has announced that its goal will be 1,500 stores. The initial stores, like those of Sears, Roebuck, have been profitable and optimistic speculators in Wall Street and, ignoring current earnings of the company, have been extravagantly capitalizing in the stock market their expectations of enhanced earnings in the future. Sears, Roebuck may double its array of stores, which vary in size from mammoth department stores to small automobile accessory shops. At least thirty are urban department stores.

In connection with its recent expansion program, Sears, Roebuck and Company brought into existence the chain department store which has long been theoretically advocated. Most of the older groups of department stores are not really chains but financial affiliations. Sears, Roebuck, however, applies the chain-store methods of centralized buying and home-office direction of individual units. Sears, Roebuck and Company plan to enter only the larger cities, avoiding towns of fewer than 30,000 population.

Montgomery Ward, on the other hand, purposes eventually to go into very much smaller towns, thus giving the traditional customers of catalogue houses an opportunity to visualize actual merchandise. Good roads bring motorized farmers to shops in nearby towns and Montgomery Ward intends to be represented in them. Though the new stores in so far as they cater to rural patrons will compete with the catalogue of Montgomery Ward, the management of the company believes that they will also compete with the catalogue of competing mail-order houses. Four-fifths of the Sears, Roebuck customers also receive the Montgomery Ward catalogue.

The Sears, Roebuck philosophy of chain-store expansion is different. Its executives believe that the catalogue business which caters primarily to the rural classes has already reached its peak of development. Machinery is fast replacing human labor on the farms and threshing machines and mechanical tractors do not require work shirts and boots. According to the estimates of the Department of Agriculture, the following net flow of population from the farms to the cities has taken place in recent years:

During year	Persons Leaving Farms for Cities and Towns	Persons Leaving Cities and Towns for Farms	Net Movement from Farms to Cities and Towns
1922....	2,000,000	880,000	1,120,000
1924....	2,075,000	1,396,000	679,000
1925....	1,900,000	1,066,000	834,000
1926....	2,155,000	1,135,000	1,020,000
1927....	1,978,000	1,374,000	604,000

Believing that the farm population is likely to stand still or decline further, the Sears, Roebuck executives lean to the view that the opportunity for the future expansion of sales lies in catering to the fast-growing urban population. General R. E. Wood, who became president of Sears, Roebuck last January, was formerly a vice-president of Montgomery Ward. He helped to plant the idea of chain-store expansion in the minds of the management of that company and has been a prime mover in getting Sears, Roebuck to set itself up to duplicate its success in dealing with rural folk through the catalogue in the new chain of urban stores.

A group of retailers and bankers is projecting a third chain of department stores. The Hahn Department Stores, under the presidency of Lew Hahn, head of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, is aiming to absorb established stores in cities in all parts of the country. Although planning to effect changes in management slowly, the new

company expects ultimately to subject the units to centralized management and buying. The chief riddle in developments of this kind lies in whether the chain principles can be adapted to fast-changing fashions in so-called style merchandise.

The advance of the chains helps further to change the American economic scene. The old-fashioned entrepreneur, who started out with little capital and less grasp of merchandising technique, is not so likely to succeed. He faces a new and threatening competition, from well-administered systems with advantages in mass buying, in a trade-marked name, and in superior merchandising methods. Of course, many students of the question believe that the country has been oversupplied with merchants—with 1,500,000 storekeepers, most of whom have been eking out only a bare existence. Many, of course, have been involuntary philanthropists, working without net return, being rewarded only with insolvency. Others who keep going are in many instances earning little more than wages for themselves and the members of their families who contribute all the labor needed. They mistakenly believe they are amassing profits; adequate bookkeeping would reveal that they have only been earning wages. Only a small minority of the independents are talented merchants who make handsome profits.

In the last session of Congress Senator Brookhart induced the Senate to adopt a resolution instructing the Federal Trade Commission to undertake a thorough investigation of the methods of chain-store systems. Asserting that 4,000 chain-store systems operate 100,000 stores, the Brookhart resolution, suggesting the hazard of a trend toward monopoly in retail distribution, directs the Federal Trade Commission to study the anatomy and physiology of chain-store systems, and to report to the Senate as to

- (1) The extent to which consolidations have been effected in violation of the anti-trust laws, if at all; (2) the extent to which consolidations or combinations of such organizations are susceptible to regulation under the Federal Trade Commission Act or the anti-trust laws, if at all; and (3) what legislation, if any, should be enacted for the purpose of regulating and controlling chain-store distribution.

The Federal Trade Commission has already instituted its inquiries, but has not yet scheduled public sessions. The Brookhart resolution constituted a timely recognition of the importance of the subject. It is desirable that the Government should keep abreast of the movement, and, if not discouraging it, should at least promote public opinion in favor of the elimination of abuses. Though the chain idea has been grasped with renewed vigor recently as an instrument for bringing the rule of efficiency to the slovenly field of retail distribution, it is capable of misuse like other economic tools. Chain systems already differ widely among themselves in efficiency, in social responsibility, in their attitude toward labor, and in other matters.

The F. W. Woolworth Company, a pioneer in the chain-store field which excels in saving for net income an exceptionally high percentage of gross profits, has already demonstrated that the chain idea cannot only be indefinitely extended at home, but also can be successfully introduced in foreign countries. Its earlier success in England has recently been duplicated in Germany, where natives earlier failed in an attempt to adapt the five-and-ten-cent-store idea. To avoid resentment the Woolworth Company specializes in Canadian-made goods in Canada, in English-made goods in England, and in German-made goods in Germany.



In the future chain-store managers will have to show increasing subtlety and business genius, for chain will compete against chain, thus neutralizing the obvious advantages in quantity buying. The retail business in the future will go increasingly to the best-managed chains and the genuinely talented independent merchants, who have emulated chain-store efficiency and tempered it with a better grasp of local idiosyncrasies, the personality of the owner, and the individuality and taste of the smaller shop. Where fashions, artistry, and individuality are important, as in millinery and custom tailoring, the chain idea does not seem readily applicable. Chains are most effective when dealing in staple merchandise, such as groceries.

Consumers are likely to benefit from the heightened race for their favor—in lower prices and in better service. The well-managed chains, though operating in quest of profits, indirectly help to stretch the buying power of the ordinary pay envelope. In so far as this is the case the consumer is little moved by the sentimental pleas of vanishing old-fashioned merchants, whose inefficiency used to levy a substantial cost on the community in which they operated. Accordingly, there is little evidence any longer of the types of appeals which harassed independent merchants vainly made two decades ago. Before the war it was common for

an independent cigar merchant, for example, to erect a huge sign appealing to consumers to patronize him, rather than the chain store which opened nearby. The cigar dealer in those days notified the public that his business future had been threatened by the arrival of the trust. Out of sentiment he expected consumers to stick to him. The plea was unrealistic and unavailing. The consumer was primarily interested in lower prices, fresher merchandise, and improved service. Where the chain gave such advantages it prospered, and grew with striking rapidity. Finding consumers hard-boiled and unsympathetic the hard-pressed independents are now looking to the politicians for aid, although such assistance can hardly impress the consumer.

North Carolina, South Carolina, Maryland, and Georgia passed anti-chain-store laws imposing special taxes on such systems. The courts in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Maryland have already declared the measures unconstitutional. Hostile legislation was also proposed in numerous other States. To combat political opposition, chain-store executives have recently formed the National Chain Store Association, an outgrowth of the National Chain Store Grocers Association. This association, it is understood, plans to raise a huge propaganda fund to demonstrate the advantages of chain-store buying and selling.

## The Master of the Vestris

By FELIX RIESENBERG

**B**Y the law of the eternal sea the master, as the name implies, stands to the fore. First to board his ship and last to leave, he is the word and the law and the impersonation of the power absolute. His judgment, foresight, caution, skill, and integrity stand between the weak and helpless and the horror of such disasters as those of the Egypt, the Principessa Mafalda, the Angamos, and the Vestris, only to name ships that have foundered recently.

For a lifetime a man may follow the ancient calling of the sea. For years on end he may steam from port to port as master, carrying an aggregate of goods and treasure staggering in amount. He may have been actually responsible for the safe conduct of thousands upon thousands of lives. It is quite possible that never, in all of his time, will he lose a ton of cargo or a single life. All of this is the subject of tabulation, of strict statistics carefully compiled. The stowage of the ship, managed by others, may always be reasonably safe. Cargo and coaling ports and hatches attended to and inspected by others may always be securely closed against the sea. The structure of his vessel, inspected by the surveyors, may be safe at all times and his boats and gear may be legally and actually sound. The dangers of the sea have been discounted. Clever underwriters fill in pious phrases referring to an act of God, and balance chance against numbers. It is all a commercial problem in which the ship and cargo are insured against loss by fire or foundering and tickets are sold to as many passengers as can be crowded on board.

The shipmaster, referred to in the opening paragraph, has become very much of a cipher in the modern organization known as the steamship business. The cold facts are that this man of supreme responsibilities is an employee like any other employee, paid about four hundred dollars

a month on large passenger steamers and less in many other services. The master, on practically every vessel afloat today, is an underpaid servant.

The underpaid master, in fear of displeasing his owners and with the constant problem ahead of him of continuing the support of his family, may easily develop a self-protective point of view designed to hold himself in continuous employment. It is a subservient and humble attitude not uncommon everywhere but decidedly out of place at sea. This sort of thing may result in timidity and indecision and even in downright criminal incompetence when some grave emergency demands that the master shall be a man of rapid and decisive action. This is no specific indictment of the owners of the S. S. Vestris, it is a blanket charge against the accumulated stupidity of this age of steel and steam, the marvelous machine age that has filled the oceans with vessels carrying passengers for hire. We have built great ships, but have overlooked the fact that great men are needed to command them in the hour of danger.

The cable robbed the master mariner of his function as a merchant trader. It relegated him, in the minds of many owners, to the status of a ship conductor. The radio has further linked him with the office desks ashore and in many instances has made him a creature of the whims of others. The shipmasters of the days of the clippers would look with scorn on the status of the shipmaster of today.

These conditions, and they are actual conditions, economic facts, as anyone who cares to investigate may find out, have in no way strengthened the hand of the shipmaster. To the great credit of the old fraternity of the sea let it be said that the low pay, small honor, and meager treatment of the merchant master mariner has not completely wiped away his virtue. The great majority of ship-



masters today, under the conditions cited, remain true masters of the sea, firm and steadfast in their realization of the overwhelming burdens always upon them. A list of the value of the properties they command, the number of lives intrusted to them, and their compensation would make interesting reading.

While the true seaman cannot be warped by poverty, the weak man becomes more weak under the system now in vogue at sea. Captain Carey of the S. S. Vestris presents a study of criminal indecision almost unparalleled in the recorded history of the sea. His apparent fear of incurring a possible salvage charge against his owners may have been a thought that obsessed him. No other reasonable explanation can account for his long delay in signaling for help. Keeping down costs is a sort of holy gospel on many ships of today, and, as the masters have had this drilled into them both by word and fact, the dollar assumes an importance beyond all else.

Captain Carey, who went down with his ship, while not an admirable figure in any way, is also as much of a victim as the smallest child tumbled into the sea by this disaster, based on negligence and stupidity. He was the victim of an inspection, however perfunctory, that pronounced his vessel seaworthy, an inspection made by officers of the United States Steamboat Inspection Service. That service is charged with the most important duties falling to any public servants. It is under the Department of Commerce, lately conducted by a great administrator and humanitarian, Herbert Hoover. Its inspectors, officers charged with duties that directly concern the safety and lives of thousands, are shamefully underpaid. Its powers, especially with regard to foreign craft plying out of American ports, many of them passenger carriers, are limited. The United States Steamboat Inspection Service has many able men saddled with unending duties but almost submerged by official parsimonious blindness. These United States inspectors saw nothing wrong with boats, ports, or gear of Captain Carey's ship.

The stowage of vessels no longer depends upon the master, even indirectly through his mates. Often the officers are merely watchmen and tally clerks. The habitual and constant supervision of the old time ship's officers has suffered in the process of progress. The constant and careful overhauling of boat gear, falls, and tackle is no longer a seamanlike and thorough proceeding. Captain Carey was not personally responsible for conditions such as these, conditions more or less common now at sea. The security of cargo and coaling ports may never be reported formally to the master, by the mate, but much is taken for granted, and on the average, of course, such ports are closed.

The lifeboats are lifted from their chocks and lowered in port, to comply with the letter of the law, but in no adequate way does this assure any degree of skill in their handling. Certificated lifeboat men are created by some mysterious method not directly connected with the actual handling of lifeboats in a sea. Boats themselves, after certain statutory requirements have been met, vary greatly. No tests have been made to determine and insist upon the staunchest form of construction. Boats called "lifeboats," and more properly deathboats, are built in the cheapest way of sheet metal easily punctured and impossible to repair in an emergency. Other boats are simply planked, easily stove in, and are difficult to keep tight when drying out on the boat deck of a ship. The best boats are those built of two thicknesses of stout oak planking, crossed in

diagonal laps, riveted together, and strengthened by heavy waterproof canvas laid between the layers. These boats cannot be stove in except by some extreme force, but they are expensive equipment. Costs and safety to life are often balanced, with the scale inclining toward economy.

And with all of the boat equipment cluttering the upper works of steamers, how little of it can be used! The crews of steamers constantly change, the men never have practice in lowering boats in a heavy sea, they seldom have organized practice in rowing, and almost never lower all boats at one time. Such precautions are too much trouble!

The safety of the million or so of passengers on the sea today is largely a matter of chance. Knowing the terrible risks, the almost insurmountable difficulties, shipmasters alive to their responsibilities grow prematurely old through worry.

Having taken a brief survey of conditions at sea, conditions prevailing on many ships throughout the world, let us follow the S. S. Vestris. She steamed out of the Port of New York, bound for the River Plate, on Saturday, November 10. Her papers were in order, her condition seaworthy, according to certification, this largely a matter of perfunctory detail. The averages, of course, were with her. Heavy seas were met with, it was Sunday, and the vessel took a list. Cargo shifted, she was on her starboard side, her coaling ports were submerged, and one of them, sprung open, or improperly closed, admitted a constant stream of water into the bunker.

Did Captain Carey at once radio the condition of his ship to his owners? If not, what was his object in keeping her condition a secret? He must have realized the danger to his ship and to his passengers. Yet the scant evidence seems to show that Captain Carey held back his S O S, stopped his engines, and attempted to right his vessel. The story of an attempt to bail out the ship, by hand, seems too incredible to believe. The attempt to jettison cargo is hardly in keeping with the tale of high seas. The whole day and night previous to the disaster the S. S. Vestris was in such peril that no explanation seems adequate to account for the silence of the master. Timidity of almost heroic proportions must have gripped him. He must have seen a specter rise before his eye—the terrible specter of salvage costs. Captain Carey seems to have been more afraid of salvage than he was of death, and he certainly had no very great sense of moral responsibility toward his passengers, many of them women and children.

Women and children first! In the bungling experiment of launching boats, the first boats capsized into the sea. The piled-up horror of the picture, of no leadership, no seamanship, no decent foresight under the very shadow of doom must remain an awful daub against the bright record made by British seamen.

This record of the habitual belittlement of the master is no mere figment of the mind. In this state of small rewards and grudging recognition and fear we might find many Captain Careys. The underwriters have figured it all out for us, it is all a business; the premiums are based upon actual percentages, and so you are really quite safe with your women and children, safe to go anywhere in the world today, in comfort and luxury, just as long as you don't sail on an Egypt, a Principessa Mafalda, an Angamos, or a Vestris. Even then you might be safe if you had a master in command who was well qualified for his trust.



# Americans We Like Hunt of Arizona

By MARY AUSTIN

GEORGE WILEY PAUL HUNT began his career as Governor of Arizona the earliest possible moment it could be arranged in anticipation of Statehood. This was in December, 1911. His only lapse from office was 1919-1920, which he spent in recovering his health and acting as Minister to Siam, returning by way of the rest of the world in time to defeat certain proposed amendments to the State constitution designed to wipe out the initiative, referendum, direct primary, and other Jeffersonian prerogatives of the people. There was also a lapse of executive activity in 1917 owing to a mistaken impression on the part of the Republicans that Thomas E. Campbell had been elected, later corrected by the courts. Since which time, except for his absence in the Far East under instruction from his Government, George Hunt has remained in the executive chair.\*

By his political opponents—and some of Arizona's best men have taken the field against him—the Governor is credited with all the political astuteness which a man can carry without upsetting a reputation for courage and honesty which even his opponents do not impugn. Possibly some light is thrown on the situation by explaining that Hunt is a Democrat from Missouri, of South Carolinian Revolutionary stock; that he came to Arizona in 1881 as a lad of twenty-one or -two, hustling for a livelihood when the West was so new, became a cowboy, a mucker in a copper mine, a clerk in a commercial company, emerging about 1900 as its president and a member of the Territorial Legislature. In 1910 he was made delegate to the Territorial Convention, became its presiding member, active in securing the ratification of its constitution which did not altogether please the timid and conventional Taft. It was the opinion of Arizona at that time that the constitution ought to please the President, since it could so easily be made over to please Arizona at the next meeting of the legislature. Accordingly the Territory came in as a State with George Hunt as first Governor. All of which seems to suggest that Hunt may have a native gift for political management.

In any personal study of the man, however, it is quickly evident that such a gift rests upon a native interest in and sympathy with that entity known as the People. The gist of complaint against him is that administratively he seems to be guided by those interests and sympathies rather than by the rules of the game that are known as "economic and business principles." But suppose that interest in and sympathy with human beings is the only admissible excuse for that play of personal quality on group perception which is the mainspring of politics? And suppose that, when the play of personal quality upon group perception is used to advance political dogmas, it becomes merely a play on human prejudices and prepossessions, as seems abundantly proved in the American experiment. Then

the personal quality that can produce such results as George Wiley Paul Hunt's continuing gubernatorial relation to Arizona becomes a primary political interest. To one who believes, as does the writer, that the set of dogmatic behaviors which goes by the name of "economic and business principles" is about as relevant to social progress as the rules of mah jong, people who "play politics" with such "principles" for counters appear about as useful to society as though they were actually engaged in the Chinese game. Therefore the survival of a political type, and enough people in Arizona willing to be interested in him, who without prejudice to his integrity abandons the conventional economic dogma and plays politics on the basis of human interest, becomes at once an object of acute intellectual curiosity. It may be recalled that faith in the political validity of human interest and personal quality were once assumed to be sufficient ground for launching the American experiment. It is only here in our Southwest that the type lingers and reaches its peak in Governor George Hunt.

In part this may be owing to the fact that Arizona is still close enough to pioneer conditions to constitute Hunt's particular personal qualities—courage, honesty, and self-direction—the test of men. Within his sixty-seven years Hunt has been everything an Arizonan can be except rich. Probably no one in American politics grows deliberately rich who is not more interested in the mechanics of the game than in its humanities. Just how astute Hunt may be in the building and management of a political machine must be told by those who have had experience with him; in its final public effect every stroke of his career is seen to be on the side of the humanities. His path is always instinctively in the direction of the Jeffersonian ideal of man as an essentially decent creature of self-governing capacity.

To understand him in relation to these peculiarly Western situations it is helpful to realize that the Governor's formal education ended with the eight grades which ordinarily carry the American boy to his fourteenth year. Later the lack was made up by studious reading of the time-sifted residue of books called classic.

In this manner he escaped that standardization of ideas and thwartings of the natural instinct for his own right way which seems to be the goal of modern education. It is partly owing to the informal quality of his learning that Hunt has avoided that conventionalization of his interests into categories of the "practical" and all others. Anything that people do interests him. Governor Hunt has one of the most complete private collections of Arizona Indian arts and crafts in the State. What he brought back from the Far East were chiefly examples of Oriental handicrafts. He is especially interested in making grow any plant which may prove of use or pleasure to man, and the garden about his home is a horticultural experiment station stocked with contributions from all over the world. He is interested in game laws and the preservation of wild life, himself breeding pheasants and en-

\* Governor Hunt failed of reelection on November 6. He was defeated, in the Hoover landslide, by a few thousand votes, by John C. Phillips, Republican.—EDITOR THE NATION.



couraging others to breed them, and wild turkeys, for the replenishing of the depleted coverts of Arizona. He has been active in resisting the "practical" interests that would destroy the alleged 150,000 deer on Kaibab National Forest Reserve. He has reinstated the elk in his ancient pastures. When the artist invasion of the Southwest began a decade or so ago, Governor Hunt did not know any better than to be interested in that, too, and though there were business men enough at hand to advise him how impractical all that art bunk is, he became an early and persistent buyer of pictures, even occasionally buying them for his State. In precisely the same fashion, without reference to the orthodoxies of professional uplift and criminology, he has interested himself in prison reform. He visited prisons and interviewed prisoners, introducing such alleviations as that for every day of the condemned man's incarceration spent in public works he receives two days' remission of sentence, and that while in prison he may take any preferred course of correspondence-school instruction at the State's expense. The Governor is particularly outspoken against the death penalty and in favor of free speech and a free press. Without getting himself tagged with any of the current captions of radicalism, George Hunt is known as a "friend of labor," and at the same time committed away from all leanings toward state socialism and in favor of early American individualism.

This brings us down to the Bisbee deportations in the summer of 1917. Arizona has vast mining interests controlled largely from Eastern financial centers, with labor for the most part imported from outside, particularly from Mexico. At that time the I. W. W. was pretty well intrenched in the mines massed close to the Mexican border, which the prevailing revolutionary conditions rendered a source of general uneasiness. In July a strike was called in Globe and Clifton, followed in no long time by violence. Big Bill Haywood denied that the strike had been called by his organization, which put the trouble squarely up to the local miners and mine-owners. Woodrow Wilson, who, it may be recalled, had a large uneasiness on his own hands about that time, suggested that George W. P. Hunt be asked to act as conciliator, and Hunt accepted. This was during the eleven months when Campbell was in the chair and the courts were trying to find out who had been elected. Hunt's acceptance was regarded as a source of unnecessary embarrassment to the acting Governor, and with some suspicion, since he was known as a sympathizer with labor. Nevertheless he believed himself to be acting for the good of the State as a whole, and the indications are that he might have effected something; but the matter was taken out of everybody's hands by a Citizens' Protective League which promptly and illegally deported about a thousand of the more or less implicated miners.

The details of that dramatic event are too fresh in the public mind to require recapitulation. Acting Governor Campbell appeared to be powerless, and Hunt was asked by the President to investigate and report upon the deportation. This led to further investigation under Secretary of Labor Wilson. Too late to redeem the situation, it was decided by the courts that Hunt was the duly elected Governor of Arizona. One of his earliest official acts was an unqualified condemnation of the illegal and constitutionally inadmissible action of the Citizens' Protective League, composed of some 1,500 influential citizens.

I have never found it possible in my own mind to reproach Arizona for this rejection of a situation originating within its borders at the instigation of influences and interests outside the State's social consent, and in a brief account of the State's evolution, written somewhat later, refused to allow it more than an incidental value. The point in recalling it now is that the group of citizens responsible for the deportations was the one which makes most public profession of "economic and business principles" in the conduct of politics, that the episode was without force in the reelection of Governor Hunt, and that it has at least one point of resemblance to the present situation created by Hunt's resistance to the Santa Fe Compact in respect to the Colorado River Reclamation Project.

Any complete account of the Colorado River difficulty must wait upon a larger opportunity. Briefly, the seven States with rights of usufruct in the river, meeting at Santa Fe in 1923, agreed to an arrangement by which Arizona, which has less than 2 per cent of its lands outside of the river basin and is in every way most intimately affected, is left competing with California and Nevada for 50 per cent of the benefits of the river's reclamation.

This compact Arizona, with Hunt leading, has refused to ratify, first of all on the ground that it puts Arizona's future, with all its implications, at the mercy of California's immediate advantage. Immense resources of irrigation and power will accrue from the conservation of the river. California is working for a plan which will enable her to put in a claim far in excess of her natural right, a plan which if successful will enable other States to enter the territory of a neighboring State and appropriate its natural resources for their own use without the consent of the plundered State.

The "economic and business principle" upon which this revolutionary proceeding is founded is that California wants and is ready to use these resources much sooner than Arizona, which is not quite so far along in her development. This is a characteristically American and distinctly menacing situation. That our modern business world in the United States is woozy with speed and goggle-eyed with the infatuation of size is a fact all the world knows and deplures. The California project is, in the cult of boosters, a BIG THING, RIGHT NOW. Who in this world has attention to spare for a small-print proposal involving the normal evolution of regional culture on regionally circumscribed natural resources? For one, George Hunt has, and a large following in the State of Arizona. That the Swing-Johnson bill, which is one of California's devices for getting what she wants, opens the door to a use of federalization which is clean outside the original intention of the Republic, or that California appears to be willing to make alliance with Mexico in her proposed rape of Arizona's resources, are items which may or may not interest other United Staters. They interest the Governor of Arizona extremely.

There he stands, the representative figure almost solely aware of the nationally threatening implications of his situation. A man on the further side of middle years, bulky, homely in the old sense of looking the sort of person a deep-rooted racial experience recognizes as a familiar home type, a voice smooth but without insistence, an eye that twinkles easily, evident but not obtrusive lack of health, a manner of great good nature and complete invulnerability. Certainly the outstanding political figure in our Southwest.



## In the Driftway

THE West Coast! Mr. Hoover's visit along that desolate but majestic stretch from the Panama Canal to Valparaiso brings back many pictures to the Drifter: lighters bobbing up and down in the swell of the Pacific Ocean as they loaded or unloaded cargo from the ship lying in the roadsteads of drought-baked ports; kicking, bellowing cattle hoisted aboard by slings; vendors of Panama hats and other merchandise who came on deck at the various stops, gradually reducing their prices as the hour of sailing arrived, until at the last blast of the whistle they almost gave their wares away; piles of yellowish-white blocks along the waterfronts of the nitrate coast representing its unique wealth; beyond all the ever-present backbone of the Andes—5,000 miles of vertebrae the heights of which were lost in gray mist while their base was obscured in windrows of tawny sand sprawling out to meet the sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE West Coast! Among travelers, of course, that never means the Pacific shore of our own country, but only and exclusively that of South America. There were practically no docks along the entire stretch when the Drifter last saw it, and there are few, he believes, today. The ship stopped a couple of hours or a couple of days in the roadstead of various ports while stevedores worked cargo from lighters and passengers rowed ashore to explore the towns. The Drifter traveled on a Chilean steamship with a bluff, hearty English skipper who insisted that the Drifter occupy two cabins and chose him as partner in the deck sports, doubtless because the Drifter's lack of skill showed off the captain's finesse to better advantage. Anyhow the captain always stood by with encouraging advice and his favorite slogan: "Come on now, Drifter. Faint heart ne'er won fat lady." As our ship belonged to a Chilean line but had an English skipper, and carried a good many passengers of the same nationality, we had to conform to the eating habits of both Chile and England. This meant seven meals a day, which was rather strenuous for us poor dubs who were neither Chilean nor English but just neutral trenchers. In order not to offend either side, most of us compromised by showing up for all the meals of both. It may sound impossible, but it's wonderful what sea air and good cooking will do as appetite producers. We began with coffee for the early risers and at eight we sat down to a good English breakfast, beginning with porridge and running through salt fish and eggs and bacon to marmalade and toast. At eleven the gong sounded for the South American *almuerzo*—or breakfast—while at one o'clock we were back at the board for a substantial English lunch. English tea followed at four, at seven there was an international dinner, and at about ten the day was concluded with an English cold supper. When we left the ship at her last port some of us could scarcely squeeze between the rails of the gangway. There was danger that we would have to be dropped ashore like the cattle—in slings.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE West Coast! Mr. Hoover's first large city will be the ancient capital of Lima, just back of the port of Callao. Lima, where the eyes of the women are as soulful as Madonnas and as black as their beautiful *mantillas*, is probably more Spanish than any city left in Spain today.

The Drifter is sure that Lima has not changed in its essential character since he saw it, and probably not much since the days of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Below Lima for a thousand miles stretches the nitrate coast, barren but stupendous. Practically no rain falls on the western slope of the Andes over the entire stretch. No grass, no trees, no littlest redeeming spot of green. But though there is no rain, there is almost no sunshine either. The clouds are always gathering around the gaunt upper tiers of the Andes, though they yield no moisture. Mile after mile of this coast unrolls before one, a wall of parched mountain heights with billows of tan-colored sand between it and the sea. How it is barren, but how, also, it is beautiful! On such a waste of sand sits the city of Iquique, famous the world over for its export of nitrate of soda across the Seven Seas. As if to compensate for nature's lack of verdure, the people of Iquique have painted their houses green. Antofagasta, another great nitrate port lower down the coast, has not been at such pains. It seems utterly dreary, too depressed with itself even to try to recall any distant Eden. Before visiting Antofagasta the Drifter once asked an American drummer what it was like. "If the president of the Anti-Saloon League had to live in Antofagasta for six months," was the reply, "he'd become a drunkard."

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Rumanian Minorities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to sketch the background of the minority problem in post-war Rumania. If the various committees that have gone to Rumania had gone in a less partisan spirit (especially the American committees which gave a proselyting and sectarian Protestant point of view), we might have obtained an excellent monograph on the subject instead of vivacious partisan documents. Is it not true that at a recent meeting the Episcopalian proposal to help progress and reform within the various Greek Orthodox churches was turned down by the unanimous voice of the rest of the denominations in favor of the more militant policy of conversion? We know that the great Protestant churches are out for the continuation of the "Great Reform," which is doubly unfortunate because the protagonists of the "Great Reform" in Rumania belong to non-Rumanian races. Rumania is still governed by the old generation, born and bred in a pre-war Balkan atmosphere of suspicion and fear; and what can they oppose to money and foreign influence if not the organized power of the state?

A second point is the fact that the minority groups are themselves ruled by conservatives who prefer association with the so-called Liberal Party (really conservative) because of sympathy with its economic program in spite of the fact that this conservative, chauvinistic party is obviously inclined to curtail the cultural and other rights of the minorities. The National Peasant Party, on the other hand, has an economic and financial program adapted to the needs of a cooperative peasant state, but this is unpalatable to the leaders of the minorities although it would benefit the minority masses both from the cultural and the economic points of view. The leaders have not hesitated to sacrifice the interests of the masses to their own ends, and have thereby incurred the suspicions of everybody.

The German minority has best established its connections with the administrative organs in Bucharest and has accepted the post-war settlement most sincerely. Issues are still pending,



for the minority treaty requires interpretation, but it has been interpreted most favorably for those that have gained the confidence of the Bucharest administrative organs. The Hungarian minority, on the other hand, looks upon the present situation as "temporary," since the Hungarian Government is pursuing its revisionist campaign abroad. It has failed to establish connections with the Rumanian administrative organs; worse still, it defies them. In such an atmosphere problems cannot be solved nor treaties interpreted. In Rumania there are at least three distinct Jewish minorities, each with its peculiar problems, so that no general solution is feasible. The Jews, too, are organized into a political party, whose leader is a conservative and has backed the present regime, the leaders enjoying the material benefits of the association while complaining against the chauvinistic policy of the same party.

It is possible that in the circumstances the policy pursued by the Jewish minority was the best for itself; the conservative regime in Rumania had been in power for nine years, and it had to be dealt with. We also know that Mr. Filderman, the leader of the Jewish Party in Rumania, was almost blackmailed into allegiance to the present regime by Mr. Duca, the present Minister of the Interior. There were threats that the Anti-Semitic League would not be curbed, as, indeed, it was not. Rather Mr. Fischer backed Mr. Filderman and obtained some tangible improvements in the situation, which, again from the immediate point of view, cannot be denied. Before this the policy of the United Jews of Rumania had been antagonistic to the Rumanian Government, and no tangible results had been obtained. But in the long run minority rights must spring from a more generous and all-pervading progressive doctrine backed by a new mentality. This is the hope that the National Peasant Party holds out. Under such a progressive rule the Jewish question would certainly be improved.

I doubt whether the problems referring to the Hungarian minority can be solved by any party, whether from the Left or from the Right, so long as a feudal government in Hungary encourages them in an attitude of intransigence. No policy, however friendly, would improve the situation until democratic governments are installed both in Hungary and in Rumania. Till then there will be interpretations of treaties, American commissions, investigations, campaigns, declarations, but no solution.

And, since a tale of murder has been repeated in *The Nation* and elsewhere, may I say that the December outbreaks, though violent, left no dead, that the Hungarian dispatches that announced them were denied two days afterward by all the American correspondents, that people on both sides were injured, and, finally, that damages have been paid for the destruction.

New York, October 24

AURELIU ION POPESCU,  
Associate Editor *Independenta Economica*  
of Bucharest, Rumania

## Socialism and Prejudice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the last campaign more than 10,000 clippings referring to the Socialist Party came to my attention. I traveled to the Pacific Coast with Norman Thomas and attended more than half of his public meetings. I saw a great deal of the correspondence which came to National Socialist Campaign Headquarters as well as the many thousands of inquiries which came to the *New Leader*, the Socialist publication. In all these contacts I never found one single substantiation of the statement contained in *The Nation's* leading editorial of this week: "We cannot forget that for most Americans socialism connotes only Bolshevism or anarchy." Only twice have I heard this idea suggested—once in your editorial and once by Mr. Villard in a radio address soon after Election Day.

New York, November 16

EDWARD LEVINSON

[Our expression was perhaps unguarded. But the fact that we meant to bring out, namely, that socialism is utterly misunderstood and damned as dangerous radicalism by masses of Americans, is as true as it is regrettable. *The Nation* will always be ready to protest against this confused political thinking, but it must recognize facts as they are.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

## Catholic Despair

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We, as Catholic Americans, have no voice in this government, since our boys need never cherish the hope of attaining the office of President of these United States of America. I would like it to be known that sixteen members of this family will never put the government to the trouble of counting our ballots, for we will not vote again. The need of another "Boston Tea Party" is our answer.

Brooklyn, November 8

JOSEPHINE COSTIGAN

## Next!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that we have lost the election and the K. K. K., the A. S. L., the Funnymentalists, and the tomheffins are in the ascendancy, along with the priests of Mammon, maybe we will get together and form a liberal party. Or shall we meekly bow our necks?

Boston, November 8

HARRY ENOS ROUILLARD

## Contributors to This Issue

MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER writes a daily financial column for the *New York American* and associated newspapers.

FELIX RIESENBERG, engineer and master mariner, is the author of "East Side, West Side."

MARY AUSTIN, poet, novelist, and critic, lives at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is in the English department at New York University.

BLANCHE BLOCH often gives sonata recitals with her husband, Alexander Bloch, the violinist.

DOROTHY BREWSTER is assistant professor of English at Columbia University.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is coauthor with Morris L. Ernst of "To the Pure . . .," a book on the obscenity laws.

ERNEST GRUENING has just published "Mexico and Its Heritage."

RUTH PICKERING will write a series of articles on the dance for *The Nation*.

KARL RENNER is the former Socialist Chancellor of Austria.

G. E. R. GEDYE contributes to *The Nation* frequently on Central-European topics.

Next Week

*The Nation's*

HOLIDAY BOOK NUMBER



# Books, Plays, the Dance

## Under the Sheen

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

A shadow on the wall  
Burns inward  
Forever.  
Under the sheen  
Dead walls know hunger;  
Door jambs have strong arms for holding.  
Floors take the parting pressure of feet  
Forever.

## This Week

### A Private Letter to H. G. Wells

DEAR MR. WELLS:

Although you do not know me from Eve and as likely as not would disown me if you met me, I am, as you English would say, by way of being one of your daughters. Only in the most figurative sense, of course. Actually I have an excellent father who offered me a cigarette and your novels at almost exactly the same time—when I was about sixteen years old. I imagine he knew I was likely to adopt you as a sort of secondary parent and was willing enough to share the job.

I recall riding in a night train from New York toward the Adirondack Mountains and reading on the way a new novel, "Ann Veronica." Beside me was seated a stout, gray dignitary who knew my family. "Does your father allow you to read that sort of book?" he asked me. "I read them first," I said, "and then I decide whether to allow him to." You can see that the Wellsian influence was already at work. By adopting a new father at that viscous age I took shape gradually in his image: pert, undignified, irreverent, headlong, hopeful, ready to alter everything including myself into almost anything different.

And not only I. By the same process, a whole generation of cocky, iconoclastic young men and women came into being. Of course, you were not our only father, Mr. Wells. There were others, particularly Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Shaw. Together you formed a sort of Unholy Trinity, a symbol of all that seemed daring and wicked and promising in those pre-war years. So much of us was bound up in you and your creeds that when Virginia Woolf with her thin sharp knife quite recently unfleshed your bones, we felt the blade along our own nerves and shrank slightly—even while we admired her deft and hardy courage.

But you were the most energetic and intimate of our fathers. You covered so much ground. You opened so many doors. You delighted and excited and angered us. You offered us all the world in tempting cans with lively labels: Socialism, Free Love, Marriage, Education, World Organization, and H. G. Wells's Patented Feminism—Very Perishable. Down they went. And gradually, on this varied if not always digestible diet, the children grew older.

You know what happened; it often happens to the better sort of fathers. You stayed just exactly the same

age; but we grew up. For long periods we stopped associating with you; then we would run into you again. "He hasn't changed in ten years," we would say admiringly; or, "He doesn't seem a day older. How does he do it?" The war came; and there you were being intelligent, hopeful, inquiring about the war. The Russian Revolution burst—and you were there as the sparks descended. You launched a religion or two and unhorsed a couple of rather worn-out deities. You wrote a history of the universe. You condensed it. You sniffed the smoke of the General Strike, and wrote "Meanwhile." Then, not long ago, you began to map the future, the whole future, to visualize more completely the organizing of the race, the creation of a social purpose, the international control of the collective interests of mankind. In short, you wrote a book on What to Do About Everything, and promised several more to follow. And in the midst of this project you took time out to write a very pleasant sort of novel or fantasy with sermons attached, called "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island"\* which brings us down past the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

So here you are, right to the minute, with ideas, humor, plans, romances, charts, slogans, energy, erudition, religion, science, hope. . . . And where are we—the generation you so obviously and inescapably begot? Some of us are dead—because people didn't listen to you before the war began. The rest of us have grown skeptical. We smile paternally every time a new book by you appears and we read one of them now and then if it isn't about religion. We smile and then we go on as we are—expecting little, doing less, seeing and understanding somewhat more. We have lost most of the brash impetuosity and expectant eagerness that characterized our pre-war years. We are not even as pert as we were. War and revolution and peace have combined to make us wary of programs and dubious of collective purposes, especially those developing from the enterprise of "stronger and better men" than we. We are the Mr. Blettsworthys of your world, Mr. Wells. You tell us, out of the mouth of your latest personal spokesman, Mr. Graves, that "this world is full now of enterprise. Confused, conflicting, disorganized, aimless, if you like, but here it is. . . ." We grant the enterprise; it has created an exciting and in some ways a pleasant world. But how much of it is being spent on organizing the equitable distribution of rubber and oil and cotton and coal or in intelligently planning for peace? Such organization may be attempted one day, if the Western World holds together, but not, we suspect, because wise and strong people "are feeling their way; making their plans." Rather because great pressures produce slight shifts.

Still, don't let's argue about that; it would take all night. Let us agree to differ. Let us admit that you are young and we are old and the generation that is just behind us is older still. Let us admit that, from your point of view, your children didn't turn out very well. The truth is, I've been disagreeing with you ever since I adopted you. First about feminism; then about marriage; then about religion. And now about everything. (Particularly, I think you did the natives of Rampole Island a serious injustice; only the seamy side of primitive customs seems to attract your attention.) All in all, I should say that this state of universal disagreement between us proves that you are the ideal father.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

\* Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.



## Franz Schubert

*Franz Schubert.* By Newman Flower. Frederick A. Stokes. \$5.

WHEN, twenty-six years ago, the late Henry T. Finck reviewed Heuberger's biography of Schubert in the columns of *The Nation* he commented upon the growing recognition of Schubert's exalted rank among the great masters as "one of the most noteworthy phenomena in the musical world today." Since this was written there has been a steadily increasing interest in everything concerning "the little man who was a giant," culminating this year, the centenary of his death, in all manner of celebrations, memorial concerts, monographs, and biographies both here and abroad.

Newman Flower's interesting work includes much new material made available by two years of research. In his foreword he disclaims any attempt to deal critically with Schubert's music. His aim is to present a picture of the man and his circle, and this he has done with a wealth of detail and as completely as his temperament allows. But the perfect Schubert biographer must be more in sympathy with the Viennese spirit than Mr. Flower has shown himself to be. The "beloved city of song," joyously, sentimentally celebrated by countless of her children, receives none but harsh words from his pen. "Art was dead." "Life moved in the slow, dread circles of fear." Surely this is not the smiling Vienna of Schubert and Schwind, of the "Drei Mäderl Haus," and Grillparzer's "Eternal Bride," the city that Spohr called the capital of the musical world and Sir William Henry Hadow compared with Periclean Athens.

Schindler said of Schubert that his life presented neither hill nor valley but an open plain. In attempting to heighten the interest of a story almost devoid of external incident the story-teller must be sorely tempted to dramatize, even to distort, unimportant details, and Mr. Flower, it seems to me, errs in persistently creating tragedy where probably none existed. He quotes Schubert's well-known letter to his brother Ferdinand as an example of his acute suffering in his student days at the Konvikt. "In a torment of hunger," says Mr. Flower, Franz begged his brother to send him a few groschen a month for apples and rolls. Other biographers have used this same letter to prove that even as a boy Schubert possessed a sense of humor.

"It is doubtful," says Mr. Flower, "that Schubert realized the measure of his tragedy." Doubtful indeed! Surely a life filled to overflowing with a never-failing spring of melody, with the consciousness of genius and the adoration of a brilliant circle of friends, to say nothing of the congenial coffee-house evenings, must have presented compensations far outweighing any lack of public recognition. If Schubert had been as deeply concerned as his biographers with his own success, he would probably have done something about it. He might have been director of the Opera if he had been willing to alter one of his scores. Those to whom success is important are usually ready to compromise. Schubert refused. He might have had help from Weber if he had not been unnecessarily frank in expressing his opinion of "Euryanthe." The first public concert of his works was received with such enthusiasm that a second was demanded. He never arranged it.

In all fairness, it must be admitted that Mr. Flower is not alone in his estimate of Schubert's unhappiness. My quarrel with him lies in the fact that he too seems to have failed to grasp the exaltation that must have filled the inner life of a man whose constant companion was beauty and who could compose seven songs in a day.

Aside from this lack, Mr. Flower's book must be of unusual interest to every Schubert lover. He casts significant light on many disputed questions, notably the love affair with Caroline Esterhazy, and he absolves Salieri from all blame in losing his pupil the Laibach appointment. He also offers a new version of the circumstances attendant on the composition of

"Hark, Hark, the Lark." Special mention must be made of the portrait reproductions, especially the beautiful Teltscher which serves as frontispiece. It is a pity that the names of the artists, many of them members of the "Circle," are so often omitted.

BLANCHE BLOCH

## The Wild Goose

*Orlando. A Biography.* By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

"MY name is Brown. Come and catch me if you can." So the novelist, according to Virginia Woolf when she is speaking as critic, is perpetually solicited by some Brown, Smith, or Jones, and launched on the pursuit of character. Success in the pursuit is the test of his achievement. Mrs. Woolf's Brown has appeared in the guise of the Rachel and Jacob who perished young, the Mrs. Dalloway who found life still exciting at fifty, the Mrs. Ramsay who died in a parenthesis; and now he steps forth as Orlando, hero-heroine, who dies not at all, but spans the centuries from Queen Elizabeth to Thursday, October 11, 1928—at that moment aged thirty-six and a lady. And now we know what we have suspected for some time—but Mrs. Brown in the corner of the railway carriage led us astray: that Mrs. Woolf is not seeking to capture characters, but life. The characters serve her often very well; but when they don't, an empty house in the Hebrides, or a mark on the wall will do. Orlando at any moment of his surprising career is no more alive than his historic house, where "the light airs which forever moved about the galleries stirred the blue and green arras, so that it looked as if the huntsmen were riding and Daphne were flying." Yet life escapes after all. When Orlando's lover swoops down in his plane on the last page, there springs up over his head a single wild bird. "The wild goose," cries Orlando. The wild goose that had haunted her ever since she was a child. "There flies the wild goose. It flies past the window out to sea. . . . I've seen it here, there, there, England, Persia, Italy . . . always it flies out to sea, and always I fling after it words like nets, which shrivel as I have seen nets shrivel, drawn on deck with only seaweed in them. And sometimes there is an inch of silver—six words—in the bottom of the net. . . . But never the great fish who lives in the coral groves." There is much more than an inch of silver in the nets Mrs. Woolf draws in, and the seaweed comes from the gardens of Poseidon, or from those enchanted frozen depths where during the Great Frost in England shoals of eels lay motionless in a trance, and the old bumboat woman sat with her apples in her lap, ready to serve her customers, and only a blueness about her lips hinted the truth.

What can one say of such a book, except that its fantasy is delicious, its poetry exquisite, and that the images into which its scholarship is distilled make one often catch one's breath with delight? One could solemnly explain that such and such an image—say the ice floes, with their fantastic human cargo, carried out to sea on the turbulent yellow flood that followed the Great Frost—meant this and that about Elizabethan life and letters. Better do as Mrs. Woolf does when Mr. Pope is pleased to be witty in a salon: "the little gentleman said. He said next. He said finally," with a footnote that these sayings are too well-known to require repetition. Let all the changes that the long-lived Orlando witnessed be suggested by the lovely image: "High battlements of thought, habits that seemed durable as stone, went down like shadows at the touch of another mind, and left a naked sky and fresh stars twinkling in it."

Exploring the stream of consciousness is still the salient feature of Mrs. Woolf's technique. But Orlando has hundreds of Mrs. Dalloway's moments; Jacob's room has become a mansion of a thousand chambers; and the river up which Rachel



drifted is the stream of English life and thought for three centuries and more. Orlando experiences almost everything but birth and death—unless you call his change of sex birth or death: love, happy and defeated; desire for fame, disillusionment that turns him from men to dogs and nature; ambassadorial splendors; profound meditations on his high hill where the oak tree stood about which he wrote his secular poem; the joy of creating material beauty all about him, the urge to seek the strange and exotic, and the yearning to come home again; pleasure in the society of wits and relief in the honest company of prostitutes; the thrill of being a man and pursuing, and of being a woman and refusing and yielding; the comfort of black silk knee-breeches, and also—but no, there was no comfort for Orlando in Victorian crinolines. For it was then that she found it difficult to become one with the spirit of the age, though she did, passing Buckingham Palace one day, become blushing aware of the masculine dress she had been amusing herself in, and fled home, to wrap herself in a damask bed quilt and sit down to a dish of muffins.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

## Fustian—Not Faustian

*My First Two Thousand Years: The Autobiography of The Wandering Jew.* By George Sylvester Viereck and Paul Eldridge. Macaulay Company. \$2.50.

OF all the legends which have fascinated humanity there is perhaps none which gives more scope for the creative imagination than that of the Wandering Jew. For precisely that reason it can be expected to prove the most treacherous to any artist who is not absolutely of the first rank. If it is treated at all with historical realism, it presents the most delicate problem of selection. It is fundamentally a Faustian theme complicated all the more by the time element. But if even Goethe made himself a little absurd in translating Faust's superhuman ambition to comprehend the whole of human destiny largely in terms of one Teutonic maiden, it is surely not to improve matters to add a thousand and one additional maidens including Hindu, Mohammedan, and Chinese.

It is exactly this, however, that the ambitious George Sylvester Viereck and Paul Eldridge have seen fit to do in pursuing the autobiography of Isaac Laquedem. The adventures of the Wandering Jew, covering the last two thousand years of world history, taken all in all, are supposed to constitute what the authors in the persons of their puppets call "the erotic interpretation of history." The method used to precipitate the story is to have the Wandering Jew stray into an old abbey in Greece where he is made to reveal his secrets in the course of a lengthy psychoanalysis conducted by some scientists who happen to have taken refuge there. And, assert the authors modestly, "Laquedem's analysis constitutes a complete mental chart of civilized men." May one be so rude, however, as to refuse to take "the erotic interpretation of history" to mean that all the history of Western Europe is to be explained by the exigencies of the Wandering Jew's *jousts d'amour*? He has two thousand years hanging heavy on his hands, and naturally a girl is ruined in almost every chapter. One needs an adding machine to keep track of them all. "Unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged" can be too much of a good thing. Nor is the "complete mental chart of civilized man" supplied by showing Nero fiddling while Rome burns, or Charlemagne in the throes of rheumatism, or Luther in the act of gulping a seidel of beer. Mr. Edgar B. Davis, angel of "The Ladder," will no doubt be interested to learn that many of the characters, historical and unhistorical, appear in many reincarnations. The halfpenny cynicism in which the authors revel is of the type which results from a protracted adolescence.

The greatest mystery of it all is that the authors, if not the book, come commended, however guardedly, by no less per-

sons than Sigmund Freud, George Bernard Shaw, and Havelock Ellis. We hear that they have worked for over a decade upon the present opus but we nevertheless think that it has been prematurely published. We shall continue to prefer our Eugene Sue with all his faults. The first two thousand years seem to be the hardest.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

## A Black Epic

*Toussaint L'Ouverture.* By Leslie Pinckney Hill. The Christopher Publishing House. Boston.

IT is subtitled "a dramatic history." Its form is blank verse, with occasional rhymed and prose passages uttered by the Haitian and French characters of "a drama not intended for the modern stage." In his foreword Mr. Hill reveals his purpose to refute the error taught Negro youth "that the black race has no great traditions, no characters of world importance, no record of substantial contribution to civilization." "The withering moral effects of this teaching," he says, "can hardly be computed."

In selecting *L'Ouverture* as his subject the author calls attention to the very considerable achievement of the father of Haitian liberty and its larger part in the independence of the New World. And he casts Toussaint (to whom Wendell Phillips assigned a place in history above Washington) in a gigantic mold, in the grand manner of opera and pageant. In consequence a certain classical unrealism is found in the lofty sentiments and language which flow from the hero's lips, as when he is made to say:

... but this fox  
Demurred, and piled a Pelion of affront  
Upon an Ossa of disloyalty.

The influence of Racine is clearly noticeable—and of Shakespeare, in such typical passages as this:

TOUSSAINT ( . . . in dreamy soliloquy)

To be a leader! What is that to be?  
To stand between a people and their foes  
And earn suspicion for a recompense;  
To care for men more than they care themselves;  
To keep a clear discriminating mind  
Between the better counsel and the best;  
To be a judge of men, that none may rank  
In estimation higher than his worth,  
Nor fail of scope to prove his quality;  
To search the motive that explains the act  
Before it is accounted good or bad;  
To trust a man, and yet not be dismayed  
To find him faithless, going on again  
To trust another; to build failure up  
Into the tedious structure of success;

The witches in "Macbeth" clearly inspired this rendering of the incantations of the voodoo conjure women:

Take this talisman—a skin  
Of the plantain: here within  
We have wrapped in fleecy cotton  
Charms of wonder, rank and rotten—  
Henbane, hyssop, cactus needles,  
Seven sorts of sharded beetles,  
The tail of a lizard, the dung of a goat,  
A slice of the iguana's throat,  
Sweat from thirteen quadrupeds  
And hair from seven human heads.

Yet one must not gather that Leslie Hill's "*Toussaint L'Ouverture*" is a miscellany of adaptations. It has a dignity, a majesty, and a unity all its own. Whatever its technical form it is an epic. It endows the tragedy of Toussaint, of Haiti, of the colored race, with new vividness and coherence.

ERNEST GRUENING



## Books in Brief

*Trade Associations: The Legal Aspects.* By Benjamin S. Kirsh. Central Book Company. 1928.

The author's training as Special Assistant to the United States Attorney in New York gives this book a direct value for lawyers representing trade associations. Cost-accounting methods, interchange of patents, foreign trade and collective purchasing functions are discussed in a practical manner in the light of the confused state of the law. *The Nation's* readers will regret the omission of discussion of the existing warfare between trade associations and trade unions.

*Bonnet and Shawl.* By Phillip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

Mr. Guedalla writes in a milk-and-water Stracheyese that does his six women less than justice. He is too brief, too insistently enigmatic and ironical, he will have his little joke if not at the expense of the women themselves then at that of their husbands. Each of the women described—Jane Welsh Carlyle, Catherine Gladstone, Mary Arnold, Mary Anne Disraeli, Emily Tennyson, and Emily Palmerston—was married to a sort of genius; as a result each had more than her share of the seamy side of human relations. And the multiform characters that resulted—the strength, the nobility, the patience, the petty spite, the conniving, even the hypochondria—seem beyond Mr. Guedalla's pen.

*The Complete Works of François Villon.* Translated with an Introduction and Notes by J. U. Nicolson. Illustrations by Alexander King. Two volumes. Covici, Friede. \$20.

Villon is very much in the air just now, and this new complete translation of his poems, including all the doubtful pieces that have ever been scraped together, is welcome. Mr. Nicolson, after an engaging introduction, gives us Villon both in the old French and in his own English, so that we may follow him in his effort to render the famous vagabond in appropriate terms. The effect is most of the time gaily and delicately successful; Mr. Nicolson's stanzas have spirit and flavor, and in the case of the rougher poems his language is the most honestly bawdy that we have in connection with Villon in English.

*Pensées and Letters of Joseph Joubert.* Translated with an Introduction by H. P. Collins. The Broadway Library of Eighteenth-Century French Literature. Brentano's. \$4.

Joubert's "Thoughts" are among the subtlest and most gently penetrating of their kind. Mr. Collins's edition of them fills a definite need for those English readers who hitherto have known Joubert only through Matthew Arnold and others brought now and then in the nineteenth century under his spell.

*American Negro Folk-Songs.* By Newman I. White. Harvard University Press. \$5.

Probably the most copious and fully annotated collection of its sort to date. Mr. White's work comes as a climax to the labors undertaken during the past decade or two for the purpose of recording the American Negro's achievement—already, as Mr. White makes clear in his preface, a matter of history—in the creation of folk-poetry and music. This is a book for specialists, since only they could appreciate the fragmentary nature of many of the exhibits; for them it will prove invaluable.

*Famous Prize Fights.* By Jeffery Farnol. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

Mr. Farnol was hardly the man to tackle such a sordid subject as this. He visions the broad highway of pugilism as a pleasant path along which saunters a procession of impeccable heroes, from Entellus to Dempsey. Nor is his sentimentality lessened by his twittering, chirpy style.

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# The Dance

## Doris Humphrey and Others

**A**LREADY, early in the season as it is, two or three dance recitals are filling as many theaters every Sunday night. Last year there were over sixty during the winter. It is a curious phenomenon, not yet fully explained. The performers insist on giving their programs against great odds. Though the vaudeville houses are open and unmolested, an organization called the Sabbath League consistently invokes an ancient blue-law against these unprotected dancers and, unless they prove that part of the proceeds is destined for charity, the recitals are threatened by police raids. Hence recitals are financially a liability, in spite of packed houses. Some of the dancers are backed by rich friends, but most of them save money from teaching or a vaudeville tour or a musical-comedy engagement to buy the costumes, music, and theater for this single Sunday-night effort which will show the public what dancing, undefiled by comedy acrobatics and unrelated pirouettes, means to the artist. Since the theater is theirs only for the day, the entire rehearsing, particularly of the lights, must be done during the eight hours before the opening curtain. As a reward for his efforts (aside from the artistic satisfaction) the dancer gets a tiny paragraph review in some of the Monday morning papers, probably a photograph in the Sunday rotogravure section (for dancers take far more interesting photographs than actors), and, if the enterprising Broadway manager who may be in the audience sees a certain amount of technique and not too much individuality, he may possibly get a future engagement in a show, which will help clear the deficit.

Nevertheless the Sunday-night recitals persist, in some cases, in offering to the public sheer, gay or tragic, exquisite beauty of movement, ranging from that dancing which verges on pantomime—as in the work of Angna Enters, Agnes De Mille, Charles Weidman, and less inevitably Martha Graham—to pure dance design as with Michio Ito and Doris Humphrey.

So far this season we have seen Benjamin Zemach of the Moscow Habima at the Yiddish Folk Theater with Ito assisting, Doris Niles's elaborate production of ballet and Spanish dances, Grace Cornell in her American debut, Hasoutra, again with Ito's help, and, most distinguished of all, Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman on October 28 at the Civic Repertory Theater.

Doris Humphrey, though differing from both, belongs in the Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis tradition. Their revolt from the stiff conventionality of ballet became known, more or less inaccurately, as "interpretive" dancing. It is a loose term indeed, for what dancer does not interpret? Even the despised ballerina translates a set musical score into movement. But by its constant use the word "interpretive" has come to describe those dancers who use simple costumes which reveal body designs rather than conceal them; whose scenery detracts as little as possible from the projected choreography; whose ballet technique is well hidden if there is any at all; and who emphasize the flow of motion outward from the center of the body rather than extraneous muscular development of arms and legs. Motion is determined by the mood of the music, rather than by any pictorial or story-telling adaptation. The revolt arose from the despair these dancers felt in the lack of grace among the ballet-trained whose exacting technique led to hard crystallization in design, and its consequent inapplicability to natural human gesture. In spite of this, there is something to be said for ballet training (where else, for instance, is to be found the breath-taking defiance of space that the Russians know?) but it need not be said here in the face of the simple, fine beauties of Miss Humphrey's performance.

Though Miss Humphrey did some solo work, notable among

her individual dances being her "Papillon," which she has danced many times before but which, for gaiety and grace continues to rank with the loveliest of lyrical dancing, yet her chief artistic interest is in group expression. Here her work resembles that of Mary Wigman in Germany, though Miss Humphrey has never seen this dancer. The most distinguished and the most complex display of group design was in Miss Humphrey's "Color Harmony," the music for which was especially written and orchestrated by Clifford Vaughan. Three colors, red, green, and purple, represented by three groups, danced their color mood, and the conflict was harmonized, in the end, by white (danced by Mr. Weidman) which absorbed the warring hues. The intellectual idea was just sufficient to give a kind of meaning, but the moving arrangements of the three groups to the music allowed beautiful threaded mass effects.

The most experimental venture of the evening was the "Water Study" by the ensemble, unaccompanied by music. A few years ago while still a pupil of Miss St. Denis, Doris Humphrey arranged a design without music. But in this, as she admits, her conception was wrong and the effect not that of a finished whole, but merely of a composition from which the music had been lost. Her new "Water Study" stands alone. In this choreography Miss Humphrey has pictured water in its every flow, from the slow swell and ripple to the breaking high waves of foam. So exactly was the representation followed in the cooperative body movement that it was wonderful in its analogy. The wave beat seemed to give it sufficient rhythm to suggest design beyond the mere imitation of nature, and the result was a thing of dramatic beauty. It was wholly successful. But whereas Miss Humphrey had in her first experiment relied on music for her inspiration and basic design, so here she relies on natural phenomena to copy. Schematic movement alone has not therefore been proved a created entity as yet; it is not yet wholly abstracted. In the recital which Miss Humphrey will give in the spring she plans to attempt pure abstract movement without musical or pictorial pattern.

La Argentina, who came to us recently from abroad and gave her first performance at the Town Hall on November 9, suffered none of the disabilities and inconveniences related above—except the one misfortune that she had to dance in the Town Hall, which is wreathed by the aura of too many political discussions to be the ideal theater of the dance. Her manager, her costumes by Callot, her international publicity achieved for her an enthusiastic, boiled-shirt audience. If this is said with what may appear bitterness it is not meant in any way to slight her brilliant rendition of Spanish dancing, but only out of sympathy for those native dancers whose worth is also high but whose path is less generously strewn with roses and chrysanthemums.

Just as Callot, in the decorative costumes, based her inspiration on Spanish dress but deviated at will from the authentic, so Argentina confines her line and movement to the Spanish mold but translates them into her own forms. The two outstanding attributes of Spain's dances—that high, proud bearing of the head and the use of castanets—she carries to perfection. Her castanets are not just clacking metronomes, but add music and mood to her dancing. Nevertheless these instruments mark the dance as Spanish, and personally I preferred Argentina in those compositions that were more universal in appeal. In the Fire Dance from the ballet "El Amor Brujo," to music by de Falla, which was a rhythmic ritual for driving away evil spirits, the primitive motions and emotional fervor of Argentina exorcised the devils of traditional form and dress, and one could hear the Santo Domingo Indians tramping out their corn dance on the desert of New Mexico. In her peasant dance of the province of Toledo, particularized as it is in the program, the gaucherie and will to gaiety were typical of the peasant from anywhere. The exaggerated pantomime in this number was the one serious flaw in Argentina's performance.

RUTH PICKERING



## Drama

### Amateur Night

THE production of "These Days" (Cort Theater) brings the reviewer face to face with one of those mild mysteries of the contemporary theater which leave him pleasantly puzzled. Before the innocuous little play has proceeded very far upon its way he has already ceased to wonder how it is going to come out in the end, but he has begun, on the other hand, to ask himself repeatedly how it happens that it was ever allowed to come out at all. Mr. Hopkins, its sponsor, is one of the shrewdest as well as one of the most accomplished of our producers, and doubtless he had his reasons for treating it like a real professional play; but what can they have been? Perhaps he did so in order to please some doting father or perhaps he had some other motive which does equal credit to the goodness of his heart, but he can hardly have believed either that it had any chance of success or that it was good enough in itself to justify a financial sacrifice in the interests of art.

"Boarding School Girls. By One of Them" would be a far more comprehensive and descriptive title than that faintly sinister appellation, "These Days," which the comedy bears. There is, to begin with, a scene of a Pullman car in which the heroine is shown reading the *American Mercury* in order to establish the fact that she is much more than the fluffy-headed little thing one might mistake her for. This scene is followed by several (quite the best of the play) which introduce us to the secrets of Miss Van Alstyne's select finishing school for girls where the *Mercury*-reading heroine eludes the watchfulness of the presiding dragon and flies through the window with her own true love—a young man who attributes his conspicuous and romantic daring to the fact that his father was an actor. Since this young man is a really nice young man who not only stipulates that they shall stand on their own financial feet but holds up the elopement until he has extracted from the girl a satisfactory answer to the question "What is love?" no further trouble was to be expected and the point of the play seemed directed against the insensibility of boarding-school mistresses. But the third and last act are laid in a hotel on the Riviera, and this is where "these days" come in. It seems that the heroine had been suffering all along from the corrupting effects of a too lavish upbringing as well as from the defects of the finishing-school atmosphere. And here we find her being very hectic in very fast company. It seems further that she has left her husband (the divorce is delivered by mail in the midst of the scene), and in hysterically scornful tones she is telling them all what a joke it is that for a year she was content to live on fifty-dollar dresses and love.

Now, if the early scenes are realistic enough to suggest that the author had been in a boarding school this last act is absurd enough to prove further that she has only recently left it. There is a decadent young man who proposes to take the whole company to the morgue by way of giving them a wicked thrill, there is a dramatic moment when the heroine dashes a champagne glass to the floor, and there are all sorts of lurid touches which can have come only from Michael Arlen at his best or Somerset Maugham at his worst. Of course, everything turns out well in the end and the curtain goes down upon our heroine as she is sending a cable to the actor's son, but not until a schoolgirl's idea of the dregs of life has been drained to the last bitter drop. There are touches of observation in "These Days" and there is some real though distant promise, but to produce a play so obviously immature on the professional stage is to do a very doubtful kindness to the author. Miss Clugston—for such is the young lady's name—seems capable of recording what she has seen, but though she may have

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paid a well-chaperoned visit to the *côte d'azur* it is evident that she has observed the wicked only from a safe distance.

The Sixty-third Street Theater (renamed the Coburn in honor of its present occupants) is now housing a revival of "The Yellow Jacket," that phenomenal pseudo-Oriental fantasy which was first produced sixteen years ago and has outlived every other American play of its time so far as contemporary stage possibilities are concerned. A sort of American "Turan-dot" it appeals to the spectator—now through the inherent charm of a simple fairy tale and now through the humor of its gentle burlesque upon the stage conventions of the Chinese. Certain scenes like that supposed to take place in the pleasure-

boat on the river achieve a real beauty and create an illusion by naively unrealistic methods; certain others are merely pleasantly childish; but the piece, when produced as well as it is at the Coburn, is unfailingly diverting. All sorts of solemn theories have been deduced from its success, and it has been used to prove that all serious realistic drama is damnable and that the theater should return to the frank make-believe of the children's playroom. The evidence is a little slender, particularly in view of the fact that "The Yellow Jacket" is half burlesque, but, happy accident though it is, there is no reason why it should not go on amusing people for generations yet to come.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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# International Relations Section

## Ten Years of Austria's Republic

By KARL RENNER

*Vienna, October 31*

**T**HE word "Austria" has two meanings for the world at large. For 400 years it meant a great World Power. From 1526 until 1918 it stood for the mighty empire on the Danube which was built up by the German princely House of Hapsburg out of the German Alpine countries, the Lands of the Bohemian and of the Hungarian Crown; and for a time it included also northern Italy and a part of Poland. This great Power broke up in 1918 under the hammer-blows of the Allied armies. The Czechs, Hungarians, Poles, and Jugoslavs formed their own states, and the inhabitants of the German Alpine districts on the Danube (the original family property of the Counts and Grand Dukes of Hapsburg) were left high and dry, deserted by those who for four centuries had shared with them good and evil fortune.

Not only was this country left overnight with no guiding hand and no future; it was flooded with disordered troops streaming back, horrified and bitterly angry, from the Italian front. What was to happen to these German provinces—what was to be the fate of their inhabitants? History will one day record that only the Social-Democratic Labor Party did not lose its head, but found a way out of the chaos and took the lead.

It was primarily owing to the impulse given by this party that on October 21 all German deputies of the old Austrian parliament assembled in Vienna and declared themselves to be a provisional representative body for the German parts of Austria—that is to say, representative of "Deutschösterreich." They decided to form its inhabitants into a separate state and to set up an independent government. It was a revolutionary action; there was no alternative. The National Assembly formed a committee with full powers to draft a constitution. On November 12, 1918, the Constituent National Assembly adopted the provisional constitution, and declared that all the German lands of the old empire now formed the German-Austrian Republic.

In this notable assembly sat also representatives of German South Tyrol and of the German territories of the present-day Czecho-Slovakia. These territories also by the free voice of the people declared their adherence to German Austria. Had the right of self-determination, as proclaimed by President Wilson, been allowed to have effect, these territories would today form part of Austria, which would have a population of at least 10,000,000. But German Austria, though only one-eighth of the old Danube monarchy, was condemned by the Peace Conference of St. Germain in 1919 to bear alone the war guilt for the whole and (what was of much more evil effect) the war debts. South Tyrol was given to Italy and more than 3,000,000 Germans to Czecho-Slovakia, so that there remained only a tiny state of 6,000,000, nearly one-third of whom inhabit the capital, Vienna. Thus there was created a state form unfitted to live at all, with a capital—the fourth largest in Europe—

having practically no economic hinterland. The frontiers are drawn at thirty miles distant from this capital! It is precisely as though Paris with a few neighboring departments were to be cut out of France, deprived of access to the sea, surrounded with high customs walls, and declared to be an independent state. The country thus created was forbidden in the Treaty of St. Germain to unite with the other Germans of Europe in a common state, despite the fact that for centuries Vienna herself was the capital of the empire of the Germans.

All the greater difficulties with which the Austrian Republic has had to contend during these ten years can be traced back to these unhappy provisions of the Treaty of St. Germain. At the foundation of the Republic on November 12, 1918, the Constituent National Assembly declared unanimously: "German-Austria is a part of the German Republic." Union with Germany was immediately adopted as the national program. It was not national chauvinism which led the Social-Democratic Labor Party to put forward the demand for union, but the knowledge that Austria could not and cannot exist by herself. But such anxieties were simply brushed aside at St. Germain.

During the first two years of its existence the republic (1918-1920) was governed by a coalition of Social Democrats and Christian Socialists. At the elections held in the autumn of 1920 the Social-Democratic representation was weakened and the Christian Socialists secured a majority. From 1920 until today, eight years, the country has been ruled by the bourgeois party bloc, headed by the Christian Socialist Party and its leader, the priest Ignaz Seipel. This bloc secured the majority—though on each occasion a smaller one—at the two elections of 1924 and 1927. The bourgeois bloc government was at the start strongly influenced by monarchist propaganda and by the neighboring country of Hungary, where the throne was upheld and reserved for the Hapsburgs. Bit by bit, however, the republican idea has grown stronger and today predominates in bourgeois circles also.

The terms of the St. Germain peace were ratified in 1919 by the Coalition Government. From 1920 onward the bourgeois bloc has been solely responsible for foreign policy. Austria entered the League of Nations and through the mediation of Geneva the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Seipel, secured the so-called League loan for the rehabilitation of the state finances and the stabilization of the currency. For five years the country has had the benefit of the stable Schilling currency, though it has never obtained relief from the general economic crisis. Many factories still stand idle—the number of unemployed is, for so small a country, simply terrifying. Still is the country shaken by social crisis following social crisis.

Despite this economic depression, the Social-Democratic Labor Party in Austria has managed to keep the workers uninfluenced by Communist propaganda. Bolshevism found no soil to grow in Austria. Nevertheless, Fascist movements have arisen of recent years under the influence of the Italian neighbor, their leaders fired by the example of Mussolini. Heavy industry has equipped from its financial resources armed bands which threaten the working-classes and seek to sweep away the social-welfare measures created by the Social Democrats and to abolish democratic government in order to replace it by an abso-



lutist regime. The working-classes have prepared for resistance and have formed a body which, if unarmed, is of a semi-military character for the protection of the republic—the Republikanische Schutzbund (Republican Defense Corps). There have been frequent collisions between the two formations, and again and again have workers been shot down by the Fascists. When, in July, 1927, the courts acquitted the Fascist murderers of Schattendorf, there was an entirely spontaneous and unexpected outburst on the part of the working people of Vienna, who marched into the Inner City, surrounded the Palace of Justice, and could not be persuaded even by the Social-Democratic leaders to withdraw. When the Palace of Justice was set alight, the police came into action and shot dead nearly a hundred of the demonstrators.

The events of July 15 stirred up the passions of all parties. The Fascist formations were strengthened, and the Republikanische Schutzbund also received fresh recruits, since the working classes are resolved to defend the republic by every possible means from the counter-revolution. The government of the priest Seipel has avoided taking any action which might have modified the differences between the two groups. Thus it was that on October 7 last the two formations marched out in full force and it was only as the result of the most extraordinary precautions that a clash was avoided.

The Austrian Republic celebrates on November 12 the tenth anniversary of its creation, although the grave problems which beset it remain unsolved. Its economic existence is still problematical, the future of the state uncertain, enforced independence the great hindrance to union with Germany, and social peace endangered. At the moment all political parties are endeavoring to celebrate in peaceful accord the anniversary of the foundation of the republic, but this accord should deceive no one. Austria constitutes an unsolved problem of European politics.

## Austria—Enter Fascismo

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Vienna, October 31

AUSTRIA constantly voices her need of publicity, but owing to the lack of unity among her various provinces, rarely secures it in the measure she needs and deserves. The events at Wiener Neustadt, described in *The Nation* of October 24, certainly brought fulfilment to her desire for publicity, though in a peculiarly malicious form. So much so that after the event there was a certain amount of recrimination as to who was responsible for securing publicity in this undesired form. The Socialists pointed to the callousness toward Austria's suddenly developed stream of tourist traffic shown by the Heimwehr (Fascists), who insisted on marching 20,000 men from other provinces through the predominantly Socialist, industrial town of Wiener Neustadt, a bare thirty miles from the capital. Certainly nervous guests left in shoals, and, remembering that during the riots of July 15, 1927, visitors were isolated for four days in Vienna and that American visitors missed their boats, one cannot consider a premature departure on the days preceding the Wiener Neustadt demonstration as other than a wise precaution. Newspapers of the Right which had done

as much as anyone to create panic by loud demands for big military contingents to go to Wiener Neustadt, and also for Vienna to be well guarded by troops and police, suddenly discovered after the event that all the alarm had been a Socialist maneuver to force the hands of the Government. Reproaches were leveled at the heads of foreign newspaper correspondents in Austria for "exaggerating" the dangers by those who did not stop to consider where there could have been room for further exaggerating the perils of a situation which induced Herr Vaugoin, the Minister for War, to move to Wiener Neustadt nearly one-third of the Austrian army, including artillery detachments, in order that both Socialists and Fascists might shake their fists at one another at the public expense across a barrier formed of the public forces.

Austria is to be congratulated on having escaped the threatened explosion on this occasion, but *en passant* only—one need not waste much breath on congratulations over the escape from a peril which ought never to have arisen. The danger was at last brought home to Austria when from various quarters abroad, which are never other than well-intentioned toward this generally popular little nation, came veiled or open warnings that a country whose Government was unable or unwilling to prevent so lamentable an exhibition and so purposeless a waste of money as the Fascist-Socialist marching and counter-marching in Wiener Neustadt offered no very tempting security to the foreign investor. The warning was certainly kindly in intent but quite naturally was received with resentment by the Viennese, who, as Hermann Bahr, that merciless psychoanalyst of his countrymen wrote, "meekly accepts everything unless anyone tries to help him. Then, indeed, he defends himself."

What is the nature of this Heimwehr force which has suddenly written its title across the front pages of the world's newspapers and has procured for Austria the same undesirable publicity which the July riots obtained for her last year? Sometimes it is described by a literal translation of its title as "Home Defense Corps." A statement issued to the foreign press to the effect that the Heimwehr "had never been intended for use against foreign countries" emphasizes the looseness of the translated title as a description of the force. Strictly speaking, however, the communiqué was inaccurate, since the Heimwehr originated in many parts (Carinthia, Styria, and Lower Austria, for example) as a "Home Defense Corps" to resist the Slovene and Hungarian invaders after the war. But that aspect of the force has long ceased to have any meaning. It is now an internal weapon designed purely for use by Austrians against Austrians.

I have heard objections raised to the application of the term "Fascist" to the Heimwehr. Though obviously not literally accurate, I think that the word suggests to Anglo-Saxon readers at any rate something very close to what the Heimwehr really means. Much could be said of the probable reluctance of some of its supporters to see Austria placed under such a regime as that of Signor Mussolini, but the touchstone is that the Heimwehr is an extra-parliamentary political weapon. It would meet with the unqualified approval of Signor Mussolini, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Duke of Northumberland; it must be condemned by every believer in parliamentary methods—or, as its supporters here and abroad would put it, by everyone who makes a fetish of the ballot-box. Some of the Fascists will assure you that they are not opposed to the working-classes, that they do not



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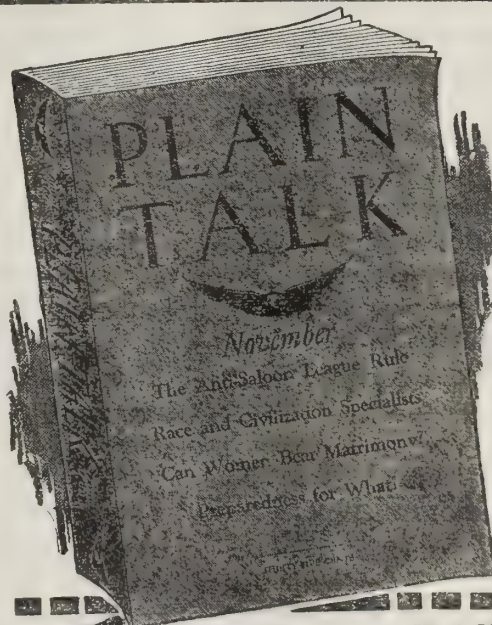
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desire to paralyze socialism, that they only wish to break what they call the "Red Dictatorship" in Vienna. The truth is that the Heimwehr is largely an expression of impatience at the toughness of the Socialists' resistance to all attempts to weaken their power, which has often been abused but was indubitably acquired and is maintained through the ballot-box.

No complaints about an alleged system of rewards for party faith in the allotment of municipal posts, no allegations of "conscience-pressure" (*Gewissenszwang*) can alter this fact. The forces behind the Heimwehr are many, and powerful. Austrian particularism, the dislike of the provinces for the capital, of the peasant for the townsman, of the devout Catholic for the Social Democrat, who the priest tells him is Anti-Christ—these furnish the nucleus. The assiduously propagated legend of a great "Bolshevist-plot" having been at the back of the rioting of July, 1927, gave the spur to the revival of the Heimwehr. Austrian industry, seeing a chance to curb the power of the "Red" trade unions in the factories and to build up an anti-strike force, made a special levy among employers to provide the Heimwehr with ample funds. The malcontents with the Republic—the young men of the professional, semi-professional, and official classes—deprived of their prospects of a career since the collapse of the monarchy, rushed to the "colors." The anti-Semites fell into line—indeed, they and the class last mentioned are largely identical, for as the corresponding social orders do in Germany, they allude to Austria as the "Juden Republik" and attribute all the sufferings consequent on defeat and dismemberment to the same cause to which their ancestors in the days of Margarethe Maultasch, "the Ugly Duchess," attributed the plague—to the Jew.

The Heimwehr cannot be considered the army of the bourgeoisie in the sense in which the Republikanische Schutzbund, the Republican Guard, is the army of the Socialists, largely because of its anti-Semitic character. The big bourgeois-Jewish section of the population of Vienna has, indeed, been glad to use the name of "Heimwehr" as a threat to scare the Socialists, but the revelation that the notorious German Fascist leader, Major Waldemar Pabst, was the moving spirit behind the Austrian Heimwehr came as an unpleasant shock to these people. This man's connection with political assassinations and with the Kapp Putsch in Germany is undisputed; his attitude was simply that as the German Republic was the result of Jewish-born revolution, all attempts by any means to upset the Republic amounted to fighting on the side of dispossessed law and order. Such are the ideas which have been imported from the ultra-Nationalist German secret societies and the desperate "Baltic troops" to inspire the Austrian Heimwehr. Obviously they must be unacceptable to many of the Christian Socialist Party with its backing of Jewish bankers. These little suspected that behind the eminently respectable, if somewhat bombastic person of Dr. Steidle, the official head of the Heimwehr, was concealed (under a false name) this German Nationalist desperado, until the Socialists published a number of extracts from their own secret dossiers concerning the Heimwehr at the time of Wiener Neustadt.

Does the Heimwehr contemplate "a march on Vienna"? I do not see how any reasonable person can doubt that at least they envisage the possibility of this, for Dr. Steidle himself has threatened something of the sort in far clearer terms than ever Mussolini employed to prophesy the "March on Rome." If they do not, wherefore the hidden stores of

rifles, machine-guns, and howitzers? Wherefore the steady rifle practice and machine-gun practice of which anyone with his ears open may often become aware during week-ends spent in quiet corners of the Austrian provinces? Wherefore the recent artillery rehearsal in Tyrol?

With the example of Mussolini and the Vatican before his eyes, it is impossible to believe that a great clerical statesman like Dr. Seipel wishes to place Fascism in control of Austria. Those who nicknamed him as "Austriehelieu" and think of him as a quite remarkable Roman Catholic after the pattern of the great French cardinals, with the interests of the Roman Catholic hierarchy always in view, are probably not far from understanding the man who has guided the destinies of the Austrian Republic almost continuously since its birth. If this is so, then Dr. Seipel need not be expected to cease using the Heimwehr as a useful auxiliary in his fight against Social Democracy so long as he believes that he can advance his general policy by its aid. For that matter, if it would be possible for him to detach and use a section of the Social Democrats to crush the power of Dr. Otto Bauer, Dr. Seitz (the Mayor of Vienna), Dr. Julius Deutsch (the organizer of the Republikanische Schutzbund), and other of his principal opponents, he would doubtless have no scruples about doing so.

The Austrian Chancellor did not create the Austrian Fascist movement, but his action in the matter of Wiener Neustadt has given it such encouragement that one may, perhaps, be permitted to employ the appropriate though well-worn simile of Frankenstein and his monster. How long will the Heimwehr (which immediately after its rebirth in 1927 indulged in rebellious mutterings against the Chancellor) consent to remain a pawn on the Chancellor's political chessboard? Major Waldemar Pabst does not give the impression that he will consent to become any man's catspaw. From the official utterances of Heimwehr leaders, one can prove anything. At one moment they have spoken with the voice of the turtle, at another with the threatening growl of the tiger about to spring upon its prey: in their case, Vienna. Supposing they do spring without consulting the Chancellor, who can hold them in check? The officers of the army and the police are being taught that the enemy is to the left. Many of them are secret, some of them open sympathizers with the Heimwehr.

The Social Democrats, as the Heimwehr and the Chancellor himself must know, are practically powerless in the moment that a Fascist coup d'état is attempted. It is not merely a matter of inferior armament, though that is important. You cannot conceal batteries of howitzers—machine-guns and rifles only with difficulty—in a city where a vigilant police force is neglecting no chance of discovering and seizing them. It is a far more simple proposition to conceal extensive stores of heavy armament in the remote ravines of the Tyrolean, Styrian, and Carinthian Alps from a gendarmerie which, it may be suspected, can on occasion peer through its telescope with a casual eye. The Republikanische Schutzbund is well disciplined—that is to say, it stands under good trade-union discipline. The Heimwehr consists largely of ex-imperial officers and non-commissioned officers, ingrained with the iron discipline of a great army. But the real power of the Heimwehr, of course, is the power of blockade. The Socialists are in strength only in the cities, and the only city of importance on which they can count is the capital, Vienna. For their enemies to cut communications and starve them into submission would be



child's play compared with the alternative of the town-bred Socialists pursuing their mountain-bred opponents into the crannies of the Alps. The certainty that a Fascist coup which was not immediately successful—and Vienna could obviously resist for a few days—would mean invasion and partition of Austria will, one may imagine, act as a restraining force on the Heimwehr. But their ranks are permeated with fanatics at least as irresponsible as the most extreme Socialists.

Meanwhile, the Chancellor has stated in the clearest possible terms that he is not prepared to accept the Socialist proposal for simultaneous disarmament and disbandment of the illegal armies, both of the Left and of the Right, as it stands. He insists on coupling with this a revision of the powers of the trade unions in the workshops, and a cessation of the obstructionist tactics of the Socialists in Parliament. Unless the Socialists will agree to this, he intends the Heimwehr parades to go on.

In his fighting speech to a party meeting on October 23, the Chancellor, referring to the Socialist peace offer and to the so-called "Disarmament Conference" (what an opéra bouffe, that such a thing should be needed in little Austria, which could resist no invader, and what a tragedy that in a couple of sessions it should prove abortive and collapse), Dr. Seipel said:

The Socialists' peace offer would have led to a more rapid success, did we not know them so well. . . . I was certain that there would be no civil war in Austria on October 7 . . . for the reason that I had determined to employ the necessary number of police and gendarmes and of Herr Vaugoin's troops. If the Socialists desire a real peace they must first of all cease to be a party with a guard in-

dulging in military marches. Then they must abandon the war which they have aroused since July 15 (the day of the Vienna riots) last year against the forces of the state police, gendarmerie, and army. So long as I am not assured, not that the Socialists are not afraid, but that no one need fear them any longer, there will be no peace and no disarmament in Austria!

It seems not unfair to treat this as a frank statement by the Chancellor that he intends to retain the Heimwehr as a reserve weapon, not only until the Socialists disband and disarm their own militarized force, but until they abandon their feud against the police (of a feud against the army, I can find little trace), whom they accuse of brutality in Vienna in July, 1927.

It is deplorable that the bitter memories of that terrible tragedy should be kept alive as they are by both the Socialists and by their opponents. The continued personal onslaughts on Herr Schober, the Police President of Vienna and an ex-Chancellor of the Republic, as a bloodthirsty murderer by the Socialists, who rule the city, make the worst possible impression, for whatever else may be true in the Socialist allegations as to the behavior of the police on that occasion, no one but the most fanatic partisan really believes that this gentleman is a lover of bloodshed. These considerations, however, are really outside the scope of this article, which seeks only to make clear the continued perils of the situation in Austria and the definite adoption by the Christian Socialist Party of the dangerous weapon of a Fascist-like militarized body to enforce a change of Socialist Party tactics while declining to consider the simple proposition of mutual disarmament.

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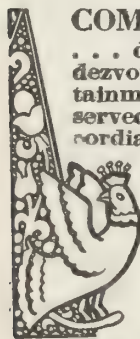
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Monday, Dec. 3—Mark Van Doren—"Cervantes."

Wednesday, Dec. 5—Norman Hilberry—"Line Spectra and the Atom."

Thursday, Dec. 6—E. G. Spaulding—"Recent Developments of the Mechanistic View: Bohr, Einstein."

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# The Nation

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1928

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**L**YING IN THE PRESENCE of seven United States Senators is a personal privilege, but lying in the presence of eight United States Senators is a crime. That is the ridiculous conclusion to be reached from the acquittal of Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, who was tried for perjury after contradictory testimony before the Senate Oil Investigating Committee concerning his receipt of stock of the notorious Continental Trading Company. Justice Bailey of the District of Columbia Supreme Court, who presided at the Stewart trial, instructed the members of the jury to acquit the defendant if they decided that less than a quorum—eight Senators—had heard Stewart make his alleged misstatements. So Stewart goes free on a legal technicality which

is not only flimsy but in contradiction to legislative practice and the whole intent of our perjury laws. Probably nine-tenths of the legislative committee work at Washington in recent years has been accomplished by committees with "telephone quorums" consisting of a small minority of Senators actually present and the remainder of members in the vicinity somewhere ready to come in an emergency after telephoning their assent to proceeding in their absence. Senator Norris well says that such decisions as that of Justice Bailey "have made our jurisprudence the laughing-stock of the world." Incidentally we recall the fact that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., announced several months ago that he was going to dislodge Colonel Stewart from his position as executive head of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, but the colonel is still on the job. How about it, Mr. Rockefeller? Have you forgotten your high moral resolve to cleanse the oil industry?

**W**INTER IS COMING ON, slowly but inevitably. And evidently nothing that man is likely to do can prevent, as an unavoidable concomitant of winter, the Mississippi from rising and overflowing its banks. It does not matter that dwellers along the river have not yet recovered from last year's disastrous floods, houses have not been rebuilt, crops have not been harvested, the burden of suffering and hunger and debt is still heavy on the inhabitants of those counties along the great river's banks. The river is rising none the less. The river with its tributaries always rises, and it nearly always overflows. From Missouri, from Kansas, from Illinois, even from Kentucky come the familiar stories of high water, threatened or accomplished inundation of rich farm lands, a score or so of persons drowned by the rushing waters. And meanwhile the President has not thought it necessary to call Congress to consider the question of flood relief, nor would such action result probably in any but the old platitudes and an insufficient appropriation for temporary assistance. We have no adequate policy for dealing with flood waters. With characteristic American extravagance we had rather spend money every year for relief to flood victims than devise a method of controlling the turbulent waters so that they would not again overflow. Our policy has been to build, in the most haphazard and desultory way, a sort of concrete wall to bind the Mississippi into its bed. Competent engineers think that such a system will never be successful; the river will always rise above its walls. Proposals to make artificial run-offs to carry the surplus water do not find favor with Congress. But no attempt has ever been made to consider the problem as a whole, to make provision for the future. And meanwhile, the waters rise.

**F**ACTS ARE SLOWLY EMERGING from the welter of accusation and cross-accusation that accompanied the sinking of the *Vestris*. As the official investigation proceeds, as the first hectic questioning of witnesses gives place to a more reasoned examination by men familiar with the ways of the sea, the tragedy takes shape more clearly before our eyes. Blazing headlines that hinted a reluctance to permit the sending of an S O S on the part of the Lamport and Holt



officials were wrong; suggestions that radio messages were suppressed were wrong; statements from understandably hysterical passengers that the crew was almost to a man a set of miserable poltroons were wrong. Yet a few unhappy facts remain, and they all point to an unexplicable hesitation and incompetence on the part of the commander of the ship. Why did not Captain Carey send out his S O S twelve hours sooner, when his ship was evidently in the gravest danger? Why were lifeboats launched from the port side of the ship when the starboard side was almost in the water and would have presented a much less difficult feat of launching? Why was not the crew, under the captain's firm direction, ordered to man the boats properly, with a suitable number of officers and men in each, instead of embarking in the most haphazard fashion imaginable, sometimes with only four men in a boat designed for forty? Why were two boatloads of women and children left dangling in mid air until the ship turned over and dragged them into the sea? These questions will never be answered. They can be entered in the column under Human Error, Human Weakness, Human Unpredictability. Captain Carey had for forty years been a capable and sensible seaman. In a dreadful emergency his competence and his sense deserted him. This is the most melancholy fact in the whole sad business; for what precautions can safeguard people from such a possibility?

THE NOTION of a State and federal construction reserve fund to be used in time of unemployment is not particularly new, but it gained fresh authority when Governor Brewster of Maine presented it to the New Orleans conference of Governors with the indorsement of Herbert Hoover. Economists, labor leaders, and Socialists have been urging such a reserve fund for many years, and they have been supported by such official pronouncements as that of the President's Unemployment Conference of 1921. Governor Brewster's suggestion would lead to a reserve fund totaling about twice the amount spent each year for public construction. This would be approximately \$3,000,000,000 for State and federal governments, since the amount now spent on public construction by such bodies is \$1,500,000,000. The difficulties of persuading forty-eight State legislatures and forty-eight Governors to increase taxation in order to create such an emergency fund are enormous, but the educational value of the suggestion is obvious. Even if the State and federal governments do not create a reserve fund for construction work in advance of the emergency, they may be persuaded to undertake this work through bond issues after a crisis has arrived. Moreover, the presence of unemployment reserve funds in the federal treasury and in a few State treasuries would be a valuable factor in preserving that business confidence which is the best preventive of unemployment.

WE SAID LAST WEEK, on the authority of the Associated Press, that New Zealand had voted to license liquor in place of prohibition. The Associated Press has since issued a correction saying that at the recent election New Zealand voted to continue the licensing system already in effect. Astonishing and disquieting figures have been issued from Washington on the expense of pretending to administer the Volstead Act: \$225,000,000 is the total; \$25,000,000 is the prevailing annual toll. The yearly cost of maintenance of the Department of State is \$16,000,000;

of the Department of Commerce, \$30,000,000; of the Department of Justice, \$24,000,000. And the cost of prohibition is mounting so steadily and so fast that government officials refuse to predict what it will be in ten years. Only by the most wilfully and fatuously blind can it longer be denied that prohibition as now administered—the "noble experiment" of Mr. Hoover—is not a success. Nor does this mean necessarily that the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed. But it does mean that a large proportion of the people of the United States openly and with impunity disregard one of the laws of the land, that thousands of American citizens make their living by breaking that law, and that millions are annually poured into the leaky sieve of enforcement without avail. Prohibition in nine years has passed the experimental stage; it must stand up to be judged, and whatever the remedy—whether repeal, modification, or real enforcement—only its blindest partisans can fail to see that the subject should be submitted to a referendum of the American people.

ALLIED STUPIDITY in the Rhineland goes on apace and will continue to do so as long as the occupation continues. George Glasgow, who writes on foreign affairs in the English *Contemporary Review*, is our authority for recent incidents. The Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission drew the attention of the German Government to the fact that the Graf Zeppelin had flown over occupied territory without having obtained permission to do so; whereupon the German authorities in Coblenz explained with an expression of regret that the commander of the Zeppelin had taken the airship over occupied territory as a result of an "error of navigation"! Mr. Glasgow also relates that the Burgomaster of Königstein had a bandmaster play the German national anthem without asking leave to do so, and was sentenced by the British Summary Court at Wiesbaden to pay a fine of 100 marks or go to prison for two weeks. These incidents would seem humorous if they were not so tragic. When will the Allies learn that the shedding of blood may not be confined to the victim when the pound of flesh is collected?

MOVED BY SUGGESTIONS from Mr. Kellogg, and with his help, Nicaragua and Colombia have settled an old dispute over the islands facing the coasts of those countries and ceded to the United States the right to maintain naval bases, which had already been established upon several of the islands. Colombia, on the basis of old Spanish jurisdiction, claimed the entire Atlantic coast of Nicaragua, several small islands facing it, the San Andres Archipelago, and Great and Little Corn islands, which latter two under the famous Bryan-Chamorro treaty Nicaragua made over to the United States as coaling bases. Nicaragua questioned the rights of the United States in regard to several small keys (Roncador, Quitasueño, Serrana) upon which we had erected lighthouses and defenses to the approach of the projected Nicaraguan canal. Under the agreement just concluded Colombia relinquishes all its claims except to a few small islands, cedes to the United States marine-base rights over some of these, and receives fishing rights in the surrounding waters. Nicaragua keeps sovereignty rights over her own coast, the San Andres Archipelago, and Great and Little Corn islands, giving to the United States the right to maintain the naval bases on the two latter which had already been erected on doubt-



ful authority. Boundary disputes are always a good thing to clear up, and it is well that we have been helpful in settling that between Colombia and Nicaragua—even if we did feather our own nest rather handsomely in the neighborly gesture.

CAN IT BE that American undergraduates are at last coming to realize the unimportance of being earnest about a football victory? We were moved to that hope when the news came from New Haven that only 500 out of 5,000 students at Yale had attended a football rally to create enthusiasm for the Yale-Harvard game. We wonder if the loyal tenth were miserable, cringing freshmen who came because they were afraid to stay away. On the platform before vast stretches of empty seats a famous football coach waved his arms and talked gloomily about the Yale spirit. Out on the campus and in the students' rooms the repositories of this divine afflatus moved about their business as usual. Perhaps they were thinking that a victory in showing, running, and booting a football scored by eleven Yale men over eleven Harvard men had nothing more to do with the Yale spirit than a victory by the White Sox has to do with the spirit of Chicago. At any rate they stayed away from the football rally even when a band and a parade marched across the campus to Woosley Hall in the attempt to seduce them with noise.

PROSPERITY—WHAT IS IT? What is this much-boasted-about, little-analyzed, less-understood phenomenon which seems to have been the inexorable power behind the great avalanche of votes that rolled Herbert Hoover to victory? Is it the profits in Wall Street gambling or the melons cut by some of the great corporations? Is it real-estate subdivisions littering the countryside with badly planned rows of vacant lots and occasional cheaply built houses? Is it bread and circuses—motor cars for the middle classes, radios and seats at the movies for even the poorest workers? Is it a reality or a legend? Is it merely a matter of bookkeeping and paper profits? Perhaps we are on the edge of a heart-to-heart talk among ourselves about this curious manifestation. Virgil Jordan, chief statistician of the National Industrial Conference Board, may have started the ball rolling by some surprising and unflattering remarks about prosperity. Speaking before the National Founders' Association—and he must have jarred his audience—he hazarded the theory that prosperity was merely a state of mind. Money, he said, was accruing to those who were catering to new wants of the population and supplying it with luxuries, but the basic industries—the raising of food, the mining of coal, the making of cotton and woolen clothing—were suffering from worldwide depression.

THERE HAS BEEN NO YEAR since the war, or even in our previous history, according to Mr. Jordan, when "the overworked word 'prosperity' has had less real and definite meaning."

This country is now firmly in the grasp of a prosperity complex which has been gradually and insidiously built up during the last few years. Prosperity in the present situation is rather a state of mind than a fact susceptible of demonstration either by statistics or by actual experience among business men or the general public. In larger part, it is an illusion created by extraordinary

financial conditions, by exceptional activity in production of certain types of goods, by radical changes in the organization and methods of manufacture, by changes in methods of distribution, and by shifts in the living habits of the urban population. These changes have been carried forward on a powerful tide of inflation, so that their significance and the problems they raise for the future have been submerged and obscured from public attention.

Some of us may begin to suspect next that our boasted "increased standard of living" adds more to the complexity and burden of living than it does to its quality; that it is as true today as when Thoreau said it that "Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts of life, are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind."

ALTHOUGH *THE NATION'S* astronomical expert is not in the office as this paragraph is written, we venture to estimate that the center of the universe is 258,532,712,000,000,000 miles from Arkansas. Professor Harlow Shapley and his associates of the Harvard Observatory have at last located in the constellation of Sagittarius the elusive spot which is supposed to be the magnetic focus of our system of stars. We, it seems, are near the edge of things, but nobody knows just where the jumping-off place is located. Beyond our universe may be other universes—no comfort for the monists can be found anywhere. There is something incalculably cold-blooded in these astronomers who can toss off lightly a statement that we are a few quadrillion miles away from that Bosom of Omnipotence where our forefathers thought we were. No wonder our Arkansas kinsmen are afraid of these men. While they are measuring the distances between stars, their brethren in the field of physics have learned to use light waves so accurately in measuring an object that the measurements are subject to an error of not more than three-one millionths of an inch. Some day they may be able to measure the mind of a fundamentalist.

THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN! Is it possible, as the newspapers say, that he has just died? Most persons had thought of him as dead for many years. And in a sense he had been. He retired from business activity twenty years ago, and for the last decade his name, once on the lips of every commentator on financial news, had hardly been heard in a public way. It is poetic justice, perhaps, that when our so-called "captains of industry" quit the steering wheel they are forgotten quicker and more completely, regardless of their wealth, than almost any of the persons who people for a day our crumbling halls of fame. Mr. Ryan bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange at the age of twenty-three, and amassed an enormous fortune in a lifetime devoted to the mere manipulation for his own profit of the wealth others had produced. He was never a producer, a distributor, or in a creative sense a financial organizer, and in a sane economic system he would not have been conceded his board in a water-front lodging house. Yet he was a man of real talent, pursuing what he regarded as the wisest course in life, and he was wasted by his fellow-men quite as much as he exploited them. It is the fashion to call him a leader in a more ruthless finance than we know today. The fact is he was only a little more frank. The men of his time had not learned to conceal their ruthlessness behind a polite pitter-patter about service and patriotism.



# An Open Letter to Owen D. Young

DEAR MR. YOUNG:

YOU have achieved by your own ability a very important, almost a commanding position in the field of electrical engineering and manufacturing. Your valuable public services have confirmed the high opinion held of you by public and press—the latter attributes to you the chief credit for the creation and adoption of the Dawes Plan which has done so much to restore and to sanitize Europe. You have repeatedly shown independence of action in the political world, as when you heartily approved of Governor Smith's water-power policy in the State of New York. On more than one occasion you have shown your understanding of public rights in the field of electrical power enterprises in sharp contrast with the point of view of many others affiliated with what has come to be known as the super-power trust. You are, therefore, deservedly ranked as an unusually liberal and public-spirited head of a great corporation.

It is precisely because you have this reputation and standing that we address ourselves to you in this public manner in relation to present conditions in the power industry. We refer especially to the revelations as to the underhanded attempt to make and control public opinion in this country in favor of private ownership and operation of public utilities which are dependent upon electrical power. The public has learned—not from any muck-raking press campaign, but as a result of the official inquiry conducted by the Federal Trade Commission—of far-reaching efforts to influence the press, the pulpit, the school, and the university. It has already been shown that the power lobby was prepared to spend more than \$400,000 during the last session of Congress. The National Electric Light Association alone spent more than \$250,000 for propaganda; thirteen geographical divisions disbursed \$237,300; not less than \$700,000 was disbursed by twenty-two State and regional bureaus created by utility corporations, operating hand in glove with the National Electric Light Association, the American Gas Association, and the lobby in Washington. In addition millions have been disbursed for advertising in the newspapers, much of which has plainly been inserted for the purpose of controlling editorial opinions.

If any proof were needed of this, it is to be found in a letter written by J. B. Sheridan, manager of the Missouri Committee on Public Utility Information, to C. H. Gallo-way of the Continental Gas and Electric Company of Omaha, Nebraska:

I am much interested in the very handsome little ad. which the Maryville Electric and Power Company is running in the Missouri newspapers. When all is said and done it is the advertising that counts. The fact that Carl Thompson [head of the Public Ownership League of Chicago] has received practically no notice in the Missouri newspapers is, I believe, due to the fact that the Electric Light and Power Company are good customers of the newspapers. It is not easy for anybody to bite the hand of a good customer.

So shameful has been the subservience of the press to this insidious form of bribery that this same J. B. Sheridan wrote a letter to an editorial friend thanking God that

there was one man who would not yield himself. It is significant, too, that this same Mr. Sheridan received a letter from John W. Colton, editor of the *American Electric Railway Magazine*, in which the latter said:

The thing about the utility industry that disgusts me is lying, thieving, faking, and downright evasion of trust or violation of trust that marks the progress toward enormous wealth of the so-called big men in the industry. When I see some of those fellows waving the flag, I am filled with not only disgust but rage, for they are anything but patriots.

You will not have forgotten, Mr. Young, that interests closely connected with you stood behind E. Hofer and Sons of Salem, Oregon, to the extent of \$80,000 a year for sending out matter to the press opposing government and municipal ownership, attacking labor unions, and criticizing "radical programs" for the relief of the farmer. Mr. Hofer testified before the Federal Trade Commission that he had succeeded in getting 3,000,000 column-inches into the papers to which he sent this matter during 1927—more than 20,000 newspaper pages.

Now, as Senator Norris has pointed out, public-utility concerns have the right to state their case in public, provided that they do so in an open and above-board way. If, however, they hire Governors of States to sign articles favoring them and their policies, the public has a right to know why the Governors signed and who wrote the articles. Again, Senator Norris is on indisputably sound ground when he points out that the millions that have gone into this propaganda come in the last analysis from the consumers themselves, and are one element in the failure of the electric companies to reduce the rates. You will certainly not deny that the subsidizing of school officials and college professors, and the editing or suppression of textbooks, is entirely contrary to the public welfare; that if it should be undertaken by other industries it would poison the whole atmosphere surrounding public questions.

You will recall, without our reminding you, the fearful scandals of a similar nature connected with the insurance business which were exposed by Charles E. Hughes, with the result that there was prompt government interference with this private business and the establishment of public control of insurance companies. It will be amazing, indeed, if the disclosures in Washington do not result in the creation of a federal commission to control public utilities and at least to insure the publication of their expense accounts. It is because you must be aware of these things, and because you in your person have seemed to stand for a different policy and attitude toward the public, that we are appealing to you to come out against this whole procedure. With other men in the industry who are like-minded, you could well join in a public statement which would reassure the public to some extent and would put you on record as being opposed to the corruption that has been revealed, and as being more than ready to clean house from top to bottom. In the earnest hope that you will take the leadership in this matter we are,

Yours very truly,

THE EDITORS OF *The Nation*



## Boston Protects Itself

THE producers of "Gods of the Lightning," after a short run in New York City, decided to take this "Sacco-Vanzetti play," as it has been called, to Boston. The officials there, we understand, have the authority not only to stop a play which offends the law but to close for a period of time the theater in which it is produced. It is customary, therefore, for theater-owners to insert in their contracts a clause by which the producer undertakes to indemnify the owner in case his theater is closed. Hence, Hamilton MacFadden, before taking "Gods of the Lightning" to Boston, submitted the manuscript to John M. Casey, Chief of the Licensing Division, to learn what the official attitude would be. The latter passed the play along to the Corporation Counsel, Frank S. Deland, for an opinion. And this is what he got:

In compliance with your request this department has carefully examined the manuscript of the play "The Gods of the Lightning" [we preserve the spelling used in the city of learning] with a view to advising you as to the course to be pursued by you.

Unless changes are made in the various passages of the manuscript wherein the name of the Lord is used in such a manner as to be obnoxious to any one, whether he be believer or otherwise, and which in many instances borders on the blasphemous, you would in duty be bound to recommend to the statutory board or officials who pass upon the suspension of theater licenses that the license of any theater which allows this performance to be shown in this city be revoked if such passages were allowed to remain after a first performance in this city.

There are also many passages in this manuscript that are so condemnatory of our government, its form, its practices, and its officials, both national and State, that it would require but a little stretch of the imagination to term them anarchistic and treasonable. The whole play, it seems to me, is an attempt, while depicting the recent trial of Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts, to bring into disrepute our judicial system and our judicial officers, especially those officials who participated in the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. It is unfair to them and only tends to hold them up to ridicule and to unfairness. It is in reality a dishonest attack upon our courts and our judicial system. I do not believe it is worthy of a place on any American stage, more especially a Boston stage. In my opinion the producers should be notified that their play does not meet with your favor and probably will not meet with the favor of the statutory board on licenses in this city.

Mr. Casey forwarded a copy of this letter to Mr. MacFadden with a brief note saying that the Corporation Counsel's "opinion in no manner differs from the conclusion I had arrived at."

This is as one might expect. The Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy is not dead, as the State of Massachusetts hoped it would be long before now. Indeed it is a more living issue today than a year ago, and the action of the Boston officials is the natural response of frightened, crawling little bureaucrats in the circumstances. *The Nation* discussed "Gods of the Lightning" in its issue of November 14 (page 528), and in our opinion the charge of blasphemy is in no way warranted and has been trumped up to give a technical basis for action. On the other hand, the complaint that the play ridicules the courts is amply justified. So is the ridicule. Nothing needs to be more ribaldly pooh-poohed, more merci-

lessly held up to the scorn of decent citizens, than so-called American justice—a stupid, archaic, doddering hocus-pocus of pious humbug and downright corruption which in one part of the country tortured for seven years and then murdered two friendless, moneyless aliens and in another has failed to convict of crime a single principal in the stinking oil frauds of the Harding Administration.

But even if the ridicule of "Gods of the Lightning" were unjustified, the authors of the play, Maxwell Anderson and Harold Hickerson, are entitled to express their opinions in Boston or anywhere else in the United States without interference from mob-fawning political job-holders. We hope a way may be found to put on "Gods of the Lightning" in Boston. The city officials will probably stop it, and if the courts uphold the action, the public will have new and dramatic proof that all the vitriol of the play is justified.

## Hermann Sudermann

HERMANN SUDERMANN, the internationally known novelist and playwright, died in Berlin on November 21 at the age of seventy-one years. A few hours later his publishers announced that the most famous of his novels, "Frau Sorge," had sold some three hundred thousand copies (an almost unprecedented number for Germany). Yet in spite of the fact that he was also author of one of the most successful plays of the nineteenth century, he died a much embittered man who had seen the critical acclaim with which he had formerly been greeted gradually replaced by persistent disparagement.

Sudermann, born of humble parents and deprived of the advantages of formal education, passed, like Ibsen, from a chemist's shop to journalism, but there was something fateful in the fact that his first and triumphantly successful play, "Honor," appeared in 1889, which was also the year of Gerhart Hauptmann's first drama, "Before Sunrise." At the time the two men could hardly have guessed that they would be rivals. Sudermann's fame immediately rose to very nearly its highest point while that of Hauptmann remained relatively slight. But over a period of ten years the positions were gradually reversed. Though he continued to write plays (there are a score in all), some of which achieved great popularity, critics fell into the habit of contrasting Sudermann's theatrical adroitness with what appeared to be the greater sincerity of the rising star. Superficially the two men belonged to the same school. Both dealt with the social problems of their time and both appeared as champions of liberal ideas, but Sudermann was accused of sacrificing truth in the interest of striking theatrical effect, and he came more and more to be used as a foil in celebrations of his rival's greatness. He found in his financial rewards no compensation for this loss of critical esteem, a bitterness against Hauptmann sprang up, and when the latter became a member of the newly formed German Literary Academy Sudermann refused to join it.

One of his hitherto untranslated novels, "The Mad Professor," has just been published here by Horace Liveright, but his plays disappeared some years ago from the New York stage, where one in particular ("Heimat," translated as "Magda") had been played by both Modjeska and Mrs. Fiske. A little later the novel called "The Song of Songs" achieved considerable popularity in America and a dramati-



zation was played by Irene Fenwick, but Sudermann's reputation here has followed the same course as in Germany. Commonly regarded as a significant figure in contemporary German literature, he is nevertheless treated less and less seriously and, in all probability, less and less read, in spite of the fact that "Heimat" has been widely used as a textbook in modern-language classes.

Doubtless Sudermann has been to some degree unjustly treated and the victim of the persistent comparison with Hauptmann. It became fashionable to depreciate him, and there was little possibility of his being able to recapture the reputation which he had lost. Yet the artistic defects of his work are not only real but of a sort which inevitably become more and more conspicuous as his once daring themes are less and less sufficient to distract the attention from them. When "Honor" and "Magda" were first performed his criticism of the military code in the one and his defense of the free life of an opera singer against the opposition of her family in the other was sensational and socially important. Today, when his paradoxes are no longer paradoxical, one is much more likely to perceive the mechanical and rather over-simplified character of his dramatic construction.

Even Hauptmann has already begun to pay the penalty almost inevitably exacted of the writer who founds a hope for permanent fame upon work which depends for a considerable part of its interest upon the treatment of current themes, and Hauptmann is a solid writer than the author of "Heimat." Sudermann's place in history is secure, but probably it is so in history alone. He will be remembered as one of those who helped revitalize the stage by bringing it into contact with the life of his time long after he has ceased to be acted or read.

## Harvard's New Plan

THE official statement of President Lowell throws little additional light upon Harvard University's decision to accept an anonymous gift of \$3,000,000 to institute a "house" or "hall," after the manner of the separate colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. Hence it is plain that Mr. Lowell himself has no clear-cut ideas as to just what form this extraordinarily interesting experiment will take. That is wise. We fancy that those teachers at Harvard who know Cambridge and Oxford best will be among the first to advise caution in adapting the English college-plan to Harvard conditions. The difficulties are obvious. Harvard is not Oxford and, though it is shortly to celebrate its three-hundredth birthday, has not behind it the same body of tradition as the oldest English universities. Nor is it prepared to substitute for its present teaching system the English one in which almost the whole burden is laid upon the tutors. The tutorial developments at Harvard point in that direction, and so does the recent setting aside of a reading period for upper classmen in the academic year during which lectures and recitations are suspended. But a more radical change can only come through experimentation.

That, we are sure, is President Lowell's idea. Several years ago an extraordinarily able undergraduate council reported upon the necessity of some such device to overcome the lack of social solidarity among three thousand undergraduates drawn from many countries and all sections of the United States, representing very different individual

training and backgrounds. The class system long ago broke down at Harvard because of numbers, and with the disappearance of the old commons in Memorial Hall there was no even that much of a common meeting ground. The freshman dormitories were then instituted in order to shuffle the freshmen, so that they would not segregate according to their preparatory schools or previous habitats and might have the opportunity to meet more of their classmates. But this left unsolved the problem of the other three years. Only a relatively few of the upper classmen took their meals together. One member of the faculty, therefore, writes us that "if the new plan accomplishes nothing more than to restore the habit of dining 'in hall' instead of 'on stool in cafeteria,' it will have something in its favor." So will it considerably justify itself if it can restore some of the old contacts between teachers and students, now so much decreased even when the professors have every desire to meet their students outside of the classrooms. Finally, we would point out again that from the days of President Eliot and the late Frank Bolles, so long connected with the administration of the college, the desire has been there to try the experiment of subdivision.

When it comes to the dangers of the experiment, they are obvious. Harvard suffers enough in all conscience because of its reputation for snobbishness and a hard-and-fast division of the sheep from the goats, the sheep being those whose parents are well endowed with worldly goods. If the idea should go forth that Harvard is now engaged in segregating its students so that the poor among them, the Jews, the Negroes, and odd persons generally, can be segregated or eliminated, still further mischief will be done. What is to be the basis for selection for residence in the first house or hall?

Plainly it ought to be restricted to honor students. If later there could be developed a wholesome rivalry between halls in intellectual pursuits, so much the better. But the experiment will surely fail if the student body within the halls is not chosen on a purely democratic basis. If it is to be merely social segregation of like-minded youths it will work injury and be an extremely bad example to the rest of the university world. There is far too much of that now in some of our colleges. The sole common denominator ought to be the intellectual tastes and achievements of the undergraduates, tutors, masters, and, perhaps, research fellows who will probably be in residence.

If it succeeds well there will be an increase in the intellectual life of Harvard greatly needed to offset the materialism of its Business School. Anything that will lead Harvard back to pure scholarship, which will bring about stimulating intellectual companionship among students and between them and their teachers, is altogether in order. Here, too, there will be some to dissent, to remind us that beautiful quadrangles and ivy-covered halls do not make a university and that Harvard would do well to put the money not into new buildings, but into larger salaries for teachers so that greater minds and characters may be drawn to Cambridge and be freed from that desperate struggle to live which is touched upon by a college professor in an article elsewhere in this issue. Finally, it must not be overlooked that this revolution in Harvard University has been brought about by a single gift from an unknown donor and that the college is committed to it without its being thought worth while to consult in advance the students or the alumni as to whether they desire the change.



# More Revelations of Colonel House

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE third and fourth volumes of the "Intimate Papers of Colonel House,"\* edited by Professor Charles Seymour, constitute a notable historical document, a contribution to the story of the American waging of the war and the American participation in the making of the Treaty of Versailles which no future historian can overlook. These volumes, moreover, put Colonel House personally in a better light than did the first two. With the United States in the war, he was able to play a better and a more honorable role. The die was cast. There was no need of his being for American participation in the war one day and against it the next; no need for the trickery, the insincerity, the double-dealing, and the hypocrisy which made the earlier volumes so sad and so shocking a revelation of the true Colonel House. Moreover, in these volumes the Colonel is no longer merely an unofficial, backstairs personality who relieved the President of endless interviews and made himself the medium of such communications as he thought should reach the Chief Executive. Here he appears chiefly as the officially designated spokesman in Europe of the President, and the leading peace commissioner next to Woodrow Wilson himself.

Not that Colonel House could divest himself altogether of the habit of fooling some of those who came into contact with him. Of this let one striking example suffice: his offering to Clemenceau the proposed perpetual Anglo-American guaranty of French territory, a proposal properly ignored by Congress. We now learn that the suggestion of this guaranty came from Lloyd George. House eagerly "proceeded to define it, and on March 20 took it to the French Premier"—plainly with his tongue in his cheek. Clemenceau, he reports, fell for it "with keen delight." But the wily House added in his diary on that same day: "I have my doubts as to the Senate accepting such a treaty, but that is to be seen." One week later his tell-tale diary records this: "I thought I ought to call the President's attention to the perils of such a treaty. Among other things, it would be looked upon as a direct blow to the League of Nations"! In other words, in a time of great stress and much muddying of the waters, when the whole Peace Conference was nearing the rocks, the Statesman-Colonel drafted for Lloyd George and Clemenceau a proposal whose acceptance he greatly doubted, only to become frightened at his own handiwork, and to warn the President against it. Yet it was accepted by Woodrow Wilson and with his consent was made into a treaty and given to the two Allies. How disgusted with himself the Colonel must feel today that his interference, plus that righteous refusal of the Senate, which he anticipated, to consider the treaty has laid the United States open to endless Gallic charges of perfidy, of obtaining certain concessions in the treaty by this false promise of a permanent guaranty. The whole country still stands accused of chicanery and bad faith because of this supernatural, not to say diabolical, cleverness of the Texas colonel.

Allowing, however, for the obvious faults of his character and for the nature of the role he was called upon

to play, one cannot withhold from Colonel House one's admiration for his extraordinary industry and devotion, and the dexterity, versatility, and skill with which he played the game. He subordinated everything to his job, and spared himself not at all. As to his all-embracing activities and the remarkable power he exercised, his editor inserts repeated proof. When war came everybody—literally thousands upon thousands with an ax to grind—wrote to him asking for jobs or seeking, legitimately, to obtain action from the over-burdened departments of the government. As Professor Seymour puts it:

Those planning the mobilization of scientific and industrial effort sent him their memoranda for criticism; industrialists wrote him on the proper method to settle the coal or the railroad problem; financiers wrote regarding the tax plan of the Secretary of the Treasury; naval experts on the policy of Secretary Daniels; journalists on the unsatisfactory relations between the Administration and the press "which have become intolerably tangled. . ."

At home the whole world was at his feet; abroad he was greatly liked. His quiet, ingratiating manners, his unselfishness, his readiness to fall in with every suggestion he could meet, and his eagerness to compromise made him a very welcome plenipotentiary of Woodrow Wilson.

Thus A. J. Balfour—whom Colonel House believed to be the most liberal member of the British Government!—considered his help "inestimable." Northcliffe wrote that through House "I have been able to effect much more good than I have achieved at Washington"; this great newspaper magnate rejoiced that Wilson and House were "both pro-English." Sir William Wiseman declared that it is "difficult for the chronicler to define and the reader to appreciate the position and influence of Colonel House during the World War." The British and French leaders sought his aid at all times and by it cut through red tape and got things accomplished. Before he held office the British Government actually negotiated directly with him, a private citizen, appealing to him at one time as its only hope of heading off financial bankruptcy. France and England learned early that Colonel House was the State Department; there is nothing more striking in these volumes than the almost total absence of references to the Department which was supposed to be in charge of our foreign affairs. As for the power the Colonel exercised, he even dared to alter, without asking anybody's consent, an official dispatch received by him in London from Woodrow Wilson before giving it to Lloyd George and the press—"rephrasing it" is Professor Seymour's euphemism. For this the Colonel was momentarily disavowed in Washington, but only momentarily. This long record teems with praises of him; David Hunter Miller glows over the "extraordinary influence" of the Colonel in all the negotiations leading to the writing of the Covenant, and Sir William Wiseman, who was the liaison officer between Colonel House and the British Government, repeatedly pays tribute to Colonel House's ability, sagacity, and remarkable accomplishments.

Much of his popularity was due to the fact that the Colonel loved everybody—at least when he was with him.

\* Houghton Mifflin Company. \$10.



Everybody was his best and dearest friend. Balfour, Orlando, Clemenceau, whose grateful kisses are constantly recorded; Reading, Northcliffe, Tardieu, Lloyd George, Wiseman, Joffre (about whom the Colonel's judgment was particularly at fault), Foch—one gets nauseated finally by the lack of discrimination until one begins to wonder whether there is not much truth in Ray Stannard Baker's sharp assertion that "There was nothing hard, clear, sure, definite, in his [Colonel House's] intellectual processes." One even for a moment wonders whether Karl Friedrich Nowak, one of the historians of the Treaty of Versailles, has not some right on his side when he speaks of the Colonel as a delightful person who "entirely failed to comprehend what was being discussed with him"; who "amid the stern realities of the conference table . . . never grasped what was going on between those present." Yet it is indisputable that the Colonel did play an immensely valuable part in organizing for the Peace Conference both here and abroad, in defining the war aims and the peace points, in snatching other people's ideas and putting them to work, besides originating a number himself, and doing everything in his power to forward business and hasten the coming of some kind of peace. "My province," he wrote, "is to keep things running smoothly . . . to find in advance where trouble lies, and to smooth it out before it goes too far." In other words, he was a service station which was never without its supply of gas. Side by side with all this were the often execrable blunders of judgment which both the Colonel and his editor are frank to record.

It is not easy to assay exactly the value of one who by choice tried to play simultaneously the role of errand boy, glorified private secretary, privy chamberlain, and a fairly liberal Talleyrand. Some of his weaknesses are very plain. As I have said, he was an eternal compromiser. The fact that his nature prevented his ever bursting out with passionate emotion against any injustice, that it kept him from practically ever making a speech, from ever taking a strong and unyielding position, made him fall back upon wheedling, upon suggesting other ways of beating the devil around the stump, made him be forever finding alternatives, sometimes furtively, and forever compromising. Never could he put his back to the wall and take a stand, or seek by the power of righteous indignation to overcome the "vanities and ambitions" of the various statesmen, to which Wickham Steed attributes the worst evils of the treaty-making. He deplored privately the policy of the Allies and the United States in starving to death hundreds of thousands of citizens in Central Europe, chiefly women and children, the aged, and the feeble, but as for making an effective outcry against it, no, indeed. If it had depended upon the Colonel to rescue them they would be dying yet.

Amusingly enough, the Colonel looked down upon his Chief because Woodrow Wilson was a compromiser! "The President," he wrote in his diary, "often tells me that under no circumstances will he do a certain thing and, a few hours later, he consents. . . ." Plainly this was a grievous fault in anybody else. The difference between them was that Colonel House never recorded himself as refusing to recede, and therefore always left open the line of retreat. He never made a frontal public attack, but was silent at all the meetings, for instance, of the commission that drafted the League of Nations, always seeking to deal with individuals and to mold them behind closed doors; behind those doors he receded and compromised. Compromise was

his and Wilson's joint undoing. As Leonard Woolf has recently said of Wilson and House at Paris in the *London Nation*: "Once they began to compromise they were lost, the Allied statesmen saw they had America on the run, and they kept her running until she reached Versailles." Those skilful men soon had Wilson and House sized up, and knew just how far they could go with them. Every time Clemenceau kissed Colonel House he celebrated another victory, and Colonel House loved him all the more dearly. It is revealed now that Woodrow Wilson's gesture of summoning the George Washington to France was a mere accidental one, and that it did not, as is popularly believed, result in the Allies yielding to him. On the contrary, both House and Wilson compromised more than ever after that.

As for the record for compromise of the Colonel who himself records the melancholy compromising of Woodrow Wilson, here are a few facts brought out by Professor Seymour: He out-compromised the President by agreeing to a buffer Rhine state which Wilson, to his eternal credit, declined to accept; he again out-compromised his Chief on the Sarre question: "I advise yielding a little in order to secure harmony so that the accusation would not be made that we were unreasonable. He promised to do this thing." "This thing" was the present outrageous arrangement, in violation of Wilson's principles, under which the French have for the last ten years been administering the Sarre Basin. Like Wilson in Paris, the Colonel often overrode the unanimous opinions of experts in order not to raise an issue; he accepted the wrongdoing without a protest. Together they yielded to Japan on Shantung, thereby so outraging their three fellow-commissioners that one wished to resign to keep his self-respect, and several of the experts did. They themselves were responsible for the denial to the Japanese of their just demands for the incorporation in the Covenant of a statement of the national and racial equality of all member nations of the League, and of their citizens. Swearing they would ne'er consent, Wilson and House consented to French troops camping years upon German soil; to the failure to specify the exact amount of reparations which Germany was to pay. For the crime of yielding the Tyrol to Italy—to which both Lloyd George and Clemenceau were, it now appears, opposed—Woodrow Wilson, however, alone deserves the reprobation of the 300,000 Germans who are daily violated and outraged in all their feelings by the Italy of Mussolini\*. His is also the sole shame for the inclusion of pensions among the legitimate war reparations in the face of the private protests of Colonel House and our economic advisers. It was Wilson who, after demanding open covenants of peace openly arrived at, opposed the publication of the peace treaty long after it had been agreed to, and it was not given to the world until copies from Berlin came filtering through to Paris. It was he who was against an international court, and then came round in favor of it. It was he who finally made a stand for Fiume, at last carrying out his public threat to go over the heads of the peace-makers to their people, and then went wrong in the eyes of many American experts. Together these two men bargained away everything for the League of Nations, and then, with rare poetic justice, they failed to carry their nation into it.

House was sure that they would win over the Senate if they only compromised enough, so he labored hard and

\* On May 26, 1917, this same Woodrow Wilson had written to the Russian Government: "No people must be forced under sovereignty under which it does not wish to live."



ably to wring changes in the Covenant from the Allies to meet Senatorial protests. Again his judgment utterly failed him. Always he was certain that he knew just what public opinion was at home—it always coincided with what he wanted or feared. There never was a moment when he hesitated to speak out in the name of the American people as if he were chosen by them to be their mouthpiece. For example, he did not hesitate to tell the Prime Ministers of his belief that the United States would accept mandates over Armenia and Constantinople, as a result of which the United States has also been accused of breach of faith. "America will not and ought not to fight for the maintenance of the old, narrow, and selfish order of things," he once wrote to Woodrow Wilson. Yet, as a result of their joint handling of the fate of America, that is exactly what it did. Colonel House now admits that the treaty was bad, that it worked great injustice. Wilson had said in a speech at Buffalo: "What I am opposed to is not the feeling of the pacifists, but their stupidity. My heart is with them, but my mind has a contempt for them. I want peace, *but I know how to get it and they do not.*" Then he went to Paris and scored, with Colonel House, the most terrible failure to get a just peace and to advance civilization the world has ever seen. Colonel House now confesses it, but the admission was not necessary. It is proved on every page of his book. He and Wilson were both temperamentally unfit to carry through their cause to success.

This question will, I suppose, be debated as long as the Peace Conference is discussed at all. Ray Stannard Baker has tried to place the blame for the failure at Paris upon Colonel House as well as the foreign Premiers. His argument is demolished by these "Intimate Papers" at several points; Colonel House has a complete alibi to the charge that he betrayed his Chief. Professor Seymour tries to find a middle course by laying all the blame upon the time and the conditions. By March 1, 1919, it had become clear, he says, that "an unbending insistence by President Wilson on his program would precipitate an open quarrel with the European Prime Ministers. They protested that if they yielded it would mean the overthrow of their governments. All were caught in a net of circumstances which made free and reasonable decisions impossible. Tales of confusion in Central Europe, Russia, the Far East, the Near East complicated the problems at Paris." Now, this was perhaps true at the time. The crucial point of the whole battle was at the very beginning of the negotiations. Then it was that House and Wilson should have pointed out that they would make terms on the Fourteen Points and nothing else; that they would not yield an inch, as America had pledged its national honor, as the other statesmen had pledged the honor of their countries by promising the Germans in the armistice a peace on the Fourteen Points. That was the time for the ultimatum, for the threat to make a separate peace, to take the strongest army out of Europe together with the representatives of the only Treasury that had unlimited sums of money in it. Later on they were enchained by their own compromising.

Of course, if Wilson and House had obtained an ideal League of Nations and had had it accepted by the United States; if by this time war had been outlawed, and the promised disarmament of the Allies realized, there might be a defense for their compromising. As it is it would have been far better if, either at the beginning of the

conference or about the first of March, the Americans had marched away from Paris without a treaty but with their flags flying. In that case, we should not, as a nation, have a lot of things on our conscience of which we ought to be thoroughly ashamed. Our honor would be unsullied. The beaten Central Powers would not be able rightly to charge us with breaking our word, our national faith. Instead we have Colonel House writing: "How splendid it would have been had we blazed a new and better trail! However, it is to be doubted whether this could have been done even if those in authority had so decreed, for the peoples back of them had to be reckoned with." This from the man who in Paris on November 11, 1918, sent the following triumphant and adoring telegram to Woodrow Wilson:

Autocracy is dead; long live democracy and its immortal leader. In this great hour my heart goes out to you in pride, admiration, and love.

EDWARD HOUSE

This same Edward House now writes in the work before us that if he and the immortal leader of democracy had won at Paris he is not sure that their peace would not have been followed by as much bitterness as has resulted from the betrayal at Versailles. The peoples had to be reckoned with? It was Wilson himself who declared at the first plenary session in Paris that the delegates were all there merely to obey the voices of the plain people who had made the sacrifices. Indeed, on the way over on the George Washington the President told the assembled American experts that "the men whom we are about to deal with did not represent their own people . . ." and that "this was the first conference in which decisions depended upon the *opinion of mankind*, not upon the previous determination and *diplomatic schemes of the assembled representatives.*" Which is right, Wilson or House? They cannot both be.

Unfortunately for Professor Seymour, there is proof in his own volumes that if House and Wilson had made a stand they could have achieved much. For instance, when Colonel House got mad at the attacks upon America and its emissaries in Paris he went to Clemenceau and demanded that they cease. They did the next day. Again, Colonel House had an inspiration in the night of October 29, 1918, which led to his telling the Prime Ministers, who were then haggling over granting the armistice on the basis of the Fourteen Points, that if they did not yield the President would go before Congress and discuss whether we should not make a separate peace. Again Colonel House on another occasion showed spunk in demanding financial aid for Belgium. On page 351 of volume IV will be found clear evidence of the gravity of the French financial situation which was alleviated only when Colonel House interceded for the French with Lloyd George. The financial straits of the Allies alone gave the Americans the whip-hand. These instances show that when House and Wilson wanted to bring influence to bear they could. Indeed, the two men had every card in the pack with which to play the game, as everyone who was at Paris at that time knows. They were simply execrable poker players, and they lost the greatest stakes for which two men have ever gambled. Colonel House's volumes prove this.

As for the relations of the two men, Colonel House frankly admits that he still loves and admires Woodrow Wilson. He is surely sincere in that, though to admit



anything else would inevitably damage his own prestige, since, as he shows, so many of Woodrow Wilson's acts were due to himself, his suggestions, his letters, telegrams, memoranda, and programs. On June 10, 1919, he confided to his diary: "He [Wilson] is one of the most difficult and complex characters I have ever known. He is so contradictory that it is hard to pass judgment upon him. . . . When one gets access to him, there is no more charming man in all the world than Woodrow Wilson. . . . He could use this charm to enormous personal and public advantage if he would. . . ." He has no explanation for the break between them and declares that it is a mystery which will never be solved because the explanation is buried with Woodrow Wilson. We are not quite so sure of this as he; there are three persons who may yet throw considerable light upon it. But it is true that he never received an unkind word in writing from his friend. While he says that he often disagreed with Mr. Wilson, he also flattered him eternally and never ceased to feed his enormous vanity and egotism. Once the Colonel said to the President: "No man has ever had deeper or graver responsibilities, and no one has met them with more patience, courage, and wisdom." He assured Wilson that his name "should be linked during the ages" with the League. A little later he found that the growing desire for the League "has crystallized around your name. . . . Now if war can be made impossible what a glorious culmination of your other accomplishments." Wilson's speeches always seemed to Colonel House the greatest ever made. "Your speech was as great as the occasion." On another day: "I believe that what you said today will hearten the world as nothing you have said before." If it was a melancholy ending which came

to their friendship Colonel House may solace himself with the thought that he is but one of a long list. Sooner or later in the nature of things a break had to come.

Finally, I would emphasize again the value of the historical revelations which Colonel House gives us as well as the personal ones, made the more striking because of Professor Seymour's skilful editing. He gives us for the first time the true story of Wilson's part in the Siberian adventure of the Allies and ourselves—Wilson's yielding and agreeing to an unconstitutional act clearly forecast his similar surrenders at Paris. House, too, at first opposed and then accepted, and it appears that the Allies really believed that they had no chance of final victory in France unless they intervened in Siberia! Here, too, are extraordinarily interesting accounts of the negotiations to obtain an early German surrender by strengthening the German pacifists by American propaganda—apparently the President had no contempt for their desire to obtain peace. The whole story of the conception of the League is given in detail, together with a remarkable picture of how the Covenant was finally licked into shape by the League Commission at Paris. Excellently told is also the narrative of the way the armistice terms were worked out by Colonel House and Mr. Wilson; it is probably the last word on this subject from the American point of view. Also extremely valuable is the portrayal of the admirable work done by General Tasker H. Bliss and Colonel House on the Supreme War Council during the spring and summer of 1918. The plain effort to be frank and straightforward and the self-revelation of this autobiographical work stamp it as one of the really great personal contributions to American history.

## China and Japan—1928

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

[*This is the first of three articles by Mr. Millard. The second, Did Japan Kill Chang Tso-lin?, will appear shortly.*]

Shanghai, October 1

UNLESS readers are ready to accept some things as ponderable propositions in the Chino-Japan situation of today, viz.:

That sending Japanese troops into Shantung Province, into Hopei (Chihli) Province, and into Manchuria, in April and May, 1928, were coordinate moves in a broad political project of the Japanese Government;

That one motive of that project was to prevent the Chinese Nationalists from securing the hegemony of all China;

That to obstruct the northward advance of the Chinese Nationalist armies and to give excuse for the Japanese re-occupation of Shantung the Japanese military command provoked a clash with Chinese troops at Tsinan;

That the Japanese military command at Mukden planned and executed the assassination of Chang Tso-lin;

That, later, the Tokyo Government by menacing the Mukden Government prevented the Manchuria provinces from peacefully accepting the authority of the National Chinese Government at Nanking;

That the Japanese Government tried, and presumably

is still trying, to compel the Mukden Government to sign an agreement which would detach Manchuria from China and make that region virtually a dependency of Japan;

Unless, as I said previously, readers are willing to accept those things as being within reason and perhaps provable, they would do well not to read any further. For this analysis will deal with realities and will make no effort to write down to international political amateurishness.

It should be said at once that some of those matters are not positively provable and probably they never will be. It is very difficult to prove ulterior motives and crimes of governments positively. If that ever is possible it usually is only long after the event. The proofs, or perhaps it is better to say the known facts, of the China-Japan imbroglio of 1928, in so far as it has developed, are largely circumstantial. By narrating the material facts and their connotations whatever there is of proof comes out.

A presumption exists in Western countries, which gets oblique recognition from official quarters that ought to know better, that Japan has an exceptional treaty status in China. That is not so. Japan's treaty rights in China are the same in principle and almost identical in fact as the treaty rights of the United States here. The American Government has the same right (?) to send troops into China that Japan has. The American Government has as much right to



"advise" Chinese in Manchuria about recognizing the National Government of China as Japan has.

For many years the Japanese Government labored to establish among the Powers a recognition of Japan's "special position" in respect to China and did get a presumption to that effect worked into secret agreements with some of the Powers. The Japanese Government tried to twist the Lansing-Ishii Agreement to that interpretation but the American Government repudiated it. All pretense of Japan's having a special political relation to China was abandoned at the Washington Conference.

The principal points of China-Japan friction now are in Shantung Province and in Manchuria. Manchuria is the real crux. Japan's moves and actions in Shantung now (having failed to block the Chinese Nationalists' progress northward) are to establish diplomatic trading points to get something in Manchuria.

Since the latest crisis in the relations of China and Japan developed, the American and British governments have declared that they do not regard Manchuria as being different in political status from any other part of China. No question of Shantung having a different status than other parts of China ever has been raised.

The Powers taking part in the Washington Conference and who signed the treaties made there (United States, Belgium, Great Britain, China, France, Italy, Japan, Holland, Portugal) made a particular agreement relating to principles and policies to be followed by those Powers in matters concerning China. That agreement has nine articles of which I will quote two:

#### ARTICLE I

The Contracting Powers, other than China, agree:

1. To respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the territorial and administrative integrity of China;
2. To provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity to China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable government;
3. To use their influence for the purpose of effectually establishing and maintaining the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations throughout the territory of China;
4. To refrain from taking advantage of conditions in China in order to seek special rights or privileges which would abridge the rights of subjects or citizens of friendly states and from countenancing action inimical to the security of such states.

#### ARTICLE II

The Contracting Powers agree not to enter into any treaty, agreement, arrangement, or understanding, either with one another, or, individually or collectively, with any Power or Powers, which would infringe or impair the principles stated in Article I.

At Washington, in 1922, China and Japan, with the approval of the other Powers, made an agreement whereby Japan was to evacuate Shantung Province, which was supplemented by a subsequent agreement made in China afterward. Those agreements, subject to interpretation under the terms of the Articles previously cited, define the China-Japan status in that province.

A story is told that during a discussion in committee at the Washington Conference Mr. (then Senator) Oscar Underwood, one of the American delegates, asked one of the Japanese delegates:

"You continually use the term 'interests' in reference to Japan's relations with China. Just what do you mean?"

Somewhat embarrassed, the Japanese went on to explain about large Japanese investments in China. After listening a while, Mr. Underwood said:

"You mean property, then, when you say 'interests.' I think it would be better if we use the word property when property is meant. Interests is a broad and vague term."

The Washington Conference itself was proof of great international interest in China and of extensive foreign interests here. Japan has no monopoly of any forms of interest in China. Japanese property in China is not one-fourth the value of British investments in the United States. It is less than the value of American investments in Japan. It is a fraction of American investments in Europe. Other foreign investments and property in China greatly exceed those of Japan.

Japan's property in China is based on wars and is the spoils of wars; not wars of Japan with China, but wars of other Powers against one another when China was the unwilling and principal victim. Japanese private investments in China were largely acquired by questionable methods and in all other respects their present status is the same as American or any foreign investments here.

Railways constitute the major part of Japan's property in China. The South Manchuria Railway is that part of the Chinese Eastern Railway (built by joint Russian and Chinese participation) held by Japanese armies when the war between Russia and Japan ended. Japan was in a position to demand and to obtain abandonment by Russia in Japan's favor of the Russian railway rights in that section. Japan virtually compelled China to consent, afterward, to Japan's inheritance of Russia's rights, and, still later, to give Japan a lot of additional privileges. A good deal of Chinese private property in Manchuria was taken by Japan during the war and never restored to its owners.

Under the terms of the old agreement with Russia, China had the right to buy the Chinese Eastern Railway outright within a time which already has expired. Japan forced China under pressure to agree to extend that limit for ninety-nine years; an agreement which China protested at the Washington Conference as being given under duress. Later Dr. Wellington Koo, then Peking Foreign Minister, denounced the Liao-tung lease (Port Arthur and Dairen area) and announced that China considered that all foreign tenure of railways in Manchuria was void in respect to extraterritorial status. That is the situation now. Naturally, in the circumstances, China has made no attempt to enforce that declaration. Neither in Shantung nor Manchuria has China tried to confiscate foreign railway investments. She merely has wanted to buy them back. Japan has refused to sell.

Japan's railway property in China is now estimated by the Japanese Government at a very high valuation. In statements published in America and other countries the total runs to hundreds of millions. This is for property which cost probably less than \$50,000,000. None of that original cost was borne by Japan or by Japanese private investors.

One concedes that those railways are worth more now than when they were built. What has given them increased value? It is partly material improvements; better rolling stock, equipment, and the like. But the greater part of the increased value comes from operation of the lines; from



hauling passengers and freight. The passengers are almost all Chinese. The freight is chiefly produce of Chinese farms and factories. The Chinese people by their labor have given value to those railways. If they stopped producing, the railway properties would drop in value to what the equipment would sell for. If ten million Chinese had not moved into Manchuria in the last twenty years the South Manchuria Railway would not be so good a property.

To follow Japan's finger in China's domestic politics one needs to go back a little. That Japan has been afraid of the Chinese revolution from its beginning is known to all who have any background on Far Eastern affairs. That the downfall of monarchy in China presages the downfall of monarchy in Japan has been the theme of Japanese political writers ever since the Manchu court went. At different times Japanese statesmen have dwelt on that theme, and some of them have said plainly that Japan would be justified, for her own security, in preventing the adoption of republican institutions in China. The military oligarchy that has ruled Japan until lately, and which controls the present government there, always has feared that republicanism will spread from China to Japan. The Japanese Government has sympathized with and at times has obliquely encouraged attempts to restore the monarchy in China.

As long as real republicanism in China seemed remote, as long as Chinese military dictators and would-be dictators fought among themselves for place and power and wealth, as long as those internecine struggles kept this country divided and weak, as long as the Nationalist movement was confined to the region of Canton, as long as Japan had especial influence with the dictator of Manchuria and by propinquity a particular influence with any government at Peking, Tokyo was not much concerned. But when Nationalism advanced northward, occupied the Yangtze Valley, and threatened to extend its power even to Peking, Tokyo became uneasy.

Chinese domestic politics, as in most countries, expresses itself largely in personalities. Certain men stand for certain things and tendencies. Thus Japan's hostility to Wu Pei-fu, when that warlord was ascendant, was obvious. General Wu was noted for his intense opposition to Japan's aggressive policy in China. In the wars between Wu and Chang Tso-lin, Japan's good-will was on the side of Chang.

Then up came Feng Yu-hsiang, who succeeded in crowding Wu Pei-fu out of the picture and became for a while the dictator of Peking. When Chang Tso-lin drove Feng out of the old capital, Tokyo's relief was evident. Feng, like Wu, was outspoken about China's rights and Japan's aggressions.

Along with Chang Tso-lin's extension of power in North China came Chang Chung-chang, a henchman of Chang Tso-lin, who got as far south as Shanghai in 1925, then was driven back into Shantung, where he stayed until 1928. It is interesting to note that he was expelled from Shanghai by Sun Chuan-fang.

All that time the Nationalists were hardly in the picture. The year 1927 brought the Nationalists into the Yangtze Valley and put Japan on the alert. Tokyo regarded Shantung and Manchuria as Japan's "spheres of influence," and from then the purpose to obstruct a Nationalist progress northward developed.

There is little reason to doubt that Japanese provided arms and munitions for Sun Chuan-fang's attempted comeback in the summer of 1927 when his army almost retook Nanking. When Sun's army was disastrously defeated its remnants retreated into southern Shantung, where, again with Japanese help, it was reorganized. One should say that Sun Chuan-fang, while he held Chekiang, Kiangsu, and Anhui provinces, had the option of throwing his lot with the Nationalist cause or of joining the northern militarists headed by Chang Tso-lin. Japan's influence is credited with affecting Sun's decision at that juncture.

The year 1928 opened with this situation. Chang Tso-lin held Peking and Chihli (now Hopei) Province, and, of course, Manchuria. Chang Chung-chang held most of Shantung and part of Honan, with Sun Chuan-fang's small army as a first line of defense to an advance of the Nationalists along the Tientsin-Pukou Railway.

The Nationalists, whose capital now was at Nanking, had by dint of propaganda and persistent work brought Feng Yu-hsiang and Yen Hsi-shan into their fold. Feng had recovered from his defeat in 1926 and was established rather firmly in western Honan. Wu Pei-fu had passed into oblivion.

After much negotiation Feng and Yen agreed that Chiang Kai-shek should be commander-in-chief of the National armies, which were divided into four "groups." Chiang Kai-shek led the first army, Feng commanded the second army, Yen commanded the third army, and one of the Kiangsi generals at Hankow commanded the fourth army. Anti-Nationalist propaganda in China predicted that those groups would not hold together, but, like so many things about the Nationalist movement which are inexplicable to some people, they did hold together until the successful finish of the campaign.

## Evening Before Rain

By L. A. G. STRONG

Walking at last by the tame little edge of the sea  
I have found a quieter haven and rest for my thought  
Than any I called to my comfort, the time I crept  
Watchfully through those fields there in dread of the bull.

The bull broke loose and tore up my neighbor's garden.  
Four men went out with a rope, but they have not caught  
him.

He is roaming the fields, yet I am already rested  
Looking across the quiet water to the Isle of Skye.

The sea is pale as a sheet, the dark island  
Mottled with tiny fields, touch-close, clear;  
A silence has fallen over the rocks and sea-birds  
Who will soon be listening to the tingle and whisper of the  
rain.

My fear has gone, I can scarcely remember it.  
There is a magic in this hour that calms behavior.  
I am going back in the stillness, and if he is abroad  
The gray bull will browse, his back to me, when I go by.



# Padlocking the "Talkies"

By JAMES N. ROSENBERG

THE censor's power to muzzle the talkless movie has been established in this country by statute and court decision. The Censor and the Talking Movie is my present theme. Can the censors throttle speech via the talking movie as they are permitted to muzzle the film without vocal accompaniment? This is no academic subject, for the Pennsylvania censors have already asserted such power.

Dare they do so in the face of our federal Bill of Rights which disposed of the matter for all time by declaring that "Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of speech or of the press"? Can speech be stifled in the face of the constitutional safeguards written into the constitution of every State of the Union? By what authority do the Pennsylvania censors presume to apply the now popular padlock principle of government to speech, whether between man and man face to face, over the telephone or the radio, or via the talking movie? By the best and most august authority, the Supreme Court of the United States. Read the Mutual Film cases in Volume 236 of the United States Supreme Court Reports decided in 1915.

But before I discuss these cases, definition and a dip into history become useful. What, precisely, is censorship? Ernst and Seagle in their path-finding book "To the Pure . . ." use the word in its wider and looser sense. They include all action whether by government or other agencies, and whether repressive by padlock in advance, or punitive after the event. This is inexact and leads to confusion of thought, for the difference between punishment for an act already done and the doctrine of "Thou Shalt Not" is no mere difference of tweedledum and tweedledee. Webster describes the censor as "one who is empowered . . . to forbid publication." From Blackstone's days censorship has continuously been defined as "previous restraint."

Our Bill of Rights and our State constitutions left us free to publish what we would and face the consequences whether it were a libel suit or prison for incitement to riot and bloodshed. Their virtue was that they preserved us from the padlock. This was what the Fathers meant when they wrote into our Constitution that "Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of speech or of the press." A single quotation will prove my point. In 1907 the Supreme Court (in *Paterson vs. Colorado*) declared that "the main purpose of such constitutional provisions is to prevent all such previous restraints on publication as had been practiced by other governments. They do not prevent subsequent punishment of such statements as may be contrary to the public welfare." The learned justices who wrote those words were not only sound constitutional lawyers. They were good historians. They knew their "Areopagitica." They had heard of the Inquisition; the Index Librorum Prohibitorum; the Star Chamber; the Napoleonic censorship; the slowly won liberty of speech in England; the fatal result of the muzzle.

Then came the movies. If Gutenberg's hand press struck terror into the wielders of authority, it is not difficult to comprehend that in order to control movies, which contain untold power of regimenting public opinion, the forces of virtue girded their modest loins. The mothers of

America, led by Canon Chase, gathered for battle. It is true that for a while they made little headway. In 1912 Mayor Gaynor of New York denounced and vetoed a New York City censorship ordinance, saying: "Ours is a government of free speech and free press. This is the cornerstone of free government." But such outworn mouthings of Patrick Henry, of Jefferson, Madison, Franklin belonged to the high-school debate rather than the forum of life. In 1913 an Ohio moving-picture censorship bill was enacted. Other States followed suit. It was in 1915 when German spies, packed with poisonous propaganda, lurked in every American areaway that the Supreme Court of the United States was called on to decide whether an Ohio statute providing for censorship (i. e., previous restraint) over the movies was constitutional. Though the Ohio State constitution guarantees against censorship by declaring that "every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish . . . on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right," the Supreme Court held that the police power which is exercised in granting licenses to theaters (chiefly in relation to fire hazards) justified censorship over the movie, and so sustained the statute; and at the very same term of court a similar Kansas statute, giving the censors power to suppress even the news reel, was likewise held constitutional.

These decisions the Supreme Court predicated largely on the theory that the moving picture is a mere spectacle. Counsel for the film companies urged expertly that censorship contravenes the constitutional safeguards. They pointed out that moving pictures are displayed not only for entertainment but as "exponents of policies, teachers of science and history." The only answer of the Supreme Court was that since, according to the statute, "Films of a 'moral, educational, or amusing and harmless character shall be passed and approved'" "No exhibition, therefore . . . will be prevented if its pictures have those qualities." That the determination of these qualities was left in advance to the decision of a censor, the Court refused to consider as an infraction of the constitutional safeguard. Its declaration, made only eight years earlier, that the purpose of the constitutional provision was to prevent all previous restraint, the Court held inapplicable to the mere spectacle. Thus in 1915 the principle of previous restraint was for the first time adopted as a part of American jurisprudence. The Court, after declaring that freedom of speech was "too certain to need discussion," disposed of the nice problems involved by saying, "the argument is wrong or strained which extends the guaranties of free speech to the multitudinous shows which are advertised on the bill-boards of our cities . . . *the common sense of the country is against the contention.*" Thus through war-time decision, not only were "Dr. Caligari" and "The Covered Wagon" subjected to censorship as mere spectacles, but even the daily news reel with its pictures and text was relegated to the same category. Other courts soon followed suit. The New York Court of Appeals (Justice Cardozo not sitting) acquiesced.

Behold the result. Film censorship was attempted in thirty States, was actually put through in seven, operates in over thirty cities by process of municipal ordinance, and



the Battalions of the Blue Menace have made six tremendous assaults on Congress for national censorship; assaults defeated only by the single-handed opposition of Calvin Coolidge—who while Governor of Massachusetts vetoed a censorship bill on “constitutional grounds.”

And how does all this relate to the talking movie? The present censorship statutes and ordinances on their face are broad enough to cover any kind of movie; the accompaniment of the voice does not preclude the censor from presuming, under the express language of the statutes, to rule over and suppress them. The Pennsylvania censor has firmly announced he has such authority. Here, then, is a nice question which must some day come before our Supreme Court. If a silent news reel, including its printed matter, may constitutionally be made subject to the censor’s “previous restraint,” why not a news reel with words? Why not a speech of Al Smith or Herbert Hoover? And if the talking movie is to be subject to censorship, what has become of our constitutional safeguard that “Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of speech”? Is speech, when mechanically reproduced in its every accent and intonation, no longer speech? If not, what is it?

The censor is an official of the government. Is it to be assumed that he will favor free speech for those who

would criticize or ridicule that particular government of which that particular censor is a part? Despite his exalted office, the censor remains a mere man. Can we expect him to aim the gun at his own breast? Or to permit the talking films to become a means of attacking his boss.

Let us hope that when this riddle comes before the Supreme Court the creed of the Star Chamber will not prevail. Let me suggest to the movie kings that Calvin Coolidge is the man they ought to engage as counsel for that argument. His is a consistent record and a good one. I should like to have a hand in writing the brief. It will be a *cause célèbre*. Speech by movie (and its sister, the radio) bids fair to become, if it has not already developed, into one of the mightiest weapons in the world for molding thought, emotion, and passion.

“The previous restraint.” The Fathers got rid of it because history taught it to be the tyrant’s surest weapon. Have the lessons of history become worthless because speech and the press now reach millions instead of thousands? Or do those lessons thereby gain increased vitality? Is freedom of speech and thought so heady a drink that it ought to come within the purview of the Volstead Act and the padlock? So at least think the good ladies who put through censorship to protect their offspring.

## Advice to a Prospective Teacher

By GEORGE WILLIAMS

MY DEAR HARRISON:

I HAVE before me your letter asking advice. You write that you would like to become a teacher of college English, since it would give you the opportunity to make living and real to others the works of the great English masters; that you would appreciate information which would aid you in accomplishing your desire.

To begin with, as a teacher you must have a Master of Arts, in addition to a Bachelor of Arts degree. I should recommend some first-class Eastern or Midwestern university. At a smaller college expenses may be less, but you will work just as hard, and your degree will not have the prestige that one from a large institution conveys. It will cost you approximately \$1,000, an amount you should possess before you start (borrow it, if necessary), since earning your living and studying in the graduate school, as I have found, are entirely incompatible with the best achievement. Then, with your master’s degree, you can probably obtain a position paying \$1,600 or \$1,700 a year.

But don’t think that you have begun to mount the ladder of teaching success; you have not yet reached the first rung. As soon as you are a *Master* of Arts, your superiors will inform you that you can advance neither professionally nor financially without a doctor-of-philosophy degree. Your money is gone, you reply; what are you to do? That is your affair, you are told; get a Ph.D. or get out. Well, you can attend summer school. All the large universities offer summer courses, and while the instruction is, in most cases, inferior to that of the winter terms, time spent thus is better than time spent in private study (for you are at least earning credits) or in doing some uncongenial type of mental or physical labor. In the meantime, you must be saving your money for your “year off,” the year when you

will show that you possess a reading knowledge of French, German, and Latin; that you have mastered Anglo-Saxon, Old German, Old French, Icelandic, and the whole range of English and American literature; and that you are capable of writing, in from 50,000 to 120,000 words, the results of some philological investigation or literary research—your thesis. All in all, your Ph.D. will have cost you \$6,000, and your reward will be the title of Assistant Professor of English at a salary of \$2,300. You will be, then, about thirty-five years old.

In the meantime, what of your teaching? What of that yearning to make the great world-writers “real and alive” to the younger generation? Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and the others will, indeed, furnish mental pabulum, but only for you. In the classroom you will speak of commas and semicolons, of restrictive and non-restrictive clauses, of “so-faults” and of “and-which” constructions. For you are not a teacher of literature; you are a teacher of composition—three to five sections—and you will have 100 to 175 300- to 500-word themes to read every week. You will soon tire, too, of the few far-fetched occasions when you can make a reference to “The Lady of Shalott” or “To a Skylark” or the “Ode on a Grecian Urn.” With the acquisition of your Ph.D., your composition sections will be cut to two or three, and you will be allowed to offer a course in your beloved Tennyson-Browning-Arnold, if you have made these writers your “field” in the graduate school.

You, with your Ph.D., are now on the first rung of the teaching ladder. After two or three years, you are still in the same position. Why are you not being advanced? Your superiors will tell you that you are not publishing anything. You immediately write and publish a series of articles dealing with the teaching of English (articles which pay noth-



ing financially, and which add nothing to, if, indeed, they do not detract from your teaching reputation). And you suddenly find within you a certain lyrical vein, which, when mined, gives you twenty or thirty beautiful sonnets and short lyrics, not quite beautiful enough to appear in the "paying" magazines, but beautiful enough to be welcomed by the poetry journals that pay in "prizes" and subscriptions. For some reason, you have lost that youthful desire to create short stories, and to finish, perhaps even to begin, the novel you once planned to write. The academic atmosphere is not conducive to creative writing. By the time you have read the weekly average of 40,000 words in student long-hand, by the time you have made your class-preparations and have thought out new plans and methods for revivifying the deadly composition meetings, your mind desires passive recreation in the form of some stimulating reading, not renewed activity in artistic literary creation. Also, the academic life is not the life from which come the great modern masterpieces, or even interesting, readable literary productions. The teacher of literature is experiencing life vicariously, through the eyes and through the words of those who have lived life at first hand and have written of it and who have not had to absorb millions of words by immature minds in the course of a year. All of the teachers of English in this generation who have become successful in writing readable and potentially enduring creative literature could easily be gathered, without danger of overcrowding, in the smoking room of a Pullman car.

With your twelve or fifteen educational articles, your twenty or thirty poems, you send in a list of your "publications" to your superiors. And they tell you that still you have not published anything; that anyone can write articles dealing with teaching problems (which is true), that creative writing in any form, unless it bring national reputation, can not be considered "publishing" in the eyes of the university. You must do research. So, for ten or twelve years you spend from \$300 to \$600 a year visiting Chicago, Washington, New York, Boston, and London, in order to make use of the library facilities in each city. You write research articles, tracing the definite article "the" through its ramifications in the eighteenth century, or assigning, with scientific accuracy, the day, month, and year on which each of Bacon's fifty-eight essays was written; you publish a scholarly monograph on the ablative case in Latin, and announce that you have almost enough material ready for a similar monograph on the Latin ablative absolute. Or, if your field is the nineteenth century, and some one has shown that Godwin influenced Shelley's ideas to a great extent, you prove that Godwin's influence on Shelley's ideas is entirely negligible; if it is commonly believed that Tennyson was profoundly disturbed by the tendencies of his age, you show, with convincing logic, that it was the tendencies of the age which were profoundly disturbed by Tennyson. And so on. The philological journals are glad to get your research articles and pay you with complimentary copies of the magazine. For the \$300 to \$600 you spend in the summer doing research, the university increases your salary \$100 a year. Your reward is coming at last. By the time you are forty-five or fifty, you are an associate professor with a salary of \$2,700 or \$3,000. And at fifty or fifty-five, if you have managed to include two or three books in your publications, you are promoted to professor of English, relieved of all composition work, and given a salary of \$3,000 or \$3,400.

Your life, then, will have been an exceedingly busy one.

I do not believe that you can afford to marry. The first years of your teaching you will scarcely earn enough to support yourself and pay your expenses in summer school, in addition to putting aside a few dollars each year for your "year off." You cannot count upon a Sabbatical year, with half-pay, for instructors usually are not accorded Sabbatical privileges, and you can scarcely hope for an assistant professorship before acquiring a Ph.D. Scholarships, fellowships, and loan funds are at best uncertain sources, and often embody undesirable conditions by which the student should not be hampered. Even with your Ph.D. salary, I doubt if there is enough for two people to live comfortably and happily on. You will scarcely be in a financial position to marry before you are forty or forty-five. By then you may have lost the inclination; you may feel that you can no longer make the personal adjustments which marriage demands; or you will have fallen in love so deeply with your mistress, literature, and her child, research, that you will be unable to sacrifice this interest for any one.

If you do marry early, you will probably succeed just as well in the end, but the price you will pay for that success will be immeasurably great. "Love," my married colleagues say, "overcomes all difficulties," but I often wonder! Married, you will have to "skimp" twice as much to save half the money that you did before. And wife will have to work bitterly hard, doing her and your washing and ironing, mending and sewing, cooking and housework. And you will groan and curse, impotently, but the authorities above you will answer by saying, do graduate work, then research, *research*, RESEARCH! There will be babies; there usually are, no matter how carefully a young married couple plans. Then, when you have saved the sum for your year off, if, indeed, you ever do, you will go to the graduate school, and live for a year or more, with your wife, and a baby or two, in a couple of rooms which must serve as kitchen, dining-room, bedroom, nursery, study, and library. Unmarried, you will be able to maintain yourself, modestly but without danger of starvation; you will be able to do some traveling, including, perhaps, two or three trips to the Continent and to England, the country whose literature you teach; you will be able to enjoy occasionally—and from orchestra seats—the theater, the opera, and music; you will be able to build up a library without feeling that you are robbing your children of a possible college education. Perhaps I am wrong on all this; perhaps marriage, a loving, constant wife, affectionate children, more than compensate for all sacrifices made. I do not know. I have never felt that I was in a position to marry and find out.

You are thinking that I have painted only the dark side of teaching college English, that there must be a bright side. There are, indeed, certain advantages. Your hours of work are virtually your own; you are not under an eight-to-five regime; you can postpone work to the evening, to the next day, sometimes for several days. You have leisure for reading, perhaps the most desirable advantage of the situation, and leisure for writing if you can overcome the inertia imposed by enervating academic conditions. Sometimes, but not often, your leisure is destroyed by some additional work imposed by the university which even a stupid stenographer could do just as well. You are constantly in contact with minds on the threshold of developing, minds seeking for satisfactory nourishment, and one of the teacher's great personal satisfactions is his feeling, rightly or wrongly, that he is a great aid and inspiration to his students. When your



years of composition apprenticeship are ended, and you begin to teach the authors near to your heart, this satisfaction is infinitely increased. Also, the teacher who conforms to the "system" and makes research the one great lasting reality of his life finds after a certain span of years that he has developed a genuine enthusiasm for his work; that the search for new truths or old truths reinterpreted, as he phrases it, is worth a man's best years.

And, quite recently, there have arisen two factors, already in force in a number of our larger universities, which will tend more and more to alleviate the financial strain under which a teacher works. One is the "permanency of tenure" rule, by which a teacher, if he shows promise of excellent teaching ability, genuine scholarship, and productive research, is, at the end of a certain period of years, usually four or five, given a permanent contract with his university. If, however, the young teacher fails during this apprenticeship, especially in the last two qualities (the Ph.D., after all, is a training for research, not a training for teaching), he is politely discouraged, and, if this has no effect, he is impolitely discharged. More important than permanency of tenure are old-age pensions. A small percentage of the teacher's salary is withheld annually, and an equal sum is added by the university; then, when the

teacher reaches the age of 65, he is retired, and is given a certain sum each year, sufficient for the necessities of existence. This old-age pension idea suggests two interesting points of view: first, that universities realize teachers are not paid sufficiently to enable them to make their own adequate provision for old age; and, second, that a widely current belief is true, namely, that teachers, with ministers, are the most impractical and gullible of men, and therefore unable to save money.

These, then, seem to me the advantages and disadvantages of teaching college English. These seem to me the price one must pay for the privilege, and the rewards one receives for the service. They seem to me to be true of the average college or university. There will be exceptions, of course, more desirable conditions prevailing in some places, where teaching conditions and salaries are especially good, less desirable conditions prevailing in other places. But no one, unless financially independent, should enter the field of college English, without a reservoir of enthusiasm and energy which can supply a broadly flowing river for thirty years.

Your desire to become a college teacher of English is an honest and a laudable one. But my best advice to you, present conditions considered, is Don't.

## How to Win Free Speech

By RUBEN LEVIN

**T**HERE is a lesson for the free-speech fighters of the country in an episode that agitated Dallas lately and that acquired almost a national interest. That lesson is: do not become aroused over restrictions upon soap-box liberty, do not rake the thesaurus to call the censors names, do not parade the city or picket the authorities with self-righteous posters. Instead, make a laughing-stock of the proscribers of free speech, of those who seem to dread criticism of established institutions.

The Dallas loyalists began their noble work of defending the government against destruction when they revoked permission granted Ben Gitlow, Communist candidate for Vice-President in the recent campaign, to speak in the city-hall auditorium. Hitherto the auditorium had been allowed to anyone, of whatever shade of opinion, of whatever religious or economic quackery, provided the \$5 rental fee was paid. It was the only available hall for public meetings, and it was commonly assumed to be open, without partiality, to anybody who applied. But no "Red" speaker had ever sought use of the auditorium before this time, for communism has been a rather vague, foreign, undisturbing idea hereabouts. Even so, Arthur Reinhart, commissioner of public property and custodian of the hall, accepted \$5 from the Workers' Party and gave them permission to congregate in the hall for one night.

But then the American Legion, ever alert to defend American liberty, jumped into the breach. Loudly, publicly, it protested against allowing Mr. Gitlow "to spread his pernicious and un-American doctrines in the city of Dallas." It viewed with alarm the sanction given Gitlow as an "insult to the United States Government and a blot upon the memory of the American soldiers who died in Flanders fields to make the world safe for democracy."

"It would be a dishonor," said the Legion's spokesman, Allan C. Ater, chairman of the central committee, "to the American soldiers in the World War, those dead and those living, especially those who suffered and were maimed, to permit a meeting of the kind advertised."

At once Mr. Reinhart, himself a legionnaire, rescinded the permit. No representative of Moscow, he announced, should be allowed to speak in a Dallas public hall. The City Commission by a majority vote upheld him.

The incident might have ended there, except for a few outcries from the handful of local Communists, had not Richard Potts, the town philosopher, scholar, and wit, and editor of the *Common Herd*, "The only Rationalist magazine in Texas," come forth to the undoing of the Legion and the city commissioners.

With all seriousness, he advanced upon the city hall and asked for a permit to use the assembly room for an "open forum." It was granted, as he delivered himself of \$5. The next day he announced to the press of the city that the "Royalist League of America" was to hold a mass meeting the following Sunday (five days later) in the auditorium. He styled himself secretary-general of the league. He issued a manifesto, as follows:

All citizens who are tired of our so-called democracy, who believe in a paternal government and the rule of a wise and judicious monarch, and who believe the time has come when we should begin active propaganda for the overthrow of this so-called republican government and for the establishment of a benevolent despotism in this country are invited to come and hear an address by an eminent exponent of the benefits of monarchical government over any democracy such as exists today in the United States of America.



As he had hoped, the Legion again leaped forward on behalf of 100 per cent Americanism. Mr. Ater announced weightily:

The Legion does not wish to shackle free speech, but it does think it improper for the city government to encourage movements aimed at the destruction of democracy by permitting its representatives to speak at the city auditorium. The Legion is opposed to any movement to overthrow democracy, for the legionnaires fought in the days of 1917 and 1918 to deliver democracy from the oppression of a German monarchy.

Annoyed at having been taken in by the "open forum," Reinhart quickly seconded Ater, announcing: "There is no room in America for people of that kind and their talk. Let them go to Russia and talk for a monarch. . . . The man who shot McKinley said on the scaffold with the rope around his neck that he had heard Emma Goldman preach communism. If she had not been allowed to speak, President McKinley would not have been killed."

The same day the American Civil Liberties Union wired Potts: "Congratulations on recognition of free speech and assembly. Will you join us in an effort to extend the same rights for Communists whose vice-presidential candidate was denied the use of the city-hall auditorium? Who is your candidate for king?"

Potts replied: "Will cooperate with you in securing hearing for Gitlow and Communists, or even for Dr. Straton and fundamentalists, provided I do not have to hear the latter. American Legion wants Mussolini, but my personal candidate for king is George Bernard Shaw with Will Rogers for vice-king."

But the Civil Liberties Union's relief was not needed. Potts sought his own. He applied for a writ of mandamus requiring the City Commission to remove all obstructions to the scheduled royalist meeting, not only on his own behalf but for "all those persons who desire the bona fide compliance of the city government with the Constitution of the United States and of Texas relative to freedom of speech."

"Such action [the revocation of the permit]," Potts set forth, "is designed and intended indirectly to establish the practice of censoring the words and thoughts of prospective speakers, so that the freedom of speech will be made a mere mockery, and the said auditorium used only by those whose words have been censored and approved by said defendants."

Potts lost the legal battle but he won a moral victory. Judge Towne Young in the Forty-fourth District Court denied Potts his writ on the ground that Reinhart, as custodian of the hall, had complete authority over the room, but he added: "If it were I, I would permit any person to speak there on any subject he chose."

Before the trial was at an end Potts had captured the chuckles, the applause, and the sympathy of the city, and had succeeded in throwing the city commissioners and the legionnaires into great discomfiture. The newspapers unanimously supported Potts in editorials, and after the legal fight was over Colonel William E. Easterwood, Jr., commander of another Legion post, finally came out publicly in favor of "free speech for nonconformist groups."

And to top it all, a Socialist, Lee L. Rhodes, candidate for Governor of Texas, applied for the use of the hall. Reinhart no longer dared deny the application, though he muttered weakly, "there are 3,000 street corners in the city for men such as these; there are as many soap-boxes."

Potts had won, and then he had his laugh. He disclosed the awful truth about the "Royalist League":

I really was not going to speak. I was only going to read a tirade on democracy, describe it as weak and distracted, and then advocate a benevolent monarch. I intended to say that I believe the British government formed the best model the world ever produced and then refer to the democratic system as imprudent. If not arrested by this time I would have gone further, and when I had completed I intended to tell the audience that the talk was not original, but that I had been quoting verbatim from the address of Alexander Hamilton, founder of the Republican Party, in his speech before the constitutional convention.

## In the Driftway

SOONER or later the rule was bound to be challenged anyhow. The sinking of the Vestris merely hurries the issue along. Our feminists can hardly fail to see in the catastrophe a new point of attack—to use it as the beginning of a campaign against the ancient chivalry of the sea which is crystallized in the slogan "Women and children first." On the Vestris this rule sent the women and children to death, and has come in for some little public criticism on that account. The feminists, of course, will not base their opposition on any such reason. On the contrary, they will attack the rule on the ground that it doesn't give them a fair chance to drown. Their slogan henceforth will be: "Equal rights with men in Davy Jones's locker."

\* \* \* \* \*

FOR the Drifter, who regards himself as something both of a sailor and a feminist, the controversy presents a dilemma. The Drifter is a feminist within reason. He agrees with the feminists consistently when they are right; and naturally he determines that point. He is a sailor a good bit beyond reason, for nobody would be a sailor at all if he were to confine himself to reason. But to get back to the rule "Women and children first." Let's take the children out of the discussion at once. Probably even the most virulent feminist would agree that in a moment of danger they should receive special consideration. The argument is whether women should. The Drifter is ready to admit that most of what we call chivalry toward the "weaker sex" is hocus-pocus and ought to go overboard. But in a shipwreck somebody must have the first—and generally the best—chance. If not the women—who then? Some may say that the most valuable persons should be saved first. But that would eliminate the children and the aged, the former because society has spent less on them and they are not yet productive; the latter because they have outlived their productivity. But even if we were to accept this gruesome philosophy, who would pick the fittest among the remaining passengers? The captain would be too busy, and if the job were left to the stewards they might be unduly influenced by prospective or already-garnered tips. The only way would be to include an intelligence test with the issuance of every passport, and assign precedence in the lifeboats accordingly. To this the Drifter would most emphatically object. It would take all the joy out of a sea trip to know that in case of accident he would be the last one over the ship's side.



IT'S highly unlikely that the rule of putting women in the lifeboats first will be abandoned in the discernible future, even if the feminists decide to turn their guns upon it. For one thing, tradition—generally all too strong ashore—is ten times as strong at sea. Customs still survive there out of the Middle Ages which have long been forgotten ashore—such as the virtual serfdom by which a sailor is bound to his ship and the caste distinctions between officers and crew. But there is better backing for giving preference to women in case of accident at sea than mere tradition. Somehow we must manage to preserve, in moments of danger and panic, all the practices of civilized humans that we can—the crude savage reappears all too readily. At such times reason goes by the board. Men and women are guided by their instincts and their habits. Their only hope of decency toward one another lies in those rules of conduct which have been instilled into them from childhood—and into their parents before them. Since all cannot take to the lifeboats at once—or at all—there must be some established and accepted precedence if brute force and anarchy are not to prevail. It has been established in favor of women and there are rational grounds to support it. In spite of all the feminists, the Drifter dares assert that in this day at least women have less brawn than men, are less often swimmers, and are not as able to fend for themselves when cast as wreckage into the sea. But, when possible, the Drifter would modify the rule of "Women and children first" so as not to separate families. As matters stand, husbands are often parted unnecessarily from wives, while it can do small good to save a mother and her children if the father, in another boat—or without one—never reaches land.

\* \* \* \* \*

IN ANY event, among up-to-date women the Drifter looks for some skulking. Just as, at present, the captain has to keep an occasional fear-crazed man out of a boat by drawing his revolver, so in future he may have to threaten to shoot some ardent feminist whom he finds hiding behind a ventilator in the hope that she may be the last "man" to quit the ship.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

*Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.*

### Pure Boston

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Those of us concerned with reawakening Boston to its heritage of free assemblage, free speech, and free press are driven to despond. The denial of that heritage in the past three years is bad enough. Now comes another incident, unheralded, of course. It is simply the treatment accorded that penetrating study of censorship, "To the Pure . . ." by Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle, at the hands of the Boston bookdealers. If ever there was a book made to order in defense of the booksellers, it is this book. The authors even dedicate it to "The Perplexed Booksellers who, under the unknown rules of literary decency, cannot insure themselves against imprisonment, even by reading all the volumes on their shelves."

But what do the Boston booksellers do with the book? They keep it out of sight. Almost timorously the clerks in the various

bookstores where I sought the book confessed that they had it—fearful, it seemed, that I might be an agent of that Boston Watch and Ward Society which is so fairly revealed in all its tyrannical stupidity in the study by Mr. Ernst and Mr. Seagle.

The truth seems to be that Boston is in the grip of fear in all departments of its life—fear stimulated and heightened by the pocket nerve. The booksellers are a pitiable example.

Boston, November 8

GARDNER JACKSON

## German Poverty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an admirable article in yours of November 7, page 484, Arthur Feiler says: "The German people is crowded into a territory which produces neither adequate foodstuffs for the population nor sufficient raw materials for its industry." Again, on page 476, Ignaz Wrobel, in a keen analysis of the Germany of Today, makes this definite statement: "the country is overpopulated."

Compared with almost any European neighbor, with the possible exception of France, Germany is not by any means overpopulated. She still has 185,889 square miles of territory, and only 62,500,000 inhabitants, or about 328 persons to the square mile (say, one family to each eight acres). Belgium has 648 inhabitants to the square mile, Holland 563.3, and Italy 329. None of these countries raises all the foodstuffs for its population, or produces anywhere nearly sufficient raw materials for its industries. As Mr. Feiler says of Germany, their "wealth is in the willingness and capacity of their people to work."

If decreasing population caused national prosperity, then Ireland should be one of the wealthiest countries of Europe today, for her population has dropped from 9,000,000 in 1846 to less than 5,000,000 in 1926. If the overpopulation theory were correct, there would be no poverty and want in Ireland now. But Irish poverty persists. Spain has only 108 inhabitants to the square mile to Holland's 563 (or to Germany's 328); Spain has the better natural resources; but in which country is the wealth more abundant? The degree of wealth of any country is not dependent upon the number of its inhabitants, but upon the freedom of access to resources by its inhabitants. Germany's drawbacks are not due to natural disabilities, or "overpopulation," but to laws which restrict labor's access to natural opportunities, and also hamper the interchange of labor products with the rest of the world.

Some of these hampering trade laws are of Germany's own making, and some are imposed by other countries. But for the laws which allow land to be held out of use, or only put into use after an exorbitant price has been paid for the privilege, Germany is herself responsible, like every other country in the like case.

New York, November 13

BOLTON HALL

## Now Is the Time

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to express myself as heartily in accord with your statement, in the editorial Hoover Wins, to the effect that now is the time "for a union of forces to create a truly liberal party." It is surely the more timely in that the liberals have so long had to accept the half-hearted reforms of the leading opposition, and to no avail. Most liberals are waiting only for someone to cry "Now is the time for all good men"—and to follow the leader who is willing to make himself the prophet of the new liberalism. Let us hear more on the subject. The times are ripe, and need but a man who has no ear for Republican silver or eye for Democratic ribands.

Cambridge, November 19

CHARLES E. PETTEE

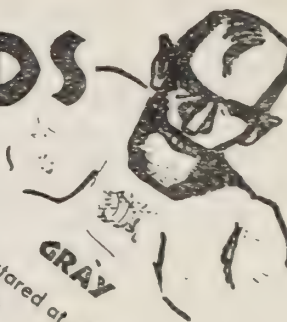




**KOVINSKY**

This posty-faced little bantam was dressed  
In a wall-paper suit  
And a bar-tender's vest.  
He was full of himself.  
He scowled when he talked.  
He tied his elbows,  
If you couldn't have walked.  
He stuck out his chest  
And sucked in his guts:  
You gathered he thought  
He was just the nuts!

**SOME OF THE WORST  
-AND SEW YOUR SHIRT  
TO YOUR BACK FIRST**



**GRAY**

Pansy stared at what he saw:  
Bull neck:  
He-Man jaw:  
Mouth like a slot;  
Nose flat:  
Green eyes,  
Like an alley cat.  
From just the little  
There was to be seen,  
Gray looked aggressive—  
And he looked mean.

**IN**

# THE SET-UP

BY

**JOSEPH MONCURE MARCH**

AUTHOR OF "THE WILD PARTY"

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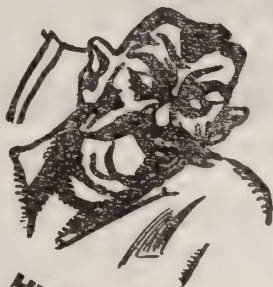
**HERMAN'S BAR**

Herman's bar:  
A joint for sneaks,  
Tin-horn sports  
And gutter sheiks.  
Dingy,  
Grimy:  
Dirty, dark,  
Slimy.  
Stale beer,  
Dead butts:  
The place stank  
To turn your guts



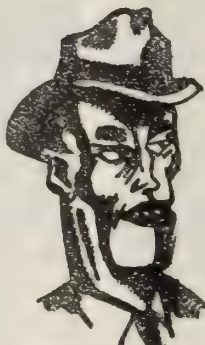
**THE TARTS**

In the opposite corner slumped a pair  
Of heavy tarts with bleached hair.  
Open fur coats displayed  
Threadbare linings  
Ripped,  
Frayed.  
Thin summer frocks with blue  
Underwear showing through.  
Big breasts.  
Wide hips.  
Loose mouths with red lips.  
Short skirts: crossed knees.  
Ten inches above these,  
Sheer stockings ended in  
A glimpse of garter and white skin.



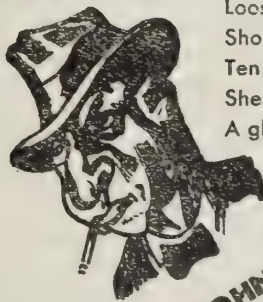
**HERMAN**

Behind the bar,  
Herman:  
Pompous,  
German.  
Huge:  
An ox:  
Six foot four in his socks.  
Square head:  
Face red,  
Pitted with small-pox.  
Lumpy nose.  
Under it curled  
A black moustache with the ends twirled.  
And down on his damp forehead sat  
One black curl  
Pasted flat.



**MAC PHAIL**

The bird with him was Ed MacPhail.  
He looked liked something  
Lost in the mail:  
Dirty, battered, fringed:  
Tattered,  
Yellow tinged.  
Pig's eyes, close together.  
Skin like rusty shoe-leather.  
Yellow teeth.  
Hair like straw.  
A rat-trap mouth,  
And a lantern jaw.  
Dour:  
Sour:  
A rare Scotch flower



**COHN**

Grey complexion.  
Loose skin.  
Nose like a beak.  
No chin.  
Grey bulging eyes:  
Cold, glassy, wise.  
His mouth was red,  
Puffy, slack,  
With one of the corners hooked back.  
Out of this corner drooped a wet  
Smouldering Turkish cigarette.  
Diamond horse-shoe stuck in his tie.  
Derby cocked over one eye.  
Cheap:  
Shabby:  
Dirty looking:  
Flabby.

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## Appreciation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to congratulate you most cordially on the splendid service you have rendered the American people by the special "German Republic" edition of *The Nation*.

I somehow find it impossible to get out of my mind the clear conviction that the human family can look forward now to a brighter future than it has ever enjoyed in the past, provided there are no more world wars. But if—and I say this after two years of service with combat outfits in the World War—there is to be another war of world scope, the human family might just as well not look forward at all. The best way to avoid such catastrophes is not by federal appropriations for bigger and better guns, but through the channels of that high type of intelligence that is based on understanding. To bring about this understanding you have rendered a gallant service in the 3305th number of your weekly. I most sincerely hope that this will not be the last time you issue a number of this sort; for real peace is still some distance off.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

*Morgantown, West Virginia, November 6*

## Southern Gloom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Although of Southern and slave-holding descent, and the editor for thirty years of a Democratic, Jim Reed, country weekly in the very fastness of the Missouri Bible Belt, with a complex on political Protestantism almost as violent as that of Mr. Mencken himself, I, like *The Nation*, have looked forward eagerly to the day when the Solid South would be broken—but I wanted the cleavage to come on economic issues, with a promise of genuine political realignment. That hope, you know, and I know, and every intelligent man knows, has not been realized in the present break. Faced candidly, it was brought about by religious hate and a stupid fear. In Texas a moronic Baptist clergy and pew did the work—preachers pick off objectionable citizens from the pulpit with automatics down there and are acquitted by prayerful juries—and in Virginia the Methodist hierarchy, grown both corrupt and arrogant, did the job. Also in North Carolina, where the senile but still cunning Senator Simmons strove diligently and successfully to pay the possible debt he owed a Republican administration. Add to these the scurrility and the stupid fear aroused among the ignorant by the night-gown boys following Senator Heflin in his march on Rome, and you have summed up the reasons why the Solid South broke. Better far had it remained benighted for another half a century.

*Paris, Missouri, November 9*

T. V. BODINE

## Southern Defense

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: 1. You say that Hoover owes his success to Prejudice, Bigotry, Superstition, Intolerance, Hate, Selfishness, Snobbery, and Passion. These things—all of them—I have fought all my life, and I have fought them when it cost something. This warfare is nothing new to me. I loathe these things with a profound nausea. The great mass of Texans who voted for Hoover were not guided by these unworthy motives. There was a noisy group played up in the papers to which such considerations did make an appeal, but they were not representative. I doubt whether over 7 per cent of the people voted against Governor Smith primarily on account of his church connection.

2. Is there any way of ascertaining how many people

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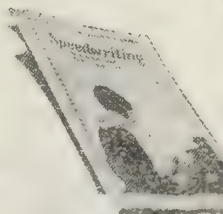
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opposed Governor Smith because he is a Roman Catholic? I think there is. I have found very few persons—not a half dozen—who would have opposed Senator Tom Walsh for the Presidency. I advocated his nomination heartily, and others have again and again expressed themselves in the same way.

3. Five times as much has been said about the religious question by Governor Smith's supporters in Texas as has been said by those favoring Mr. Hoover. For months I have been reading several dailies and attending political meetings of both sides. Sometimes the supporters of Hoover have made no reference to the religious question, and in other instances they have taken it up simply in reply to Smith's supporters who first introduced it. I do not want to bring any charges, but the impression has been made that the opponents of Hoover sought to dwell on the religious issue in order to keep in the background the weakness of their own candidate, so that the impression might go out that opposition to him was due to his religion.

4. Your insult to the Methodist and Baptist churches is of course noted. You are not fair enough to them to give their real grounds for opposing Governor Smith. I have read many pronouncements from these and other religious bodies, and not in one have I seen objection made to Governor Smith's religion. I read weekly several denominational organs, and have found occasional reference to the religious question but comparatively little discussion of it, though for other reasons both editors and contributors have opposed the candidacy of Governor Smith vigorously.

5. Your unfairness is manifested in your failure to say anything about the number who supported Governor Smith on account of his religion. I would not say anything offensive to the Roman Catholic church or to any other religious communion, nor will I attempt to estimate the number of voters whose one reason for voting for Smith was that he is a Roman Catholic. In spite of the fact that Catholic papers urged them to vote for Smith, some Catholics did not.

The great mass of Texans who supported Hoover did so in the face of intimidation, threats to drive them from their party, offensive epithets, deep-seated bias; but instead of commending their independence and idealism *The Nation* has only insults for them.

Lubbock, Texas, November 15

JOHN C. GRANBERY

## Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my article on The Real Situation in Russia there was one slight error—printers' or typists'—in the account of the exiling of Feodorov. The suggestion that he might go to America came not from the G. P. U. but from the N. T. U., Scientific Technical Administration, a body that plays an increasingly important role in the industrialization of Soviet Russia.

Carmel, Cal., November 16

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# International Relations Section

## Opium-Smoking in the Far East

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

WHAT happened this September at Geneva was right in line with the best traditions of the opium interests. No deviation from their policy of protecting the thing—not for an instant. On the contrary, with their usual foresight, they seem to be laying their plans well in advance so that nothing shall interfere. This time the question switched from drugs to opium itself, and the smoking of opium in the Far East was the problem that occupied the Fifth Committee of the Assembly of the League of Nations. This Fifth Committee deals with the social questions of the League, and has about forty delegates, or one for every country. It always includes, however, that strong, influential, and determined minority which makes up the Opium Committee.

A few weeks before the Assembly opened the press contained short notices of a British proposal to send a commission to the Far East. Among other things, to look into conditions in China. It will be recalled that five years ago the European Powers excused themselves from carrying out their treaty obligations to suppress opium-smoking in their Far Eastern possessions on the pretext that China was to blame. They said Chinese opium was being smuggled into their colonies, and if they stopped the legalized sales through government shops this legal traffic would be supplanted by illicit supplies from China. However, they agreed to review the situation in five year's time, and this proposed Commission of Inquiry was apparently to make the review promised. But the fact that the commission was to go to China, made it look highly suspicious that China was again to be made the excuse for evading treaty obligations and for continuing this profitable trade.

The Council of the League met just previous to the Assembly meeting, and at the Council the Chinese delegate made a disconcerting proposal. If, he said, Chinese opium was considered a menace to European colonies in the East, he would draw attention to the fact that European drugs were a great menace to China. They were being smuggled into China more extensively than Chinese opium was being smuggled into certain colonies. Therefore, if this commission was to be sent to China, he would ask that it be likewise sent to investigate the drug-making countries of Europe. The over-manufacture of drugs in Europe was a tremendous danger to China, and he would like these countries investigated as well as his own. Only on this condition, this basis of equality instead of discrimination, would his Government agree to receive the commission in China.

This logical demand was most unwelcome. The European countries wished no investigation as to their manufacture of drugs—far from it. But they wanted badly to “prove” that China's opium was a menace to their colonies and the reason why they have failed to suppress smoking as agreed to by the Hague Convention, signed some fifteen years ago. Chapter II of that convention calls upon the contracting Powers to take measures for the “gradual and

effective suppression of the use of opium for smoking,” which has not been carried out.

Matters were at this stage when the Fifth Committee began to discuss opium on September 13, 1928. The session opened with a solemn announcement of the need for economy. The League, it seems, had been splashing around rather freely, incurring all sorts of expenses, and this must be stopped. The Fifth Committee was thoroughly impressed with this imperative need, the announcement of which took up a lot of time and was well pounded in.

One wondered what they were aiming at. It soon became clear. It was to defeat the Chinese proposal of a double investigation. A Commission of Inquiry was expensive—its duties would continue for months, with traveling expenses and other costs. Therefore it soon developed that while there would be enough money to investigate China, there would not be enough to investigate the drug-making countries of Europe as well. “Economy” stepped in to prevent that. Whereupon the Chinese delegate said he was sorry, but under those conditions the commission could not go to China. The time had gone by when China would accept inequality of treatment.

At which announcement the British delegate naively remarked that in that case the value of the investigation would fall to the ground.

However, they soon thought of something else, since “conditions in China” was not available as an excuse for evading treaty obligations. This other was the Philippines. The Dutch delegate proposed that the commission be sent to the Philippines to see how prohibition of opium worked—the United States Government does not sell opium in licensed shops and divans for the sake of revenue, and the Dutch delegate was anxious to see how far it had been possible to prevent smuggling from the mainland. [If there is a great deal of smuggling into the Philippines, the commission may “prove” that it is better for governments to sell opium rather than smugglers.]

At this point a plump cat escaped from the bag. We of the audience had long been wondering what was back of this Commission of Inquiry, why the British, spokesmen and sponsors, had been pressing for it so insistently and persistently. On the face of it, it seemed innocuous, and indeed rather valuable. But why, then, should the British be so anxious to have a record of conditions in the Far East, which they must know thoroughly themselves? The audience, even members of that guileless Fifth Committee itself, began to search into old records and look into documents issued years ago. And they found this:

In the protocol of the agreement of the First Opium Conference, signed at Geneva in February 1925, Article III:

A commission to be appointed at the proper time by the Council of the League of Nations. . . . *The Decision of the Commission to be Final.*

In other words, should this commission report that it is impossible to stop opium-smoking in the Far East—on whatever pretext—there can be no appeal from its decision.

Light then began to filter in upon the members of the Fifth Committee. And in the course of a heated debate whether to approve this commission and ask that it be appointed, still further light was shed. The more the British pleaded that they were just straining at the leash and wild to carry out their treaty obligations but couldn't



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do so till this commission had reported, the more the Fifth Committee began to see daylight, to remember these ominous words, "*the decision of the commission shall be final.*"

And then the British delegate made this significant admission: "What we really want is independent proof of our inability to carry out our obligations arising from the Hague Convention."

After a three days' debate a vote was finally taken as to whether or not this commission should be asked for. China was the only country with courage to vote No. There were seventeen abstentions, including that of Italy. There were thirteen votes in favor, including the six British, and the measure was carried.

So this Commission of Inquiry, consisting of three members, is to go to the Far East to decide whether or not it is possible to carry out treaty obligations. A heavy responsibility. And the decision of the commission shall be

final. The following table shows the stake which European nations have in the opium traffic in the Far East.

The revenue figures are quoted for the last year for which statistics are available—1925 in most cases, 1927 for the Dutch East Indies. The figures for British Possessions come from blue books and annual reports, the figures for French Indo-China are from the Bureau de l'Indo-Chine Colonial Library, and the rough estimate of Dutch East Indian revenue is from "The Statesman's Year Book." The Sarawak estimate is in Sarawak dollars, about fifty-six cents in United States currency. The figures from North Borneo are in British pounds, from French Indo-China in francs, and from the Dutch East Indies in guilders. Other revenue figures are in American dollars.

Name of Settlement	Total Revenue	Opium Revenue	Per cent
<i>British Possessions</i>			
Straits Settlements.	53,850,960	13,216,892	29.5
Hong Kong .....	21,131,581	2,831,305	13.3
Fed'd Malay States.	86,564,279	12,559,349	14.5
Johore .....	15,884,592	4,429,720	27.9
Kelantan .....	1,804,180	458,411	25.4
Trengannu .....	1,007,282	247,806	24.6
Kedah .....	5,970,148	1,993,843	33.4
Perlis .....	470,616	185,882	39.5
Sarawak .....	6,357,835	1,560,996	24.5
State of Brunei ....	315,261	65,615	20.8
North Borneo ....	433,927	156,760	36.1
<i>French Indo-China..</i>	<i>78,173,329</i>	<i>12,198,341</i>	<i>15.6</i>
<i>Netherlands East</i>			
<i>Indies .....</i>	<i>701,093,925</i>	<i>36,000,000</i>	<i>5.1</i>

## Contributors to This Issue

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# Holiday Book Section

## The Continental Book Flood

By CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

NOT very many years ago the typical American book publisher regarded with a fishy eye the notion of translations from the European literatures. There was no more money in translations then than (with a gesture of apology to Miss Parker, Mr. Benét, and Miss Millay) there is in poetry now. The foreign productions presented to the public generally had to possess intimations of pornography. It was thus, and thus only, that Zola and Balzac and Maupassant quickly found their way into conservative American book-cases. Today all this is changed. The publishing season we are now passing through has witnessed a veritable flood of translations—and not merely from the French and German, as in former years, but from practically every European tongue, including the Finnish and the Albanian. Once Mr. Knopf stood practically alone in his valiant cosmopolitanism; but all can grow the flower now that he has sown the seed. There is hardly a publisher's list that does not boast two or three translations; and the larger firms announce anywhere from three to twenty-five of them. Many houses employ special European agents, and there are few, even among the most modest, who do not send over a representative for an annual trip. Hardly has a novelist won one of the innumerable prizes which form one of the most exciting of French institutions than the book is contracted for over here. In the domestic editorial sancta the catalogues of a hundred foreign publishers are gone over with a fine-toothed comb. The larger establishments often employ readers whose sole duty is to read and report on foreign books, not only books of fiction but biography, travel, memoirs, history, philosophy, and the fine and decorative arts. The publishers often do not wait until a foreign writer has achieved some reputation in his own country, but seize upon him while he is still young and tender and an unknown quantity.

The immediate cause of this astonishing development in the history of the American book trade is not far to seek. One can find it in the enormous successes of a few writers such as Ibañez, Wassermann, Hamsun, Ludwig, and Maurois. Publishers are, on the whole, an optimistic lot, being of the opinion that lightning often strikes twice in the same place. They subscribe to the belief that there is such an entity as a "Ludwig audience" or a "Maurois audience" and that if they can only discover another Ludwig or another Maurois they will be able to make a profitable substitution. But Maurois, Ludwig, et al., have only been the most brilliant successes; modest fortunes have been made by investments in much smaller fry. During the past few seasons, for example, noteworthy sales have been achieved of Feuchtwanger's "The Ugly Duchess" and "Power," Salten's "Bambi," Julian Green's "The Closed Garden," Bedel's "The Latitude of Love," Schnitzler's "Fräulein Else" and "Theresa," Bonsel's "An Indian Journey," Neumann's "The Devil," Pirandello's plays, Pourtales's "Chopin" and "Liszt," and, to sink to a lower level, Dekobra's "Madonna of the Sleeping Cars." Enough individual successes have been registered to encourage the publishers to further efforts in

the same field. Most of them believe that, even if they fail to hit the bull's-eye within a given season, the policy of translation is in general a far-sighted one because the public, or at least a goodly portion of it, seems to have abandoned its long-standing prejudice against foreign works, so that sales resistance is lowered and the chances for the future correspondingly brighter.

Another and less obvious reason for the increase in translated books is to be discovered in the changing character of American publishing. At present one can discern two main and opposed trends. One, in harmony with the entire current of American industry, is toward combination and quantity production. The recent Doubleday-Doran merger is the first impressive indication of a movement which may, in seventy-five years, leave only five or six gigantic companies in the publishing field, differing from one another, perhaps, in the class of mentality which they serve. The other trend, more immediately apparent, is toward the establishment of numerous small houses, one or two of which have enjoyed conspicuous success. Many of these smaller firms are headed by young men, often of considerable wealth or, at any rate, possessing solid financial backing, who do not have any distinct and ineluctable vocation for book-publishing. They might have been equally successful as bankers, advertising men, or tennis champions. But book-publishing has something in it of the false romance and speculative quality that play-producing has: and so it is beginning to attract the same kind of amateur temperament that succumbs to the lure of the theater. The situation is such that we have on the one hand a large number of publishing firms who take their business as a business and a smaller number who take it not only as a business but as a sport, or an opportunity for organizing a social milieu in which one will meet "interesting people." To the dilettante publisher the foreign field beckons inevitably. In the first place, there is a glamor and a distinction about translations from foreign languages which a plain bread-and-butter American novel apparently lacks. In addition, the dilettante publisher finds competition in the foreign field much less rigorous than in the domestic one. While he may be unable to secure competent American fiction, he can always "complete his list" with a scattering of foreign books which have earned some critical approbation in the lands of their birth and which, therefore, it is no disgrace to publish. He finds the obtaining of such books an easy matter, for European firms are, unfortunately, ignorant of the relative merits of American houses and are inclined to let their books go to anyone that asks for them.

The most fundamental cause, however, of the foreign deluge is the real lack of American books, either of literary quality or with sales possibilities, but particularly the former. As far as the publisher is concerned, there is only one remedy for this situation, and that is to cut down his list. But this he will not do or at any rate he does not do, perhaps because, like most American industrialists, he be-



believes that each year's production should be greater than that of the preceding year, or because he is vain, or because he believes that the more books he publishes the more new authors he will attract, or, finally, because his editorial department is too laxly organized and lets through many volumes which should never be printed. This enormous production does not necessarily mean enormous profits, and certainly it does not mean what every publisher of any standing is eager to acquire, namely, literary acclaim. Accordingly, recourse is had to the foreign field. Even if a Ludwig or a Maurois is not available, at any rate the publisher's list is bolstered up by the inclusion of foreign works which sound as if they might be "literature." With all his business acumen and despite his hard-boiled air, the average American publisher has a deep reverence for the intellectual classes. He is perfectly willing to produce the books of Wyndham Lewis at a loss.

The result of all this is that a great many books are translated which simply do not deserve it. Not only are they of mediocre literary quality but they are entirely devoid of sales pull. They merely crowd an already overcrowded market, confuse booksellers, drive reviewers mad—and never reach an audience anyway. Most of them are fortunate to achieve a total sale of fifteen hundred copies. From them the American reading public learns little. They influence too small a fraction really to be of any value in modifying our literary provincialism. And even in those cases where the books do reach a large audience, they may hardly be said to spread any cosmopolitan enlightenment. On the contrary, the American reading public which devours Keyserling and Ludwig is swallowing authors which the cultivated European taste hardly deigns to notice.

Formerly bookish persons rarely discussed Continental literature because they did not know anything about it. But at least their ignorance prevented them from falling into errors of perspective. Today we juggle with a dozen foreign names as if they were representative of the artistic leadership of Europe when, as a matter of fact, they often represent writers whom Europe has rejected or who have developed tricks particularly calculated to please Americans.

And this brings up the most interesting and unfortunate situation of all. European writers, fired by the success of Ludwig and Maurois, aflame with rumors of enormous royalties, and dizzied by the plenitude of generous book clubs, are beginning to write with the American market in mind. Why not? American publishers are not over-particular. There is always the possibility of highly profitable first- and second-serial rights, which in Europe have very little monetary value. Then, these mad Americans seem willing to be lectured at—at \$500 a lecture. So the European novelist or biographer of competent but not outstanding talent reasons to himself. Consequently, the next ten or fifteen years may witness a partial Americanizing of Continental literary production, paralleling, in a small way, the conquering career of our industrial methods. The American magazine has already become the Mecca of English short-story writers; eventually it and the American publishing house may also become the be-all and the end-all of a great many Continental artists. When this happy result is accomplished, the last American conquest will have been achieved and we will have established a pleasing literary feudalism with ourselves as lords of the manor and our European brothers, of the pen playing the part of the willing, because well-paid, serfs.

## What Ails the Metropolitan Museum?

By WALTER GUTMAN

FOR a good many years those interested in modern art in New York have found their chief amusement as well as their chief shame in the collection of the Metropolitan Museum. It was said that the only way to get a Cézanne into the collection was to sneak it up the stairs some night and hang it. Then, by the time they got around to shifting the hangings, it would be an old master. In September of this year Murdock Pemberton published a series of Impertinent Questions in *Creative Art*, among which were the following:

What is your objection to pictures by the younger living artists?

Failing to provide museum space for the work of contemporary men who have not received the accolade of the Academy, would you consider spending \$10,000 a year on unknown Americans and giving them a fortnightly or monthly show?

Did you have a chance to buy Cézannes when Stieglitz tried in vain to sell them at \$40 apiece?

Could you tell a good picture if it were offered at any price under \$5,000?

But on examining the collection thoroughly one finds that a cold attitude toward the moderns is perhaps the least of the Museum's faults. If it were hostile it might have a great and intelligent love for something else. But in fact it does

not show itself particularly hostile to the moderns, or adverse to buying unknown men, or particularly aggressive and intelligent in collecting the old. In the end, the task of a public museum is not especially to encourage contemporary art. That is up to the artists and the private enthusiasts. Nor should it be to specialize in one narrow field so as to outrival every other institution in possessing the work of some artist or period. Its job is to excite the public to an interest in art and to inform it as to its history. To do this a museum must have works of the highest quality in every field, and enough of these to give a conception of the variety of each period. Then again, the largest part of its collection should be made up of works which have the widest appeal, and the funds budgeted to that end, leaving the finer points in history to be taken care of by the specialists. It is in this duty that the Metropolitan Museum fails more completely than in its appreciation of the moderns, and it is a failure that is considerably more serious.

Of course, in the collection of old masters the Museum is handicapped by reason of its age in comparison with museums abroad. Yet, granting this, a lack of intelligence and aggressiveness has been in evidence ever since the Museum became a competitor. For example, compare it with the National Gallery of London. Let us take twelve painters of unquestionable merit who were also prolific and compare



the examples of their work possessed by each, according to the museums' most recent catalogues. Let us confine ourselves to artists who are foreign to both countries so as to eliminate the effects of patriotism. It is obvious that a museum's policy is most clearly shown by what it buys.

The Metropolitan Museum was organized in 1870. However, it took time to get well under way, and it was not until the Rogers bequest in 1903 that the Museum was in a position to buy quite as it wished. That year it spent \$244,139.09 on works of art. For the next ten years its average was \$271,140.03, spending in the last year of that decade \$373,774.23. In 1926, the year of its last catalogue, the figure had risen to \$1,145,316.75.<sup>1</sup> Making the comparison, then, from 1903, we find: The National Gallery has seven Velasquez's of which one was bought after this date; the Metropolitan, two given. The National Gallery has thirty-six Rubens's, none bought after that date; the Metropolitan nine, three bought. The National Gallery has nineteen Rembrandts, one bought; the Metropolitan, the same number, given. The National Gallery has seven Raphaels, one bought; the Metropolitan, one given. The National Gallery has five Tintoretos, one bought; the Metropolitan, three, all purchased. The National Gallery has seven Titians, one bought; the Metropolitan, one, given.<sup>2</sup> Of Goya, Veronese, Poussin, and Claude the Metropolitan has eight, of which six were bought; the National Gallery, thirty-three, none purchased after 1903. Of Delacroix and Ingres, the Metropolitan has four, all bought; the National Gallery, seventeen, fourteen purchased. In total the National Gallery has within these years bought nineteen and the Metropolitan sixteen. While the result is not a crushing victory for the National Gallery in point of numbers, it becomes more complete when we consider that the National had ninety-nine examples of these men before our chosen date, and the Metropolitan just six. Strangely enough, if we compare the figures since the opening of the World War, we find that the National Gallery has purchased sixteen paintings to the Metropolitan's nine, though the Metropolitan spread its paintings over six men to the National Gallery's four.

However, let us not stop with the big names but take the completeness of representation by country. It would be cruel to compare the Metropolitan's Italian collection with those of museums abroad, for we cannot expect it to have the Michelangelos, the da Vincis, the Orcagnas, the Duccios, the Cimabues, which those museums had the fortune to inherit; nor the Dutch and Flemish. Still what about the French? The preface to the catalogue of the exhibition of French primitives held at the Kleinberger Galleries in New York in October, 1927, said that it was only between two and three decades ago that the world became aware of the importance of these works. Then:

In consequence of the exhibition of 1904 [of French primitives in Paris] the Louvre, aware of its gaps and in order to complete its collections, hastened to acquire some of the masterpieces of French primitive painting.

Why then has the Metropolitan no example of Jean Malouel, or of his school; of Henri Bellechose, Jean Fouquet, Michel Colombe, La Maitre de Moulins, the two Clouets, Nicholas Froment? Of the important men of these centuries the

Museum has just three paintings: a school panel of Simon Marmion, and two portraits by Corneille de Lyon, all of which were given to it.

From the seventeenth century to the nineteenth the list is not much better. The Museum has no example of Watteau; none of Fragonard or of Rigaud, Lancret, La Tour, Le Brun. It has three Le Nains, two Chardins, three Poussins, two of Largillière, one of Claude, two Bouchers, four of Greuze, two Nattiers, one of David. In other words, of the fifteen important men of two centuries it has twenty examples distributed over nine of them.

Of the nineteenth century its collection, because it could so easily have been so much better, is a disgrace. Two Delacroix. Why could it not have had some of the ten bought at the Degas sale in 1918 by the National Gallery? Two Ingres. The National Gallery bought four at the Degas sale. One Géricault, one Daumier, two Millets. Of Corot, Courbet, de Chavannes, and Monet, good numbers: thirteen, seven, four, and four. Of Manet, three. The National Gallery has seven of which five were bought between 1918-1926. Of Cézanne, one; of Degas, one; of Renoir, one; of Redon, one, a sketch; of Gauguin, none; of Van Gogh, none; of Toulouse-Lautrec, none; of Seurat, none; of Pissarro, none; of Forain, none. Plainly from its inclusion of Cézanne and Renoir the Museum is not afraid of the new school of the last century. Then why not the others and why not more of the ones we have? The National Gallery has three Cézannes, nine Degas's, three Renoirs. Of those the Metropolitan has none of, the National Gallery has the following: three Gauguins, four Van Goghs, two Pissarros, two Forains, two Seurats, one Toulouse-Lautrec. Even the collections of our smaller museums are superior to the Metropolitan on this score. The Art Institute of Chicago has four Renoirs, two Degas's; five Pissarros, three Gauguins; one Forain. The Museum of Fine Arts of Boston has listed in its catalogue of 1921 four Degas's, two Pissarros, two Renoirs. Of these men the National Gallery has bought nineteen examples, the Metropolitan and the Art Institute two, and the Boston Museum one. But perhaps the directors felt that as long as there was such a charming collection across the East River, theirs could be neglected. In the Brooklyn Museum one can find a Cézanne, three Degas's, two Toulouse-Lautrecs, two Pissarros, two Forains, a Renoir, a sketch, and a Gauguin. Of these five were bought.

In the twentieth century the Museum has no examples of Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Segonzac, Braque, Forain, Utrillo, Vuillard, Bonnard, Modigliani. These painters were once, like the Cézannes Mr. Pemberton speaks of, to be bought at bargains. This is so no longer. It does not take a prophet to see what the French collection of the twentieth century is likely to be like when so far it consists of one water-color copy of Manet's "Olympia" by Jacques Villon.

In the section of American painting much the same condition exists. The Museum boasts<sup>3</sup> that "The collection of American art of today . . . is the most complete branch of the collection and gives a wide representation of what is being done in our own country." It is without a Marin, an O'Keeffe, a Preston Dickenson, a McFee, a Chapin, a Sheeler, a Hartley, a Leon Kroll.

In its collection of sculpture one does not expect the Museum to compete with the public monuments abroad. Among the more recent, the only really excellent group is that of Barye; and the only extensive one, that of Rodin.

<sup>1</sup> Annual Reports of the Metropolitan Museum, 1871-1927.

<sup>2</sup> The Museum has, since the issuance of its catalogue of 1926, bought a Rubens and a Titian. I was not, however, able to get equally complete information on the accessions of the National Gallery and have therefore let the comparison stand.

<sup>3</sup> Metropolitan Museum Catalogue of Paintings, 1926, xii.



It has one Epstein, the head of an American soldier. The Tate Gallery has, if I remember correctly, either three or four; and, as everyone knows, the British Government has granted him commissions for two public monuments. The Metropolitan has none of Maillol, who is generally considered the greatest of living sculptors. It owns no Despiau. The Luxembourg bought one of his busts as long ago as 1912. It owns no Bernard. The Luxembourg has two. It has no Lachaise, no Archipenko, no Brancusi. It has a "Herakles" and a "Beethoven" by Bourdelle, of which it bought the latter, and a head by the rather advanced sculptor, Allan Clark. It has bought, too, a good number of Dianas, a "Song of the Wave," a statue called "Needless Alarms," in which a nude girl is frightened by a toad, and an "Ephèbe" by Louis Aime Le Jeune, the original of which is in the Luxembourg.

What is the reason for this series of omissions? Not prejudice. Some of these men are represented in the print room, where they are seldom seen except by students already familiar with their work. The Museum has arranged temporary exhibits of modern decorative art and has a small but fairly representative collection of its own. The reason is hardly that the names are unknown. Many of them have been so much discussed that they are as familiar as old masters.

The causes are generally said to be "old fogyness" and committeeism. The directorate is certainly not composed of men who have distinguished themselves by their understanding of current movements in art. Neither are they, with possibly a few exceptions, known as independent scholars or connoisseurs of the past. It is the common museum blight. Some museums, such as the National Gallery and the Art Institute, seem to have overcome it. Others, such as the Louvre and Boston Museum, have had more fortunate gifts. Still, what would become of a bank directed by artists who deprived the financiers they hired to run the bank of any power to make a loan or place a mortgage?

Again, there seems to have been a misapplication of funds. It is useless to compare the number of items bought by different departments, since one does not know the prices paid; but the vastly more numerous purchases of pieces of ancient decorative art—Coptic, German, Turkish, Persian, and so forth—of pieces of ancient armament, of steel engravings done after old masters, of portions of Chinese and other deities, point to funds spent where they are not most useful.<sup>4</sup> For, however excellent these things are in themselves, they have not the importance for the public of major works of painting and sculpture, especially those in the European tradition; and until such collections are better than they are, the others should be more neglected.

## Angna Enters

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

A DANCER who does not dance; an actress who does not speak; a dramatist who makes the audience supply the drama. She is to the stage what the imagists are to poetry. There is the same unemotional projection, the stripped and scrupulously selected image, the cleanly visualized line. This is to imply that the painter predominates and, in effect, the art of Angna Enters is that of a painting which has escaped the static limitations of its canvas. In the "episodes" entitled "Promenade" and "Aphrodisiac—Green Hour" she makes scarcely a step, never any but the most furtive motions. And yet in one, a half-bold, half-bored flirt has walked out of a Manet portrait; in the other, the ennui of the unsuccessful street-walker, the mechanical smile fading into apathy, the cold shudder, are a shifting composite of a dozen Daumiers. Enters's "Odalisque," with her slow curves, hard eyes, and soft sloven perversity, is definitely Renoir. "Moyen Age" is a set of frescoes in counterpoint. No wonder that her admirers are largely recruited from the field of art: John Sloan, Georgia O'Keefe, Robert Henri, Alfred Stieglitz, Robert Edmond Jones have praised her in unreserved superlatives. And rightly. She is one of them, and she is more. She is what their work moves toward.

What are her qualities? From the complexity of effects, wit emerges first. Extraordinarily subtle, almost febrile, here is a species of wit that is both lightly mocking and completely devastating. Observe "La Sauvage Elegante," with its self-contradiction of the formal pirouetting of the court of Louis XIV and the latest fashion note from Peru. A properly draped leopard-skin over billowing silk; a primitive crown surmounting a coiffeur's chef-d'œuvre of the highest; a court lady determining to be savage and suc-

ceeding only in being the more obviously a ghost of her tradition. Observe "Feline" where, instead of a costume made to imitate the body of a cat, the woman, in quasi-Spanish black lace, is a cat. A cat? Here, in its combination of suave cruelty, smooth grace, abnormal wisdom, and uncomprehending innocence, is Cat abstract, complete, and absolute. "1927—Entr'acte" is, on the surface, ridiculous; a sketch at criticism. Yet here, in the least lovely of her compositions, this girl pillories a whole generation whose rosary is a lipstick and whose Golden Treasury is a "line" of wise-cracks.

But wit alone would make her work dry and over-cerebral. Humor saves Angna Enters from a tendency to intellectualize, an impulse to allow the wicked brain free run of its own malice. Sometimes the humor is broad, as in the almost boisterous delineation of the schoolgirl in "Field Day." Boisterous but unhappy, as the mosquitoes nip her ankles, the vicious sun bites her neck, and the gawky child parades, drills, and goes through her dumb-bell exercises in an agony of precision. Less burlesque but even richer in humor is the earthy and robust "Contra Danse." Here is a sweep more liberal than the artist usually permits herself; the mime not only dances the peasant off her feet, she creates a stageful of dancers, each vigorously and swiftly differentiated. This is the very antithesis of the stilted, ogling "cake-walk"; comment and criticism cease; Breughel is joined to Beethoven.

<sup>4</sup> For example, in 1927 the Museum bought 90 classical antiques, 624 Egyptian antiquities, 23 pieces of arms and armor, 694 pieces of pottery, 4 costumes, 1 piece of crystal, 1 piece of enamel, 431 objects in glass, 1 piece of stained glass, 1 piece of lacquer, 3 pieces of leatherwork, 11 medals and plaques, 8 pieces of metal work, 3 pieces listed as miscellaneous, 4,044 prints, 27 pieces of woodwork, 5 miniatures and manuscripts, 202 examples of textiles, 19 paintings, 23 sculptures, and a drawing.



But much as one respects the witty exposé of sham elegance and enjoys the hearty *Naturkind*, the two qualities which distinguish Angna Enters are curiously combined: the *macabre* and the tender. The former is the more pronounced. Whether the bizarre is Miss Enters's natural gesture to the world or whether she cares for the grotesque line rather than the fluent motion, the cynical frequently resolves into the sinister. "Black Magic" and "Heptameron No. 1," that concise drama with its reminiscence of Brownings "The Laboratory," which all but baffles the audience, are cases in point. Here is an evocation of all that is masked, twisted, paradoxical, perverse. . . . And then, amazingly, when we have concluded there is no warmth in the woman, she breaks down the last reserve with tenderness. With a minimum of "effects" she reveals all the awkward coquetry of a Viennese *Backfisch* ("Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald"); the incredible pathos of long adolescent afternoons in "Piano Music," in which there is no mere appearance but the essence of reality; the dissolving and fusing of a hundred Madonnas in "The Queen of Heaven." Here is the eternal mother, baring her breast to anguish, disclosing the world's secret in the Rose of the World. Here instead of gesture is illumination.

Yet, at the end, having had so much, the heart (not the eye) asks more. How far can so strange a talent go? Miss Enters has characterized her own periphery: "Episodes." But these episodic studies, these skilful observations so often sly and sardonic, these nuances of nostalgia, boredom, frustration, these brief snatches of ecstasy. . . . One hopes for a time when Miss Enters will achieve a furthering if not a fusion of these characteristics, a larger rhythm, a longer and more noble line. Meanwhile, within her self-imposed limitations, she is an arresting and even astonishing phenomenon. Beginning where other choreomimes leave off, she furnishes one of the most imaginative experiences in the theater today.

## The Little Triangle

By MARK VAN DOREN

Into the smoothness of their days,  
Into their little nest of nights,  
Flew something jaggeder than death,  
And more intolerable than truth.  
Each had now a separate mind,  
And both were scared, and each was blind.

Within her midnight still she kept  
A soft remembrance of his mouth;  
But he was looking far away,  
At lips that laughed and counted three.  
In his own darkness he could tell  
That other face by which he fell.

And though they both have day again,  
And hold each other through the night,  
There is a little shudder comes  
On her, remembering sometimes  
How at the second of sunrise  
She caught the profile of his eyes.

## This Week Hungarian Magic

**R**OSIKA SCHWIMMER has been known for long years as a public personage. She has lectured and written in Europe and America on behalf of all manner of causes—equal rights, legislation for women and children, peace. She was active in the launching of Henry Ford's Peace Ship. As Hungarian Ambassador to Switzerland after the revolution, she was the first woman diplomat in modern history. A long career of heavy campaigning; a reputation as a political and social reformer. . . .

And now Mme Schwimmer has written a book—and revealed a personality. "Tisza Tales"\* is as remote from the struggles of public life as "Cinderella" is from the latest history of the World War. It is a collection of old Hungarian stories retold, and restrung on a rich, gold thread. They are as good as they are ancient and each one has that air of absolute and solemn verity that inhabits the true folk-tales of all countries, however preposterous and fantastic, if they are told as they should be. These stories are at once delicate and graceful and hearty and humorous and filled with a warm gusto. The characters who are introduced to help tell them, whether they are shepherds on the wide, flat *alföld*, or fishermen on the banks of the Tisza, or villagers in the inn, or boys and girls gathered for a corn-husking, are as living as the heroes of their stories. They drink hot, spiced wine and eat poppy-seed cakes, they laugh and dance to the accordion and flute—and always the old stories are told and retold.

We meet the good king who, disguised, mingles with his subjects, dispensing riches to the poor and worthy and dark disgrace to the wealthy but mean. Here, too, is the clever tailor who outmaneuvers the devil himself; and the farmer who is rewarded by good King Mathias for his kind deeds; and the miller's daughter who marries the king because of her cleverness. Their stories are written in such simple, direct language as must have cloaked them in their original form; yet they are more than translations, reduced and diluted for children. Mme Schwimmer has told them as a good story-teller must, whether he be old Karad *básci* wiping the paprika-fish from his mustache and lighting his pipe or a young girl winning her first laurels at a spinning-bee. Her language is her own, and so right and well-chosen that it manages to absorb appropriate fragments of American slang without the least ill-effect.

"Tisza Tales" are intended for children, and no child could resist them. But neither could an adult who preserved any sense of kinship with his own past or that of the race; and for jaded minds, oppressed by intellectual complexities, such books as this should be prescribed as a gentle drug, satisfying, more completely than a movie melodrama, the desire for a friendly world and for simple solutions and for an intelligible system of rewards and punishments.

The book would be incomplete without the illustrations by Willy Pogany. Here his lively talent has an unmatched opportunity to display itself in designs and clear colors. Seldom has a Hungarian decorative artist been allowed to be more completely himself.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

\* Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$5.



## Boston

*Boston.* By Upton Sinclair. Two volumes. Albert and Charles Boni. \$5.

*The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti.* Edited by Marion Denman Frankfurter and Gardner Jackson. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

"A MILLION men! Give me my million men!" cried Bartolomeo Vanzetti, pacing up and down in the death house at Charlestown a few days before his execution. His lawyer was distressed. So were all of the assorted liberals, radicals, and journalists who were struggling frantically to save him. Vanzetti was raving, they thought, broken at last by seven years of incredible judicial torture. They were wrong. Vanzetti was wholly sane and clairvoyantly right. A million men called out on a general strike might have clubbed a little of the fear of God into that prosperous Massachusetts mob which worshiped only the devils bred of their own hate and fear and hypocritical blood-lust. Probably nothing else would have helped, because ultimately everything else was tried, and nothing else *did* help.

Vanzetti was right. Upton Sinclair in "Boston" makes the point that he was usually right, from the beginning to the end of his ordeal; that again and again his predictions were fulfilled; that his counsel regarding the conduct of his own case might conceivably, if followed, have brought freedom to himself and Sacco. This, of course, is debatable. But it is true that Vanzetti's comprehension of his own and Sacco's predicament was extraordinarily clear, and even prophetic.

How could this be? Who was this Vanzetti? On what food had he fed that he could think so precisely and see so clearly? He was an Italian peasant who had been successively a pastry-cook, a factory worker, a pick-and-shovel laborer, and a fish-peddler. He had been an anarchist agitator and propagandist, "speaking at street corners to scorning men." He became, not by an accident, but by loyally following the dictates of an illumined soul and an honest mind, a revolutionary saint and martyr in the blaze of whose spirit America has been made to see herself as never before in all her history.

Something of that blaze kindles much of the writing that has been done about Sacco and Vanzetti. It flickers through the pages of "Boston" and makes Upton Sinclair's two-volume novel-history almost continuously alive and moving. It burns unquenchably in the speeches and letters of Vanzetti and of Sacco—for Sacco, although a less reflective type than his comrade, on occasion shows himself to be almost equally clear-headed and perceptive. This material, which does not include translations, but only the English letters and statements of the two prisoners, has now been collected into a volume by Gardner Jackson, secretary of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, and Marion Denman Frankfurter. Sinclair has woven many passages from these letters and speeches into the fabric of his novel. He is right when he declares that here is some of the greatest English prose of our time and of all time.

This, for the little children of the Boston grammar schools to recite on May Day in that far time when Sacco and Vanzetti will be safely sculptured in bronze on the Common, and when

Boston, quite probably, will be engaged in making new martyrs

If it had not been for these things, I might have lived out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have died, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man as now we do by accident. Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph!

This, for the Minute Men of finance and business to declaim at law-and-order rallies:

My father has many fields, houses, garden. He dealt in wine and fruits and granaries. He wrote to me many times to come back home and be a business man. Well, this supposed murderer had answered him that my conscience do not permit me to be a business man and I will gain my bread by work in his field. And more: The clearness of mind, the peace of the conscience, the determination and force of will, all, all what make the man feeling to be a part of the life, force, and intelligence of the universe, will be brake by a crime. I know that, I see that, I tell that to everybody. Do not violate the law of nature if you do not want to be miserable.

This, for those feeble intellectual snobs who could not get interested in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, because, forsooth, Vanzetti was a simple Italian peasant and an illusioned crank who "could not think":

It is now customary to speak of objectiveness—as of a great thing. Relatively understood, it is a great thing, absolutely it is trash. A human being can perceive, understand, judge from and with his being and he can only be objective according to the very nature of his being, in respect to each and all the questions and the problems of life. Nothing is worse than a false belief of self-goodness or greatness. It is that which permitted Nero to kill his mother without remorse. . . . The convinced of the most bad belief may wrong everything and everyone, convinced to be objective.

This, for the columnists and smart-crackers who find radicals drearily and unhumanly humorless, and who therefore, with at least one honorable exception, saw no reason to comment on a case which for long months and years stretched the best and bravest spirits of our time on the rack of anger and grief:

Mr. A. Brisbane always troubles me. Several months ago I read in a book of physical culture, that to sit down is an unhealthy habit, and that the more one stands the better he feels. I like to feel well and consequently I took the advice. But today Mr. A. Brisbane tells me that the more we lay down the better it is. So I do not know what I have to do for my good health. Till now I used to read on my feet, more often leaning like an elephant against the wall; from now on I will maybe sit down. Of course, the best way to prevent diseases and troubles to a man is kill him while he feels well.

This, to stuff down the throats of the lickspittle preach-

### A Judge

By JAKE FALSTAFF

*There was a satisfaction in his heart  
Because two men were dead.  
Meanwhile, the apples were heaped in the tilted cart,  
And the swine were fed.*

*Young randy gusts of wind went south and north  
Across the fields, and rose and fell,  
And the earth, our mother and wife, gave forth  
A fat and amorous smell.*

*There was abundance of flesh and fish and grain  
And flowers to spare;  
Wedding and childbirth; fertility and rain;  
And harvest everywhere.*

*The cart stood tilted up as it always had  
And the swine were fed  
The night that the poorest man on earth was glad  
Because two men were dead.*



ers, debased inheritors of the Christian ideal of perfection, who all over this land howled for the blood of men whose deeds and words they did not trouble to know—men who in mind and spirit stood immeasurably above them:

The price to perfection is high, sorrowful. I suffered more in making my conscience, than in facing my trial.

Sacco and Vanzetti have indeed given us a new testament for our time. One thing, further, we learn from the letters and statements, and the lesson is reinforced by Sinclair's tracing of the pattern of events, semi-fictional though it is: Whom the coward, the knave, and the fool would destroy, they first hate, then slime with lies, and finally kill from ambush.

We saw the hate and we read the lies, but not all of them. Toward the end of the second volume of "Boston" Sinclair details some of the ugly and preposterous gossip which cops, stool-pigeons, crooked detectives, and respectable gentlemen and lunatics were depositing in the Governor's office during the last days before the execution, and which Messrs. Fuller, Lowell, Stratton, and Grant found it convenient to believe—tales connecting Sacco and Vanzetti with a dozen remote crimes—cheap poison-gas that spread all over the State and the nation. What does it matter whether or not they believed these tales? Whether they knew it or not—though probably they were too small and too stupid to know it—they killed in self-defense. They killed safely, respectably, in the name of their Nordic gods and their sick and dwindling investments. They will kill again if similar occasion arises. So will almost any other American community which, rightly or wrongly, believes itself threatened. The liberals will plead, the communists and anarchists will demonstrate. One thing alone will stop them, and it is not the law. It is power.

It is probably too bad that "Boston" was not written either as straight fact or straight fiction. As it is, one can never tell where the fact ends and the fiction begins and this is likely to cause a good deal of unprofitable argument. On the surface it would appear that Mr. Sinclair has digested the facts reasonably well and built them into a clear and convincing pattern. What one objects to, as usual, is Mr. Sinclair's tendency to point the moral and adorn the tale with the observations of his own exacerbated social conscience. The tale itself should have been enough. It is strong wine and needs no bush.

Probably Mr. Sinclair would reply that by resorting to this semi-fictional form he has been enabled both to widen the scope of his exposition and to give movement and poignancy to his drama. Most of his characters are real people whose real names are used. The others are obviously composite portraits. The sub-plots of financial, political, and social intrigue and corruption appear to have been taken bodily, for the most part, from the newspapers. Naturally the reviewer cannot vouch for them or for what appears to be stated as fact about the Sacco-Vanzetti case. But surely there was little need to invent. At least Mr. Sinclair has given us no incredible villains: merely a sick and phobia-ridden old man; a Cambridge Jehovah; an automobile salesman with cold agate eyes who staged a big political gamble—and lost.

Mr. Sinclair has been equally realistic about his heroes. Bart and Nick were not perfect, although they were exceedingly fine and lovable human beings. They were anarchists—class rebels who fearlessly and unreservedly gave over their lives to fighting for liberty and justice as they conceived these things. It is possible to say that they did not understand very well how to fight; liberals and communists alike will say that. But certainly they were not failures; they forced thoughtful people to question anew our concepts of the state, the law, the social compromise. And they knew how to die.

A great tragedy has been enacted in our time and these are among its important records. Let no one read these books who is not prepared to weep at the terror and the beauty of life. There are five men who will not dare to read them as long as they live.

JAMES RORTY

## The Importance of Albert Mathiez

*The French Revolution.* By Albert Mathiez. Translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

IT is possible for historians of France to disagree about her great men without the mayors of her chief cities going into hysterics. In fact, the city of Paris endows a chair in history at the University of Paris which was first held by a pro-Mirabeau, pro-Danton, anti-Robespierre incumbent and is now held by an anti-Mirabeau, anti-Danton, pro-Robespierre incumbent. The second (Albert Mathiez) was at one time the student of the first (F.-A. Aulard). When Mathiez was awarded his doctoral degree in 1904, none was more enthusiastic in his praise of the younger man's thesis on the theophilanthropists than his mentor, to whom it was dedicated.

But since that time they have parted company. Aulard, trained as a student of literature, whose original studies in the French Revolution were of its oratory, was chiefly interested in the political phases of the revolution. His greatest contribution to its understanding, aside from the publication of dozens of volumes of valuable documents, is an "Histoire politique de la Révolution française." As the title indicates, he was interested in constitutional changes and party policies. He never emphasized economic and social causation, going so far as to maintain that the quarrel between the Girondins and the Jacobins was nothing more than a question of whether the Departments or Paris were to dominate the policies of France. Despite the insistence of Jaurès and Kropotkin upon the social antagonism of these two groups, Aulard's views were generally accepted for an entire generation both in France and abroad. The Société de l'histoire de la Révolution, of which he was the guiding spirit, and the journal *La Révolution française*, of which he was the editor, were the media through which new documents were published and current literature discussed. Soon Danton was given a statue.

In the meantime, Albert Mathiez had become professor at the provincial University of Dijon. His temperament is radical, his historical approach Marxian. He could not long remain a passive recipient of the Aulardian doctrine that the most significant factors in the French Revolution were political. Furthermore, he was inclined to reject his former tutor's preferences for Danton and antipathy for Robespierre. In 1908 he founded a journal called *Les Annales révolutionnaires* and in it he published several essays tending to show Robespierre in a new light. This journal was the organ of the Société des Etudes Robespierriennes, of which Mathiez was the leader. There followed a dozen or more volumes on the same theme. One proved that some of the chief opponents of Robespierre in the Convention were grafters ("La Corruption parlementaire sous la Terreur"). Another showed that the foreign plot, which Robespierre and the Committee of Public Safety so frequently used as a justification for their stringent measures but at which historians were inclined to smile skeptically, was a real conspiracy of formidable proportions ("La Conspiration de l'étranger"). Another was a series of essays showing Robespierre to have been a brave, clear-sighted, and democratic statesman ("Autour de Robespierre"). This was followed by another series of essays showing that Danton, instead of being the patriot who constantly risked his good name that the *Patrie* might be saved, as Aulard described him, was one who always sat on the fence, leaning safely to the leeward, but carefully preparing a soft spot to fall upon on the other side, should the wind suddenly change. There were two volumes on the church during the revolution ("Rome et le Clergé français sous la Constituante" and "La Révolution et l'Eglise"), describing the counter-revolutionary activities of the Catholic church during



the entire course of the revolution. In "Danton et la Paix," Danton was shown to have been a defeatist at the time when the bitter-enders were beginning to gain predominance. In "Robespierre Terroriste" Robespierre is shown to have been only apparently responsible for the severity of the Committee of Public Safety; others were more ruthless than he, and the entire scheme of the Terror was a justifiable war measure. An other study is devoted to a crying scandal that almost entirely escaped the attention of earlier historians—"L'Affaire de la Compagnie des Indes," in which it is revealed that Danton's followers, if not Danton himself, were sadly involved in as neat a case of graft as ever marred any revolutionary annals.

In the meantime, the social history of the Terror had received admirable elucidation in regular articles from the same pen in the *Annales Révolutionnaires*. These articles and some more recent ones led to the publication of Mathiez's latest volume, showing how the economic factors (food shortage, low wages, paper-money inflation, war conditions, etc.) led to the necessity for economic reorganization and the extension of the Terror ("La Vie chère et le Mouvement social sous la Terreur"). Mathiez has shown that Robespierre, Saint Just, and their faction had committed themselves definitely to a policy of redistribution of wealth by confiscating that of the "suspects" and partitioning it up among indigent "patriots." It was this policy which, as much as any other, hastened their overthrow on the 9th Thermidor.

These are not all the books that Mathiez has published. Nor does this enumeration take full account of his energetic editorial activity. Despite the censorship during the war, the *Annales révolutionnaires* continued to appear, the editor (he told me) refusing to let it be censored until a censor could be found with sufficient scientific training to do the work capably. Since the war (1924) the *Annales révolutionnaires* and the *Revue historique de la Révolution française* have been united under the joint editorship of Albert Mathiez and Gustave Laurent with the title of *Annales Historiques de la Révolution française, Organe de la Société des Etudes Robespierristes*. If you pick up any of its six issues a year, you will most probably find that the leading article, several of the smaller notes, and almost all of the reviews are by Mathiez. The Société is also publishing the works of Robespierre, in which Mathiez is actively interested, though not formally engaged. Mathiez has also published a very carefully annotated edition of Jaurès's study of the French Revolution (the first three volumes of the "Histoire Socialiste").

Such a man, of course, has enemies. Since no one has written a book on the French Revolution in the last twenty-five years without hearing from Mathiez and since Mathiez is not given to calling a spade an agricultural implement, the pages of the *Annales Historiques* frequently carry bitter controversies between the editor and some author who feels he has been victimized. When Aulard retired from the chair in the History of the French Revolution established at the University of Paris by the City of Paris, it was felt in several quarters that someone more in sympathy than Mathiez with the attitudes of the outgoing incumbent ought to be found to fill the post. The choice fell logically upon Professor Sagnac. But within a few years, Professor Sagnac felt obliged by ill-health and a shift of his interests to Napoleon likewise to retire, and Albert Mathiez necessarily was made *chargé du cours* in the history of the French Revolution at the University of Paris.

"La Révolution française," Mathiez's general history of the French Revolution, began to appear in 1925, when the author was still professor at the University of Dijon. The present translation contains in one large volume what appeared in French in three small volumes. The last two were published while Mathiez was *chargé du cours d'Histoire de la Révolution française à l'Université de Paris*. They are characterized by the point of view that the previous monographic studies of the author would lead one to expect. The first volume was a study

of how conservative opposition led from absolute monarchy through limited monarchy to a bourgeois republic. The second volume dealt with the second revolutionary movement, by which the Girondins were prevented from establishing a bourgeois republic by *sans culottes* and Jacobins, and were overthrown by popular patriotic demonstrations. The third volume described the failure of the Jacobins to establish a *sans culotte* republic because of bourgeois reaction to Terror and socialism. It is unfortunate that the publisher of the translation did not wait for the fourth volume, which the author informs me will appear shortly. It will deal with the Thermidorian Reaction.

This translation will come as a surprise to the thousands in this country who have learned their history of the French Revolution in the school of Aulard. They will find Robespierre the hero of the story from first to last, adapting himself slowly but with statesmanlike wisdom to the demands of the revolutionary cause, always taking the patriotic and popular point of view, seldom mistaken about the corruption of the men he attacked. They will find Marat regarded as a clear-sighted journalist and an honest statesman, sincere leader of the lower classes against bourgeois interests and policies. They will find Mirabeau described as a self-seeking, bribe-taking, aristocratic voluptuary. They will discover Danton as a corrupt defeatist trimmer, though occasional words of praise for his personal courage are let fall. They will find that Lafayette, Brissot, Roland, Charlotte Corday, and even Camille Desmoulins were not without fear and without reproach.

But the most significant contribution of the author to the study of the French Revolution is not the reevaluation of personalities. It is his insistence upon social and economic developments as the determining factors in the revolution. The winning of the war, which he makes the chief motive of Jacobins, Hébertists, and Robespierrists, may be regarded in itself as a patriotic and sheerly political consideration. But the war could not be won except by the conscription of men, money, munitions, food, and opinion; and the regulation of each of these was determined by social and materialistic considerations on the part of individuals, parties, classes. Since Aulard wrote his "Histoire politique de la Révolution française" and published the political documents of the French Revolution there have appeared a great number of documents published by an official commission on the economic history of France. These "Documents inédits sur l'histoire économique de la Révolution française" have been used along with Aulard's by our present author, but he has also depended upon his own researches in the *Archives nationales*, which perhaps no man other than the archivist himself (Pierre Caron) knows better. The result is a work that might be called an "Histoire sociale et économique de la Révolution française."

Strangely enough, the mordant, polemical manner for which Mathiez has become famous is not to be found in these volumes. It is a straightforward, sober, objective, uncontroversial style he uses, with few literary tricks, but with a clarity and smoothness that mark it as unmistakably French. Mathiez has been more fortunate in his translator than Aulard, since Mrs. Phillips has not tried to improve upon his text and has done as little editing as was reasonable. There are a few typographical errors that a more careful proofreading should have caught. For example, July 18 (p. 48) should be July 17, as it is in the original. On the other hand, there is a good index that will make the translation more usable than the original.

Of the author's work there are only minor criticisms to make. It is regrettable that he accepts the kind of testimony against people he does not like as would make him writhe in protest if others were to use it against his friends. He repeats, for instance, against Brissot that "his enemies alleged" that he had been in the employ of the police before 1789 (p. 138). It would go hard with any other author in the columns of Mathiez's journal, however, if he were to use such evidence against Robespierre. Sometimes, too, Mathiez makes



statements on too flimsy evidence. I should like to know upon what evidence he bases his statement that Marat, a few days before the September Massacres, posted placards calling on recruits not to leave for the front until they had meted out justice to the enemies of the people (p. 179). The author's American public, at least, will find it confusing that he so frequently gives the dates of important events in the Revolutionary calendar without indicating their Gregorian equivalents. Finally, there are a few errors of detail. The procession preceding the opening of the Estates General came after (May 4) and not the day before the king's reception of the three orders (May 2). On the same page (p. 41), it is inaccurately stated that Necker made no statement on the question of vote by head *vs.* vote by order, for he let fall some inadequate expression in favor of voting by order. Can the French Guards be called the "premier regiment of France" (p. 46)? Is not the inference which one is allowed to draw that De Launay deliberately and cold-bloodedly fired on a flag of truce on July 14, 1789, an injustice to that incompetent, panic-stricken, but well-intentioned gentleman? Finally, in view of Dr. Cabanis's testimony that Mirabeau lay on his deathbed for five days it is unfair to say that "Mirabeau died suddenly . . . as the result of a night of orgy."

But these are mere details and unimportant. The fact is that, for once, a publisher's "blurb" tells no more than the truth: "The announcement of this book is a distinctive event in the field of historical literature." Perhaps now Robespierre will have a statue.

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

## At the Clinic

*Whither Mankind: A Panorama of Modern Civilization.* Edited by Charles A. Beard. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

IN this contribution to our growing library of surveys Mr. Beard has sponsored an attractive volume, the outcome of sympathetic collaboration among seventeen widely scattered and diverse commentators, drawn from the intellectuals of three continents. From the Orient comes Hu Shih, from Germany Emil Ludwig, from England Bertrand Russell, Beatrice and Sidney Webb, and Havelock Ellis, and from America a choice group including James Harvey Robinson, John Dewey, Lewis Mumford, Everett Dean Martin, Stuart Chase, and Carl Van Doren. The editor opens the debate by proposing the problem—What in the eyes of an intelligent realism is likely to be the future of this present civilization, based on the machine and guided by science? Will it run its course as other civilizations have done and give place to a different order? And the reply in discussion and summary is a rebuttal of the pessimism of Spengler's view—that is adjudged to be only a lament for an obsolete agricultural and handicraft order—and the substitution of a sober, judicial optimism. If our civilization is suffering from the sickness of an acquisitive society, in the pharmacopoeia of science are the remedies to cure it.

I frankly confess to a distaste for any sort of symposium. Too often the thing is little more than a *pot-au-feu* into which go such odds and ends as the cook has at hand. It is perhaps better to regard this study as a social clinic, a consultation of physicians, a learned deliberation of highly trained specialists, at the bedside of Western civilization. In the eyes of the family nothing could be more impressive than this businesslike procedure. Seventeen learned heads bending over the patient, seventeen stethoscopes clapped to lungs and heart, seventeen analysts consulting over blood pressure and gland secretions, seventeen pathologists inquiring into all possible sources of infection. And when the report is in the judgment is highly encouraging. The diagnosis gives no great cause for alarm. What these gentlemen find is that Western civilization is suffering from a mild attack of machinitis, superinduced by a diet of

science lacking in certain necessary social vitamins, chiefly vitamin E commonly known as aesthetics. Fortunately, the disease is not incurable, for the present ill-balanced diet can be corrected by the same science that brought on the disorder.

It is comforting to know that the hair of the dog will cure the bite, that, as used to be said about democracy, the remedy for the evils of science is more science. But to enjoy the full measure of comfort one must have complete faith in the competency of our diagnosticians. These gentlemen profess to be realists who are under no sentimental illusions in regard to either the past or the present. They project a future derived from present fact, and they assume that the civilization of tomorrow will be the civilization of today with its foundations established more firmly in industrialism and its soaring towers refined and ennobled by increasing wisdom. They accept science and the universe revealed by science, and they confidently expect science to push forward unceasingly its conquest of nature. They accept equally the machine as the inevitable and beneficent instrument of science to create the milieu of civilization—a kindly giant that is counted on to eradicate serfdom and slavery from human society. And they envisage the future in terms of an increasing mastery of physical forces, an augmenting well-being that is destined eventually to uproot poverty, a clarifying intelligence that will mitigate if not destroy the ancient evils of superstition and cruelty and fear, and provide a more generous, humane, and creative life for men.

The picture is attractive—for many social critics it will seem too attractive. It waves aside somewhat too blithely the Victorian criticism of the machine order and the Victorian emphasis on the psychology of work. Ruskin and Morris it dismisses with Spengler as mourners over the past rather than critics of the present. Yet the question at the heart of Victorian criticism—Can an exploitative machine-order produce free creative minds, without which there can be no worthy civilization?—remains unanswered. Indeed the whole vexatious question of the machine versus the workman—the saving impact on the mind of the creative workman of the tool that fashions the raw material, and conversely the stamp of the machine on the unthinking "hand" that tends it—is given rather too scanty consideration. Everybody knows that our mastery of the material world, our technology, and our accumulations of scientific knowledge, are a good many laps ahead of our ability to use them in realizing the good life. The education of our technicians and laboratory workers is narrow and lopsided. Outside their special fields they are likely to be as guileless as any twelve-year-olds. After all, we are only children playing with poison gas, and whether we shall eventually control the gas or be destroyed by it is a question on which competent judges differ. Only a few of our present diagnosticians deal with the question at all and those who do are precisely the ones who report least glowingly on the condition of our civilization.

Among so many contributions one must expect a certain inequality in merit. Every reader will evaluate differently, but to the mind of the present reviewer certain contributions are quite inadequate. The chapter on law and government is the slightest of sketches that scarcely touches the fringe of the subject. The editor would have done better to have written that particular chapter himself. The analysis of business is idealistically hopeful in minimizing the fact that every business group is brutally unsocial in temper until it has conquered its realm. The present power group is only repeating the history of the railway group, the oil group, the steel group, in their reaching out for mastery. Only after the world is at its feet, dutifully paying its price, does business formulate codes and endow schools of research in business ethics. But if certain portions of the book are feeble they are compensated for by the excellence of other parts. Here, again, each reader will judge for himself, but one reader at least confesses a partiality for Bertrand Russell's discussion of science, Stuart Chase's discus-



sion of play, and Everett Dean Martin's discussion of education. The last in particular offers some sharp and wise comments on a subject that goes to the heart of our civilization. In the four hundred pages there is good picking for many tastes—none perhaps better than the editor's introduction—and no reader need leave the clinic hungry. The metaphor is badly mixed, but let it stand.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON

## A Note of Confession

*Shorter Novels of Herman Melville.* With an Introduction by Raymond Weaver. Horace Liveright. \$3.50.

I HAVE a confession to make. When, a dozen years ago, I wrote for a learned work an account of Herman Melville and compiled the first extended bibliography of his writings, I outrageously neglected his "Piazza Tales," which I then called "not markedly original." This was not because I had not read them, but because, I suppose, I had read them with some kind of critical blind spot in my eyes. It does not comfort me to realize that Raymond Weaver, to whom I suggested that he write the biography of Melville, seems to have read these tales with eyes hardly more alert than mine. He said that Benito Cereno and The Encantadas "show the last glow of Melville's literary glamor." He said of Billy Budd, which he discovered in manuscript and which I had had no chance to read, that it was "not distinguished." We—do I seem to be confessing for Mr. Weaver too?—left it for Michael Sadleir and John Freeman, both in England, to do justice to masterpieces which nobody who had even glanced at them can ever have had an excuse for overlooking.

Now, however, Mr. Weaver has atoned for his error by bringing together Benito Cereno, Bartleby the Scrivener, and The Encantadas from the "Piazza Tales" and Billy Budd from its place in the limited edition of Melville issued recently in London. Thus for the first time in America since 1856 the "Piazza Tales" (at least, three of its six titles) is recovered from the dust of the first edition; and for the first time Billy Budd, left unpublished for a generation, is issued in the United States. That such merit should have been obscured so long is one of the shocking incidents in the history of American literature.

For these shorter novels of Melville belong, whatever may formerly have been said about them, with the most original and distinguished fiction yet produced on this continent. Perhaps Bartleby the Scrivener is a little thinner than the others, a little touched with the dry pallor of the fifties. Perhaps The Encantadas drifts rather than marches in its construction, quickening in one episode and then settling back again to a different tempo. But Benito Cereno, to use a more or less unavoidable standard of measurement, equals the best of Conrad in the weight of its drama and the skill of its unfolding. And Billy Budd surpasses the best of Conrad in the music of its language, as in the profundity and serenity of its reflections.

Billy Budd is particularly important among the works of Melville because in it alone he rises above the dark problems which tormented the later years of his life. No longer asking himself, of course vainly, why evil should exist, he asks instead how it moves on its horrid errands and what is to be done about it. Or rather, he answers by telling the story of Billy Budd, a handsome sailor who is hated by a petty officer on the ship, is unjustly accused to the captain, in a burst of worthy indignation strikes the petty officer and unintentionally kills him, and has to be hanged for his offense though the captain believes the sailor to be essentially without guilt. Hardly anywhere in fiction is there a more penetrating representation of native malice than in Melville's account of how Claggart comes to hate Billy for his beauty and his innocence. The processes of Iago

are superficial in comparison. Seldom in fiction has any character been so powerfully and lucidly exhibited in any such moral plight as that of Captain Vere, faced with a plain duty and a conscience plainly urging him not to do it. And neither of these parts of the story is so memorable as the scene, at once terrible and exalted, in which Billy, innocent of everything but innocence and manslaughter, is hanged, the victim of his own victim, who was evil as Billy was innocent. The innumerable implications of the plot are broodingly revealed. Wisdom surrounds it as the water surrounds the ship. But the narrative has none of the dispersion, as of light in a prism, which often goes with wisdom. In this last story Melville wrote he thought of all he had ever thought, and yet moved forward through it with the tense, straight line of art.

CARL VAN DOREN

## The Origins of the World War

*The Origins of the World War.* By Sidney Bradshaw Fay. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. \$9.

*In Quest of Truth and Justice.* By Harry Elmer Barnes. National Historical Society.

THE appearance of Professor Fay's long-awaited work on the origins of the Great War means simply this: that the controversial stage in the question of war origins has been pretty well passed and that the problem has at last been examined as a whole by a professional historian of international standing whose impartiality is beyond cavil. Few books have ever been awaited with so much interest and impatience by the profession, for the author took high rank as a writer on the subject some eight years ago when he first exploded the myth of Germany's sole responsibility in the *American Historical Review*, and it has been generally felt that his detailed exposition of the problem and his reasoned opinions would go a long way toward clearing up the controversial points and supplying an authoritative statement. The feeling was fully justified, for here is no attempt to prove the responsibility of this or that individual, of this or that nation. Professor Fay has spent years in careful investigation, there is almost nothing in the way of source material in any language that he has not seen and weighed, and his account is written with the same cool detachment with which he might have written of the origins of the Seven Years' War. The book marks a veritable epoch in the discussion of the greatest controversy and the most important problem of our time. It is a monument to American scholarship which will stand as the first purely scientific treatment of the question based upon adequate source material.

Professor Fay reminds us, in his concluding chapter, of Napoleon's famous dictum that over-simplification is the enemy of precision. He himself has made no attempt to reduce an extremely complicated problem to a few superficial formulas, and it would be ridiculous for a reviewer to essay a brief summary of the wealth of material in this book. You have here two substantial volumes, the first dealing with the underlying causes of the war and the history of international relations prior to June 28, 1914. To the student of diplomatic history this is, perhaps, the most impressive part, for it is nothing less than a series of monographic studies covering the whole period from 1870 to 1914, many of them touching upon subjects which have never before been systematically investigated, but all of them well-knit into a coherent story. As of greatest importance the reviewer would single out the treatment of the Anglo-French military and naval conversations, the exposition of Russia's policy in the Straits question, and the general account of the Balkan situation in the period following the Balkan Wars. Professor Fay shows clearly how England gradually drifted into what Churchill rightly describes as a "moral obligation" to France from which she could not extricate herself in 1914;



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how Russia's attention was focussed on the problem of opening the Straits for her warships while keeping them closed to the ships of other nations; and how, in the year preceding the July crisis, the various Powers were attempting to outdo one another and draw the Balkan states to their side.

The curtain was ready in 1914 to rise upon a great conflict. Europe was divided into two hostile camps, and international rivalries were accentuated by bloated armaments, by economic antagonisms, by nationalist aspirations, and by newspaper polemics. But Professor Fay is probably right in saying that these tendencies, however dangerous in themselves, would not have led to war. It was the assassination of Franz Ferdinand that precipitated the crisis, and this was the result of Serbian nationalist agitation. One could not ask for anything more lucid than the author's detailed study of the Austro-Serbian problem as it presented itself in 1914, of the political ideas and position of Franz Ferdinand himself, and of the plot and intrigue which led to his assassination. With this the second volume opens. The remaining chapters are in no sense inferior. Closely adhering to the chronological approach, which is the only profitable one in dealing with a problem of this kind, the author reviews the legend of the Potsdam Council and the story of Germany's blank check to Austria, the preparation of the ultimatum to Serbia, the Russian attitude and the role of France, the Serbian reply, the British peace proposals, Germany's belated efforts to restrain Austria, and, finally, the Russian mobilization and the declarations of war. Throughout the author's conclusions do not differ materially from those presented by the writers of the so-called revisionist school. But the great value of Fay's conclusions lies in the fact that they are the independent conclusions of an independent historian working out the various aspects of the problem from the sources. The fact is that no impartial scholar using all the material can come to substantially different conclusions. It is probably safe to say that Fay himself would have preferred to leave each reader to form his own opinions, but he has, in a few closing pages, briefly summarized his views, and with limited space one can hardly do better than to extract them.

None of the Powers, says Fay, wanted a European war, and the mere existence of national aspirations cannot be adduced as evidence that they intended to realize their ambitions by force of arms. The war broke out because in each country political and military leaders did things which led to mobilizations and declarations of war, or failed to do things that might have prevented them. All are, in a degree, responsible: Serbia because of her corroding agitation, because Pachich knew in advance of the plot to assassinate the Austrian heir, and because he failed to prevent the assassins from crossing into Bosnia or to warn the Austrian government; Austria because she determined to cut the Gordian knot by crushing Serbia and acted accordingly; Germany because she gave Austria a blank check and attempted too late to put on the brakes; France because she encouraged Russia instead of trying to restrain her; England for having failed to throw her weight into the balance one way or the other at the start. But "it was the hasty Russian general mobilization . . . while Germany was still trying to bring Austria to accept mediation proposals, which finally rendered the European war inevitable." This is the crucial point and enough has been said. Coming from so conservative and moderate an historian as Fay it sounds the death-knell of the Allied thesis and spells the condemnation of Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, which Fay describes as "historically unsound" and which he thinks ought to be revised. Those who have fought in the last years in the cause of historical truth may rest their case there, and those who have been on the fence can use this authoritative work as a stepping-stone into the revisionist camp. If any exception were to be taken to Fay's conclusions it would not be on the score of radicalism, but because of the fact that he is, if anything, too cautious and guarded.

While Fay's book has, for the time, put all other writings on war origins into the shade, students of the subject should not overlook Professor Harry Elmer Barnes's "In Quest of Truth and Justice." The author has long since taken his place among the leading writers on the question and has waged a courageous fight against staggering odds in this country. His latest book is divided into two parts, the longer one devoted to a reprinting of his numerous reviews and controversial articles and the replies made to them. He has reduced many of his opponents *ad absurdum* and the process is highly illuminating and instructive. As a record of a great debate and as evidence that the truth will out this part of the book should be of interest to those who have followed the subject or who desire a general picture of recent developments. But of greater intrinsic value is the earlier part in which the author surveys briefly the present status of the question, elucidating various disputed points by statements made to him by many of the leading statesmen of 1914. Of particular importance is the new light thrown on the Austrian attitude and policy. Barnes argues convincingly that the Austrian case was good and that the government had full information as to Russian-Serbian intrigues, though the facts could not be made known in 1914. The Austrians, he shows, did not draw up the ultimatum in the hope that it would be rejected, neither were they pushed into war by German encouragement. On the contrary, they relied upon English neutrality and did all that was possible to prevent a general conflagration. But a punitive campaign against Serbia they regarded as a life-and-death matter, and in this they were justified. As Professor Fay says: "No state can be expected to sit with folded arms and await dismemberment at the hands of its neighbors." The whole matter is one of prime importance and Barnes deserves high commendation for the perseverance with which he has run down this and other points. But the nicety of argument cannot be appreciated without reading the book itself.

WILLIAM L. LANGER

## A Modern Poet

*A Son of Earth.* Collected Poems by William Ellery Leonard. The Viking Press. \$3.

DEFINITELY coming to the fore among contemporary poets upon the first publication of "Two Lives" in 1922, Mr. Leonard needs no apology for this volume of his collected verse. Unfortunately, he seems too lenient a judge of his work and among a good deal of poetry of high merit he has admitted some facile versifying. Two qualities characterize his best poetry: lyric piety, which becomes articulate without sentimentality as an awareness of nature's moods, and intellectual consciousness, manifesting itself in awareness of man in his social environment. But because experimentation in form and diction seems the most important function of the artist today, Mr. Leonard's mixture of homely with learned phrase and his frequent use of the "thou" when there seems to be no need of it often come annoyingly forward as evidence of his failure to break the language successfully to his own personal needs. Yet a criticism which confined itself to the formal qualities of his poetry would be pedantic and superficial, since its import easily transcends its formal shortcomings. For his verse is the objective autobiography of a full-blooded, impetuous personality, capable of passionate immediate reactions, and of a wide range of preoccupations, scholarly, social, political, philosophic, lyrical, religious, and playful. It is the record of an earthly man who has lived intensely for the spirit, who has written himself out as few men of his day have, and who has thus expressed his day in a more significant way than those who claim to be modern merely because they have not used a phrase or word found in the language before 1914.

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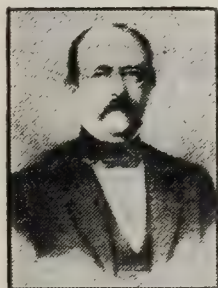
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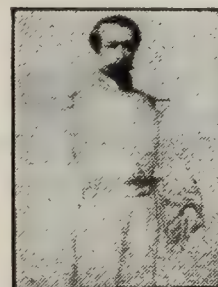
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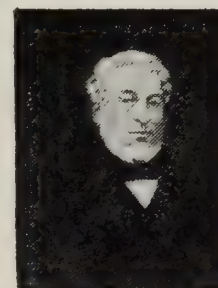
Otto Von Bismarck  
Schonhausen

Invited for dinner by Amshel, so far ahead he could not refuse, Bismarck replied he would come if he were still alive.

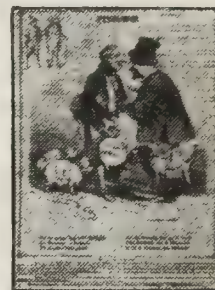


Emperor Napoleon III

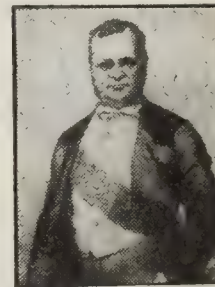
"I have not got the Bourse behind me, but France is on my side." Napoleon III backed the wrong horse: the Crédit Mobilier instead of the Rothschilds.

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slenderness. "This is the first book of poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay in five years!" exclaim the publishers. Why, then, so slender a volume? Is life perhaps a little too peacefully beautiful up there on the snowy bloomy farm at Austerlitz—a little too far away? It is hard to write poetry when you're not in trouble. I remember when Edna Millay was in trouble all the time and singing like the lark in her poem:

She would not end her singing, she would not have done.

I wrote a sonnet to her then. The octave has got lost or broken, but here are the last six lines, still saying what I want to say after reading "The Buck in the Snow":

Above the clash of battle, and the rage  
Which is existence in this place and age,  
Above all wounds and weapons it could send,  
You have held high and beautifully strong,  
And flowing rose-and-silver in the wind,  
The bold clear slender pennant of your song.

MAX EASTMAN

## Yiddish into English

*Lamentations. Four Folk-Plays of the American Jew.* By Alter Brody. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

IN the heyday of Maeterlinck and Synge one had only to offer a reasonably protracted piece of maudlin pessimism to be hailed as a writer of folk-plays. The neo-romantic tradition, as we academically called the epidemic spread by these gentlemen and their followers, was a form of hysteria in which Irish, Flemish, and, less frequently, Gallic and English spirits appeared as misty ectoplasm struggling soulfully against this too material world. One needed the will-to-believe in its most fanatic form in order to recognize their nationality.

Mr. Brody falls too readily into this tradition and if this criticism does not altogether apply to his work it is only because he is saved from much of the mushy sentimentality and the murky vagueness of the folk-play school by a healthy sense of reality. His women chop their meat and onions into palpable hash and they interrupt their mystic rhapsodies with memories of "scraping some beets to pickle for Passover." More important, they attribute their problems to human agencies and they are characteristically direct in laying the blame on the villain's head.

Here Mr. Brody achieves something new and distinctive. In rendering the language of his complaining Jews he discards entirely the idiotic inversions and infelicities of phrase by which previous translators and interpreters of Yiddish tried to communicate the original. There is no mistaking the racial quality of his speech, yet it has neither the caricature which vaudeville comedians nor the milt-grossness which other Anglo-Jewish writers have presented as the equivalent of an eloquent and dignified idiom. But this is his sole vital achievement, an achievement of considerable magnitude, to be sure, and one that will undoubtedly influence all future work in the Yiddish field.

There is little else impressive or outstanding in these one-act plays, although they suffer more from generic weakness than from individual faults. Like other folk-plays they are less dramatic pieces than poetic monologues; and, again, they consciously represent life as a complaint against the inevitable rather than as a struggle against the impedient. A mother sorrowing for her East Side Ophelia, a neurotic child dreading her surroundings, a wife indicting the father of her children for the sadism which tortured and wrecked their lives, and, most powerful of all, a woman lamenting her sterility—these are the themes, hardly normal and certainly not exclusively Jewish, which the author develops in sonorous rhythms. Given a full-bodied, well-balanced subject, Mr. Brody should create something tremendous with this rich prose he has mastered.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

## Amateur Play Production

*The Art of Play Production.* By John Dolman, Jr. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

IF it is true that the future vitality of the American theater is being generated in the increasing number of community players, little theaters, art theaters, and university play-houses, then Professor Dolman's book should be made required reading in most of them. There may be better manuals, but I have not run across one. Written for the amateur, "for the beginner but not for the dabbler," this outline really clears the ground for intelligent amateur effort because of its continuous and well-directed attack on the original sin of the amateur theater. This might be described (in words that the author uses in another connection) as the method "of those careless and lazy people who cannot bring themselves to the labor of thinking things out in advance, and of those supreme egoists who think their unguided aspiration more truthful than accumulated experience." Fortunately, experience to Professor Dolman means, not the inviolate traditions of all the ages that are usually invoked, but the experience of the most important professional theaters of this country and Europe during the last twenty years. He has analyzed their experiments with remarkable liberality and common sense and edited them for the benefit of the amateur.

What makes his analysis valuable, even though one might dispute any number of its particular conclusions, is that Professor Dolman never for a moment loses sight of the fact that the amateur's problem and the professional's are essentially alike. For a Mérimée or anyone else, out of a French government office for a spare afternoon, the going was essentially the same as for Zola who did his regular stint of so many thousand words a day. Gauguin the stock-broker or Rousseau the customs inspector, starting to paint one Sunday morning a week, were faced with the same problem of pictorial organization as any "professional" painter covering canvases every day under his studio skylight.

The word amateur has come to denote the slipshod and the half-baked because we have so foolishly assumed that half-time or part-time effort in any art must imply intellectual laziness, and then condoned it. As a matter of fact the amateur, even in the theater, because he inherits less professional routine and stereotyped tradition, is often better able to become an effective professional than most of his so-called professional brethren, provided he hammers away at his ideas consistently enough. The Moscow Art Theater was founded at a meeting between two amateurs and the Theater Guild resulted from a conference between half a dozen.

Art in the theater, like art everywhere else, is a matter of the deliberate organization of aesthetic material. No amount of veneration for the theater gets any further than the limbo of excellent intentions until research and experiment are begun with the ways and means whereby all the elements of a theatrical production—words, voices, gestures, movement, settings, color, light—can be organized into effective expression of dramatic ideas so that a play can get over the footlights and arouse an audience.

Professor Dolman (who teaches English at the University of Pennsylvania) makes a bad professorial start by wading into the muddled stream of aesthetic theory in pursuit of some definition of beauty from which all necessary procedure can be deduced. Fortunately this is nothing more than preliminary bravado. After the first few pages he becomes a thoroughgoing pragmatist, clambers back to solid ground and blazes his trail like any experienced backwoodsman. His trail leads through the entire thicket of production, from interpreting the first stage-direction of a script, choosing the cast and planning the action, to the placing of the last spotlight. The section which re-



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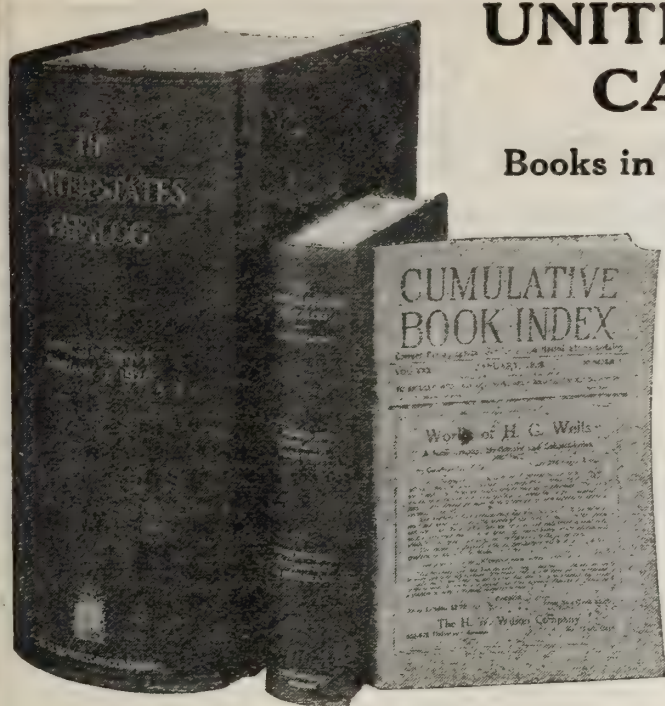
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lates the design of stage settings to the design of a production as a whole is excellent—despite a blind spot as to some of the values of constructivism. There is a valuable chapter with a color plate on the effect of colored light on pigments of which most professional directors are still ignorant. Unfortunately the nerve center of a playhouse—the lighting switchboard—which presents problems of installation and maintenance that determine the effectiveness of almost any production, is slurred over, including the first-rate equipment designed by Monroe Pevear of Boston specifically for small theaters.

Nevertheless the book contains so much sound elucidation for the amateur director, actor, and designer (including a well-annotated bibliography of special publications on all phases of theater art) that every group of amateurs able to profit by it could set up shop immediately. Through it all there is no dictatorial schoolmastering but instead what James defined as the pragmatist's virtue: a lively sense of alternatives, and an equally lively sense as well that the problems of production remain the same everywhere in the theater, whether you have to reckon with the limitations of the local parson's daughter as the heroine or a supposedly leading lady's, the lack of equipment in a high-school auditorium or the lack of stage-depth in the average Broadway theater.

But I hope that amateur organizations will grasp Professor Dolman's central idea while studying his series of plans and diagrams and analyses. When these are all superseded and every college and community theater is as completely equipped as Baker's at Yale, we shall all be attempting fresh solutions to the problems this book so clearly dissects, and continue to work for the coherent craftsmanship which can make play-producing a living art.

LEE SIMONSON

## The Mexican Commonwealth

*Mexico and Its Heritage.* By Ernest Gruening. The Century Company. \$6.

THIS volume automatically becomes the classic work on Mexico of our time. It holds a more important place in the serious and inspired examination of the Mexican world than does Bryce's "American Commonwealth" in relation to the United States. In the whole range of literature on Mexico, only Alexander von Humboldt's "Political Essay on New Spain" can claim a similar position with respect to its time—the latter days of the Colonial period. Dr. Gruening's book surpasses both in its massing of facts, its scientific approach, its scope and greater emphasis upon racial and economic factors. It is a book for the student and the statesman, a mine of hitherto unrepresented information, an encyclopedia of the contemporary Mexican scene, enriched by copious quotation and anecdote, painted upon the broad canvas of historical origins and causes, written in an animated, modern, and occasionally brilliant style. Though it deals so extensively with the events of our day, with the revolutionary period since 1910, every statement is painstakingly documented; causes and antecedents are exhaustively traced, current prejudices—both of our own State Department and of Mexican officialdom—are avoided. The proportion of ephemeral material is exceedingly small. One wonders why such far-sighted scholars as Dr. Gruening have not been called upon by our Government to assist in the satisfactory solution of some of our thorny Latin-American problems.

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Above all, the portions on the church stand out as a masterpiece of research and presentation. The nobility and self-sacrifice of the early church fathers, the cumulative corruption of the established orders, the growing acquisitiveness of the clergy, the conflicts between the viceroys and the ecclesiastical authorities, the opposition of the church to independence and the Inquisition's attempt to thwart it, the ultimate seizure of the independence movement by the church for its own ends, the precipitation of the state-versus-Vatican conflicts involved in the overthrow of Emperor Iturbide, the splendor of the church in contrast to mass poverty, the great reform of Juarez, the church's abetting of intervention, the conflict between the church and its puppet Maximilian, the church and the revolution—these topics unfold concisely, brilliantly, colorfully, with a mass of supporting documentary material which only the most thoroughgoing devotion could have unearthed. To regret that Gruening did not give more space to the unceasing preliminary efforts of Gómez Farías in the struggle to separate church and state, is not criticism of this astonishingly adequate presentation of the religious problem. Even better is Gruening's analysis of the Mexican religion: his survey of the Indian elements conserved in the actual so-called Catholic faith, his account of the Indianization of the Catholic saints, the persistence of pagan rites, the survival of idolatry and superstition, the continued animus of the Indian gods of the Sun, the Chase, the Harvest, the abiding popular faith in miracles and bloody penitence. No better description anywhere of the deep-rooted duality of Mexican culture, as potent a factor in the church as in all other institutional activities. And where will be found as fearless and substantiated an account of the libertinism and corruption of present-day clergy? Here lies the key to the reason—which has so long puzzled many Americans—why the Mexican Government could so successfully maintain its position in a nation presumably 95 per cent Catholic.

The study of the church is paralleled in incisiveness and strength, though not in style, by Gruening's study of local and state politics. He makes an intimate survey of the politics of fourteen out of the twenty-eight states for a period of six years (1921-1927), a record taken almost entirely from the archives of the Secretariat of Interior and checked up by personal observation. The result is a terrific indictment of Mexican state political practices: a sordid picture of corruption, imposition, brutal injustice, military arrogance. In few states, indeed, is there any semblance of the working out in the so-called elections of any principles other than lust for gold and power. It is a somber picture which reveals that the Mexican revolution may ultimately be doomed and that no stable and enlightened regime can ever be established in Mexico until popular organization becomes sufficiently conscious and effective to limit the rapacious activities of the militarists and rulers.

Gruening traces the rise of some of these popular organizations, for instance the Mexican Regional Confederation of Labor (CROM). But if this is an encouraging picture, here, too, appear the age-old blots—greed, corruption, graft on the part of the leaders, the manipulation of strikes for personal advantage, the use of the organization for political purposes and job-holding, the crushing of independent organizations. It is to be regretted that he did not trace more closely the growth of the non-militarist peasant movement.

Less adequate, but nevertheless full of original material, is Gruening's consideration of the role of American capital in Mexico and his account of international relations. This section contains a damning analysis of Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson, his machinations in conjunction with the Díaz Científicos, and his efforts to undermine the Madero regime. Earlier international relations, however, should be supplemented by Rippey's "The United States and Mexico." Gruening's chapter on the Cultural Products of the Revolution is, because of lack of space, rather slight, and his Conclusion with its journalistic analysis of the Calles Cabinet might have been omitted.

But these matters occupy only a few scant pages. During

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my ten years of close contact with Mexican affairs, this is the book that I have dreamed of having at hand. No one, be he Frank B. Kellogg or John Doe, can call himself informed about Mexico until he has read it.

CARLETON BEALS

## Cluttered Up with Progress

*The New Exploration.* By Benton MacKaye. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

"**M**ANKIND has cleared the jungle and replaced it with a labyrinth." Great explorers visited China, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, landed on a small island in the Americas and thought they were off the coast of India, sailed around the world, pushed up the Mississippi, sought the Northwest Passage, invaded equatorial Africa, and finally conquered the Poles. Only Everest still defies them. Behind them marched buccaneers, covered wagons, locomotives, steamboats, turbines, realtors, automobiles, telephones, and skyscrapers—except where it was too hot or too cold or too dry (this is not a joke), or too rocky. And a fine hash they made of the sparkling, clean, primeval lands the great explorers found.

As a net result, we are all cluttered up with progress. When we gaze with awe and admiration at a machine in the sky, another one rushes up from behind and knocks us unconscious. About two million persons were injured by automobiles last year. The bulk of the horse-power generated in a modern city goes to pumping people back and forth from "places where they would rather not live to places where they would rather not work." A reasonable guess would give a hot-dog stand for every man, woman, and child in the country, but just try and find a cozy, quiet, comfortable inn.

Mr. MacKaye is worried by the mess. As a good engineer he wants to do something about it; clean it up, untangle it, by-pass it, plan it. The new exploration is the attempt to find a way out of the labyrinth which the industrial revolution, with the most remarkable ingenuity, mind you, has been building ever since James Watt took a walk out to the golf house on a Sunday afternoon and suddenly hit upon the answer to the problem of a vacuum in the cylinder of a steam engine. Our author, bless him, presents us with no cooperative-credit colonies, new currency systems, old-age-pension levies, taxation schedules, land banks, or variations on the McNary-Haugen bill. Instead he shows how to plan cities so they will not develop elephantiasis; and countrysides, the filling-station rash.

There is a stiff peppering of philosophy with the diagrams. Mr. MacKaye is not only prepared to tell us how to keep out of subways, but why our souls demand a minimum of subways and a maximum of mountain tops. He has a chapter on the art of living, which, from a technical man, is as good as it is astonishing. Also he is a past master of definitions. I tried to find a page without a good thumping definition on it, but failed. I do not think there are any. The definitions are admirable, but what did God give us imaginations for? Morons will give Mr. MacKaye's book a wide berth, and thinking folk do not need quite so much blackboard and bell. A reviewer, not to be charged with venality, ought to have something to kick about, and this is all I can discover.

"The New Exploration" is the fresh, clearly blazed trail of the pioneer, running from Magalopolis to the mountains of the moon. It is replete with new conceptions, new images, new ways of looking at the problems which Watt bequeathed to us. Particularly illuminating is the parallel between the flow of rivers, the flow of goods, and the flow of people. It is not the cry of the back-to-nature prophet. Modern technology is accepted; the machine is regarded as something to be tamed, rather than banished. It is the first large-scale attempt that I have seen to plan an environment where genuine culture and recreation may flourish.

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## A Man of His Time

*Zola and His Time.* By Matthew Josephson. The Macaulay Company. \$5.

**T**HE greatest single merit, perhaps, of this thoroughly admirable biography is its impetuous galvanizing of a personality and an aesthetic which are at complete odds with our own time. The reason for the contemporary neglect of Zola lies very deep. It is not merely that it is difficult to know how to choose from amid the jungle of his productions; not merely that an inevitable reaction has taken place against his method; it is rather that his greatness shames and saddens us. His heroism and his failure were both of a glowing magnificence which makes the products of our own novelists look sickly and greenish. In short, we neglect him not because he was a bad writer (although that is the excuse we offer) but because his life and work make us uneasy.

What did Emile Zola believe? He believed that he could apply to the novel the methods of nineteenth-century experimental science. He believed that every great novelist must base his labor on a coherent philosophy, his to be discovered in Taine, Darwin, and Claude Bernard. He believed in the value of an exact observation of the details of life and in his ability to use this observation to represent final truth. In his later years he abandoned his theory of objectivity and, affirming that the truth could make us free, tried to make his art conduce to social betterment. He believed in democracy, in progress, in the beneficent functions of science, in socialism. He believed in everything at which the typical modern novelist smiles. And if there is anything Mr. Josephson's book makes clear, it is that the faith of Emile Zola, naive and "mistaken" as it was, had in it a grandeur and a power we shall never, in our smiling resignation, attain to.

Out of the innocent sociology and superstitious rationalism of the nineteenth century Zola drew mighty sustenance, an enormous energy which was to produce not merely the twelve hundred characters in the Rougon-Macquart series, but the glorious liberation from his rocky prison on Devil's Island of Alfred Dreyfus. Emile Zola fed on what we now term unrealities, but what works he produced, and how organic and logical a life those unrealities enabled him to live! Today, being much too wise, we are not taken in by them, and our novels are bloodless, our energy trickles thinly, and our lives are broken, tentative, and literary. That is why, if we laugh at the fussy, humorless, bespectacled little fat bourgeois who was Emile Zola, we do so with a rueful bitterness. It is not Zola who symbolizes the failure of the nineteenth century; it is we who are that very failure.

What Mr. Josephson does, then, is to bring back to overflowing life a personality seemingly antithetic to our own times. He does this by virtue of a vitality, an enthusiasm, and a humane scholarship that are almost beyond praise. His book is a glorious relief, being entirely free from the brittle debunking note of modern biography, its complacent "detachment," its pseudo-artistic fictional rearrangement. Mr. Josephson writes with a large, engaging sweep. He is not interested in a neat theory but in following the broad current of a tempestuous life. He has plenty of time for side-excursions, for graphic portraits of Zola's friends and enemies, Manet, Cézanne, Flaubert, Renoir, the Goncourts, Gambetta, Clemenceau, George Moore. When the time comes to discuss the Dreyfus affair he gives us no neat and frigid telescoped account, no picayune ironies, but an energetic narrative that requires three breathless chapters. Mr. Josephson's literary criticism is no less vital and humane. He has no patience with the academic modernist who would pigeonhole Zola as a naturalist, but makes us perceive how fundamental was the romantic and poetic strain in the author of "Germinal." He destroys, too, that other myth, the allegation that Zola wrote badly.

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And yet, despite his sympathy with his subject, he is none the less careful to suggest constantly Zola's great limitation. This limitation was not merely aesthetic or intellectual in the narrower sense; it was the very thing that made him a really great force, just as it prevented him from being a really great man. Cézanne was misunderstood and forgotten while his boyhood friend conquered two continents and moved a nation to frenzy; but Cézanne was a man who lived in many centuries at once and so could understand the basic weakness in one who seemed destined for immortality. When others spoke ill of him, he remarked, very quietly: "Zola was not a bad man; he simply lived entirely under the influence of his time." "He lived entirely under the influence of his time"—the phrase is an exquisite distillation of the magnificence and the failure of the life and works of Emile Zola.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

## War Itself

*Squad.* By James B. Wharton. Coward-McCann. \$2.

**S**URELY you remember that saddest of nursery rhymes which tells how ten little niggers, one after the other, were overtaken by a terrible fate. Ten little niggers . . . and then there were nine. Nine little niggers . . . and then there were eight. And so on until at last there is but *one* little nigger and presently he has gone "and then there were none."

It is upon this simple yet effective design that Mr. Wharton has built his epic of a squad. There are eight men in a squad. There are eight parts to this novel, and at the end of each part there is one man less. On the last page the war is over and only Gray from Center High School, Columbus, Ohio, is left of the original squad. He is cleaning up odds and ends of abandoned German equipment—potato mashers, helmets, old clothes. His foot comes down on something hard, he "sees fire, is aware of a roar, of intense heat . . . feels lifted into the air . . . flying through space . . . distended like a frog over a pool . . ." and then of the squad "there is none."

Without plot, without a central hero, without a romantic—or even unromantic—"goal" for which the characters strive, the story is still far from shapeless. It has a fine sense of design and proportion which gives it the weight of unescapable tragedy, inevitable doom, such as one associates more with the great dramatists of the past than with a realistic novel of the war. Part of the emotional power the book undoubtedly has is due to the fact that the reader guesses almost from the beginning that not one of these eight men will escape destruction, yet they themselves are utterly unconscious of their fate. They talk and talk and talk. They complain of their food, their packs, and their feet. They make jokes without end. They swear prodigiously and continually. They eat, drink, march, and sleep. And, yes, they fight; for this is the story of the front line. Not once do they seem conscious that man after man they are to follow each other to cruel and heart-breaking ends. It is this innocence that makes them so piteous and memorable.

However, one might read this book through quite as unaware as the men of the squad that the villain is fate and that the hero is, in a sense, all privates of all armies in all time. One might see in it only a glorious protracted conversation (for all that is not conversation is subordinated to little more than stage directions) and still get a tremendous thrill from it. To thousands of men the accent of that trivial, tragic, endless talk will bring back the very sights and smells of the war.

Among all the novels which the war has brought forth it is hard to think of any more poignantly realistic. Here, one feels, is no mere story; here is war itself. It is thus and thus that men, usually very simple men, lived and, if they had bad luck, died. Both as a record and as a literary work "Squad" is important. As reporter and as artist Mr. Wharton has with one book gained a distinguished position.

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## Books in Brief

*Sails and Swords.* Being the Golden Adventures of Balboa and His Intrepid Company, Freebooters All, Discoverers of the Pacific. By Arthur Strawn. Brentano's. \$3.50.

Even the greatest adventure rarely ends in a great climax. There is no clearly discernible supreme moment or, worse still, it has been sapped of its savor by the delay and disillusion that have gone before. A shining exception is the discovery of the Pacific, for certainly it was a great moment of history when Vasco Núñez de Balboa, having fought his way through the jungle, left his companions behind and, like Moses ascending Sinai, climbed alone that peak in Darien and looked out over el Mar del Sur. Balboa had come to Darien from Santo Domingo as a stowaway, had risen to leadership by his personality, and finally had been led to press westward through the land that he believed to be India by native tales of a great sea beyond—and much gold. Stephen Graham, who followed the trail of Balboa 400 years later, wrote in his "In Quest of El Dorado": "Wings came out from my heels and I stood on tiptoe and stared." Imagine, then, the sensations of the first white man to behold that scene! Arthur Strawn has told the story dramatically, picturesquely, yet with dignity and apparently only after a careful study of all historical sources. And what a story it is!

*Raiders of the Deep.* By Lowell Thomas. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Thomas has collected in this volume many stories of the U-boat warfare of the Germans gleaned from the lips of surviving officers. It contains, therefore, first-class historical material, especially as he has checked the German narratives wherever possible by information from Allied sources, chiefly British. Thus we have the inside story of Weddigen's sinking of the Hogue, Aboukir, and Cressy, and of Schwieger's destruction of the Lusitania. As to the latter, Mr. Thomas shows that Schwieger was not instructed to sink the Lusitania, that his meeting with that vessel was purely accidental, and that he fired only one torpedo. The second explosion was undoubtedly an internal one. In every narrative the kind treatment accorded to prisoners by the Germans is stressed by Mr. Thomas; there is no trace of any outrages, except the terrible and fundamental one of sinking passenger ships without warning—which every nation will do in the next war. Mr. Thomas has rendered a genuine service by collecting these narratives—especially that of the cruise of one of the six boats assigned to attack the American coast—while the witnesses were still available.

*The Discoverer: Christopher Columbus.* By André de Hevesy. Translated from the French by Robert M. Coates. The Macaulay Company. \$3.

M. de Hevesy ought really to be severely disciplined—he has audaciously defied the chief canons of contemporary debunking, smart-Aleck biography. Doesn't he realize that there are no heroes nowadays, that there never were any, and that his principal job, therefore, is to reduce epic figures to their proper pygmy size? Doesn't he know that he ought to have at least one wisecrack on every page? Doesn't he understand that biography should rightly devote a large proportion of its contents to scandal? In short, how dare he write a sober, unbiased, non-fictional account of a preposterous rogue and cheat whom he even admires a little?

*Benjamin Franklin of Paris.* By Willis Steell. Minton, Balch and Company. \$3.50.

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scandal; Franklin's genial humanity rightly seems far more important to Mr. Steell than his sexual peccadilloes.

*The Not-Quite Puritans.* By Henry W. Lawrence. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

A diverting account of the "lighter and less pious sides" of our ancestors. Dr. Lawrence has compiled a vast array of Puritanic peccadilloes which he chronicles with a perhaps too obvious relish, but he amply proves his point: all our contemporary excesses (our bootleggers, petting parties, extravagance in dress, and so on) were distressingly prevalent in the good old days. If someone would do a good deed, let him send this book as a Christmas present to John Roach Straton.

*Forgotten Ladies.* By Richardson Wright. J. B. Lippincott and Company. \$5.

Fascinating material about American women from the days of the Indian frontier to the Civil War, women who, indeed, do not deserve to be forgotten. But although Mr. Wright deserves much credit for unearthing them, he has been so literary, so involved, so relentlessly witty in dealing with them that they are in danger of sinking back to an ill-merited oblivion.

*The Lost Sail.* A Cape Cod Diary. By Alfred Kreymborg. Coward, McCann. \$2.

As he confesses in his *Praeludium*, Mr. Kreymborg has broken faith with himself and written another sonnet—in fact, a whole diary of sonnets. The book is casual, intimate, personal. One feels that Mr. Kreymborg was right in suspecting that the sonnet form is unsuited to such material. An accomplished vers librist, he finds writing sonnets very easy and relaxing; too easy. Remembering Kreymborg's considerable resources of irony and wit, one is inclined to urge that he stop being "mellow" and practice again the mental and verbal acrobatics which best exhibit his talent.

*Yet Do Not Grieve.* By Conal O'Riordan. Scribner's. \$2.50.

This is a slow-moving story which suggests at times that the author is dragging the weight of his historical accuracy. But the accuracy is there in the spirit as well as in the substance. The whole may give the effect of a "command" artistic performance, such as is commonly seen in European guild-halls, but the delicacy of Conal O'Riordan's character sense and the vigor of his descriptive faculty insure more than a passing glance from the discriminating. The setting is the era of Napoleon. We see Irish Catholic peers guarding the privacy of their domestic refinement under the penal laws with an affectation of a peasant exterior. We see their son fighting for an English king who must refuse him entree to his court because of his religion. We see their grandson, educated in England partly because of poverty and partly because of a clash of principles, leading his men against the French at Waterloo. O'Riordan's battlefield makes a memorable picture. David Tyrconnel Quinn is the leading character, half English, half Irish, half Catholic, half Quaker. He is one of a notable gallery of portraits, of which his father is another.

*The Search Relentless.* By Constance Lindsay Skinner. Coward, McCann. \$2.

The theme of this romantic yarn started to be the relentless search of the individual for the one perfect mate. It met and merged with the search of a member of the Canadian constabulary for the murderer of a white prospector found dead in a little cabin on the edge of an Indian settlement in the Northwest. Adventures of the body—gun fights in the snow-covered wilderness, intrigues in gambling dens—were added to adventures of rather faintly indicated souls. The result is a typical Wild West thriller of the sort long familiar to us in the movies, its movement made a little slow at times by Mrs. Skinner's desire to make us see and hear the country she loves.

## GREAT SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF THE WORLD

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"Ryder" is a remarkable and ingenious *olla podrida*, harking back, in its style and its outspoken quality, to Sterne and Fielding, though these are only two of the writers parodied. The central figure is conceived too much in the stock Cabell manner to be very amusing, but the two wives are richly eighteenth century. The jacket states that the book is written in "the great picaresque tradition." This is true as far as its vigorous masculine coarseness is concerned; but it fails of the true picaresque quality in that the scenes and characters and dialogue are not tied down to one definite homely locality, as in "Don Quixote." They are abstracted so that in the end the impression given is of an allegory, which is in a sense the very antithesis of the picaresque novel. However, the particular name one gives to the form of "Ryder" is not half so important as the fact that it is a witty and original book, fat with rich phrasing and written with an almost too facile brilliance.

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**The Assassin.** By Liam O'Flaherty. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

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The first of Señor Unamuno's works of pure imagination to appear in English is more an ironic exercise in dialectic than a novel. The central character is designedly rendered vague and elusive so as to offer Señor Unamuno an opportunity for some ingenious reflections on the world of illusion and the world of reality. Here one's memory harks back to Pirandello. A slight work in itself, "Mist" is interesting for the insight it gives into the curious hard and biting quality of modern Spanish humor, which is never satiric and yet never good-natured in the English manner. C. P. F.

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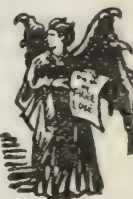
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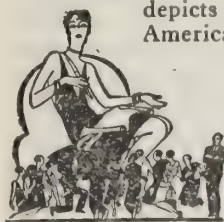
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## Music

### Strauss in Philadelphia and New York

**R**ICHARD STRAUSS, the transcendent lyricist of the earlier tone poems and "Rosenkavalier," strives in "Ariadne auf Naxos" to unite a vein of fantastic opéra bouffe with the sweep and glow of his more youthful style. In "Ariadne" he is constantly interrupting his own inspiration to strut just a bit as becomes a clever showman, and thus Strauss the Charlatan takes precedence over Strauss the Poet.

This double role is no doubt caused in part by the exigencies of the text, for Hugo von Hofmannsthal has provided an enigmatically paradoxical libretto, full of involved situations and the most subtle and biting irony. First written as an adaptation of Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," the play was later recast in Viennese setting. The structure involves a play within a play, and this element proves both the strength and weakness of the production. Great deftness and lightness of touch are demanded by such treatment and the action, it must be admitted, crawls along pretty ponderously at times.

A wealthy Viennese parvenu, according to the Hofmannsthal version, has invited his friends to hear "Ariadne auf Naxos," the work of a young protégé-composer. In order to satisfy diverse tastes and preferences the evening's entertainment is likewise to include an act of clownish song and dance led by the soubrette, Zerbinetta. On the eve of the fête, as the stage is being set for the opera, sudden and dire consternation is spread abroad by the Major Domo's announcement that by special command of his master both troupes must give their performances simultaneously and at once. The efforts of soubrette and disgruntled composer to combine their opposing "shows" conclude the prologue.

The play itself now follows, largely based on certain well-known pages in Greek mythology which tell of the lamentations of Ariadne, deserted by Theseus on desolate Naxos, and there consoled and translated to realms of joy by the god Bacchus. This apparently slight fabric of plot is variegated by gyrations, vocal and otherwise, of Zerbinetta and her motley crew, and therefrom we are expected to deduce many symbolic shades and meanings. With a mating of such divergent elements, however, we are relentlessly flung from the idealism and grand manner of the classic style to the whimsicalities of the *Commedia dell'arte*, and small wonder it is that Strauss, with all his vainglorious sangfroid, occasionally has to turn showman to fit in the squares of the mosaic.

And what of the music itself? We find in "Ariadne auf Naxos" the same superlative craftsmanship, the same unerring orchestral intuition which have become hallmarks of Strauss's style. But the hinges creak a bit now and then, and there is conspicuously absent that supreme felicity of touch which makes of "Till Eulenspiegel" an epitome of delightful wit and satire. Indeed, in the passages of pure comedy such as Zerbinetta's coloratura skylarkings in Act II the vein of playfulness and diablerie is often far from spontaneous. On the other hand, in the setting of the classic outlines of the story, Strauss has achieved results of singular distinction. With a small orchestra of thirty-seven pieces, he has woven a score of constantly changing beauty and has given to his line of sustained melody a degree of plastic grace that sets "Ariadne" apart from all his other works. He leans a bit heavily on Wagner occasionally, and there are moments when the honeyed sophistication of his idiom becomes a bit thick-scented; but these are not serious defects for the reason that Strauss uses them to the advantage of his orchestral picture.

Of the production itself there can be little but praise. The

Philadelphia Civic Opera Company is to be highly commended for undertaking a work of so many inherent difficulties, both of ensemble and execution. With the exception of Zerbinetta, the parts were well cast and the whole performance overflowed with zest and enthusiasm. Perhaps our own Metropolitan might take a leaf out of the Philadelphia Opera Company's book and interest itself in the more frequent introduction of operas which are new to our public and make an intimate rather than a spectacular appeal.

In "Die Egyptische Helena," recently produced with regal splendor at the Metropolitan, we find not the apotheosis of the Straussian style, as was true of his progenitor, Wagner's, final efforts, but rather a general sinking into a state of quasi-decadence. He is still Strauss, the mighty virtuoso of the orchestra, the molder of tremendous tonal structures, but the music itself is heavy-souled and empty of high inspiration. Indeed, he borrows many musical gestures from his own earlier works and from other sources as well. All this may be due, of course, to advancing years. (It is now seventeen years since the first production of "Ariadne auf Naxos.")

Certain it is, however, that Hugo von Hofmannsthal has provided him with as ramshackle and un-Greek a libretto as may be imagined. The luminous Helen of legend has been allowed to become involved in a mass of tiresome and banal artificialities, with magic potions galore, superfluous lovers, and all the paraphernalia that composers since Wagner's time have happily thrown into the discard. Beyond failing absolutely to catch the magic and glamor that have lingered through the ages about the name of Helen, the libretto is lacking in consistency and coherence. It would have been wiser had von Hofmannsthal stuck to the main outlines of the Euripides version, which develops the idea of the two Helens, phantom and real, with such puissant artistry—but modernity must be attained even at the cost of trying to improve on Greek models.

Despite these glaring defects in his text, Strauss has succeeded in giving substance and dramatic import to his setting; indeed his perfect instinct for tonal portrayal of the heart and essence of a dramatic mood never seemed keener and more unflagging than in this opera. As examples of this rare power let us note the orchestral pause following the first entrance of Helen and Menelaus, the description of the wreck and storm, and not least of all the bitter-sweet notes of the celesta which accompany Hermione's entrance and reunion with her father and mother. In truth, Strauss has done all that he could to make good theater of this rather futile libretto without being able apparently to clothe his inspiration in robes of greatness.

LAWRENCE ADLER

## Drama

### Reinhardt's "Redemption"

**T**HE more ambitious and ingenious producers sometimes suffer from an ailment (very common among actors) which manifests itself in a tendency to consider their own activities more important than those of the playwright and to treat his script as though it were only a pretext for the display of their virtuosity. Max Reinhardt, whom someone is always having "the distinguished honor of presenting," has received an amount of adulation sufficient to turn anyone's head and he has not always resisted the temptation to indulge a prima donna's gesture—to invite one of those appreciative Ah's by which audiences reveal the fact that their illusion has been broken sufficiently to make them feel the duty of recognizing some stunt calling violent attention to its own cleverness. Both his "Midsummer-Night's Dream" and his "Danton's Death" (seen here last year) were marred in this fashion, but for the



limited engagement of his company at the Ambassador this season either chance or wisdom has selected Tolstoi's "Redemption," which seems to me quite the finest of his productions that I have had the opportunity to see either in New York or elsewhere.

Here is a play which invites no riotous indulgence in spectacle, which, except for the one splash of color contributed by the gipsy singers in the second scene, is sober in atmosphere, but which is, on the other hand, marked by innumerable little touches of character contributed by the genius of the author who had a delicacy as great as his strength. In producing it, Reinhardt takes advantage of every legitimate occasion for visual effects. He loves, for instance, to place his characters in a spot of brilliant light in the midst of a stage whose confines are all but lost in the darkness; and he finds a perfectly justifiable occasion for the introduction of one of his favorite devices when the informer, whose presence has been hinted to the audience by the glow of his cigarette, steps out of the shadow into that pool of light which seems to represent both a corner in a grog-shop and the circle of Fedya's awareness. But he never obtrudes himself in any fashion calculated to distract the attention by the introduction of effects irrelevant to the play itself. He seems to have for it a respect which he did not demonstrate in, for instance, the case of "Midsummer-Night's Dream," and to feel that he has done enough if he has made as effective as possible all the values latent in Tolstoi's text.

Alexander Moissi, whose appearance is stressed in the announcements of this engagement, is an excellent romantic actor who depends not a little upon temperament and who has, if the truth must be told, a touch of the matinee idol in his make-up. He has, however, received the benefits of a thorough German training and he makes an excellent Fedya in part because of those very touches of a slightly morbid egotism which mar his performance in straight heroic roles, but which seem part of the character of the romantic weakling whom Tolstoi drew. Fedya is, of course, not a wicked man. His cry "I have not done anything bad" is in one sense true, since the desire which led him from the quiet loveliness of his wife to the music of the gipsies was the thirst for that wild beauty of which the gipsies themselves seemed to have caught some glimpse. But the Tolstoi who created him was the Tolstoi who was soon to turn ascetic, the Tolstoi who feared that beauty more than anything else because it seemed not bad but beautiful, and who, therefore, made Fedya a weakling too egotistical to perceive that evil may be done without willing it, and that the cult of self is, in the eyes of his creator, the source of all unhappiness. Moissi may or may not proceed from an intellectual understanding of this fact, but he has the temperament to comprehend the character he is portraying, and all the little gestures of romantic self-pity which he indulges belong to the role itself. Considered as pure acting, no scene of his is, to my mind, as good as that carried off with well-nigh perfect art by Johanna Terwin as Anna, the mother of Victor Karenin; but in the theater it is temperament that usually wins the large type on the program and one must consider oneself lucky to discover a "star" like Moissi who has at least permitted himself to learn something instead of running riot as temperamental actors are generally permitted to do in America.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

If one had the foresight to go home at the end of the second act of "Tonight at Twelve" (Hudson Theater), he would carry away the impression of an amusing and adroit comedy. But the pleasurable curiosity with which one returns to his seat for the third act oozes away in the face of Owen Davis's preposterous solution and final curtain of sheer farce. Still there are laughs a plenty throughout, and the cast is consistently good—especially Owen Davis, Jr., as an awkward but ingratiating young swain.

A. W.

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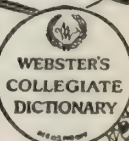
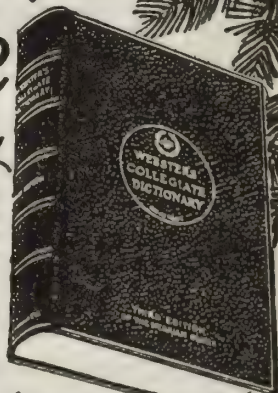
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**E**VEN A POLITICIAN ought to be willing to take his own medicine. So, although we can view the discomfiture of Representative Britten without poignant regret, we have still less sympathy for the dilemma of Secretary Kellogg. Fired with the idea of direct action, Mr. Britten, who is chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives, suggested to Premier Baldwin a pow-wow between committees of the British House of Commons and our House to do something about disarmament. Heaven knows somebody ought to do something about it, but Mr. Britten was more than a little rash to go over the head of the State Department, leave out our own Senate, and neglect even to get the consent of the House before going ahead with his project. What Premier Baldwin thought, we don't know. We don't even know what he said. He sent a polite acknowledgment to Mr. Britten, but when the official reply was presented to Mr. Kellogg by the British Ambassador our august Secretary of State refused to receive it. But did he realize, we wonder, that it was a dose of his own drug—Kellogg's Matchless Compound for International Relations? Did our Secretary of State reflect that he had set an example in the usurpation of authority by waging a war in Nicaragua without the consent of Congress?

**I**N SPITE OF A VIGOROUS and intelligent campaign, Norman Thomas apparently polled only 300,000 votes in the Presidential election. Returns made to the National

Headquarters of the Socialist Party up to December 4 indicated a vote of 179,800 in nineteen States. In these same States in 1920 Debs polled 554,200 votes, about three times the Thomas vote. If the same proportion holds good in States not yet heard from, Mr. Thomas will fall just short of a 300,000 total. The Socialist Party made its best showing in New York where, in spite of the popularity of Governor Smith, Mr. Thomas polled over 100,000 votes. In Wisconsin the great majority of the Socialist voters flocked to Governor Smith on the Wet issue, giving Mr. Thomas only 18,000 in the returns. Victor L. Berger, who has been elected to Congress from Milwaukee seven times, increased his vote by 16,000 but was beaten by a margin of 300. After twenty-eight years of struggle the Socialist Party cannot extract much cheer from these results. Its vote was the smallest Socialist vote cast in any election since 1900 and less than one-third of the record Socialist vote of 920,000 for Debs in 1920. Many extenuating circumstances help to explain the disappointing showing. The Socialist Party partially surrendered its own organization to support La Follette in 1924 and the work of building anew from the bottom presented great difficulties. Governor Smith's clear margin of progressiveness over Herbert Hoover lured the great majority of the La Follette vote. But when all is said and done we see no reason for the poor showing of the ablest candidate whom the Socialist Party has ever presented except the stupidity and conservatism of the voters.

**G**OVERNOR ALVAN T. FULLER made an address the other day in Boston to the heads of the State departments. It was his valedictory, for Governor Fuller retires on January 1 after a term of office whose importance in history will be due largely to a certain event which occurred at Charlestown prison on the night of August 23, 1927. He said in part:

The greatest danger that confronts us in Massachusetts, in my humble opinion, is the result of avarice on the part of our "best people" who want something more than they are really entitled to. I think in the last analysis, provided the matter was discussed without the heat of controversy, as public officials we must not expect those who would have special privileges to realize that they are doing that very thing which will be used as material by their opponents. . . . I have been discouraged to find that those people who throw out their chest the furthest as our leading citizens, somehow or other in private are not quite as uniformly patriotic and disinterested as one might expect when listening to their Fourth of July speeches.

This is a mild attack but none the less an attack upon the "best people." It was the "best people" who killed Sacco and Vanzetti. As years go on—years of private life away from the controversy and pride that official life generates—is it possible that "consciousness of guilt" will make a liberal out of Governor Fuller?

**T**HE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION filed its case against the Electric Bond and Share Company on December 1, asking the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York to order the company to



open its operating-expenses ledger to the commission's examiners and to require its officials to answer questions concerning expenditures for propaganda against government ownership and its financial arrangements with subsidiary and affiliated companies. The case tests the commission's power to inquire into the activities of individual companies as distinct from their associated activities. The connection between rates and the expenditures for political and propaganda purposes is clearly set forth in the Federal Trade Commission's petition. Pointing out that rates are established to insure a net profit above operating expenses, the petition says:

The profits of the Electric Bond and Share Company depend in part upon whether it uses its fees or commissions for service above its expenses, including disbursements, if any, "to influence or control public opinion on account of municipal or public ownership of the means by which power is developed and electrical energy is generated and distributed, or since 1923 to influence or control elections" of President, Vice-President, and members of the United States Senate. The existence of such expenditures would necessarily increase the charges made by the company for its services in order to make the same profit. Such charges to its clients, the holding and operating companies, are logically reflected in the rates collected by the operating companies in order to earn a profit.

The electrical industry is construing the election of Herbert Hoover as a "vindication" of its practices. But is the electrical industry willing to have the "glass pockets" which Mr. Hoover said big business should have? Not unless the court so orders, it appears.

**THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT** won a temporary victory of great importance when the five-weeks' lockout of 250,000 metal workers in the Ruhr ended on December 3. Nominally the fight in the Ruhr was between employers and labor unions, but the real conflict was between the Government and certain great capitalists who had defied it. Since 1923 German industry has operated under a species of compulsory arbitration, with a tripartite arbitration board in each district including two representatives of the employers and workers involved and a chairman representing the Government. The decisions of these arbitration boards have not been legally binding but they could be made binding by ukase of the Reich Minister of Labor. In the particular dispute between metal workers and employers in the Ruhr the district arbitration board decreed an increase in wages and the Reich Minister of Labor made it legally binding. Whereupon the great capitalists refused to obey the Government, locked out their workers, and carried their case against the arbitration award to the courts. A grave crisis ensued, almost as grave as that of the British general strike. The employers finally compromised and opened their shops with the understanding that both sides would accept as binding a decision of the wage question to be made after fresh investigation by Dr. Severing, Minister of the Interior. The employers' decision to yield was partially due to the unquestioned public sympathy for the locked-out men and the vote of a \$5,000,000 relief fund for the workers by the Reichstag. Meanwhile the employers have set an ugly precedent in defying the Government without being adequately punished. The workers may turn the precedent back upon the employers when another struggle arises between them.

**WITHIN RECENT WEEKS** portentous events have taken place in South Africa, where five-and-one-half million natives, who have no vote except in Cape Colony and are barred from Parliament because of their color, are dependent for their rights on one-and-one-half-million white Europeans. In the first days of November Mr. Madeley, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs in the Cabinet headed by General Hertzog, Nationalist, received a deputation from the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union, a native organization, to discuss working conditions and wages in his department. General Hertzog requested that Mr. Madeley resign because his action in receiving the native deputation was contrary to the pure-white policy of the government. Mr. Madeley, who belongs to the left wing of the Labor Party, refused. Thereupon General Hertzog himself resigned and re-formed his Cabinet, neatly dropping Mr. Madeley and appointing in his place Mr. Sampson, who adheres, along with Mr. Creswell and Mr. Boyde, the other Labor members of the Cabinet, to the white policy of the party. General Hertzog tried to befog the issue by saying the I. C. W. U. was not a trade union but a "political organization with members recruited from every walk of life." Mr. Tielman Roos, Nationalist and Minister of Justice, was more frank. "We cannot possibly have any truck or sympathy," said he, "for the I. C. W. U. movement," adding that in all parties "there is a feeling that a more powerful weapon should be created to save South Africa from the native menace." The incident is the culmination of a conflict in the Cabinet which has been going on for several months. This conflict is the reflection in the Cabinet of the split in the Labor Party, with Mr. Creswell and Mr. Boyde on one side and Mr. Madeley on the other. The Labor Party in South Africa has not been a Labor Party in the real sense of the word. Its founder, Mr. Creswell, then a mine manager, first attracted attention when he proposed to work his mines with white labor.

**THE LABOR PARTY** is more white than labor, except for the inroads which such men as Mr. Madeley and their followers have made into it. It is significant that the deputation which Mr. Madeley received was headed by representatives of the South African Trades Union Congress. Two years ago this body refused to have anything to do with the native union. Sometime later, through the efforts of Europe of Mr. Kadalie, its leader, the Workers' Union was recognized by several international labor bodies and by the British Trades Union Congress. A year ago the Workers' Union applied for affiliation with the South African Trades Union Congress and was refused for the given reason that as the native union claimed 100,000 members, it could not vote all the other unions put together, which number only 20,000; but at that time a movement was started not toward amalgamation but toward cooperation between the two bodies. Since then, largely through the efforts of W. F. Andrews of the South African Trades Union Congress, this policy of coordination has been developed by means of meetings for consultation on matters of common interest. The latest of these took place on August 30, this year, when at a joint meeting of the National Executive Council of the Trades Union Congress and the executive of the Workers' Union discussions were held on several subjects important to both organizations—including "ways and means whereby the I. C. W. U. can be assisted in its trade-union activities by the S. A. T. U. C. and vice versa"; and methods for



ining "the S. A. T. U. C.'s active assistance in formulating demands for better wages and conditions" The deputation Mr. Madeley, including as it did members of both black and white organizations, may mark a step toward a real labor party in South Africa, regardless of color.

**THE SNOWS OF YESTERYEAR** did not fall faster than does the Soviet Government—in the news columns of the *New York World*. So far other newspapers do not seem to have taken cognizance of the disaster and the editorial writers of the *World* seem equally oblivious, which encourages one to think that these gentlemen are like the proprietor of the restaurant who had just stepped out for dinner. A couple of weeks ago the *World* headlines ran "Soviet Terrors, Europe Hears; Peasants Rise"; subheads announced "Government Set Up 11 Years Ago by Lenin and Trotsky Facing Revolution." A few days later the *World* added for good measure: "16 Districts Join Ukraine Revolt—Anti-Communist Uprising Centers Around Charkoff." Both of these reports emanated from Paris; there was no confirmation of them either in the *World* or in any other paper. Reliable observers just back from the Soviet Republic—even from the Ukraine—report that the Soviet Government is as strongly entrenched as it ever was. There are many grave problems in Russia that must be solved by men inexperienced in government—problems of population, of the rehabilitation of industry, of foreign versus home capital, of the peasant versus the proletarian. But these problems are not nearer solution as a result of misguided and misleading reports in ordinarily sensible newspapers. Nor is it to the credit of the American workingman—or such workingmen as are represented by the American Federation of Labor—that a reference to the great services to education of the eminent philosopher and educator John Dewey was struck from the records of the A. F. of L. because Mr. Dewey has expressed himself as not in favor of the immediate destruction of the Bolshevik government but is, on the contrary, interested in and an admirer of phases of the experiment.

**NEVERTHELESS WE FORGIVE** the *World* its Russian news because of an item which appeared the day after Thanksgiving in that newspaper which we—in defiance of the law of libel—believe to be completely false. It can't be true—yet it ought to be. For solemnly and with all the earmarks of an authoritative statement comes the news that a baby has just been born in Knoxville, Tennessee, *with a tail even inches long!* Shades of the Scopes trial! Was it or was it not in Tennessee that learned lawyers in a court of law proved to the satisfaction of a judge, a jury, and the majority of their neighbors that the theory of evolution was base libel on man, that to teach it in the State of Tennessee was unlawful, that teachers who did so would be deprived of their jobs? We are familiar enough with stories of disaster that followed hard upon the heels of blasphemy; the God of Hosts has not scrupled to pursue with fire, pestilence, and sudden death those who dared to defy the lightning. But this is the first time that Darwin's ghost has been sufficiently interested to attach a tail to a human infant. We are told that Dr. Adolph P. Schultz, associate professor of anthropology at Johns Hopkins University, is eagerly awaiting a sight of the tail, which a thoughtful surgeon immediately removed from the too generously endowed infant and sent to him. It would take the combined testimony of Dr.

Schultz, the unnamed surgeon, and the baby himself to convince us that the tail, if any, was really attached to the baby. Nevertheless, if there was no tail, there is certainly the finger of fate—and the anti-evolutionists had better watch out for the direction of its pointing!

**THE SPORTING WRITERS** are choosing the all-American football team of 1928, but nineteen men who trod the gridiron this year are not eligible, for they were killed this season while playing the game. We could pass over the death of these men as an incidental misfortune if it were not for the fact that scores of other young men have been killed in the same way in recent years. (Seventeen players were killed last year and twenty in 1925.) An analysis of the circumstances under which the nineteen players were killed this season shows that most of the deaths resulted from injuries due to tackling and collision, the commonest cause of death being a broken neck. Most of the victims of the game died on the altar of senseless tradition, the tradition that mass collision and physical stoppage are necessary to make football exciting. In basketball and soccer the ball is the object of attack and defense; in American football the human body must bear the brunt. We believe that football as played in the United States is not only unnecessarily dangerous but is a third-rate game to watch. In soccer the spectator can see and appreciate every play because the ball is in the open; in American football half of the plays present the spectacle of a mass of tangled bodies. Perhaps fifty years from now, when the beauty and skill of open football are duly appreciated, our present game will seem as crude and brutal as a Roman gladiatorial combat seems today.

**CHARLES FLETCHER LUMMIS**, a valued contributor to *The Nation*, reached the end of a varied and useful career on November 25 at Los Angeles, California. Born at Lynn, Massachusetts, on March 1, 1859, he attended Harvard for a brief period, and then went into journalism in Ohio. He set out from Cincinnati for the Pacific coast in 1884, walking the entire distance to Los Angeles, a result of which was his "A Tramp Across the Continent" (1892). Here he resumed newspaper work, being city editor of the *Times* in 1885-1887. But the appeal of the primitive was so strong to him that he returned to New Mexico, which had attracted him while on his long tramp, and lived at the Tigua Indian pueblo of Isleta on the Rio Grande for five years. From this center he made extended excursions through the Southwest with his camera, and pictured and recorded everything that met his fancy, especially subjects of an ethnological and archaeological nature. His books on the subject have been widely read. Ever acknowledging the influence of the ripe scholarship and delightful companionship of the late Adolphe F. Bandelier, whom he first met in New Mexico, Mr. Lummis wrote his excellent "Spanish Pioneers," which passed through many editions and was translated and published in Spanish (Madrid, 1915); and later, as a product of his association with Mr. Bandelier on the Henry Villard expedition in Peru and Bolivia, he wrote "The Gold Fish of Gran Chimú." Mr. Lummis founded the Landmarks Club, which has preserved three of California's early Spanish missions; the Sequoia League "to make better Indians"; and the Southwest Museum at Los Angeles. In his later years he recorded phonographically hundreds of Spanish songs of the Southwest, two collections of which have been published (1923, 1926).



# A Swan Song for Lame Ducks

ON December 4 a tight-mouthed, dry Yankee gave his legislative valedictory to the second session of the Seventieth Congress. Dull and solid, it reflected the philosophy of a party and the character of a man, a man who rose to the Presidency by virtue of an untrue newspaper account of a police strike and the bad digestion of his superior, and who became a political myth with benefit of the great, conservative newspapers. Observers did not expect the present session to be a model of progressive legislation, but whatever chance it had of progressive accomplishment has been lessened by the President's message. There he stands between the progressives in Congress and the great business interests he protects. He has been denounced as timid and vacillating, but in every section of his last message is the grim determination to protect the "American system" of private enterprise from the attack of the Congressional minority which believes in social control. He puts himself squarely on record against government operation of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam for power purposes; he advocates the cruiser bill in one breath and the Kellogg pact in the next; he throws a sop to the farmers in the form of a recommendation for a revolving loan-fund for cooperative marketing. But the real heart of his message is contained in the first sentence: "No Congress of the United States ever assembled, on surveying the state of the union, has met with a more pleasing prospect than that which appears at the present time."

Lame-duck sessions of Congress are frequently sterile, and this particular session is likely to be more sterile than usual because of the prospect of a special session after March 4. Mr. Hoover's eleventh-hour promise to call a special session if a suitable farm-relief measure could not be passed before his inauguration will serve as an oxygen-tank to every filibuster. The more the filibusterers talk the better will be their chance of an encore. If they can out-talk and outmaneuver the most vital pieces of legislation which come before the Congress, their reward will be a new session without the obnoxious time-limit. The Boulder Dam bill comes first on the Senate's calendar, and three notches farther down on that calendar comes the fifteen-cruiser bill. After these measures will come the Kellogg peace pact and the bevy of lesser bills which their proponents will attempt to jam through the tense, overcrowded days just before March 4.

Washington opinion is almost unanimous in agreeing that the cruiser bill will pass easily in the short session in spite of the opposition of peace societies. Legislators who vote for it will salve their consciences with the excuse that this fifteen-cruiser bill with an appropriation of \$274,000,000 is only the tag end of the gigantic Wilbur program which called for an appropriation of \$740,000,000. But this salve will be a most insufficient ointment because the present cruiser bill comprises the most important and provocative part of the Wilbur program. The Wilbur proposals called for a five-year building program to be headed by the construction of twenty-five cruisers, but the proposals included only fifteen cruisers during the first three years—and the present bill provides for all of these cruisers.

What a hilarious farce it will be when the "big-navy"

men, having jammed through their cruiser bill, solemnly drag forth the Kellogg pact with its pledge that "the high contracting parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means." Senator Borah of the Foreign Affairs Committee will shake hands with Senator Hale of the Naval Affairs Committee and will hold the treaty until the cruiser bill has passed. The militarists, flushed with genial triumph, will vote for the treaty, and the guilty "liberals," searching for moral compensation, will fall in line. Also, a great many Senators will vote for it because they believe that the defeat of the treaty with all its defects would create so much hostility and bitterness in Europe that the cause of lasting peace would suffer. On this point we agree with them, and for this reason only we hope the Kellogg pact will be ratified. It is a faulty, feeble, hypocritical compromise, but it can be a useful instrument in creating public opinion for something better and more concrete.

What will the Congress do with Boulder Dam and Muscle Shoals? The Boulder Dam bill won several preliminary votes in the Senate during the last session, and Ashurst of Arizona will have difficulty in smothering it by filibuster because it is the unfinished business of the new session. But President Coolidge is quite likely to kill it by his veto. The bill does not make government operation mandatory, but it gives wide latitude to the Department of the Interior to develop government-operated plants, and even this small concession to the public-ownership advocates may be too much for Mr. Coolidge.

The Norris bill for the government development of Muscle Shoals was technically killed by the pocket veto of President Coolidge on the last day of the former Congressional session, supposedly because the President flew into a temper over the rejection by the Senate of a minor political appointee, but the indomitable Senator from Nebraska refuses to admit that it is killed. He does not propose to bring it up again in the short session because he knows that he cannot carry it over the President's veto, but he maintains that Coolidge's pocket veto is void in a Congress which has two sessions. He is carrying his contention to the United States Supreme Court. Meanwhile Muscle Shoals is being partially leased to the Alabama Power Company at a figure which does not even cover the government's overhead expense, and President Coolidge declares that he is opposed to the construction of the additional dams on the Tennessee River which are required to make the project a great community asset.

What of unemployment and injunctions? The President says not a word about them, and it will be miraculous if the Congress succeeds in the short session in enacting any useful legislation on these subjects. The Wagner bill calling for federal employment exchanges has some adherents and the revised and improved Shipstead injunction bill is still alive. But what chance have social-welfare bills on the calendar of a Congress which has just received a new mandate from the American people to support the *status quo*?



## Hope for Nicaragua?

THE proposed loan of \$12,000,000 to Nicaragua follows the usual devious and dangerous course of our diplomacy in the republic for the last twenty years—a policy which is hurting our reputation and legitimate commercial expansion all over Latin America merely to benefit the special interests of a small group of money lenders and concession grabbers in Wall Street. There has been the same two-faced jobbery in this financial maneuver as in the return of our marines to Nicaragua in the winter of 1926-1927. William W. Cumberland, formerly our financial expert in Haiti, was sent to Nicaragua in the autumn of 1927, with the acquiescence of President Diaz, to report on the finances of the republic. Mr. Cumberland recommended that our bankers lend Nicaragua up to \$30,000,000—\$12,000,000 immediately—establishing in return a financial dictatorship.

Mr. Cumberland sent his report to the Department of State on March 10, last, but it was not made public. Certainly not. We were then in the midst of an unauthorized and unpleasantly stubborn war against Sandino on account of which the Administration was receiving criticism from unexpected quarters. With the fortunes of the Republican Party at stake in a then-impending national election, the Administration couldn't risk further attack on its Nicaraguan policy. But the existence of the Cumberland report was known and there was a threat of a demand for information by various Senators and Representatives as soon as Congress reassembled. So just after the election, and before Congress had met, the report was made public.

It didn't land right. Even the usual defenders of an imperialist policy in the Caribbean balked at so bald an announcement right on the eve of Mr. Hoover's "good-will visit" to Central America. It was a bit too raw. The *New York Times* gave a dignified rap on the knuckles to the Administration, and if Mr. Coolidge had had a secret idea that he wouldn't mind embarrassing his one-time Cabinet officer just a mite he now realized it wouldn't do. Four days after the report was published brief statements came from both President Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg indicating "Thumbs down" on the Cumberland recommendations for the rest of the present Administration. What Mr. Hoover may do remains to be seen, but although his preoccupation with foreign trade sometimes blinds him to higher conceptions, it may serve to change our Latin-American policy for the better. For the ruthless imperialism we have exercised in the Caribbean has hurt our trade and bona fide commerce all over Latin America. Our merchants and other business men of a legitimate sort cannot make headway in an atmosphere of hate and distrust.

The fact is that Nicaragua doesn't need a loan at this time. By Mr. Cumberland's own statement half of the proposed \$12,000,000 would go for refunding existing loans which the country is already carrying on a satisfactory basis. The only reason for refunding would be to supply a handsome commission for some Wall Street loan sharks. About a fourth of the loan would go for claims, mostly due to our forcible intervention in Nicaraguan politics. These claims can be cared for out of existing revenues if the country is let alone. This leaves 25 per cent of the loan for productive purposes, to which Thomas W. Lamont has said we ought generally to limit our advances to foreign nations.

The 25 per cent for productive purposes is destined for the construction of highways. Doubtless these are needed, but they would best come gradually. In Haiti the large sum spent for roads has resulted to a regrettable extent in motor speedways for North Americans who honk the donkeys of the poor natives off into the mud. In any event such construction ought to be done by taxation. For its own good and ours Latin America ought to cultivate the habit of taxing itself more and borrowing less.

Finally, the Cumberland loan is proposed on terms which would make Nicaragua a financial peon to Wall Street. The financial control of the country—including the budget and a veto on all legislation regarded as likely to reduce revenues—would be placed in the hands of three men. Two of them—a majority—would be citizens of the United States nominated by our Secretary of State, acting presumably according to the wishes of the bankers floating the loan. The Bank of Nicaragua, which has just been redeemed from the foreign control exercised under the last loan, would be sold—this time into permanent captivity to North America. For these kind services our pawnbrokers and racketeers of Wall Street would be allowed to charge \$400,000, which is nearly 3½ per cent, an exorbitant commission for floating a loan of \$12,000,000. Meanwhile Mr. Cumberland's plan calls for adequate upkeep for the recently reorganized constabulary, or national guard, from a fund which would be a charge on the government revenues second only to interest on the public debt. As the People's Lobby puts it, this would "give the bankers first call on the nation's resources and the protectors of the bankers second call."

There seems to be a probability that the proposed loan to Nicaragua, at least on the terms proposed by Mr. Cumberland, will be shelved for good. We hope so, but believe that Congress should investigate our entire course in the republic for the past twenty years.

## American Notables

THE publication of the first volume of the new Dictionary of American Biography was celebrated by a dinner given recently to several hundred scholars in New York City. The book, which contains more than six hundred pages and records the lives of 666 persons arranged in alphabetical order from Cleveland Abbe to Maurice Barrymore, is the first tangible result of the work begun three years ago under the direction of the American Council of Learned Societies, which is administering a fund of \$500,000 contributed for the purpose by the New York Times Company. Allen Johnson, editor-in-chief, expects the last of the proposed twenty volumes to appear seven years after the publication of the first.

Such a work has long been needed, but no American biographical dictionary of anything like comparable scope has ever been undertaken before, and it could be prepared only by a large staff of organizers and editors working in cooperation with experts in every field. Undertaking as it does not only to give an outline of the life of every American who has distinguished himself in any line of endeavor, but to define briefly the nature of his achievement, it will be for students of the American past what the Dictionary of National Biography, already affectionately known to more than one generation of scholars as the D. N. B., has been to



all who have concerned themselves with English history or literature.

Though all living persons are, for obvious reasons, excluded, inventors, industrialists, business leaders, etc., will receive recognition equal to that given to writers, preachers, statesmen, and soldiers whom tradition has made the more usual subject of biographical treatment. Thus, for instance, the first volume includes, in addition to such well-known names as those of Louis Agassiz, Benedict Arnold, George Bancroft, and John Jacob Astor, sketches of the careers of Frank Abbott, a pioneer in dentistry, Adrian C. Anson, famous baseball player, and William Taylor Adams, who wrote the well-known stories for boys which appeared under the pseudonym of Oliver Optic. The work aims to give a complete conspectus of American notables, and in order that men whose achievements were of the sort not usually recorded in biography shall not disappear in oblivion, lists of names to supplement those drawn from the ordinary sources of biographical information have been drawn up by experts familiar with the history of American business, sport, science, technology, etc.

Such a compilation as this can, of course, be thoroughly tested only by long use, but a cursory examination of the first volume indicates that it attains in every respect the high standard which the editorial and advisory boards would seem to guarantee. The sketches are not only concise and informative but very often vivid and colorful as well, so that the book might properly be called a dictionary not only of biography, but of personality also, and it will probably be read for pleasure as well as for information by all who have any interest in American characters. Scholars will, of course, find it invaluable, but its service to them will be no more important than that which it will render to the general reader, who will find himself turning to it hardly less often than to the encyclopedia or the dictionary if he wishes to make his reading of American social or political history as fruitful as possible.

Space is naturally allotted in accordance with the importance of the person to be treated and the amount of information available concerning him, but the shorter sketches are often the most valuable. The great names may usually be found in an encyclopedia and, if one wants still more information, there is usually an individual biography to be consulted, but hundreds of people have contributed something to American civilization without having achieved an eminence sufficient to justify a "Life and Times" or even to win for themselves a mention in any general work of reference. Their names bob up in unexpected places, but no information can be found concerning them without an amount of research into newspaper files, local histories, and the like which involves a serious waste of the scholar's time and is quite unthinkable for the general reader. There is no research scholar who has not been baffled, and no intelligent reader who has not experienced a sense of impotent irritation, when the ordinary sources of information failed him upon occasions like this, but when the work at present under discussion is completed it will contain accurate information about hundreds of persons concerning whom nothing could be conveniently learned in any other place, and that fact will be responsible for its unique value.

All copies of the Dictionary of American Biography will be printed on rag paper to insure their permanence and will be issued through Charles Scribners' Sons. The subscription price (payable in instalments) is \$250.

## Chivalry and Labor Laws

IN several recent legislative hearings certain well-groomed ladies from the National Woman's Party have fought shoulder to shoulder with the manufacturing interests against special labor laws for women. The manufacturers have welcomed this feminine support with great gusto and the press has given generous headlines indicating that the women reformers are divided among themselves. Behind the public hullabaloo there has not been an adequate body of facts on either side of the discussion. The trade unionists and social workers who support labor laws for women have given reasoned testimony for their belief based upon long experience, but the left-wing feminists have talked well and marshaled enough individual instances of sex discrimination to impress the public.

As *The Nation* has frequently pointed out, the leaders of the Woman's Party do not oppose labor legislation as such but only labor laws which apply to women as a sex. The question at issue is largely one of social philosophy. The left-wing feminist tends to see society as a sex struggle in which man exploits woman, while the laborite looks upon the same milieu as a class struggle in which employer exploits worker. The rub comes when the two struggles overlap and labor concedes the sexual *status quo* by appealing to the chivalry of the employer and the community for special labor laws for women. The intelligent labor champion does not make this appeal because he likes to make it; he prefers to win justice for woman as a worker through organized power but he will take justice for woman as a woman if he cannot get it in any other way. The appeal for woman as the weaker sex arouses the ire of the left-wing feminist. Chivalry is for her as bad as poverty because it perpetuates the prejudices which have kept women in subjection. Moreover, she claims that women workers actually lose by special labor laws because such laws throw them out of work and limit their employment opportunity.

This claim has been analyzed with great care by the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor in a new study, "The Effects of Labor Legislation upon the Employment Opportunities of Women." The published facts knock into a cocked hat the arguments of the Woman's Party that shorter-hour legislation for women in the manufacturing industries has taken away opportunities to work. The investigation shows that most women who are gainfully employed are not affected one way or another by special labor legislation for their sex, but in five important manufacturing industries which employ women in large numbers the legal limitation of hours for women only has "not brought about any degree of substitution of men for women."

The investigation proves that in the matter of laws against night work for women the Woman's Party has some justification for its claim that men have supplanted women as a direct result of the laws. Likewise certain laws designed to protect women have caused the substitution of men in such tasks as running street cars and operating elevators. But these are individual instances and custom has done much more than law to eliminate women workers from night shifts, street cars, and certain types of elevators. On the whole the cases of individual injustice to women workers caused by special legislation seem unimportant compared to the resultant improvement of industrial standards.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

Oh Harvard was old Harvard when Yale was but a pup,  
And Harvard will be Harvard still when Yale has all  
gone up,  
And if any Eli . . .

**T**HIS is about as far as the old song should be carried. Perhaps it is too far. My plea today is for something of abatement in the intensity of the rivalry between Harvard and Yale. To be sure I realize that the plea has been made before by mightier men and that they were unsuccessful. Indeed it was Charles W. Eliot, himself, when president of Harvard, who rebuked the students as first they began to sing, "Three cheers for Harvard and down with Yale." This he said, seemed to him hardly a proper

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all who have concerned themselves with English history or literature.

Though all living persons are, for obvious reasons, excluded, inventors, industrialists, business leaders, etc., will receive recognition equal to that given to writers, preachers, statesmen, and soldiers whom tradition has made the more usual subject of biographical treatment. Thus, for instance, the first volume includes, in addition to such well-known names as those of Louis Agassiz, Benedict Arnold, George Bancroft, and John Jacob Astor, sketches of the careers of Frank Abbott, a pioneer in dentistry, Adrian C. Anson, famous baseball player, and William Taylor Adams, who wrote the well-known stories for boys which appeared under the pseudonym of Oliver Optic. The work aims to give a complete conspectus of American notables, and in order that men whose achievements were of the sort not usually recorded in biography shall not disappear in oblivion, lists of names to supplement those drawn from the ordinary sources of biographical information have been drawn up by experts familiar with the history of American business, sport, science, technology, etc.

Such a compilation as this can, of course, be thoroughly tested only by long use, but a cursory examination of the first volume indicates that it attains in every respect the high standard which the editorial and advisory boards would seem to guarantee. The sketches are not only concise and informative but very often vivid and colorful as well, so that the book might properly be called a dictionary not only of biography, but of personality also, and it will probably be read for pleasure as well as for information by all who have any interest in American characters. Scholars will, of course, find it invaluable, but its service to them will be no more important than that which it will render to the general reader, who will find himself turning to it hardly less often than to the encyclopedia or the dictionary if he wishes to make his reading of American social or political history as fruitful as possible.

Space is naturally allotted in accordance with the importance of the person to be treated and the amount of information available concerning him, but the shorter sketches are often the most valuable. The great names may usually be found in an encyclopedia and, if one wants still more information, there is usually an individual biography to be consulted, but hundreds of people have contributed something to American civilization without having achieved an eminence sufficient to justify a "Life and Times" or even to win for themselves a mention in any general work of reference. Their names bob up in unexpected places, but no information can be found concerning them without an amount of research into newspaper files, local histories, and the like which involves a serious waste of the scholar's time and is quite unthinkable for the general reader. There is no research scholar who has not been baffled, and no intelligent reader who has not experienced a sense of impotent irritation, when the ordinary sources of information failed him upon occasions like this, but when the work at present under discussion is completed it will contain accurate information about hundreds of persons concerning whom nothing could be conveniently learned in any other place, and that fact will be responsible for its unique value.

All copies of the Dictionary of American Biography will be printed on rag paper to insure their permanence and will be issued through Charles Scribners' Sons. The subscription price (payable in instalments) is \$250.

## Chivalry and Labor Laws

IN several recent legislative hearings certain well-groomed ladies from the National Woman's Party have fought shoulder to shoulder with the manufacturing interests against special labor laws for women. The manufacturers have welcomed this feminine support with great gusto and the press has given generous headlines indicating that the women reformers are divided among themselves. Behind the public hullabaloo there has not been an adequate body of facts on either side of the discussion. The trade unionists and social workers who support labor laws for women have given reasoned testimony for their belief based upon long experience, but the left-wing feminists have talked well and marshaled enough individual instances of sex discrimination to impress the public.

As *The Nation* has frequently pointed out, the leaders of the Woman's Party do not oppose labor legislation as such but only labor laws which apply to women as a sex. The question at issue is largely one of social philosophy. The left-wing feminist tends to see society as a sex struggle in which man exploits woman, while the laborite looks upon the same milieu as a class struggle in which employer exploits worker. The rub comes when the two struggles overlap and labor concedes the sexual *status quo* by appealing to the chivalry of the employer and the community for special labor laws for women. The intelligent labor champion does not make this appeal because he likes to make it; he prefers to win justice for woman as a worker through organized power but he will take justice for woman as a woman if he cannot get it in any other way. The appeal for woman as the weaker sex arouses the ire of the left-wing feminist. Chivalry is for her as bad as poverty because it perpetuates the prejudices which have kept women in subjection. Moreover, she claims that women workers actually lose by special labor laws because such laws throw them out of work and limit their employment opportunity.

This claim has been analyzed with great care by the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor in a new study, "The Effects of Labor Legislation upon the Employment Opportunities of Women." The published facts knock into a cocked hat the arguments of the Woman's Party that shorter-hour legislation for women in the manufacturing industries has taken away opportunities to work. The investigation shows that most women who are gainfully employed are not affected one way or another by special labor legislation for their sex, but in five important manufacturing industries which employ women in large numbers the legal limitation of hours for women only has "not brought about any degree of substitution of men for women."

The investigation proves that in the matter of laws against night work for women the Woman's Party has some justification for its claim that men have supplanted women as a direct result of the laws. Likewise certain laws designed to protect women have caused the substitution of men in such tasks as running street cars and operating elevators. But these are individual instances and custom has done much more than law to eliminate women workers from night shifts, street cars, and certain types of elevators. On the whole the cases of individual injustice to women workers caused by special legislation seem unimportant compared to the resultant improvement of industrial standards.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

Oh Harvard was old Harvard when Yale was but a pup,  
And Harvard will be Harvard still when Yale has all  
gone up,  
And if any Eli . . .

**T**HIS is about as far as the old song should be carried. Perhaps it is too far. My plea today is for something of abatement in the intensity of the rivalry between Harvard and Yale. To be sure I realize that the plea has been made before by mightier men and that they were unsuccessful. Indeed it was Charles W. Eliot, himself, when president of Harvard, who rebuked the students as first they began to sing, "Three cheers for Harvard and down with Yale." This, he said, seemed to him hardly a proper spirit. He suggested an amendment so that the song might go, "Three cheers for Harvard and one for Yale." Such 75 per cent loyalty was not acceptable to men with good crimson blood in their veins.

Naturally it is not to be expected even now that Harvard and Yale men should meet on terms of perfect amity and that the old bitterness should disappear within the time of our own generation. Such a miracle is beyond the scope of my intention. Too much has happened. Just what it was that Yale originally did to Harvard I don't profess to know. It was enough I suppose to justify the trial of the issue by combat on the gridiron every year. Curiously enough, for a good many years Yale seemed to grow righter and righter if judged in the light of these tests. But the truth is mighty and shall prevail and the justice of Harvard's cause became apparent this year through the grace of God and the lateral pass. God, as some cynic has said, is always on the side which has the best running backs. Neither Copeland nor Kittridge ever quite sufficed to convince the general public of Harvard's superiority. That task was left for French and Guarnaccia. It was this lad with the fine New England name who scored the two touchdowns.

My suggestion is that whatever deep wrong Yale once committed against Harvard a process of diminution of feeling should be allowed to set in. After all can't the men of Cambridge be broadminded about such matters and remember that nothing within the power of Yale could possibly hurt Harvard very much? Even in the days when the blue elevens were winning with great regularity there should have been consolation enough in the thought that Harvard's Greek department still held the edge.

In the game of 1906 a Harvard halfback named Nichols was sent in late in the game while the score was still a tie. On practically the first play after his entrance he dropped a punt which led directly to a Yale touchdown and victory. Throughout the rest of his university career he was known in college as "the man who dropped the punt." When his brother entered Harvard two years later he was promptly christened and known for his next four years as "the brother of the man who dropped the punt."

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HEYWOOD BROWN



# The Sea Is Not Safe!

By FELIX RIESENBERG

**W**ITH the Vestris disaster still in mind, a seven days' sensation, that almost immovable mass called public opinion shivers slightly while the crack of a growing yawn begins to mar its perfect indignation. All of the children drowned! Only ten women saved, most of them picked up hours after the disaster, floating helpless in the sea! Most of the crew saved, having themselves abandoned ship via the boats easiest to launch, while leaving the women and children suspended in two boats hanging from the davits on the high side and at least a fathom from the water, all to tumble and perish with the turning over of the steamer! One gruesome mistake piled upon another; delays, confusion, incompetence, and personal cowardice the order of the day. Lack of judgment is no excuse; in fact, it is criminal in men of the sea specifically charged with the duty to safeguard others. But so much for the blame. In this case there is blame enough and to spare and plenty of people to absorb it; it will probably be spread as far as possible.

But the blame goes far beyond mere personalities. To a very great extent the blame must rest upon all of us, myself included. I knew what would happen in a disaster calling for the use of boats. In the *Nautical Gazette* of June 6, 1925, I wrote an article called *The Next Great Sea Disaster*. In part I wrote:

The war was so full of disasters it almost seems at present as if the disaster-business had been definitely closed out with the signing of the treaty. But a look over the log-book of the sea will show a succession of great disasters even in time of peace. It is a gruesome list, the most spectacular of victims being the giant Titanic. . . . A time comes at sea when assistance is of little use. Given a fatal combination of circumstances the result is certain. But there always must be the first weak link, the crash through the shell of the ship, from the outside or from within, and the sea of such temper that the small boats of the modern dumpy school cannot live, or cannot be handled by the crews of Ritz waiters and saloon-deck sailors now provided for that service.

When the next great disaster comes and is finished a great commission of experts will be assembled. Most of these gentlemen are now seated behind their desks. A few sad and expensive reports will be added to those collecting dust on the shelves of the Library of Congress, etc.

Describing the supposititious disaster, I wrote: "Great confusion prevailed. An outrageous riot and an utterly unparalleled state of criminal negligence held sway."

So much for my own opinion expressed some years ago. I might have raved up and down the piers shouting my warning, but the chances are that some general passenger agent would have had me arrested as a disturber of the peace. What I then wrote made no ripple, and having written for the better part of fifteen years without swamping any of the shallow but established skiffs upon which we embark our souls, I will expect this article to drop into the ocean of public indifference with little more than a momentary splash.

*The sea is not safe!* Passage at sea, at this very moment, is as hazardous an adventure as at any time since the

Phoenicians trimmed their sails and manned their oars on the first great trading and exploring voyages. *Hazards have increased ten thousand fold with the vast increase in size, speed, and number of ships afloat.* Fog is as thick as when the world began, ice as frequent in high latitudes, and far more dangerous in the case of large fast vessels built of steel; and derelicts, often of great tonnage, are added to the unseen but ever possible obstacles in the path of ships racing over seas at night. The hazard of collision, one vessel with another, is a constant source of danger. Only the utmost vigilance of faithful men, alert and experienced, stands between these dangers and their consummation in some terrific catastrophe.

Every time you take passage on a steamer, no matter how long or how short the trip, whether to Albany, New Orleans, Buenos Aires, or Australia, a hazard, and a great one, ships with you on the voyage. Without consulting records, almost without thinking, a list of names springs to mind that would fill whole pages of this paper—Oregon, La Bourgogne, Slocum, Titanic, Cyclops, Egypt, and Vestris, each different, each unexpected, and some of them, as in the case of the great collier Cyclops, utterly unexplained. Hundreds of lesser ships, such as the Suduffco, just sailed out to sea and never returned. In the latter case one of the ablest sailor men, Captain Thomas Turner, trained in the whale-ships of Nantucket as a lad and for long years an officer on transatlantic liners, was in command.

No sane man will contend that the hazards at sea are fewer simply because the percentages of disaster are low. No sane person will believe that because the percentages are low the total loss is also low, or that the lives sacrificed are negligible. Such reasoning may work out in the matter of tonnage and values, coverable by insurance, for which we all pay, all the time, in millions upon millions of dollars annually. The lives that go with the risks are not covered; in fact, are specifically exempted when disaster can be blamed on "an act of God."

In the first place let me say that most vessels, built to the specifications of the classification societies, are safe in any weather, if safely loaded, skilfully handled, and not brought into contact with one another, with ice, or with derelicts. It is upon this fact that the insurance business establishes its rates. The insurance underwriters also recognize a "moral risk," and some care is taken in approving the master. The records of master mariners are scrutinized by those who bet that a ship will not meet with disaster, for which risk they charge a fee. No special effort, however, is made by these gentlemen to see that the high character of shipmasters is as highly paid for as it deserves to be.

The question of making a ship safe, except in cases where no ship can ever be safe, is a matter of competent design and of sound construction. It is a vitally important matter, and is so recognized by naval architects. Double cellular bottoms, wing bunkers, blisters, bulkheads, watertight doors, secure hatches on strong decks capable of keeping water out from the top and of holding down air pressure from beneath should a compartment be holed below the



water line, these matters, with the exception of the last, are reasonably carried out. The great risk is in the upkeep, inspection, and handling of ships. It is a matter of the human equation, the same human equation that often goes wrong ashore, wrecks trains, and smashes automobiles.

Now we come to the disaster. For some reason or other, including the ever-present risk of fire, a ship founders, or becomes untenable to those on board. For instance, a ship may lose her stability, heel over on her beam, and even if still afloat she becomes a supremely dangerous carrier. The terrible moment comes to abandon ship, to clear away the boats. In the case of the *Vestris* this happened near noon, in daylight and in moderate temperature, and after hours, in fact almost after days, of warning. It was not a sudden emergency.

Now let us consider a steamer in the passenger trade, commanded, officered, and manned by able and brave men. The sea is no respecter of persons, and our disaster happens at night, on a cold night of high seas and strong winds with sleet and snow, or perhaps it is in the midst of a night fog. There is a sudden crash, out of the black pocket of the future, and in a few minutes the huge steamer is foundering. Thousands of persons, men, women, children, and the army of stewards, engineers, deckmen—the crew—attempt to rush to their stations and lower boats. We hear the crack of the radio for a few minutes perhaps. The position given may be correct, unless the ship has been running by dead reckoning for a day or more; the whole system of signals may function, but we know that it requires very little time for a ship to sink if mortally holed. In fact, if we combine some of our possible disasters with winds of hurricane force, the coming of rescue ships may be delayed for hours on end.

What have our seamen to work with?

Open boats—open boats often stowed, one on top of another.

These boats, to hold, on paper, the total number of persons on board, must be bulky, heavy barges, carried high above the hull, and hung under a great forest of clumsy davits, suspended by complicated tackle, operated by screws and winches. Under the conditions assumed for the purpose of illustration, conditions not at all impossible, no crew of today, or even of the day before yesterday when sailors were real sailormen trained in handling rope falls, could launch them safely, let alone fill them to their rated capacity, lower them slowly into the sea, and release them.

The whole matter of boats, their equipment, their launching from the tall topsides of steamers, upright or listed, needs a radical overhauling. Today the boat equipment on the best steamers built is obsolete, unworkable, unsafe. Open lifeboats can be launched safely only under favorable conditions. Most disasters happen amid the most unfavorable circumstances.

I would propose the following suggestions for consideration at the coming International Conference for the Safety of Life at Sea, to be held in London next spring:

1. Place a definite limit on the overall length of ocean passenger liners. They are again growing too big for safety.

2. Consider the financial incentive now offered to carry boys of the highest type into the sea service, and to keep them there up to the important position of command.

3. Carry light, open boats under davits, for rescue work only, not for the purpose of abandoning ship with

passengers. Boats for the purpose of abandoning ship should be of a radically different design and construction. Such boats should be of steel, shaped somewhat like short blunt-ended spindles. They should be constructed of two thicknesses of metal, separated by tough water-resistant material, capable of swelling if punctured, and strong enough to be filled with passengers and dropped into the sea from launching ways on the boat deck. These boats would stow, side by side, ends outboard. In this way, by stowing at right angles to the keel of the ship, the lifeboats could be carried in a single tier. The launching ways should be so arranged that the boats could be dropped on either side, depending on the list. The boats would have a large hatch, always unlocked, on their upper turtle deck. In a great emergency the passengers would be put into these boats, the hatch clamped down, with dogs operating both from the outside and the inside. The clamping down could light the interior by storage battery. Proper hand-holds, kapock cushions, and other necessities would be fitted, and the under side of the boat would be ballasted by a tank containing fresh water. Then the boat would be easily slid into the sea. It would take a dive, right itself some distance from the foundering ship, and could not be swamped by heavy seas or sucked under. The people in the boat could open the hatch, and other hatches as provided, ship oars, or a mast, or just stand by in comparative comfort and safety.

Dare-devils have gone over Niagara Falls in barrels; the short drop of a lifeboat as suggested is not half as bad as the clumsy practice now followed with open boats hung from swaying and tangled falls. A few motor-boats, as now carried, could be launched by the crew to round up the safety spindles.

The art of engineering must supersede the tangled mess of rope and gear now provided by law for launching boats. Safety, speed, dryness, warmth, and the protection of the contents of the boats from weather during the long time they rest in the cradles can all be accomplished by a system such as this. At one stroke this does away with scores of expensive davits, tons of costly rope, and all of the assorted junk now provided and utterly unmanageable under extreme conditions. Such boats could be released, and if the emergency was so sudden that launching was impossible they would bob up free from the ship when she went down. At the first sign of real danger people could be put into such boats and kept there while the master made up his mind as to the course of action. Under our present system boats have been lowered and lives lost while the ship remained afloat.

Most suggestions entail added expense on the shipowner. I respectfully suggest this as one of those rare ideas that is both practical and economical. Now boats are covered by canvas, a great expense in itself, their contents are constantly deteriorating, the boat literally falls apart from lack of use.

Spindles, such as I suggest, could be hoisted by suitable lifting bolts, by a single derrick on each side, and lifted on board and slid along into place on their greased launching cradles. The inspectors, overworked men, could have some fun filling one of these boats with members of the crew and shooting them into the sea, just to note that all was shipshape and correct. This would not be as tedious as the present system of creaking blocks and gear, and would only take a minute or so of their valuable time, when the proper entries could be made on the record.



I don't know what the rope bill is for a great ship, for boat falls alone, but it is considerable, for rope must frequently be replaced. Some use wire and this, too, is costly, and when the decks are icy it is almost impossible to handle.

I feel certain that something positive in the way of

reserve safety, aside from rafts and independent of the skill of a doubtful crew under stress of weather and excitement, would go a long way toward making a sea passage reasonably safe even when the fateful moment comes to clear away the lifeboats.

## Did Japan Kill Chang Tso-lin?

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

*[This is the second of three articles by Mr. Millard on China and Japan. The last, Japan Fights for Manchuria, will appear shortly.]*

Shanghai, October 1

IT is a relevant fact that for several years before his death Chang Tso-lin's relations with Japan were strained. The dictator gradually had become less disposed to accept advice from the Japanese on political and military matters. He was restive under their tutelage and more than once disregarded their wishes in important affairs. He did that when he established himself at Peking, where he was much less under Japan's influence than at Mukden. It was well known to Chang's intimates that his chief reason for wanting to hold Peking was to avoid getting back where the Japanese could put pressure on him. Chang felt, and often so expressed himself to his intimates, that Japan would like to get rid of him.

The Tokyo Government, through the Japanese legation at Peking, advised Chang not to risk a battle with the National armies inside the Great Wall. To enforce that point Tokyo told him that if his army was defeated the Japanese would not permit it to retreat into Manchuria. That is why 25,000 Japanese troops were sent there and more were mobilized ready to go. Chang did not want to give Peking up without a fight, but his troops were disaffected, some of his principal generals were pro-Nationalist, and in the end he decided to withdraw.

Chang Tso-lin left Peking early the morning of June 3. A steel coach painted conspicuously was provided for him and his intimate entourage. That he felt himself in danger is shown by precautions that were taken. At points during the journey the position of Chang's coach in the train was changed. At times he would leave that coach and sit for a while in another one.

The train approached Mukden very early the morning of June 4. At a station some miles from the city a number of important officials met the train to welcome the dictator and continued on it. Among those officials was General Wu Chung-chen, Chang's most trusted lieutenant and military commander of Shengking Province. When the explosion that wrecked the train and killed Chang Tso-lin happened Chang and General Wu were in a wooden coach next to the steel coach where Chang was supposed to stay.

The explosion occurred at about half past six o'clock. It was terrific and startled the city. Many people hastened to the scene, but in a short while Japanese railway guards (soldiers) formed a cordon and kept people away. Among the foreign employees at the arsenals are a number of experts on explosives and some of them were quickly at the scene and made such examinations as they could. Both Japanese and Chinese commissions of inquiry were appointed and they conducted investigations. Every consulate

and nearly every foreigner at Mukden tried to learn what they could.

I arrived at Mukden three weeks after the explosion. By then what could be found out, and probably all that ever will be found out, had been assorted and digested. The material and pertinent facts that are known follow.

The explosion occurred at a point where the Chinese Peking-Mukden line passes under the tracks of the South Manchuria Railway. There are concrete blockhouses guarding the bridge by which the South Manchuria line crosses over the Peking-Mukden line and Japanese soldiers always are there. As that point is within the South Manchuria Railway's zone, which had priority over the right of way of the Peking-Mukden line, Chinese police are not allowed there. On that occasion the Chinese had requested to be allowed to send some soldiers to watch the Peking-Mukden tracks at the time Chang Tso-lin's train would pass. That request was granted, but the Chinese soldiers were not permitted to approach the place until shortly before the train was due.

An expert examination of what evidence was discovered in the wreckage and an expert analysis of that evidence seemed to prove that the explosive was attached to the granite retaining wall supporting the southern end of the bridge, adjacent to the track on which the Peking-Mukden train would pass. It would require six to eight hours to drill the holes, to put the explosive into position, and to make whatever connections were used to discharge the bomb.

Item. A foreigner who lives near by noticed on the evening of June 3 some Japanese working at the bridge with wires and other appliances. When out riding early on June 4, about 5 a. m., he again noticed the Japanese workmen and the wires. That made no particular impression on that observer at the time. He remembered it later, however. He noticed also that on that morning more than the customary number of Japanese railway guards were about.

Item. Two Chinese who approached the place early that morning were challenged by Japanese guards and when they stopped they were bayoneted and died immediately. Another Chinese who witnessed this assault ran away and although he was fired on at once he escaped. The Japanese say that those Chinese were "acting suspiciously" and they did not stop promptly when challenged. The Japanese tell a story about some small bombs having been found on those Chinese. The Chinese version is that those men were ordinary Chinese workmen who lived in a suburb west of the South Manchuria Railway's tracks and who were in the habit of walking under the bridge when going to their work. On that morning they might have seen something which they could have told about afterward.



Item. People living near the bridge noticed during that night that men were working there and using strong lights to see what they were doing. Sounds of drilling were heard. Those who saw and heard it thought at the time that some ordinary repairs were being made.

The matter sifts down to this. It required eight to ten hours to instal the explosive that wrecked the train. During all that time the scene was exclusively under the authority and the policing of the Japanese. The Chinese guards did not come on the scene until shortly before the train arrived there and then they were told to stay some distance from the bridge. By then the bomb was in place and everything was set. Only experts could have installed the explosives. The job was expertly planned and scientifically executed. Just how the bomb was set off is not known positively.

One might theorize endlessly regarding motive for the crime. Japanese point out that had they plotted the thing why would they choose the exact place that would put them under suspicion? Chinese say that if the deed was done by Nationalist or Communist or anti-Chang Chinese plotters they would surely have chosen another place than the one spot on the whole Peking-Mukden line where Japanese are on guard night and day and where such operations could not fail to be observed by them.

The Sino-Japanese "joint investigation" resulted in disagreement in some particulars. The Japanese members wanted to make it appear that Chinese guards were at the scene from daylight, about 4 a. m., onward. The Chinese members say the Chinese guards were not on the scene until about 6 o'clock. It is a material point on which all the neutral evidence supports the Chinese contention.

Three months have passed since the crime and no one has been arrested or charged with having done it. Among neutral foreigners at Mukden the opinion is almost unanimous that Japanese prepared and set off the explosion that ended Chang Tso-lin's life. Chinese believe that too. However that may be, Chang's death opened a way for the promotion of Japan's policy vis-a-vis China and Manchuria which Tokyo's previous moves had foreshadowed.

Chang Tso-lin died a few hours after the explosion that wrecked the train at Mukden, but his death was not officially announced until nearly three weeks later. From June 4, when the explosion occurred, until June 21, when the foreign consuls were notified that Chang was dead, his death was denied and extraordinary measures were taken to keep it secret.

If the Japanese planned to seize the opportunity and take control they were nonplussed by the calm and inoffensive attitude of the Chinese. (The Japanese consul general, Mr. Hayashi, expressed in a conversation with me great admiration of the Chinese handling of the affair.) It is said that Chang's eldest son made a secret trip to Mukden to kneel at his father's bier and then returned to Shanhai-kwan. Apparently he did not think it was safe to remain in Mukden then. A week later he returned there and stayed, but Yang Yu-ting, Fengtien's ablest general and chief of staff for Chang Tso-lin, stayed inside the Great Wall with the four best divisions of Fengtien troops. Those Manchuria troops are still inside the Wall, obviously because of Japan's moves at Mukden.

In those circumstances, if there was any disposition of some men in Manchuria to grasp power, that was sup-

pressed because of fear of what the Japanese would do. It was thought better to give the chief office to Chang Tso-lin's eldest son, the young general, for the time. That was done with approval of the principal Chinese leaders.

The National Government made pacific overtures to Mukden and sent a deputation there which was well received. At about the same time persons presumed to represent the deposed emperor, Henry Pu, who lives in the Japanese concession at Tientsin, arrived at Mukden and began an intrigue to restore the Kingdom of Manchuria with the former emperor on the throne. This scheme has become familiar by its frequent discussions in Japan's propaganda organs, the idea being to restore the ancient Manchu kingdom under Japan's protection, with Henry Pu on the throne and married to a Japanese princess, repeating the story of Korea. The plot to restore the monarchy made no headway with the Chinese in Manchuria. They understand what that means.

It was evident that the eastern provinces were confronted by the alternatives of either remaining a part of China, which means accepting the National Government, or of taking a fictitious attitude of independence, which means coming definitely and perhaps forever under the tutelage of Japan. On that point there is hardly any difference of opinion among Chinese in Manchuria, who are strongly, now almost bitterly, anti-Japanese.

An agreement was reached whereby Manchuria would recognize Nanking's authority under certain conditions and would raise the National flag in the eastern provinces. That agreement was to be promulgated July 21. Information of it leaked out and of course reached Tokyo. General Chang Hsueh-liang and a deputation were to visit Nanking to signify the rapprochement.

On July 20 the Japanese consul at Mukden, Mr. Hayashi, requested an interview with Chang Hsueh-liang, which took place early the following day. Mr. Hayashi asked General Chang if the reports about reaching an agreement to affiliate with the National Government were true and learned that they were. He then said, in effect, that the Japanese Government could not fail to be gravely disturbed by such action and strongly advised the Mukden Government not to proceed with that agreement. Mr. Hayashi stated that, in the event Japan's views were disregarded, the Japanese Government would take steps to preserve the *status quo*.

Mr. Hayashi's declaration was followed at once by dispositions of Japanese troops at Mukden, who took positions outside the railway zone and the Japanese town in proximity to the aviation field and the arsenal. The Mukden Government proved unexpectedly stubborn. It replied politely to Mr. Hayashi but intimated that it would proceed with its purpose to recognize the National Government of China. However, in view of the situation and the Japanese military dispositions, promulgation of the agreement was postponed and the National Government was informed of the reasons.

Soon afterward the Japanese Government sent Baron Gunsuke Hayashi, Japan's senior diplomat, to Mukden. The ostensible occasion of Baron Hayashi's visit was to represent Japan at the funeral of Chang Tso-lin, an ironical touch that was not lost with Orientals. The real reason of the visit was to repeat in a more forcible and impressive way the previous admonition given by Consul Hayashi. Indeed, Baron Hayashi went further. He insisted that the



Mukden Government should make an agreement confirming and extending Japan's special position and rights in Manchuria that would be tantamount to establishing Japan's suzerainty there.

Again the Mukden Government showed unexpected

firmness. It refused to make a new agreement and it would not promise to remain independent of Nationalist China. Baron Hayashi did extract a promise that Mukden would wait three months before taking further action in the matter.

## The Respectable A. F. of L.

By CARL HAESSLER

*New Orleans, December 1*

**J**OHN DEWEY'S charity need not be stretched very far to understand and forgive the American Federation of Labor for pinning the Bolshevik label on him. That action was in accord with the dominant tone of the recent New Orleans convention and of all the interim acts of the executive council and of President William Green, namely, a passionate middle-aged pursuit of conformity and respectability.

Mr. Green's opening address to the forty-eighth convention, after church and state had welcomed the delegates of labor to Louisiana, sounded the keynote. "I think we must be pretty decent, respectable citizens when we are able to invite the opposition and the antagonism of these two extremes." The extremes were the National Association of Manufacturers and the Workers (Communist) Party.

It was with the same notion that delegate John H. Walker, president of the Illinois State Federation of Labor and acting chairman of the convention's education committee, brought against Mr. Dewey and his associates the charge of misleading respectable trade unionists by Communist propaganda, saying: "I want to move to strike out his [Dewey's] name in the report and all reference to what he has said. Anything that I can do to prevent them from misleading decent trade unionists is going to be done."

And struck out it was. Though Mr. Dewey may read on page 310 of the seventh day's proceedings that the convention unanimously agreed he is "recognized on every hand as the leading educational authority in America and perhaps the most outstanding figure in the educational field in the world today," he may further read on page 315 that Vice-President Matthew Woll of the federation knows him [Dewey] to be a "propagandist not for special interests but for Communist interests . . . and is he not the one who a few years ago went to New York City for the purpose of planting the germ of communism in our educational institutions?" Then he may read that on the next day after a spirited debate the delegates by 91 votes to 39 carried Mr. Walker's motion and the name of Dewey was deleted, eulogy, denunciation, and all. The more intelligent and able delegates like Victor A. Olander of the seamen, secretary of the Illinois federation, fought against the ridiculous action, but the mob spirit was running high as it will in respectable mobs and so the Dewey scalp as well as Brookwood's was hung on the federation belt.

Most of the delegates, like most of the gentlemen of the press, had never heard of the name and fame of Dewey, but with the label of communism attached to him they would take no chances. So also Brookwood Labor College was lynched without a trial. Mr. Woll, more in his role as chief of the National Civic Federation than as member of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor,

led the pack with an array of accusations of much the same portentous grotesqueness as his indictment of Mr. Dewey, which was indeed part of his general attack. Chief among them was a quotation from Dean A. J. Muste, of Brookwood, who is a vice-president of the teachers' union, a quotation that was put forward by Mr. Woll and accepted by a great majority of the delegates as infinitely damning. The quotation was:

"I am a revolutionist, that is to say, I do not believe that capitalism is an efficient, just, or humane system of industrial and social organization. I want to see it replaced by a cooperative commonwealth under the control of the producers."

At this point the British fraternal delegates, John Marchbank and Ebby Edwards, whose movement is firmly rooted in Marxian economics, fairly gasped. They did not understand the ambition of Mr. Woll and his followers to be regarded as patriotic economic statesmen. A reading of the introduction to the executive council's report would have proved illuminating.

"Our movement," the introduction reads with characteristic distrust of the highbrow, "has ever been a most effective Americanization agency. As economic statesmen we are doing a constructive work second to no other group in the country. In common with the change that has come in the use of this word in the field of politics we no longer think of a statesman as a person above the affairs of daily life, who gives utterance to ponderous statements and is generally out-manuevered by the politicians. We use the word to designate men actively responsible for urgent problems of national welfare, alert to see where constructive principles can be applied, and competent to achieve practical results."

The Britishers had previously brought upon themselves the thunderous rebuke of President Green when they had urged that war "can only be frustrated by a united working-class solidarity, by the workers refusing to obey the war-lords of any country" and by letting "the people who want the wars to go and fight the wars because you have never got anything out of any of them that has been fought up to the present time." Green's heated reply was not so much an ungracious slap at guests who had been cordially welcomed and were later to be blessed with beautiful gifts, as it was public notice meant to reach the ears of Washington and even higher authorities that American labor is safe and dependable, not to be seduced by John Dewey at home or Karl Marx and his crew of foreigners abroad. Similar motives underlay the riotous greeting to Commander Paul McNutt of the American Legion and the rising tribute to his jingo speech which under phrases of peace pointed plainly to the coming war

(Continued on page 658)





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with Britain, a speech so blatant that the British fraternal delegate made an acid reference to the danger of approaching the peace table with a war mentality.

All the other convention doings except one were of a piece with this ifch to conform to the psychology of America's rulers. The exception came when Secretary of Labor James J. Davis went beyond his customary insolent assurance before labor audiences and dared to say:

"Some of you may have been politically opposed to Mr. Coolidge, which was your privilege, but I want you to know, now that he is on the eve of retiring from active participation in politics, that no sincerer friend of labor has ever sat in the White House."

That was too much. The convention received it in stony silence.

The power trust, symbol of sinister influence in American life today, was a beneficiary of the federation's anxiety not to offend anybody that ranks as respectable, except such undisguised enemies of trade-union organization as injunction judges and rampant open-shop manufacturers. A resolution "opposing use of public schools to spread propaganda of power interests" was changed by substituting the word "special" for "power" wherever it occurred and a reference to the "hydro-electric power trust" was deleted.

Most of the convention personalities performed as usual. John L. Lewis of the miners delivered himself eloquently of ponderous nothings. Matthew Woll, a frothing Napoleon but also a very industrious and intelligent Machiavelli, had his hand firmly on the convention throttle. John H. Walker did his best to keep the intellectuals from putting anything over on the untutored toilers in convention assembled and he did not relish the plain intimations of Victor Olander that his best was not good enough. John P. Frey, of the metal trades department, tried to startle the delegates into the belief that the Hoover plan of a construction reserve against unemployment was an indorsement of that will-o'-the-wisp, the "A. F. of L. wage-theory." Andy Furuseth, of the seamen, was even more independent and peevish than usual. President Green conducted the proceedings with his accustomed dignity, kindness, and fairness except on the rare occasions when his respectability-neurosis was active. Martin Ryan, a mountain of good-natured Irish avoirdupois, succeeded the tight-lipped Tobin as treasurer.

The absent because defeated champion of a Labor party, Max Hayes of Cleveland, would have been gratified to hear three comparative youngsters voice some of his progressive ideals. The outstanding example of militant labor conflict for the year, the lockout-strike of the Allen A hosiery workers in Kenosha, was brought before the somnolent convention by William Smith, secretary of the American Federation of Full Fashioned Hosiery Workers. Brookwood was ably and courageously defended on the floor by the sole delegate who claimed it as his alma mater, Charles L. Reed of Salem, Mass. And the cynical doctrine of the aged William D. Mahon of the street-car men that labor solidarity is mostly empty words and that each craft must fight its own battles was crushingly put to rout by James M. Duffy of the potters, though no syllable of his just and manly rejoinder appears in the printed convention proceedings. Duffy was appealing for aid to the operative potters against the open-shop Kresge chain-store potteries; Mahon doubted the wisdom or the efficacy of labor solidarity, and in reply Duffy simply described how his

union had once come to the support of Mahon's street-car men in East Liverpool, Ohio, to such good effect that the fight was won, but not without a universal blacklist against Duffy that compelled him to quit his home town for five years in order to get a chance to earn a living. Mahon decently subsided.

Apart from this trio the outstanding progressive figure was Mrs. Florence Curtis Hanson, secretary of the American Federation of Teachers and also secretary of the education committee of the convention. Though a grandmother she was a youngster in her sturdy and able championing of advanced ideals. Respected by the delegates for her genuine unionism and for her well-known willingness to guide her federation without demanding the customary \$7,500 to \$15,000 a year of the standard union executives, she was yet regarded with apprehension because she was that doubly incalculable thing, a woman and a white-collar worker, an intellectual, in other words, that could not stay put if she wanted to. From a number of remarks made on and off the floor it would not be surprising if the next heresy hunt of the indefatigably suspicious Mr. Woll were directed against the teachers' union.

While there is youth there is hope. The convention this year, unlike the Los Angeles and Detroit conventions immediately preceding, had a significant trace of youth. But it was too weak to combat President Green's querulous complaint, voiced in his denunciation of Brookwood:

"The tragic feature of it all is this, that some of our organizations affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and some of our members seem to take the side of Brookwood. They join with our enemies in condemning us. They seem to think that the executive council is made up of old fossilized members and that the council is always wrong and our enemies always right."

## In the Driftway

**I**F the Drifter were a spinner of tales there is one New York newspaper to which he would subscribe—the *Evening Post*. Then he would never lack plots, for on the humblest of pages, the last, is material sufficient to provide the literature of a generation. Moreover, if the Drifter were a cultural historian he would treasure that same page, for there is to be found each day a cross-section of life in these United States. But though the Drifter is only a Drifter, it is still one of his favorite newspaper pages. It is to this section, which is called merely News from Other Cities, that the Drifter turns for amusing, or pathetic, or ironic—often significant commentary in American English on the American scene.

\* \* \* \* \*

**A**LMOST every city every day reflects our widespread interest in aviation:

Cleveland Airport passengers taking regular planes out hit new high at 418 past week.

Shuttle service from Ford airport to Toledo, linking Detroit with trans-continental air mail, has begun over lighted airway.

Out of fourteen items from Chicago, seven are violent, at least by implication. These include one assassination, one downtown robbery in broad daylight, two explosions, and



the news of a divorce which was granted to Helen Wilkowski because her husband, Anton, "always sleeps with a fourteen-inch butcher-knife in bed with him in case of robbery." Chicago has its humorous news too:

Mike Damolas, restaurant waiter, rushing a "bolla Zup," stumbles over cat, causing soup to go down patron's neck. Mike kicks all nine lives out of the kitty. Patron is S. P. C. A. worker and Mike is arrested and fined \$9 for cat murder at the rate of a dollar a life.

And contributes a historic note as well:

Export commission fixes value of land on which [stands] London Guaranty Building, at intersection of Wacker Drive and Michigan Avenue, at \$200 a square foot. This is site of original Fort Dearborn and represents an increase in value of 5,000 per cent since pioneer days.

Kansas City leads off with an amusing item:

Walter Earl Daniels, eight weeks old, baptized by three bishops of Methodist Episcopal Church and doctor of divinity, and sleeps through it all.

And Baltimore offers a "blue law" incident:

Frank R. Williams, barber at Southern Hotel, is arrested as violator of Sunday "blue laws," but Police Sergeant Fred Johnson kindly allows him to finish shaving Joseph Fink, 2400 Block Eutaw Place, before making arrest.

\* \* \* \* \*

**B**UT on this particular day it is Pittsburgh which contributes this poignant bit—all the more moving because of its abbreviated starkness:

After forty years, during which each thought other dead, E. J. Burch, sixty-five, and wife, Anna, sixty, reunited in Greensburg County. Separated after marriage by disapproving parents.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Prohibition and Citizenship

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I commend to the thoughtful attention of your readers and all American liberals the letter of Mr. Horace D. Taft on prohibition appearing in the *New York Times* of November 14? Probably no one is likely to accuse this distinguished teacher of fanaticism, bigotry, intolerance, or a desire to make other people unhappy. Further, he ought to know something, if anyone does, of the effects of prohibition on the morals and manners of American youth, particularly among the wealthy and the well-to-do. His letter is marked, moreover, by an entire absence of rancor, denunciation, or contempt for those who disagree with him. It makes a statement and asks a question that demand the thoughtful attention of every good citizen.

Mr. Taft's argument in brief is this. The prohibition amendment and the Volstead Act were only the legal culmination of a revolution in public sentiment that had been going on in this country for a century. Despite all agitation and despite the acknowledged bribery and corruption attending prohibition, each Congressional election shows a Dry gain, till with the next Congress the Dry-Wet ratio in the House will be three to one and in the Senate five to one. Governor Smith, in a way to do honor to a man of his convictions, espoused the cause of modification and fought an honest battle against national prohibition. Most cool observers agree that his manly stand on that issue was at least one of the leading causes of his over-

whelming defeat. All denunciation of the "tyranny" of the Anti-Saloon League and of the "bigotry" of the churches is beside the point when it comes to explaining fundamentally the steady onward march of prohibition as a political policy. The Eighteenth Amendment cannot be repealed, and the Volstead Act cannot be modified, except in the direction of making it stricter. There stand the facts, says Mr. Taft, whether we like them or not, and sensible men and good citizens are bound to act in view of the facts.

Now, if it be true that prohibition is irrevocably imbedded in the law of the land, as Mr. Taft asserts, not by a war fluke, but by a movement of public opinion which still continues its sweep, then what is the present duty of the liberal and the good citizen? Mr. Taft's answer is flat and clear. It is his duty to practice and to preach abstinence because any other course makes him not only a participator in but an instigator of the carnival of bootlegging, bribery, and corruption which the liberal so bitterly and perhaps correctly charges to the prohibition policy. If that policy, as Mr. Taft asserts, cannot be broken down by the present cooperation of liberal and well-to-do drinkers with law-defying bootleggers and speakeasy proprietors, then our jaunty before-dinner cocktails and after-theater champagnes cease to be by any possibility part of a moral crusade; they cannot possibly be a libation to the sacred liberal principle of personal liberty; and they become nothing less than a deliberate instigation of that defiance of law which every good citizen, Wet and Dry alike, deprecates. That conclusion is inevitable. As matters stand, if I drink in the United States today, I deliberately choose to promote bootlegging, bribery, and law defiance. As a good citizen, I may conceivably do this in the promotion of a greater future good to be obtained at this high present cost, if prohibition repeal is possible. If, however, as Mr. Taft believes, the ultimate triumph of prohibition is inevitable, then my action means no more than a lengthening of the period of corruption and demoralization in which we flounder. On this hypothesis, irrespective of personal tastes and preferences, to abstain from intoxicating drinks today logically becomes as much the civic duty of the American citizen as to refrain from subornation of perjury.

I do not care to argue Mr. Taft's case, still less to denounce those who disagree with his conclusions. The prohibition question has been the subject of far too much heat and denunciation on both sides. I do simply want to ask all thoughtful liberals, no small proportion of whom are honestly against prohibition on principle, to consider Mr. Taft's allegation of fact, and if they agree that it is well founded, to ask themselves if they see any escape from his conclusion. In my judgment, if they do so they will mostly conclude that Mr. Taft is right historically. If that be so, his projection of our future course as a nation seems to me almost inevitably to follow, and all the more so for another reason on which he does not touch. In a country of twenty-three million (I haven't looked it up) automobiles, where an unsteady hand is likely at any moment to mean death, we have got to have a universal standard of clear-headedness and steady-handedness such as no nation in history has ever attained. Public safety and alcohol apparently cannot go together in twentieth-century America; for whether we like it or not, the simple mechanical conditions of keeping alive today make it imperatively necessary that every man be all there all the time. If so, is not Mr. Taft doubly right about the future of prohibition? And if he is right, can the thoughtful and patriotic citizen, no matter what his personal wishes and tastes, lend the support of his voice, his pen, or his dollars, by a perfectly inevitable process, to the bootlegger, the speakeasy proprietor, and the corrupt public official, any more than he would do to the yegg or the second-story artist? Without assuming that their answers will be the same as mine, I leave the question to the thoughtful consideration of your readers.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Wellesley, Massachusetts, November 19



## The Socialist Party

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I heartily agree with your editorial of November 21 that "the Democratic Party ought to die and that the sooner it dies the better," as well as your sentiments regarding the need for a large and powerful party in opposition to the party of conservatism.

My disagreement comes when you refer to the Socialist Party. You say: "We cannot forget that for most Americans socialism connotes only bolshevism or anarchy. Hence a new designation and a revised program upon which all liberals may unite are the demand of the hour." Mr. Levinson in a letter has pointed out the reasons for criticizing the first of these sentences. Regarding the need for a revised program, may I ask for a bill of particulars? To my best knowledge the immediate demands in the Socialist Party platform in this campaign coincided pretty closely with the constructive program advocated by *The Nation* during the last few years (although, unfortunately, not emphasized during the campaign). In what respect would *The Nation* have that program changed either nationally or internationally? It is not perfect, and here and there changes should undoubtedly be made, but does it not, as far as the immediate demands are concerned, constitute a pretty fair program for the genuine progressive in this country?

Undoubtedly a number of changes must be made in Socialist Party organization in behalf of greater efficiency, but these organizational problems are now being attacked with vigor by the party itself and a more flexible and efficient machinery will soon be developed. In view of these recent developments in the Socialist Party, in view of the changing attitude of the country, and in view of the fact that there is no other coherent progressive group on the horizon at the present time, should not *The Nation* use its influence to encourage, rather than discourage, genuine progressives to support the Socialist Party during the coming months? Isn't the alternative, in most instances, likely to be futile inaction, as far as the building up of a genuine opposition party in America is concerned?

New York, December 1

HARRY W. LAIDLER

[*The Nation* will discuss this problem editorially in an early issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

## An Old Chronicle

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: And it came to pass that the people of the Bible Belt heard the sound of the preachers' trumpets and they arose and smote the Catholics hip and thigh, and the hosts of those who voted not as they drank, which were about nineteen millions, went and joined themselves unto the hosts of the honest Drys, which were about one million, and there was a mighty slaughter of the hosts of Raskob; and they pursued after those of them that remained even unto the gates of Boston and unto the swamps of Arkansas.

And there was much rejoicing in Wallstreet, where is the temple of the great God, Mammon, and in all the provinces thereof. When tidings of the great victory came unto King Coolidge he said unto his servants that he was much pleased, howbeit he did not smile; but he straitway made ready a battleship, even the Maryland, that the mighty man of war, Hoover the Quaker, might be placed thereon and that he might go unto the nations of the south and drum up trade for the princes and chief priests of Wallstreet and thus show himself worthy to sit upon the throne of King Coolidge to which he had been chosen.

Eugene, Ore., November 20

ERNEST M. WHITESMITH

## Johnsoniana

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask if you will be good enough to print this letter asking any of your readers who have diaries, old letters, and memoranda concerning Andrew Johnson if they would communicate with the undersigned. I am gathering material for a book on the five fateful years of Andrew Johnson's life from 1864 to 1869, and would appreciate any loans of such material as could be had.

In addition, I am anxious to secure similar information as to Thaddeus Stevens, Jeremiah Sullivan Black, Theodore Tilton, Reverdy Johnson, and others of the principal actors in the impeachment drama.

Chattanooga, Tennessee, October 5 GEORGE FORT MILTON

## Invert

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your Some Notable Fall Books printed in your Fall Book Issue you incorrectly describe "A Survey of Modernist Poetry" by Laura Riding and Robert Graves as by Robert Graves and Laura Riding. We particularly wish the authorship to be stated in the order in which it appears on the book itself.

LAURA RIDING  
ROBERT GRAVES

London, October 13

## Dead Baron

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call your attention to an error of fact in your review of the memoirs of Baron N. Wrangel, "From Serfdom to Bolshevism"? The opening paragraph of the review states that the author "was the father of the better-known Baron Wrangel who led an army against the Bolsheviks in 1919-1920 and who still heads a band of mercenaries in the Balkans." Baron Peter Wrangel could not in November, 1928, lead anything or anybody for the simple reason that he died in Brussels last April.

New York, November 14

ALBERT PARRY

## N. B.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Note to future office-seekers: Governor Smith conducted his recent campaign on the level of open reasoning. The people voted ten stories below. Don't be foolish.

Los Angeles, November 8

ROY T. THOMPSON

## Philadelphia Note

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you kindly publish the following announcement in your correspondence section:

A group of young educators and journalists are planning to form several informal study groups in economics, sociology, literature, and journalism in the city of Philadelphia. All young men and women desirous of joining such circles should send their names and addresses to the undersigned.

MICHAEL B. SCHELER, Secretary,  
Philadelphia, November 15 1214 Spring Garden Street



# Books and Plays

## To a Girl

By BERT COOKSLEY

Walk swiftly by old towers  
Where noise is dead.  
Where are no ripe flowers  
Nor a breathing head.

There can be no feeling,  
There no rooting tree,  
There no savage dealing  
With life's lunacy.

Pass swiftly in the daylight,  
Swift in nightlight go.  
Of shroud gray and of bone white  
Time is left to know.

## This Week Out of Bondage

**B**EFORE me lies one of the most revolutionary documents ever published. It is, on its face, a collection of letters chosen from among the quarter-million or more received by the American Birth Control League, assembled here as a demonstration of the need of rescinding the laws which now forbid even the medical profession from giving information about the prevention of conception. It is called "Motherhood in Bondage"\* and is introduced by an appeal for sense and decency by Margaret Sanger. If you read one or two of the letters and feel the ignorance and panic that lie behind them you will undoubtedly be moved to a warm pity for human beings so desperately ensnared. If you read them all you will be stirred to wrath and shame. Taken separately each letter is a plea for help; together they become a shout of protest. The dynamic effect of hundreds and thousands of emotional outbursts gathered into a single explosion is terrifying and hopeful. Such feeling, so strong and so despairing, rooted in the deep centers of energy and life, pushing up and bursting out under such irresistible pressure—this, it seems certain, must finally shatter the forces that oppose it, backed though they are by gods and hobgoblins and all the more genteel forms of fear.

Those who read André Siegfried's lively and penetrating volume, "America's Coming of Age," can hardly have forgotten his picture of a civilization in which repression and standardization, accepted without undue protest by the vast complacent majority, rob individuals of an opportunity to live and move according to their personal desires. Americans—he said in effect—are people who love to pass laws, especially restrictive laws. Americans are people who wish to make their neighbors do things they would not do themselves. Americans are people who consider "the needs of the community supreme." Hence prohibition, hence restricted immigration, hence—even more particularly—

eugenics. "If you visit the United States," said M. Siegfried, "you must not forget your Bible, but you must also take a treatise on eugenics. Armed with these two talismans, you will never get beyond your depth." He discussed the influence of Lothrop Stoddard and the Ku Klux Klan, and very specifically sought to identify the birth-control movement with these advocates of the supremacy of the Protestant Nordic.

But here, I believe, M. Siegfried was betrayed by his eagerness to make everything fit smoothly and evenly into his pattern of repression. Undoubtedly many eugenicists support birth control; for all I know Mr. Lothrop Stoddard may make an annual contribution to the League. But when we consider M. Siegfried's "typical American"—he who elected Herbert Hoover and defeated Al Smith; who instinctively and indiscriminately dislikes Irish Catholics, communism, Jews, Italians, beer, and labor unions; the pious hillsman of the South, the Methodist minister in a Kansas town, the New England farmer—we find him solidly against birth control. This may astonish M. Siegfried, for he is a Frenchman and a logician. Obviously, if the domination of the Nordic is to be perpetuated, he must somehow seduce the "undesirables" and the aliens into reducing their birth-rate. If reason were to prevail the Birth Control League would be able to count on the solid backing of the fundamentalist majority.

But logic is not a vice of the fundamentalist. He is against birth control. He detests the very words. He shrinks from the thought behind the words. Birth control can hardly be considered without considering sex, and sex should be suppressed and ignored as far as possible. If children are born, let us not dwell on the incidences of their origin; let us presume that God sent them to bless our homes, and leave the matter there. Besides, says the fundamentalist under his breath, what will become of morals if people can sin without fear? And so, if pushed to the choice, the conventional and pious Nordic Protestant will refuse even the fundamental logic of self-preservation, which seems to him to imply, not regimentation and coercion as M. Siegfried would maintain, but new and alarming forms of freedom. By his different route, he arrives at the same attitude toward birth control as that maintained by the Catholic church.

And the bigots of both faiths are right; they do well to fear the effect of a widespread knowledge of birth control methods. At present such knowledge is in the hands of the upper classes—through bootleggers—and the effect of it has been to change the habits and morals and economic status of middle-class women, and to modify almost beyond recognition the middle-class home. Some of this knowledge gets through to the poorer classes. But, like bootlegged liquor, it is apt to be poisonous—the more so, the cheaper the bootlegger. So the women of the working class are dying from the effects of drugs and abortions, when they are not dying from the effects of too many children; and a bitter, passionate clamor for fair treatment is beginning to sound through muffling layers of poverty and repression. Not for the sake of the dwindling Nordic, but for their own health and happiness and security and freedom and for their children's future, these women are going to have what they want. If you doubt it, read "Motherhood in Bondage."

FREDA KIRCHWEY

\* Brentano's. \$3.



## April and December

*The Early Life of Thomas Hardy: 1840-1891.* By Florence Emily Hardy. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

*Winter Words in Various Moods and Metres.* By Thomas Hardy. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

MRS. HARDY has written an indispensable book about her husband's first half-century. Harold Nicolson, whose taste in biography is all but perfect, has recently reminded us that lives by relations are more than likely to be bad. But there is one commodity which relations are pretty sure to have—facts; and when they are generous with these, as Mrs. Hardy is, they give us what no one else can give. One does not know what Mrs. Hardy left out, but on the basis of what she puts in a number of good guesses about the man become possible; and the very natural question concerning this poet and novelist who dealt for sixty-five years with the theme of disappointment—what early disappointment did he himself experience?—gets more or less answered.

The answer seems to be that he was not disappointed at all. Things came his way rather nicely, if sometimes slowly, both in love and in literature, and nothing happened to him of the sort that happens to the heroes of his novels. The only thing which failed to meet his expectations was the universe, and if that seems a big "only" it must be remembered that many other people suffer the same disillusionment without expressing themselves as Hardy did. The important fact about him is that he was a small, shy, delicate boy who had been born into "an old family of spent social energies" and who grew into a small, shy, sensitive, and contemplative man of the kind that could say to himself in his diary at 47:

If there is any way of getting a melancholy satisfaction out of life it lies in dying, so to speak, before one is out of the flesh; by which I mean putting on the manners of ghosts, wandering in their haunts, and taking their views of surrounding things. . . . Hence even when I enter into a room to pay a simple morning call I have unconsciously the habit of regarding the scene as if I were a specter not solid enough to influence my environment; only fit to behold and say, as another specter said: "Peace be unto you!"

This ghostly Hardy peering upon the tragic scene is the only Hardy a reader was justified, perhaps, in constructing out of the whole cloth of the books. Yet there was the temptation to guess about personal disasters of a melodramatic sort, and Mrs. Hardy lays that particular ghost, I imagine, forever. Given the dusky temperament and the withdrawn passion of the Dorset boy, the man at 39 would be writing this New Year's thought: "A perception of the FAILURE of THINGS to be what they are meant to be lends them, in place of the intended interest, a new and greater interest of an unintended kind"; or at 42 this dismissal of all expectations: "Since I discovered, several years ago, that I was living in a world where nothing bears out in practice what it promises incipiently, I have troubled myself very little about theories. . . . Where development according to perfect reason is limited to the narrow region of pure mathematics, I am content with tentativeness from day to day." Such a boy, I suspect, would have become Thomas Hardy in any world; though Darwin and Huxley, as Mrs. Hardy makes clear, had much to do with the special direction in which the nineteenth-century world took him.

If this guess is wrong, there is ample material for other ones in the diaries, letters, notes, biographical memoranda, and oral remarks which Mrs. Hardy has so wisely used to fill her pages. And in any event we get a narrative that is richer than most novels in detail. We are told some of the old tales which came down to Hardy as a family inheritance, and we see how throughout his long life he filled notebooks with stories of people—often rather ghastly ones—that he got from conversation or reading. We learn how absorbed he was always in

books; how in his youth this passion was tempered only by an interest in country music of the sort his father and grandfather fiddled and caroled, and a little later by a professional interest in architecture. We are given to guess how many girls he looked lingeringly at, and how many of these he remembered decades later even though there never had been words between him and them; there was, for instance, Louisa the farmer's daughter, to whom he said "Good evening" once at 15 and whom he has put into his last book of poems at 87. We hear of two village hangings that he saw, one through a telescope three miles away. We see him in school; in an architect's office; in courtship with his first wife; in London talking to John Morley, George Meredith, and Leslie Stephen—a remarkable trio from whom to get one's first literary advice, and in publishers' offices agreeing cheerfully to changes in his manuscript, since fiction was his "trade." We get also a number of profound entries out of the diaries in which he recorded his impressions of life—and of the individuals whom, ghost as he was, he saw so many of.

Of "Winter Words" there is little to say that has not been said of the volumes which preceded it. It is quite as important, however, as any of them, even if it is only one more proof of that amazing variety which Hardy could achieve within the strict unity of his mood. Here as always are songs and stories by a master of the art of being interesting in verse, and here as always is commentary upon a world which as early as Hardy saw it was changed from what it had been before time began.

MARK VAN DOREN

## A Rare Flower

*Civilization.* By Clive Bell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THE "civilization" which Clive Bell undertakes to discuss in this urbane little book is neither the inclusive Kultur familiar to students of anthropology nor the social machinery analyzed by the economist, but that particular state of mind which we recognize in a Pericles, a Voltaire, or a Gibbon. It is something made possible by tolerance, skepticism, and intelligence; it has nothing to do with wealth or power or even—necessarily—with genius; and it is as conspicuously absent in certain great men like Homer or Henry Ford as it is present in others. Reasonableness, together with what Mr. Bell calls "a sense of values," is the hallmark by which it is known, and a certain keen though just appreciation of the possible pleasures which living affords is its fruit. No people as a whole was ever civilized in this sense, but certain ages have been more colored by civilized minds than most. The eighteenth century in France was such an age; the twentieth century in England and America is not.

Now, so far as the positive parts of the argument are concerned, there is nothing particularly new in these contentions. However much this particular meaning of the term "civilization" may have been disregarded by those materialists who have attempted to measure it in terms of industrial production or by those rather naive humanitarians who have been content to assume that it was synonymous with the equitable distribution of wealth, there have always been some who have defined it as Mr. Bell does. But the really interesting part of his discussion is that in which he is forced to make certain concessions, since it is these which constitute him a "modern" and which reveal the havoc wrought by nineteenth century thought upon a classical and pseudo-classical faith. Mr. Bell, to put it bluntly, does not and cannot believe in the all-sufficiency of "civilization" as those "civilized" men whom he most admires did believe.

What critic of the Golden Age in France would have admitted as he does that certain "barbarian" artists like Shakespeare and Dostoevski are as great or greater than Racine and



Molière? What one would have followed him into the still blacker heresy which forces him to concede the more general proposition that the "civilized" man is most conspicuously superior as an appreciator rather than as a creator because he lacks the fanatical energy of the unenlightened? The very cornerstone of the aesthetic creed of the eighteenth century was the assertion that "art" was a surer guide than "nature" so far as literature or painting is concerned, and romanticism, however much he may have attempted to throw it off, has done that much to Mr. Bell. Nor is that all. He confesses that "civilization" is only one of the various goods which it is the business of mankind to pursue; that "irrational and unpromising belief, blind patriotism and loyalty" have often been good because means to sublime states of mind; and that, in a word, "enlightenment" is neither so nearly all-sufficient nor so indefinitely extendable as Voltaire would have thought it. In a final chapter entitled *How to Make a Civilization* he not only recognizes that true "civilization" is possible only to a minority of leisured people, but makes what would have been to the eighteenth century a ghastly proposal—namely, that the task of government need not, perhaps ought not, to be intrusted to this civilized minority.

Mr. Bell's book is wittily and often brilliantly phrased. His remark that the Roman philosophers "merely restate familiar fallacies with the complacent and cumbrous air of one who discharges a moral obligation" is a typical *obiter dictum*, and one might turn for an example of his satiric exuberance to the passage in which he pays his respects to one or another of the "little cults of innocence and animality" whose members, flying from the sterility of civilization, hope to get "back to the inter-tidal scum via arts and crafts." But, this wit notwithstanding, it is possible to draw a more pessimistic conclusion than the author intends, for if one concedes as much as he does it is difficult to escape from the necessity of conceding still more. If "civilization" is not only inevitably restricted to a minority, but if, as he says further, "the perfectly civilized are essentially defenseless; whatever reason may say, their sensibility will make it impossible for them to strike a blow in cold blood or deliberately to inflict a punishment," it is very difficult to believe that "civilization" can ever be other than rare, sporadic, and evanescent. The Golden Ages have perhaps believed differently, but we who have thought more than they ever did about biology, economics, and psychology have come to see that the tolerance, the disinterestedness, and the skepticism which "civilization" implies are luxuries that people cannot indulge very freely or very generally if they are to survive, and that the "civilized" man is, though we may admire him more than any other, essentially parasitic upon the animal man who keeps the race alive and the world moving. "Civilization," like justice, benevolence, and most other human virtues, comes to flower here and there and often in unexpected places. Neither it nor they are ever likely to be very abundant or very common.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## Dry Boss

Wayne Wheeler, *Dry Boss*. An Uncensored Biography of Wayne B. Wheeler. By Justin Steuart. Fleming H. Revell Company. \$3.

UNTIL the Anti-Saloon League indorsed Mr. Hoover as a Presidential candidate and some twenty million men and women, in spite of that fact, voted for him, it might have been supposed that the only sufficient reason for a biography of Wayne B. Wheeler was the desirability of letting the American public know exactly how much mischief he had done. Mr. Steuart, who was formerly Wheeler's publicity secretary, sums up a part of the record at the outset by noting that Wheeler "controlled six Congresses, dictated to two Presidents

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of the United States, directed legislation in most of the States of the Union, picked the candidates for the most important elective State and federal offices, held the balance of power in both Republican and Democratic parties, distributed more patronage than any dozen other men, supervised a federal bureau from outside without official authority, and was recognized by friend and foe alike as the most masterful and powerful single individual in the United States." To this may be added that he once wrote for a Wet a "red-hot personal-liberty tirade and tore the welkin into shreds in denunciation of prohibition and its fanaticism" as a device for getting into a Liquor League convention, exerted himself as a lawyer to uphold the Webb-Kenyon act notwithstanding his belief that the act was unconstitutional, and practically framed the Volstead Act. Now that the anti-saloon candidate has been elected, however, and we know what "the will of the people" is like, it is to be expected that the mischief that Wheeler did will be counted to him for righteousness, and that his name will in due course be added to the list of our national heroes. Mr. Steuart sets down an appalling record, but he at least does it in a straightforward style and with as little obvious partisanship as such a book could well have.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

## Jung's Psychology

*Two Essays on Analytical Psychology.* By C. G. Jung. Translated by H. G. and C. F. Baynes. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$4.

THE significance of this book is by no means indicated by its modest title and size. For it contains a brief account of the results which Dr. Jung has obtained from many years of research in the field of human psychology. In the first essay he discusses what lies behind that layer of the unconscious in which the personal memories and repressed instincts are to be found, and shows how the collective and general problems of humanity possess their counterpart in the deep layers of the unconscious—called by him the "collective unconscious." He describes how in case after case he has observed that the images of the collective unconscious begin to appear at that stage in an analysis where the patient's problem ceases to be any longer a question of repressed infantile wishes or of parent fixations. At this point the truly adult problems of the individual's relation to life as a whole and to such questions as the meaning of good and evil, the significance of death, and the relation of man to woman, force themselves to the fore and demand solution. In discussing this question Dr. Jung gives numerous examples to show how various persons whom he has analyzed have sought for a solution.

In the second essay the author takes us even deeper into the problem, for here he describes the contents of the collective unconscious in a way that is almost like a picture of the structure of the psyche. He has found that layer after layer of the unconscious opens in regular order during an analysis; and that each region of the unconscious is dominated by a figure which appears in dreams and fantasies in personified form. The author discusses, with the help of many examples, the relation of the dreamer to these figures of the unconscious and the effects that the various relations have on the psyche. He shows how an individual can overcome the figures each in turn, and possess himself of the energy or power that they previously held. In this way a new form of individuality is created which Dr. Jung conceives of as the aim of analysis.

The book is written with deep understanding of man's problems and struggles, and through it all the author's very human sympathy and kindness shine out. The translation is an unusually good one, for the translators have been associated with Dr. Jung over a period of years and are thoroughly familiar with his work.

M. ESTHER HARDING

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## Biography and Fiction Briefs

*Life and Times of Pieter Stuyvesant.* By Hendrik Willem van Loon. Henry Holt and Company. \$4.

Mr. van Loon's habit of seeing things in the large, of painting huge landscapes with broad strokes of Rubenesque color, is not quite fit for this task. The figure of old Pieter Stuyvesant is almost always submerged beneath a mass of Dutch and Colonial historical data—data that are not presented with that journalistic élan which the author's many followers have come to expect. Occasionally Pieter stumps around, brandishes a formidable fist, and bellows vast Dutch oaths with all the verve of Long John Silver himself; but too often he is as peacefully somnolent as Baltus Van Tassel in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

*John Smith—and Pocahontas.* By John Gould Fletcher. Brentano's. \$3.50.

Add one more book to the long list of volumes that have been written about the "Life and Adventures" of Captain John Smith. This latest member is competent, scholarly, and, of course, interesting—with such a subject, how could it fail to be?—but it is questionable if either the style, the compilation of familiar data, or even a reasonably new fact now and then, succeed in making it particularly valuable.

*François Villon.* By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Coward, McCann and Edwin Valentine Mitchell. \$4.

An excellent biography, rather unoriginal on the critical side, of a figure who appears to be enjoying a sensational run at the moment. Mr. Lewis's style, which has been much praised in certain quarters, is perhaps open to the charge of literary "lustiness" and a forced exuberance; but his book should be widely read, nevertheless. It appears the most carefully documented study of Villon to appear in English; and while it adds nothing new to the French researches, it represents a careful and judicious selection among a thousand dangerous hypotheses. As an interpretation of Villon's mind, it is conventional; Mr. Lewis is too much in sympathy with the usual romantic notion of Villon to be able to see his hero from more than one angle.

*That Magic Fire.* By Sylvia Bates. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

This story opens in one of those Maine villages one would wish to live in, and then takes refuge on one of those garden apartments behind a church on West Eleventh Street that many of us envy. But beyond its tastefully selected backgrounds one doesn't remember much. There is a sensitive young man with an inherited mental instability, and a nice girl who loves him but doesn't give herself to him at the proper moment, and it all comes out right in the end.

*Towers Along the Grass.* By Ellen Du Pois Taylor. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Mannered and extremely artificial in style, this novel frequently tortures language to express the reactions of an acute sensibility, and continually tortures reality in the windings of its plot. Its writer has decided talent and she knows how to write; but because she has not yet learned how to bring her writing to bear upon reality, her book is a series of fantastic arabesques traced upon the smooth ice of experience.

*The Jealous Gods.* By Gertrude Atherton. Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

This is a competent, slow-moving historical novel of the period just following the Periclean Age which Mrs. Atherton previously celebrated in "The Immortal Marriage." The roystering, puckish, headstrong Alcibiades is the hero, and Mrs. Atherton gets some excellent comedy from the notion of con-

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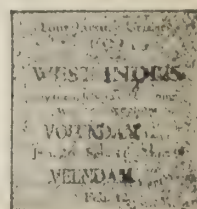
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fronting him with an equally domineering Egyptian woman, who is used to treating the painted and perfumed men, whom Egyptian women kept for their lighter hours, with the same sovereign contempt the Greeks reserved for their women. With the exception of this lady, whose real status and character are still disputed between the Vaertings and their opponents, Mrs. Atherton's history is reliable and readable.

## Drama

### G. B. S. and the Test of Time

**I**N 1918, when the Theater Guild was still the Washington Square Players, it produced "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and since then it has allowed only one season to pass without a bow in the direction of Adelphi Terrace, but in the course of ten years a gradual transformation has taken place in the mood of the yearly event. "Mrs. Warren" was a defiant gesture, a bold, bad play resolutely put forward as part of an iconoclastic program, and so too were the pieces which immediately followed it. Then something happened, too gradually to be remarked until a transformation was accomplished. At some date which I am unable to fix precisely we ceased to be exactly thrilled when the annual production came around and the occasion began to seem more pious than revolutionary—something more and more like a ceremony and less and less like an outburst.

Mr. Shaw himself has strong ideas on the subject of the natural period of human vitality and he has gone a long way toward vindicating them in his own person, but even this modern Methuselah ceased, at about the age of sixty-five, to be any longer a member of the younger generation. Instead of gasping with astonishment and chortling with unholy glee we began to discuss just how well this or that of "the old boy's" plays was holding up. Blasphemous words like "dated" were heard from time to time, and as the fiery red beard of the author faded into white we began to pat the head which had once seemed so formidable. Certainly, too, his works ceased to be in any sense esoteric, and the great public came in. He had replied to an invitation to open the new Guild Theater by remarking "that he had had more experience in closing theaters than in opening them"; but this was a mere boast, for the returns from his plays made a bright spot in the yearly financial statement of the Guild, and if the white-whiskered old gentleman ceased to be its prophet he became its Santa Claus instead.

Any discussion of "Major Barbara" (Guild Theater) must, therefore, begin with an answer to an anxious question. The play stands up far better than some of the others, and it seems to be more explicit, very much more substantial than did "The Doctor's Dilemma" when performed here last season. The first act still crackles pleasantly, the scene at the Salvation Army shelter is still emotionally moving (a rare thing in Shaw), and if the last act seems to beg the whole question in an almost fatuous fashion I am inclined to think that it was always weak. "Major Barbara" has dated, of course, but with Dudley Digges as Anthony Undershaft, Helen Westley as Lady Brittomart, Winifred Lenihan as Barbara, and Eliot Cabot as the Greek professor who finds the bass drum Dionysian it is still far more entertaining than forty-nine out of fifty contemporary plays.

For myself, however, I must confess that I am less sure now than I was ten years ago just what the argument of the play is. Shaw is saying, of course, that "what is wrong with the poor is poverty," and he is saying besides that the development of industry is a better remedy than charity for this worst of all diseases; but when he deserts these simple propositions for the kind of rapt ecstasy which sometimes seizes him, I find myself lost. Did he choose Anthony Undershaft, maker of armaments for every side of every struggle, as the hero of the

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piece merely because cannon-making was the least defensible of all industries and hence a crucial test of the thesis, or did he choose him because he seemed a representative of that Nietzscheanism which inspires the more mystical passages of the piece? The question is highly important for the meaning of the play, but it is, like many other important questions which can be raised concerning most of Shaw's dramas, not to be answered on the basis of any internal evidence, and it awakens a suspicion, which grows stronger and stronger as time goes on, that Shaw himself responded eagerly to more different influences than were capable of being reconciled in any one philosophy.

According to his own boast he was "up to his neck in his times," but there are moments when he seems over his head as well. Liberal, Socialist, Nietzschean, humanitarian, Wagnerite, rationalist, and Christian—he is something of each, but the question is simply whether or not it is possible to be all these things at once except in a certain cloudy realm within which he takes refuge when brought face to face with the necessity of making a choice. A magnificent disseminator of ideas, he has hesitated to commit himself to most of those which he has seemed to champion, and the result is that he draws back at the last moment from the ultimate conclusion to which he would seem to be leading. Sometimes the result, as in "The Doctor's Dilemma," is to produce an effect almost of timidity and to lead one to ask, as one does in connection with that play, why he chose such a fundamentally decent sort of person as hero when his apparent intention was to prove that virtue is irrele-

vant to the value of an artist? At other times this unwillingness to go to the logical extremes makes a play like "Major Barbara" seem positively obscure. In it he hesitates between the sober exposition of a socialistic ideal and the rhapsodical celebration of a Nietzschean faith in force, finally escaping from the problem by concocting an act in which everything is magically adjusted without any of the fundamental questions having been in any sense answered. It is clear from the scene at the Salvation Army shelter that he is too much of a Nietzschean to be a Christian, but the play as a whole makes it clear that he is also too Christian to follow Nietzsche. If his plays ever lose their place as important contributions to drama and thought it will be because he had too positive a temperament to be a skeptic, while at the same time he saw too many sides of everything to be a believer.

Revivals of "The Wild Duck" (with Helen Chandler and Blanche Yurka) at the Forty-ninth Street Theater, of "Peter Pan" at the Civic Repertory, and of "Macbeth" at the Knickerbocker are, among other things, indications of the fact that most of the new plays produced this season have failed of success. Shakespeare's simplest and directest tragedy makes a stirring evening. Lon Harding as Macbeth is excellent; Florence Reed as his queen achieves a certain rough sort of success so far as the more obvious values of the part are concerned, but she hardly seems aware that Lady Macbeth is something more than the heroine of a blood-and-thunder melodrama.

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# International Relations Section

## Student Rebels in Latin America

By ANITA BRENNER

**S**TUDENTS, writers, artists, and labor groups of Central America, Mexico, Cuba, Colombia, and Argentina are protesting against the expulsion of Victor Raul Haya de la Torre, Peruvian intellectual and student leader, from Guatemala and Honduras. This expulsion is blamed on the United States. In both Guatemala and Honduras his offense was the same. He wrote and spoke on "united action of the Latin-American people against Yankee imperialism, for the political and economic unity of the Latin-American countries, for nationalization of wealth, for internationalization of the Panama Canal, and for solidarity with other oppressed peoples of the world."

This is the program of the APRA, an inter-Latin-American association of intellectuals and labor leaders which branches from Mexico into Central America. The feeling that this program represents is not new in Latin America, but the active and concrete policies developed from it are new. Haya de la Torre has been largely influential in forming them. The APRA stands

Against feudal and oligarchic governments . . . which support extortionist contracts, territorial concessions, sale of the subsoil . . . thus prolonging a condition of slavery in the peasant and labor classes.

The APRA wants union between the Central-American peoples, first, because

Central America is a strategic point for the domination of all America by the United States. No example could be more patent and dolorous than Nicaragua. The United States desires to possess this small republic completely in order thus to divide Latin America and obtain the incalculable advantages of a second canal which would control the economic life of all the Latin-American peoples. . . . Yankee imperialism, one must not forget, begins with economic domination and ends with political. After the dollar the bayonet. . . .

Therefore the APRA has two enemies to attack, which in the last analysis are one: native governments which permit or invite intervention, and American economic or political dominators. . . . One must say it and repeat it . . . Central America is a future domain of the United States, and everything in Wall Street tends to provoke disturbances in these small countries, to justify intervention and make definitive the appropriation of our territories, with the criminal aid of our ruling oligarchies.

The APRA carries on its campaign through organization and through propaganda in all Latin-American countries that tend to Latin-American nationalism. Its contention is that an oligarchic government in one country imperils the sovereignty of all the others, and that labor and peasant battles in one country are fundamentally battles of labor and peasant interests in all the others.

In Central America De la Torre pivots the APRA program on Sandino. His expulsion was due to the following concrete suggestions:

We must struggle . . . to keep the peace between Guatemala and Honduras, at present on the verge of conflict which is only a quarrel between two fruit companies, the Cuyamel and the United Fruit. Such conflict is to the interest of the United States because it will divert the active and widespread sympathy which exists in Central America for Nicaragua, and which may mean the victory of Sandino. A conflict between two Central-American countries will smother this new Central Americanism in national ardors . . . and furthermore, will tend to justify intervention. It is at the same time the duty of all Latin-American youth to give active aid and support to Sandino, our representative hero.

Sandino himself supports De la Torre's suggestions, and declares, in regard to the possible conflict between Guatemala and Honduras: "It would not be strange news if my army and myself were suddenly to be found in any country of Latin America where the assassin invader sets his foot to conquer. . . . Sandino is Indo-Spanish and has no frontiers in Latin America."

The program of the APRA dovetails into that of the Union Latino Americana, which spreads from Argentina into the neighboring South-American countries. It has student-group allies in every Latin-American country, with the possible exception of Brazil, and also in Spain and France. It is in policy and personnel allied to the Mexican and Central-American APRA. South America, however, has no such compact scheme as that of the APRA. In Argentina student organizations first demanded a share in the choice of teachers and the fixing of the university curriculum, stating that what was wanted was less humanistic and more social education. In Venezuela students attack the President-for-life, Gomez, and manifest pro-labor and anti-church sentiments, and similarly in Peru and Chile. In Colombia they are frankly socialist, anti-church, and at present, due to the Barco oil-concession dispute, agitate for nationalization of the subsoil. But from Mexico to Argentina these groups have one powerful link: fear, hate, resentment of American capital and American marines.

All these organizations have grown up in the past ten years. They are nowhere very large, nevertheless they have considerable significance. Young Latin Americans, particularly, find it difficult to bracket Lindbergh and Sandino in the same diplomatic sentence. The APRA, the Union Latino Americana, and the groups affiliated with them, are distinctly hostile to the Pan-American ideal of a hundred years ago, and also hostile to the present Pan-American Union, because, they say, it is a diplomatic lie.

The views and policies of Haya de la Torre and of his active allies are an extreme and unusually precise version of opinion general in Latin America today, but most intense and articulate in the cultured classes. APRA and Union Latino Americana membership is drawn almost entirely from literary, scholastic, and artistic circles. The leaders are men respected in their countries for intellectual and artistic achievements. In Argentina the initiator of the Union Latino Americana was José Ingenieros, sociologist and teacher in the University of La Plata. With him were associated Manuel Ugarte, present consul of Argentina in Nice, and José Vasconcelos, then Mexican Minister of Education. In Mexico today one of the active APRA leaders is Diego Rivera, the painter.

This new Latin Americanism is directly caused by



American intervention, American continental manners, above all by the struggle in Nicaragua. The working form of it is partly an Argentinian, mostly a Mexican contribution. Haya de la Torre began his active career by forming student-labor nuclei called popular universities in his own country, Peru. He was thrown into prison by his kinsman the Peruvian President-for-life, Leguia, and after a hunger-strike in protest he was released, largely because of clamor in Mexico. In Mexico De la Torre later found a refuge and a place in literary and artistic activities under Vasconcelos. The APRA and the Union Latino Americana date from this period.

The Mexican influence in the new Latin Americanism is, however, due to more than such courtesies. Mexico, besides being the cross-roads and refuge of Latin-American exiles, has also become the focus of Latin-American nationalist culture. Hence the new Latin Americanism, a product of the cultured classes, is modeled on Mexican nationalism, which is expressed in literature and art. From Mexico comes the insistence on organization, and proposals of constitutional inter-Latin-American citizenship. From Mexico comes the idea of art wedded to the nation's troubles and ideals. It is the thing to write, sing, and paint such themes as economic problems and inter-American conflicts. Mexican ideas are carried in the body of Mexican art, and this is wonderfully moving to people driven in upon themselves, made nationally self-conscious, largely because of American aggression.

Except perhaps in Mexico and Argentina, this militant Latin Americanism is no immediate political factor. It may elsewhere never come to mean much more to the United States than guerrilla warfare of the Mexican and Sandino school, a certain amount of sabotage, and a good deal of printed noise. But, carried by cheerful, simple, healthy, and energetic young men such as Haya de la Torre, this spoken, printed, and painted noise strikes home to the young people, who are even more restless, discontented, nationally self-conscious than their intellectual predecessors, and who have as yet no political or commercial ax to grind.

Matter-of-fact Haya de la Torre and stubborn Sandino are members of the same suicide club. They pit themselves against enormous odds with a sincerity and a lack of pose that makes a tremendous appeal to Latin-American youth. They are heroes, but more than that they are symbols and models. This is in the end their real significance, and it is one that at this moment is easily underestimated.

## Contributors to This Issue

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# The Nation

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Why is Mr. Kellogg building dreadnaughts and cruisers? He says: "Thou shalt not kill," but he also says: "Fill your waist-belt with knives and pistols so as to be ready to kill."

**T**HUS SPOKE DAVID LLOYD GEORGE at the opening of a remarkable "peace campaign" initiated by the Liberal Party in England on October 8. Mr. Lloyd George added that the nations of the world were heading straight for war, not because any one wanted it, but because no one had the courage to stop the runaway horses of the chariot of war. Unless, he continued, nations soon definitely and finally committed themselves to peaceful means of settling disputes, "God alone can save the world from a more terrible war than has ever been seen." Unquestionably true, but it is again the so-called statesmen, and not God or the nations, that are drifting into war; the people are powerless. The very day that Lloyd George spoke Mussolini ridiculed the Kellogg peace pact which his country so solemnly signed. "The trouble is," he said, "that the whole world is again arming itself. The number of bayonets and cannon is constantly increasing, yet everybody speaks of peace." He is himself one of the greatest menaces to peace and, of course, preaches the bad Rooseveltian doctrine of speaking softly—when not roughly—and of carrying a big stick.

**A**S FOR OUR AMERICAN RELATIONS with England, they are getting worse. Field Marshal Sir William Robertson has made a speech pointing out that we are drift-

ing into the same situation as were Germany and England prior to the war and declaring that our actions are "disquieting." Washington replies to this that the Government regards such speeches as "deliberate English propaganda" to hamper our building program and "about the last straw so far as official patience here is concerned." (New York *Herald Tribune*, December 7.) In France \$80,000 has just been voted from the secret funds for special aviation purposes, only Socialists and Communists dissenting. Every day makes it clearer that governments should no longer be trusted with the war-making power, and that war is more threatening. How shocking it is, therefore, that the Federal Council of Churches, which has just elected that admirable social statesman Bishop Francis J. McConnell as its presiding officer, could not vote at its sixth quadrennial session on December 7 that there should be complete "renunciation of war and the refusal of the church of Christ as an institution to be used as an instrument or an agency in support of war." Some delegates suggested the inevitable "defensive-war" red herring, with the result that the whole matter was referred to the new quadrennial session in 1932! By that time hell may be firmly established on earth and the need for any churches ended. It was Lloyd George who on July 28, 1922, correctly declared that if the "churches of Christ throughout England and America allow that [another war] to fructify, *they had better close their doors*. The next war . . . will be a war on civilization itself." And the Federal Council of Churches must mark time for four years!

**M**EANWHILE THE PRESIDENT has suddenly thrown his influence openly into the scale on behalf of the fifteen new cruisers and the Kellogg pact. The "official spokesman" has been discarded. Mr. Coolidge himself told the press of Mr. Kellogg's testimony before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, although such testimony is usually considered confidential. He is also the source of the news that he has received thousands of letters on behalf of the Kellogg pact. It is now being claimed in Washington that the fifteen cruisers are merely replacements of ships more than twenty years old and that if built we shall still have less cruiser tonnage than was to have been allotted to us at Geneva by our partners in that conference for the limitation of fleets. The number of protests against the cruiser plan is not announced by the President, but there is every reason to believe that they are very numerous, especially from men in pulpits. In Washington journalistic circles opinion is divided, but there is a growing feeling that nothing will come out of this dying Congress except the appropriation bills. This would be remarkable because there is no real opposition to the Kellogg pact, outside of a very few men. The general attitude is that a vote for it is like a vote for the Ten Commandments, perfectly proper and in no wise affecting the existing status of the world.

**N**OT ONLY THE LIBERAL PRESS but conservative papers like the London *Express* have now turned against the policy of Austen Chamberlain in making Great Britain merely an echo of France's wishes in regard to repa-



rations and disarmament. Says the *Express*: "If he continues to maintain that reparations and evacuation are indissolubly linked, and that we cannot leave the Rhineland until all the terms of the Treaty of Versailles have been carried out to the letter, then he will not be speaking for Britain, and the outside world should know it." The *Manchester Guardian* naturally demands to know whether the protocol with its definite promise of evacuation in the event of good faith is to be treated as a "scrap of paper." "Narrow legalistic hair-splitting will not suffice," it declares. "The fact remains that the former Allies are morally bound to withdraw their troops." It is also a fact that the present policy of England and France is a direct negation of the spirit of Locarno and that every day the troops stay in Germany the more difficult they make the task of the German Government in carrying out the reparations program; indeed, their presence endangers a continuance of Dr. Stresemann in office and strengthens the reactionary and nationalistic forces within the Reich. As we go to press it appears as if there might be a promise of partial evacuation in 1929. But that is not adequate. Good faith, honesty, and a respect for the integrity of the Treaty of Versailles, as well as self-interest in the matter of reparations, all dictate immediate and complete withdrawal. The pretense that any further coercion of Germany is needed is as false as it is preposterous.

**I**N BOLIVIA'S CAPITAL, the name of which—in English—is Peace, they are shouting War. At this writing the popular outburst in La Paz has all the makings of the stupidest kind of nationalistic conflict. There is a patriotic frenzy over "wounded honor," in consequence of which overwrought young men are clamoring for the high privilege of wallowing in the mud, getting lousy, and finally rotting into carrion on a "field of glory." The cause of the madness is a disputed boundary line between Bolivia and Paraguay. The contested boundary, of which there are still a number in Latin America, didn't matter until oil—that most inflammable product—was found in the neighborhood. Then both countries sent troops into the region, and never in history has such action had any but one result—a clash. There is no use in trying to apportion the blame—both sides were as culpable in letting their respective forces come together as if they had unleashed two bulldogs in the same inclosure. But after the set-to Paraguay sensibly offered to arbitrate the dispute under the Gondra Convention; Bolivia, talking of "wounded honor," began to demur. It is sincerely to be hoped that Bolivia may be otherwise persuaded. War at any time is foolish and tragic. But at the Christmas season, during the "good-will trip" of Mr. Hoover, and coincident with the sessions of the Pan-American arbitration conference in Washington a conflict would be not only the depth of stupidity but also the height of irony. We wish success to the committee on conciliation headed by Mr. Hughes.

**N**INE HUNDRED THOUSAND British miners are on the verge of starvation. And this is not even front-page news in our press. We enlarge our headlines for spectacular and dramatic disasters at sea; but for the time-worn conflict of labor and capital, the dreary round of strike and starve or work and starve only a little less, we have no longer any but the most casual notice. Charity has made only a small dent in the misery in South Wales and Durham; subsistence doles prolong lives that are such only in that

breath remains in wasted bodies. The Government's plan to revive depressed industries, of which coal is one, will take a long time to take effect if it ever does. A scheme of cultivating 10,000 vegetable gardens to raise food for relief means little in winter. Conferences mean even less. They are as ever-present as distress among the miners. And in the face of an approaching winter the South Wales colliery owners have offered a wage reduction of \$.25 a shift—12½ per cent. In two years the mine owners have lost nearly £5,500,000. If they at least have enough to eat and clothes to cover them, they, too, have their difficulties. The trouble is not with individual owners or a particular strike, but with the coal industry as a whole. Not only the miners but the industry itself is starving to death—as slowly and surely as the bitter Welsh winter approaches. Where is King Coal? Who or what can save him? The miners say higher wages; the owners say lower wages; the "public" says conferences. But the patient continues to weaken.

**T**HE SENATORS who are fighting against the confirmation of Roy O. West as Secretary of the Interior will have the good-will of every believer in clean government. A sinner may become an archbishop in the pages of a story book, but in real life we doubt whether a faithful attorney for Samuel Insull can become a good Secretary of the Interior. Mr. West was for thirty years the henchman of the very magnates who are now fighting for the private ownership and exploitation of the natural resources which a Secretary of the Interior is supposed to protect. He admitted on the witness stand that he owned large blocks of utilities stocks and handled a goodly share of Samuel Insull's political "appropriations." Apparently he believes that his own case before the Senate is hopeless, for he is brazenly defying decent public sentiment. The case of the Insull interests and Cumberland Falls came before the Federal Power Commission on the very day that Mr. West's appointment was sent to the Senate. Cumberland Falls, known as "the Niagara of the South," is located in eastern Kentucky and is one of twenty power sites in that State which Insull's Middle Western Utilities Company is trying to capture. Although Mr. West has admitted ownership of a large block of stock in this Middle Western Utilities Company, he saw nothing indelicate or questionable in sitting with the Federal Power Commission in his capacity as ex-officio member when the Insull case came up. Such loyalty to his former employers, we trust, will result in Mr. West's being returned by the Senate to the bosom of the Republican Party of Chicago.

**W**E CANNOT LET PASS without comment the recent retirement of E. A. Stewart, associate professor of agricultural engineering at the University of Minnesota, to become president of the Northwestern Public Utilities Company, with main offices in Minneapolis. For our readers may see in the incident a striking example of the law of cause and effect, or a pretty version of the old story of Virtue Rewarded. While a member of the faculty of a great State university Professor Stewart took from utility companies pay for his time and expenses in attending various power conferences. For going to the World Power Conference in Switzerland, for instance, he received \$500 a month for two months and \$485 toward his expenses. A couple of years ago he visited Ontario and made an unfavorable report on the government-owned power system. The chair-



man of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission charged that although errors and misstatements were called to Professor Stewart's attention before the report was published, no corrections were made. Last winter when the Ontario report was quoted by the *Portland Press Herald* the *Evening News* of the same city wrote to Professor Stewart for confirmation of the figures. Instead of a simple reply Professor Stewart offered to go to Maine to deliver a series of addresses in order to give the people "the proper information along this line." When S. S. Wyer published through the Smithsonian Institution a partisan attack on the Ontario power development our hero wrote to the author: "Hallelujah, thine the glory. Hallelujah, amen!" We congratulate the University of Minnesota and Professor Stewart on his change of job. He has earned it.

**C**HRISTMAS WILL BRING FREEDOM for Eugene Barnett, one of the eight men sentenced to life imprisonment after the raid of American Legion members on the hall of the Industrial Workers of the World in Centralia, Washington, in 1919. The favorable action of the Washington Parole Board in voting to grant Barnett's request for a parole gives hope that the other victims of the Centralia hysteria will soon be released. One member of the American Legion, Captain E. P. Coll of Hoquiam, Washington, is certainly doing his best to compensate for the Centralia injustice. In an open letter to his fellow-Legionnaires he says:

The I. W. W. in Centralia, Washington, who fired upon the men that were attempting to raid the I. W. W. headquarters were fully justified in their act. . . . As in the famous Dreyfus case in France, so in the State of Washington, a great wrong has been done and the innocent party has suffered. . . . As a Legionnaire I wish to prevent the shrine of the American Legion from becoming the shame of the American Legion.

Meanwhile there are many other men in American prisons because they have taken an aggressive part in the labor struggle, and the Christmas season is an appropriate time to remember them. For those who have no labor friends in jail there are the silk strikers of Paterson, New Jersey, who have been fighting for eight weeks for the forty-four hour week in the silk industry and the recognition of their union. Christmas cheer may be addressed to them at Strike Relief Fund, Associated Silk Workers, 201 Market Street, Paterson, New Jersey.

**A**LTHOUGH PAXTON HIBBEN died while he was still a young man, his life held more of the life of the world in its compass than most long spans of years. His early experience in the diplomatic service led him into Russia—and later to Mexico, Holland, Chile, and other countries. From 1915 to 1917 he was a war correspondent in Europe. When America entered the war Hibben served in the field artillery and gained the rank of captain. He worked with the Near East Relief from 1920 to 1922, was attached to the military mission in Armenia, and finally took charge of the American Committee for the Relief of Russian Children. His intense sympathy for Russia and his passionate belief that the Soviet Government should be recognized by the United States involved him in difficulties with the military authorities, who attempted to cancel his commission as captain in the Officers' Reserve Corps. Hibben fought the case through the hearings before a court

of inquiry, and his commission was subsequently renewed. He also took part in the battle for justice for Sacco and Vanzetti. Recently, in addition to his public work, Paxton Hibben had been chiefly engaged with biographical writing. His outspoken life of Henry Ward Beecher, published in 1927, caused a hot controversy; at the time of his death he was deep in work on a closely documented book on William Jennings Bryan. A man with so many varied interests and self-imposed tasks, with such passion and eager intensity and unrelenting activity must necessarily wear his resources thin. His loss is a heavy one for everyone who knew and loved him and for those movements for human freedom which had come to count so surely upon his valor and fiery enthusiasm.

**E**LLERY SEDGWICK must have known that his sensational publication in the *Atlantic Monthly* of letters and memoranda supposedly written by Abraham Lincoln would raise a storm. We have no desire to prejudice the case or do more than attempt to weigh the effect of conflicting testimony; but at this point in the discussion the group of experts who have risen up to call the letters forgeries seems to us impressive, while Mr. Sedgwick's replies have appeared ineffective by comparison. This proves nothing except, perhaps, that the editor of the *Atlantic* proceeded unwisely when he began publication of the documents without consulting all the available authorities; and also when he failed to mention Worthington Ford's preliminary judgment that the letters were fakes. So good a pilot as Ellery Sedgwick should not have set sail on such precarious seas without taking every precaution.

**L**IQUOR IS GOING TO COST MORE in 1929, though there is no reason to believe that it will be any scarcer. The House has just voted, for dry-law enforcement, the largest appropriation in the history of the "noble experiment"—\$32,000,000 to be spent by the same men who thus far have not really tried to enforce it. This means that the number of prohibition agents will be increased. This means that speakeasy proprietors will have to pay more and probably larger fees to keep the agents satisfied. This means that the customer will have to pay more for his drinks. Perhaps, if we make larger appropriations and appoint more agents every year, the cost of liquor may become so high that the drinking population will be reduced to the prohibition agents who get their drinks free. But by that time, granted our Republican prosperity endures, the majority of citizens will be prohibition agents and we shall have to begin all over again. Meanwhile recent Speakeasiana indicate that the show, which has already run nine years, is getting funnier every season. A speakeasy in New York City has just been closed—for violating the Board of Health rules concerning ventilation. In another establishment at three o'clock each morning the proprietor goes the rounds telling his patrons that it is closing time. When there are protests he says firmly: "The place closes at three o'clock. I gotta obey the curfew law." And he does. Stanley Glowka was arraigned in court last week on a charge of running a restaurant without a license. "It isn't a restaurant, Judge," said he. "It's only a speakeasy. I don't need a license for that." But the health officer who had arrested him said the place looked like a restaurant and Glowka was fined \$5. May we now look to see the development of a distinctive speakeasy architecture to guard against raids?



# Twenty-five Years of Flight

ON December 17, 1903, on a lonely sand dune along the coast of North Carolina an odd-looking contrivance bearing a man rose from the earth, soared through the air for some seconds, and then came safely to the ground again. After aspiring toward the feat from the infancy of the race man had at last learned to fly. Strange to say, the accomplishment of this dream was heralded with no burst of publicity. Wilbur and Orville Wright had purposely chosen one of the loneliest and most isolated spots in the country for their experiments, and newspaper correspondents were rigidly excluded from this first flying-field in America during the years when the Wright brothers were carrying on their momentous experiments. Only a few stray newspaper paragraphs, based on rumor, recorded the successful culmination of the long effort to fly in a heavier-than-air machine, nor was much heard of subsequent experiments for about five years. The American public remained incredulous and almost indifferent toward the achievement until the Wright brothers went to Paris and unimpeachable testimony came from there of the practical success which they had attained.

Looking back over the phenomenal progress since the flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, it seems incredible that only twenty-five years have intervened. In that brief time, and mostly in fact during the decade since the end of the World War, airplanes have crossed the Atlantic Ocean in both directions, circled over the North Pole, and spied out all the most remote spots of the globe. There is a criss-cross of mail and passenger lines in all directions; United States air-mail pilots flew 5,585,224 miles in the last fiscal year. The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics has just reported an increase last year by 100 per cent in the number of airplanes produced for private ownership and operation. It would take a bold imagination, as we pause to celebrate the silver anniversary of the beginning of successful flight, to measure the progress that we may hope for in another quarter of a century. The United States, which has lagged behind Europe in the establishment of passenger air lines, is undoubtedly at the edge of a prodigious development in that direction, as also a great spread in the private use of airplanes for sport or utility. With this development will come an even greater need for regulation and control than in the case of the automobile, and it is to be hoped that a firm grip of the problem will not be postponed as long as in the case of the motor car.

One cloud in the sky of the silver anniversary of the airplane is the unhappy controversy between Wilbur Wright and the Smithsonian Institution over the legitimate place in flying history of Samuel Pierpont Langley. With their usual devotion to success American newspapers have been disposed to side strongly with Wilbur Wright, who undoubtedly was justified in resenting the original course of the Smithsonian Institution in its effort to exalt the reputation of its one-time chief. But under its present secretary, Charles G. Abbot, the Smithsonian Institution seems to have made an honest attempt to rectify past errors, and it is to be hoped that Wilbur Wright will eventually see his way to depositing in the National Museum at Washington the original Kitty Hawk airplane which in his resentment

he turned over for exhibition purposes to the South Kensington Museum in London.

Langley was the pioneer American in the field of heavier-than-air flying, beginning his experiments as far back as 1887 and persisting in them until his death. All this in spite of public ridicule, which previous to twenty-five years ago was directed upon any one who essayed to fly in the same way that it is now turned upon the man who sets out to achieve perpetual motion. Langley actually flew model airplanes in 1896 and, having obtained a government appropriation of \$50,000, undertook the construction of what he called an aerodrome. This was a kind of tandem airplane carrying one man, and two attempts to fly it were made in 1903, shortly before the Kitty Hawk flight of the Wright brothers. Both attempts failed because of faulty launchings, and the aerodrome fell into the Potomac River. Whether the machine would have flown if properly launched will never be known. In 1914 it was sent to the workshops of Glenn H. Curtiss at Hammondsport, New York, where it was reconstructed, admittedly changed somewhat, and then successfully flown, first with the original engine and later with an improved motor. Certain changes in the aerodrome were necessary because of a different method of launching. How material those changes were must, of course, remain a disputed question, but Joseph S. Ames, professor of physics at Johns Hopkins University, and Rear Admiral D. W. Taylor—whom the Smithsonian Institution asked to investigate the subject—stated it as their belief that the Langley machine "was capable of sustained flight had it been successfully launched."

The Smithsonian Institution has recently issued a small pamphlet on the Wright controversy in which it is set forth that too much has been claimed for Langley in various ways in the past and that it was unfortunate that the restoration of his machine was intrusted to Curtiss with whom the Wright interests were in litigation at the time in regard to patents. It is specifically admitted that the label originally placed beside the Langley machine in the National Museum at Washington was a mistake. This label read: "The first man-carrying aeroplane in the history of the world capable of sustained free flight. Invented, built, and tested over the Potomac River by Samuel Pierpont Langley in 1903. Successfully flown at Hammondsport, N. Y., June 2, 1914." In order to take the exhibit out of the range of controversy this label has now been changed to read simply:

## LANGLEY AERODROME

THE ORIGINAL SAMUEL PIERPONT LANGLEY FLYING MACHINE  
OF 1903, RESTORED

Deposited by  
The Smithsonian Institution

Certainly the American public has no wish to belittle in the slightest degree the high and legitimate fame of the Wright brothers. On the other hand, it should protect the memory of Langley, who came close to his goal but failed to enter the Promised Land. It is desirable that the original Kitty Hawk airplane come back some day to the country where it first spread its wings, but it is more important still that history be recorded fairly.



# Undemocratic Democracy

IT is good news which comes from Washington that a determined fight will be made this winter for a reapportionment of members of Congress. Of the many anomalies in our democracy, such as the lame-duck session of Congress and the obsolete Electoral College, the most notorious and inexcusable is the failure to reapportion the membership of Congress and of the Electoral College according to the census of 1920. Critics and fair-minded Congressmen have fought for eight years to force our Representatives to carry out the clear mandate of the Constitution that Congress should be reapportioned after each census. But what is the Constitution among Congressmen? The log-rolling, reactionary traders from the stagnant States have boasted that the reapportionment bill can pass only over their dead bodies. Accordingly we are still conducting Congressional and Presidential elections according to the census of 1910.

Many Americans who read of the apportionment scandal are inclined to yawn and ask: "What of it? What is one moron more or less in a Congress so stupid and corrupt that it cannot even revise its own system of seating legally?" This contempt of Congress created by its failure to reconstruct its own representation has at last got under the skins of a considerable number of Congressional leaders who are determined to filibuster, if necessary, until reapportionment is effected. They are supporting the Fenn bill which would reapportion Congress according to the census of 1930, taking effect in 1933, and automatically providing for reapportionment after every future decennial census. The Fenn bill wisely leaves the membership of the House at its present figure of 435—any larger number would make the already unwieldy body more cumbersome and incompetent.

Ideally we ought to give representation to the various States according to the number of voters rather than the number of persons who inhabit the State. This would give encouragement to voting and, incidentally, would punish the Southern States for their disfranchisement of the Negro. Kansas cast about six times as many votes in the election of 1924 as Mississippi, but these States have the same number of electoral votes and the same number of Congressmen. A South Carolina white man has seventeen times the voting power of a California white man, if we use the Presidential vote of 1924 as a measuring-rod. (South Carolina, which cast 50,751 votes, has nine men in Congress and nine electoral votes; California, which cast 1,281,778 votes, has thirteen men in Congress and thirteen electoral votes.) Some of these grotesqueries are due to the disfranchisement of Southern Negroes under a system which allows them to be counted as constituents, but very serious injustices can also be discovered in the distribution of voting power among white voters.

Since the census of 1910 great shifts have taken place in our population which are not accounted for under the present distribution of voting power. Millions who have moved from the country to the city have been virtually disfranchised because the increase in population of many metropolitan areas has not been taken into account. Detroit, for

example, is still treated as a small city and so is Los Angeles. If the Fenn bill is passed, Michigan will get four more Congressmen and California six. Missouri will lose three, and Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, and Mississippi two each. Ohio will gain three, and Texas and New Jersey two.

William Starr Myers of Princeton, writing in the *North American Review* before election, pointed out that our failure to reapportion constituencies since the 1910 census could elect to the Presidency a candidate who had been a loser in the popular vote. This result, of course, would be possible under our electoral-college system even without any maladjustment in apportionment. A candidate who carried New York by 1,000 votes could afford to lose half a dozen minor States by a margin of many millions and still emerge as the winner in the Electoral College. What most citizens do not appreciate is the extent of the injustice under the present system of apportionment. Twenty-three men are sitting in Congress who have no moral right to be there, and twenty-three men who ought to be there are denied the right to represent constituencies. Stated in mathematical terms nearly 5,000,000 people have their votes underweighted in Congressional and Presidential elections.

Some Congressmen in this session have questioned the legality of a Congress which failed to carry out the specific command in the Constitution to reapportion after each census. Apparently there is little weight in this point because there is no power great enough to compel our lawmakers to obey the Constitution if they care to defy it. But the pressure of public opinion is becoming great enough to embarrass even the hard-boiled provincials who have held up reapportionment bills for many years. The Fenn bill has a chance of success. With it, we hope, will be coupled the Norris Constitutional amendment to abolish the lame-duck session of Congress and a provision for the direct election of Presidents.

## The *Post-Dispatch*

TO the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* go our warmest congratulations upon the fiftieth anniversary of its birth, an occasion deserving of notice by all interested in journalism, for the *Post-Dispatch* stands second to no other newspaper in this country as a liberal news-daily, free and unfettered, able to say what it thinks without fear or favor. That the *New York Times* prints a greater volume of news is true; in nearly every other respect it is inferior, especially in its editorial page. The *Sun* and the *Evening Sun* of Baltimore rank next to the *Post-Dispatch* in fearlessness, cleanliness, intelligent news-gathering, tolerance, liberalism, and keen editorial comment. All three are at the forefront of the all-too-short list of liberal dailies deeply imbued with the democratic spirit.

In commemoration of this event the *Post-Dispatch* has issued a remarkable anniversary number of more than 200 pages, with dozens of valuable contributions from leaders in the fields of public opinion, science, literature, international relations, etc. From the pen of Charles G. Ross, one of its able Washington correspondents, comes a history of the newspaper and its achievements. Well does he set forth that record with pride. The *Post-Dispatch* has repeatedly lived up to the highest duty that rests upon the press—



that of exposing rascality in public office. For St. Louis it has done that repeatedly. It was one of the earliest dailies to support Senator La Follette in his first unveiling of the oil scandals. During the war hysteria it kept its head—or more nearly so than the rest of the press—and it was quick to demand the release of the war prisoners. To it go men and women who are waging the new-old fight for liberty in the United States with complete certainty that they will be received with sympathy and understanding. This is not only because it is intrenched in principle. It realizes also that there is no better way to uphold and demonstrate a principle than by taking up cases of individual justice or individual injustice. It has rendered no greater service than in driving from the federal bench Judge George W. English, who so thoroughly abused his powers that rather than face trial he resigned. The entire case against him was worked up by some brilliant members of its staff and printed with characteristic fearlessness.

Three men are responsible for the fine record of the *Post-Dispatch*: Joseph Pulitzer, the founder; Joseph Pulitzer, the son; and the present managing editor, Oliver K. Bovard. Mr. Pulitzer's great service to journalism, at first apparently a great menace because of his sensationalism and yellowness, we have often dwelt upon. His son has shown extraordinary wisdom in his own attitude toward the paper and especially in the freedom given to its editors. He has kept it true to his father's finest traditions. As for Mr. Bovard, he is not only a born journalist, a rarely able newsgatherer, an inspirer and leader of his fellow-workers, but also a thoroughgoing old-fashioned American liberal. We place him first in the list of newspaper executives in this country. The paper continues under his guidance to print admirably revealing correspondence from Washington. He keeps its news columns as full as they are clean. Best of all he is as ready to espouse an unpopular cause as a popular one. Altogether the *Post-Dispatch* proves that there is still opportunity in this country for a newspaper which refuses to stoop to the gutter, which puts its faith in the selling power of honest news and of a brave and fearless editorial page, declining to become merely the profitable servant of great capital.

We wish that it were possible to speak with similar enthusiasm and hopefulness of the other Pulitzer daily, the *New York World*. It is the only liberal newspaper, save the *New York Telegram*, left in the metropolis. It still champions liberal causes; it still sympathizes with the underdog; and it continues to have the only distinguished editorial page in Manhattan. It rejoices in some interesting features, but it is so far inferior to the *Post-Dispatch* and its chief rivals as a gatherer of news as to cause great alarm to its friends. Its circulation stands still, or recedes; it had on October 1, last, 14,000 readers fewer than on October 1, 1923, while the evening edition lost 22,099 readers in twelve months. During 1927 the morning *World* lost 2,209,955 agate lines of advertising as contrasted with 1926, and it has lost advertising in 1928. These are symptoms to cause profound anxiety to its supporters and admirers, and to give concern to those in charge of the policy of making the *World* what is called a "selective newspaper." The more recent successes of journalism have been built on the principle of printing as much news as could be crowded in. The *World* by no means prints all the news. We set down these facts, reluctantly, only because any mishap to the *World* would be a grave blow to American liberalism.

## The Lesson of the Vestris

History holds no incidents, to my knowledge, to compare with the incompetence and sheer stupidity of this exhibition, and disagreeable as it is for me to hold this up to public view, I feel that my duty would not be complete if I were to attempt in any way to gloss over or in any other way minimize such incompetence at sea.

**T**HUS Captain E. P. Jessop, nautical expert for the United States Government, in his report on the sinking of the *Vestris*. This is not the opinion of a tyro, or of a publicity seeker. It is the considered conclusion of an experienced seafaring man.

Beginning with an improperly closed hatch, Captain Jessop calmly and quietly reports the steps that completed the tragedy of the *Vestris*. The seas that poured into the ship all day Sunday and caused her first to list alarmingly came through that hatch; later on when she was listing badly, other leaks occurred. The S O S should have been sent out not later than 4 a. m. Monday. (Captain Carey sent it at 9:58) Calls for ships to stand by should have been issued not later than midnight Sunday. With the ship leaking badly, only one pump was manned to expel the water. No attempt was made to cover coaling hatches on the upper deck until 3 p. m. Sunday, and then covering of canvas only was used. No general order was given to don life preservers. No boat drill had been held. No lifelines were run across the deck. No order was maintained in taking to the boats, and apparently the Captain stood by unprotesting while the women and children were loaded into the port boats on the high side of the ship, where they hung until the vessel foundered. Before a record like this Captain Jessop, and with him every follower of the sea and even every layman who possesses the ability to read and understand the English language, must throw up his hands in despair.

Captain Jessop's associate, Captain Henry McConkey, the British nautical expert, was more cautious in his findings. He preferred to suspend judgment on Captain Carey and his officers and to consider the cause of the disaster a mystery. In a sense he is quite right. For what happens to men when they lose command of themselves in an emergency is indeed a mystery.

One can only hope that out of this mysterious calamity will come something to prevent similar disasters. Captain Jessop recommends a more rigorous inspection of lifeboats, compulsory wireless for all ships, more careful examination and training for ship's officers, and, among other things, that owners be held responsible for competence of officers and crews. This brings us to Representative La Guardia, who would have the American shipping act of 1851 amended so that owners could be held fully accountable for lives or property lost on a sinking ship. The present act provides that owners are liable only to the extent of the value of the vessel saved. The *Vestris* was a total loss. Objections have been raised that suits for damages might totally bankrupt the ship-owners, particularly small shipping companies. Compulsory insurance for passengers has been suggested; certainly provisions should be made for the dependents of seamen, who are not at present protected under the Workman's Compensation Act. At the Conference on Safety of Life at Sea, to be held in London next spring, such problems must be faced.



# It Seems to Heywood Broun

**S**T. JOHN ERVINE, dramatic critic of the *New York World*, states a most dangerous fallacy in a recent newspaper essay. However, in all fairness to Mr. Ervine it must be admitted that on many other occasions he has done much to disprove the axiom which he offers. "I happen," writes our English guest, "to be a European and, therefore, a civilized person."

Mr. Ervine may or may not be a civilized person. That issue is not entirely relevant, but it is nonsense to maintain that culture floats freely in any atmosphere to be had at the mere expense of breathing. Wisdom is granted only to such as take thought. It may descend, like the ravens of the Lord, even in the most unlikely places. The chief faults of America as I see them consist of an exaggerated arrogance coupled with a complement of forlorn humility. Many of us swagger confoundedly until challenged and then proceed to cringe most shamefully. If we could abate the strutting we might hold our heads higher in the face of frontal attack.

In elevating St. John Ervine to the seats of the mighty where judgments are passed upon the theatrical offerings of the season the *World* seems to have been seduced to some extent by the mere fact that here was an Englishman. To be sure, he had written two plays of considerable consequence and some novels not without merit. His reputation as a daily journalist was less securely founded and the *World* was seditious in so eagerly assuming that ignorance in this field was a matter of no moment. Mr. Ervine has been sharp in his criticism of those who approach the theater without the armor of proper craftsmanship. Yet he has failed signally in self-examination as to his own qualifications as a daily commentator upon the American drama. Surely there was nothing of humility in his approach to a job meriting the best in any man. It was his whim to compare the newspaper profession to the business of delivering ice, and in his own contribution to journalism Mr. Ervine has made that simile hold good, since it has been his practice to handle all things American with frigidity and tongs.

Moreover, it is my impression that this distinguished European has given a good deal less than honest weight. It was no fault of St. John Ervine's that he happened upon us in the middle of a season which bulks up below the average recently established. Still the land from which he came has not of late been blessed with any vast quantity of milk and honey within the portals of its playhouses. If the distinguished critic from London had scourged us with whips we might all have been irritated to our own advantage. Of course we could not have liked him in the least had he spit consistently upon our gabardine, but even so we might have admired his marksmanship. The crime of St. John Ervine is greater than this. He has tried to sting like a wasp and has merely succeeded in droning like a bee. Old-fashioned Southern hospitality should never be denied to any guest who speaks his mind in sincere asperity, but when a man manages to bound and bore with one and the same movement it does not seem amiss that a tired community should exclaim, "Go on Sinjun, get home, get home."

There is no point in my pretending that I am without prejudice in the matter although I must maintain that I

am not aware of any personal commotion. My toes have not been touched in any personal controversy. But I am jealous of the honor of the newspaper business, and it was a profession of dignity and honor until so many visiting Englishmen rushed in. Always I am delighted when specialists from somewhat alien fields of literary endeavor condescend to stoop to daily hire and stumble even as they stoop. This has happened so regularly that one more failure would not be a sufficient occasion for bonfires and the tolling of chapel bells. Every working newspaperman knows what to expect when the editor hires some recluse to report the *World's Series*, or the *Dayton Flood*, or the heavy-weight championship. With singularly few exceptions the outsider has fallen down and been shoved aside in favor of the regular correspondent.

Admittedly, then, I am all for the reporter and against the amateur whether he comes from Bombay or Britain. But St. John Ervine has violated a code precious to the craft and sound enough in principle to enlist the support even of those who are not steeped in the tradition. We hold that no reporter should ever employ the columns of a newspaper to vent a spite which is purely personal in its causation.

When Mr. Ervine was first appointed a guest critic of the *World* that paper conducted a symposium among theatrical people as to the wisdom of this move. Naturally the replies were almost unanimously laudatory. This was a step which would lend strength and dignity to an art fallen into decay. St. John Ervine was hailed as the real McCoy and so on. One lone, large figure stood out against the tumult and the shouting. Mr. Philip Goodman, a producer of musical plays, said "No." He asserted that it seemed to him a ridiculous appointment and that the distinguished Englishman would prove in no way fitted for his task.

Whether this was second sight on the part of Mr. Goodman or the echo of some earlier row I do not know. At any rate the *World* printed his unfavorable opinion in its columns without comment and without change. Some weeks went by before it became Mr. Ervine's duty to sit in judgment upon any play sponsored by Mr. Goodman. Finally a musical show called "Rainbow" was brought in for inspection and St. John Ervine did not absent himself. He avoided the obvious and unspeakable revenge of taking out his irritation upon the show itself. He was able to moderate his enthusiasm which may have been no more than just, but he did make use of the occasion to deliver a flank attack upon Philip Goodman. The producer is a man of huge proportions and this served to inspire the critic to a number of digressions about Mr. Goodman's fearful appetite. No attempt was made to relate these observations to "Rainbow." It is hard to see just what Mr. Goodman's taste in food has to do with his preferences in book and lyrics. When the first edition of the *World* appeared Philip Goodman made a complaint about this extraneous material and it was deleted from subsequent editions.

Such American newspaper men as are lacking in European training may be barbarians, but we do possess strange native customs which even a civilized visitor should respect. That is our whim.

HEYWOOD BROWN



# What's Wrong with *The Nation*?

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

[Mr. Mencken's article, *What's Wrong With The Nation*, which appeared in the issue of November 21, has inspired several interesting answers, of which Mr. Jones's is the first. Others will appear in subsequent issues.]

**M**R. MENCKEN does not in the least know what's wrong with *The Nation*. As a matter of fact there is not a thing wrong with it. Its editorials are firmly written, its reviews cut deep, and its criticism is well done. The only difficulty about *The Nation* is just that. Like a good sermon, it must by definition reach only the people who do not need it.

Consider, for example, its circulation. It never advances beyond a certain number which I will leave to the editors to supply. The country increases in size, issues flare up and die away, controversies engage the public mind, and the liberal magazines of opinion go into a new year with what the two black crows call a certain sum, and they come out of the year with the same amount. It may be a few thousand more or a few thousand less, but in the long run the subscribers remain about constant.\*

In the meantime the reading public over the country increases. They take on book-of-the-month clubs without number (incidentally they read very good books); they support a vast variety of newspapers, often of considerable independence in editorial policy; and in these newspapers they read articles not a whit more difficult to understand than the articles in *The Nation*. The tide rises, the tide falls, and its circulation remains about the same. Indeed, whatever its absolute rise in circulation over the last ten years may be, I'll bet that in proportion to the total available public intelligent enough to follow its lucubrations its circulation is really decreasing.

What is the difficulty? What *The Nation* is not, is a national magazine. What it is is a New York magazine.

Consider, on the other hand, that admirable business enterprise, the *Saturday Evening Post*. It has a policy as definite as *The Nation's* policy, and it is a policy to which no liberal can give his support. It offers a vast variety of fictional entertainment for five cents; and this of course *The Nation* cannot do. Interspersed among the stories are shrewdly built special articles calculated to put over the economic views which its proprietors stand for, these in turn backed up by admirable editorials—not as good as they used to be, but still very good. Its fictional appeal aside, the *Saturday Evening Post* is trying to do what *The Nation* is trying to do: convert a vast number of people to an economic doctrine. Unlike *The Nation*, it is succeeding.

The obvious retort that the *Saturday Evening Post* appeals because of its fiction is beside the point. There are plenty of fiction magazines without economic propaganda, but the public continues to buy the *Post*. Why? The *Saturday Evening Post* is a national magazine.

Its editors never forget that the fact of the *Post's* being edited from Philadelphia is a geographical accident. The truth is that the editorial offices of the *Post* are not any-

where in particular. You can read its propaganda without knowing whether it emanates from Philadelphia or San Francisco. Its special articles, read in Los Angeles, seem to have been written in Los Angeles; read in Tampa, they fit without sense of difference into Tampa; they are the same in Chicago as they are in Laramie.

Consider now *The Nation*. It is not a national magazine. It emanates from New York, not only physically but mentally. Issue after issue shrieks at you that it has come out of New York. Its editors survey the country from New York. Its book reviewers either live in New York, or, when they do not, they write as if they did. It reviews New York plays. It carries New York advertisements. Its whole lingo is strange and foreign anywhere outside of New York.

Now the great popular mind is suspicious of New York. It has had its maiden aunt from Sioux City, Iowa, held up to ridicule just once too often. It has had the glories of New York architecture, the dreadfulness of Wall Street, the sophistication of Harlem, Greenwich Village, and the Algonquin Hotel told just too many times. New York is a foreign country which you visit for amusement, and a place which you visit for amusement is not the place whose leadership you are going seriously to accept.

Moreover, this attitude of mind is not characteristic of the mentally unwashed alone. It extends to the provincial leaders, educational, political, religious, commercial, which *The Nation* wants to reach and is not reaching. If the New-Yorkism of *The Nation* gives it detachment, it also gives it aloofness, and when you are struggling to advance the cause of educational progress in the Bible belt, or when you are endeavoring to secure a better tax system in Gopher Prairie, you may go to New York to secure the munitions of war from some of the educational foundations to whom yours is merely another case on their crowded docket, or you may carry your tale of woe to the editor of a liberal magazine to whom it is merely another instance of human folly, but in neither event are you going to take home with you the conviction that the New York expert or editor is the sort of fellow whom you could put on the local newspaper to write editorials for you. The editors of *The Nation* sit, like the gods in Lucretius, aloof and impartial, but you don't invite the gods to breakfast. The fact that the editorial offices of *The Nation* are in New York is not a geographical accident, it is a state of mind.

Contemplate, on the other hand, Mr. William Allen White. Mr. White battles for many of the things *The Nation* battles for, and if they disagree violently on other matters, yet their general outlook is not dissimilar. The country takes Mr. White (relatively speaking) to its bosom. Mr. White, I believe, is permanently at home in Emporia, Kansas, but he would be just as much at home in Minneapolis or Denver or Montpelier, Vermont, or (after a period of incubation) Charleston, South Carolina. The only place that Mr. White might not feel at home, I suspect, is in New York, considered as a state of mind. And this is not because Mr. White writes down to the folks or because he is temperamentally a more sympathetic or a less highbrow man than the editors of *The Nation*; the fundamental fact is

\* Mr. Jones errs here; it is interesting to note that in the last fifteen months *The Nation's* circulation has increased 33 1/3 per cent.—EDITOR THE NATION.



that, like the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Mr. White instinctively takes a position nowhere in particular. He is in a national state of mind.

It do not believe it is necessary to transplant *The Nation* physically from New York to, let us say, Sioux City, Iowa. I think, however, *The Nation* would get farther if it transplanted its mind to Sioux City, Iowa, and then in rapid succession to Billings, Montana, Fort Scott, Kansas, the

University of Texas, a plantation in Virginia, the Open Forum in Sante Fe, a Cleveland steel mill, and a Nebraska church, and then, thoroughly dizzy from its revolution, come to rest in no particular spot at all.

You cannot edit a national liberal weekly by living in New York and making occasional raids into the rest of the country. The rest of the country lives where it lives and makes occasional raids on New York.

## Hope for Progressives

By GEORGE W. NORRIS

NOW since the country has somewhat settled down from the excitement of the recent campaign, it is well to consider conditions that confront us all as a result of the election. It is our duty, of course, to accept the results even though we may be in some respects very much dissatisfied with them. No true progressive can yield the fundamental principles in which he believes merely because of temporary victory or defeat. However, it must be recognized that we can never make these principles effective if we conceal from ourselves the conditions under which we must work and the obstacles we must overcome.

I feel that in so far as genuine fundamental principles were given any consideration in that part of the campaign relating to the Presidential contest, the country has taken a backward step. Progressive principles, so far as the election of a President is concerned, have met with a temporary defeat. And yet I believe that a great majority of our people are truly progressive and at heart believe in the principles for which the progressive group has fought.

It is the source of a great deal of satisfaction that there was more independent voting in the recent election than in any national election that has ever taken place, and to the believer in honest, popular government this is a great comfort. It is to the independent voter and the independent thinker that civilization owes most of the advancement which it has made. There was more scratching of tickets in this election than ever took place before.

The result of this has been that the progressives in the legislative part of the election contest have really won a great victory. While voters by the million permitted themselves, in the Presidential part of the contest, to follow their religious prejudice and to settle the election, so far as the President was concerned, on this issue, they made no such mistake when it came to voting for Senators. Some of the States which elected Democratic progressive Senators went overwhelmingly for the Republican candidate for President. Some of these progressive Senators were Democrats, some were Republicans, some were Wet, some were Dry, some were Protestants, and some were Catholics, but their constituencies, while permitting their Presidential vote to be settled by religion or prohibition, paid no attention to these imaginary issues when it came to voting for Senator.

The people, however, have added to the difficulties of this progressive group. In their various contests in the Senate they have always been compelled to meet the opposition of the Administration forces. For eight years the occupant of the White House has used the power of his great office to block the pathway that they have attempted to travel and it looks now as though the country has de-

cided that at least for four years more this same impediment shall stand in the way of legislative progress.

These progressive members are going to be handicapped by the claim, already being made, that the things for which they have stood have been adversely decided by the people in the settlement of the Presidential election. The great power trust has taken on new life. It is claiming now that its unpatriotic conduct in its attempt to control, by false propaganda, all avenues of human activity, so well disclosed by the investigation of the Federal Trade Commission, has been approved by the vote of a majority of the people themselves in their election of Mr. Hoover. The trust is claiming now that the fight made to save Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam has been condemned, as shown by the enormous majority by which Mr. Hoover was elected President. Those who believe in our un-Christian and ungodly warfare upon Nicaragua and other weak, Central-American nations are now claiming that the use of our army and navy for these purposes has been beyond question approved by the American people. The standpat group of self-appointed alleged leaders who succeeded in defeating the "Lame Duck" amendment to the Constitution are laughing in glee at what they claim to be the death-blow administered to that amendment at the polls. Those who have favored the seating of Mr. Vare and Insull's man from Illinois in the Senate of the United States are pointing to the result of the recent election as a vindication of their conduct. The special interests which have fought ever since the war against giving agriculture any relief from the dire distress in which it has been floundering are pointing to the result of the election throughout the great agricultural West as a condemnation of those Senators who have been valiantly battling for farm relief.

The machine politician, the political boss, the representatives of monopoly, always asking for special legislation, are—one and all—vociferously claiming a great victory.

On the face of the returns and so far as the Presidential part of the contest is concerned, I think it must be admitted that there is some reason for this rejoicing and some foundation for the claims which these machines and bosses make. However, a close analysis of the entire election returns by the critical mind will, to a great extent at least, refute these unwarranted claims. The victory of progressive Senators is the answer.

In Wisconsin we find the progressive La Follette re-elected by 400,000 majority, while Mr. Hoover swept the State by almost 100,000. La Follette repudiated the platform on which Mr. Hoover carried the State. If you say that Hoover won Wisconsin on the prohibition issue, then



how can you explain that the State went for La Follette, an anti-prohibitionist, by more than four times the majority received by Mr. Hoover? It must be realized also that Senator La Follette was bitterly fought by the Wisconsin managers of the Hoover campaign. The standpat Republican Hoover machine even went so far as to bolt the result of the Republican primary and put an independent candidate in the field. It denounced La Follette from every stump and the standpat press turned heaven and earth to secure votes against him.

In Montana, although the head of the Republican ticket carried the State by a crushing majority, the same citizens who gave this majority also gave a similar one to the progressive Senator Wheeler, running on the Democratic ticket, who repeatedly denounced the policies advocated by Mr. Hoover. It must be remembered that there, also, the machine, the so-called leaders, and an almost unanimous press were backing Mr. Hoover and fighting Senator Wheeler.

In Washington the same condition existed and while in that ordinarily Republican State they gave a majority to Mr. Hoover, on the same ballot they voted for Senator Dill, a Democrat, who stood on a platform not only of opposition but of condemnation of the Hoover policies.

In Arizona the religious prejudice was sufficient to give the State to Hoover by a large majority, and yet the people thought so much of progressive principles that, notwithstanding this religious prejudice, they reelected Senator Ashurst in spite of the fact that he is a Catholic.

In the rock-ribbed Republican State of Minnesota we have another illustration that the voters desired to give their approval to the fight that has been made by the little progressive group in the Senate. They gave the State to Hoover by a sweeping majority and at the same time reelected Senator Shipstead, who was running independent of both great parties, by a majority of over 300,000.

And so we might go on, but we will always find that the rank and file of the American citizenship were extremely anxious to give their approval to the principles for which the group of progressive Senators, regardless of politics, have been working and fighting. They believed so firmly in these principles that they did not permit the question of prohibition or the question of religion to influence their conclusions. It is true, as I have said, that this group have had their burdens increased in the fight which they must continue, but, through it all, they can clearly see that their work has been approved by the American people.

It may be and, in my judgment, it is inconsistent and perhaps illogical to reelect these progressive Senators to carry on their fight in favor of the governmental principles for which they have stood and at the same time elect a President who, in his official capacity, will perhaps be able to nullify every governmental step these Senators will take. But that is one of the inconsistent and irreconcilable difficulties of our complex electoral system.

In contests for seats in the House of Representatives candidates of the progressive type, whether Democratic or Republican, were either reelected or ran so far ahead of their tickets as to show the progressive sentiment of their districts with unmistakable certainty. The Republican landslide carried some of them to defeat, but in every such case it will be found upon looking over the record that the progressive candidate, even if defeated, ran so far ahead of his ticket as to constitute almost a condemnation of his successful opponent.

To sum up, it can fairly be stated that the progressive cause has been given a complete indorsement. This group in the Senate have been maintained and encouraged by a fresh indorsement from their constituents. The members of this group did not owe their victory to any single political party or organization. They won their seats on records of opposition to the standpat policies of the Harding-Coolidge Administration, on independent, constructive action in Congress, and on specific pledges to adhere to the policies upon which the indorsement was won. This group thus remains a nucleus for the millions of progressives throughout the country who are not content to intrust their government to machine-ridden parties and monopoly-controlled bosses.

Progressives have no personal ill-will against the President-elect, and this group in the Senate will ardently support the Administration in every instance where they believe it is right. They will criticize constructively if they think criticism is due, and they will do this without fear or favor in every case in which they believe such policies to be wrong. In this respect they will give to the new Administration the same respect, the same accord that they would have given to Governor Smith had he been elected.

Neither have progressives a single feeling of unkindliness against any man or woman who supported Mr. Hoover, believing that prohibition was the all-important issue. Such voters have a perfect right to their opinions and their judgment. They have a right to it without being criticized for having it. I, of course, do not agree with them. Personally, I believe the greatest single element entering into the overwhelming victory of Mr. Hoover was religion. Religious prejudice is at once the bitterest and the most unreasonable prejudice that ever took possession of the human heart. It never should have been given any consideration in the election. It never should have entered into the contest. The special interests, the power trust, the machine politicians, while they concealed their identity, nevertheless kept this issue to the front. They knew it was a false issue. They knew it was a wicked and unfair issue. But with remarkable perseverance, always concealing their activities, they aroused the religious hatred and animosities which sometimes control men's reason and judgment. They have sown the seeds of hatred in millions of human hearts and they will bear fruit long after the present generation shall have passed away. While the people were quarreling over a false issue they were industriously licking the platter clean and they are already claiming that the result is a complete vindication of their advocacy of turning over the natural resources of the country to monopoly and greed. For the good of our common country and for the advancement of Christian civilization, I believe that the man or woman whose vote was controlled by the religious issue was taking a course that will be detrimental to the future happiness and advancement of our people; and yet I frankly admit that a voter has a right, if he so desires, to make his decision entirely upon religious grounds in the casting of his ballot. I would not take away this right if I could. Every voter should decide for himself, according to the dictates of his own individual conscience, how he should vote, and he must be protected to the limit in carrying out this decision. Only in this way can we in the aggregate reach the highest ideals of a representative democracy, and when it is all over, whatever may be the verdict, every lover of liberty and justice, every believer in our form of government must accept the result as final.



# Japan Fights for Manchuria

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

[The last of three articles by Mr. Millard. The other two appeared in the issues of December 5 and 12 respectively. Mr. Shigeyoshi Obata, correspondent of the Osaka Mainichi, will present the Japanese attitude toward Manchuria in an article appearing in the issue of January 2, 1929.]

Shanghai, October 8

THE Chinese are much less concerned about making a new commercial treaty with Japan than about whether Japan intends to "grab" Shantung and Manchuria. Japan's position in those regions now is tantamount to armed occupation. In Shantung and South Manchuria Japan's will is the sovereign power. China's authority is only a shadow. If conditions stay as they are a large piece of China's territory will pass under Japan's rule.

Manchuria is composed of three provinces—Shengking, Kirin, and Heilungkiang. Their combined area is 354,000 square miles; almost exactly the same as the States of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas together. Manchuria lies in the same latitude as those States and has much the same climate, soil, and topography. It is a rich, healthful, and beautiful country as yet only partly developed.

Manchuria is peopled by about 22,000,000 Chinese, fewer than 100,000 Japanese (including Koreans), close to 100,000 Russians, and a few hundred other foreigners. The Japanese, Russians, and other foreigners are mostly concentrated in the larger towns. The wealth of Manchuria at present and in prospect depends fundamentally on the Chinese, who are rapidly settling on the land and opening new areas of production. Nearly a million Chinese emigrated to Manchuria in 1927.

A railway map of Manchuria presents the skeleton over which international diplomacy and intrigue spread their plans. Russia began it back in 1895 when Count Witte realized that his country's future lay eastward and launched what in those times was a colossal undertaking, the Siberia Railway, to open a path to the Pacific Ocean. Witte made a deal with Li Hung Chang, who felt the advantages to China of closer communication with Russia and Europe, whereby the railway could pass across Manchuria to Vladivostok, shortening the line several hundred miles.

That part of the railway in China's territory had a special status. It was a joint Chinese and Russian concern and was named the Chinese Eastern Railway. Later, when with the help of France and Germany, Russia artfully evicted Japan from the Liao-tung (which Japan took from China during the China-Japan war), Witte got a lease of Port Arthur, and the Chinese Eastern Railway was built from Harbin to that ice-free port in the Gulf of Chihli.

When by the peace terms of 1905 Japan took over the southern end of the Chinese Eastern Railway (now the South Manchuria Railway) the situation took a new turn. The Chinese made that first agreement for the construction of the Chinese Eastern Railway willingly. They were hesitant about the southward extension and the Port Arthur lease, but Li Hung Chang wanted Russia as a stand-off to Japan. From a time prior to the Russo-Japan war and for years thereafter China was a pawn in the game.

In its advance into Manchuria from Korea by way of Antung the Japanese army built a light railway as it moved along. After the war Japan reconstructed that light railway into a standard-gauge line that is now part of the Japanese railway system linking Japan, Korea, and Manchuria. The Chinese objected but, as in many other matters, had to give way. Japan acquired from Russia the "stub" from the main line to Newchwang.

By that time Peking was alarmed at the trend of Japanese and Russian policy in Manchuria and sought a counterweight. That led to an agreement, obtained by the late Willard Straight, for American capitalists to build, for China, a railway from Chinchow in southwestern Shengking Province to Aigun on the Amur River, a distance of about 900 miles. Such a line connecting directly with the railway system of China would have broken up Russo-Japan control of the Eastern provinces. About that time Philander C. Knox, then American Secretary of State, moved to break the Russo-Japan grip in Manchuria and to restore the "open door" there by proposing that all railways in that region should be neutralized and consolidated under international administration until China could pay for them.

The Knox neutralization proposal was made late in 1909 and it created a sensation. Japan and Russia, lately at war against each other, at once combined to keep American interests out of Manchuria, and those governments, by means of a ring of secret agreements among the Powers, got Great Britain and France to join them to intimidate Peking. That opposition killed the Chinchow-Aigun railway project and it was not until some time afterward that the State Department learned how the trick was turned. At Peking in 1910 I obtained texts of the notes of the British, French, Russian, and Japanese governments to the Wai Chiao-pu (Peking Foreign Office) and published them. Mr. Knox told me afterward that that was the first positive knowledge he had of what was done to kill his plan to end the international struggle for advantage in Manchuria.

If Mr. Knox were alive today he probably would smile to see how the Chinese, twenty years later, have outwitted and outfinessed the Japanese and Russian opposition and have built the Chinchow-Aigun Railway to a point where it touches the east-west line of the Chinese Eastern Railway. This new line is not, of course, named the Chinchow-Aigun Railway. It is composed of several short lines built at different times and having different names.

For many years after the Russo-Japan war Japan opposed and defeated every effort of the Chinese to build railways in Manchuria. The Twenty-One Demands provided that China should not build any railways in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia without previously consulting Japan and that China must use Japanese capital. But when, at the Washington Conference, the Twenty-One Demands and the treaties based on them fell under international disapproval, "spheres of influence" were renounced and secret agreements denounced, and Manchuria was formally recognized as an integral part of China's territory, Japan modified her attitude. The Chinese thereafter were permitted to build a number of short lines, all connecting, however, with the



South Manchuria Railway. Japan helped to finance some of those lines, for they "feed" the Japanese trunk line. Japanese tried to get an agreement that traffic on those Chinese lines should be routed to Dairen, which meant that the South Manchuria Railway would get the major part of the land haul and Japanese ships would get the major part of the water haul. To that Chang Tso-lin would not agree, although strong pressure was put to make him consent.

The Chinese, on their own, began to connect the "spur" lines with each other and those connections will make it possible to go by train from China to Europe, or to Vladivostok, without touching a Japanese line anywhere. In that oblique way the thought back of the old Chinchow-Aigun project is being realized.

Japan does not like that at all, but the way conditions have been since the Washington Conference, it has been difficult for her to prevent those developments. Chang Tso-lin and other high Chinese officials in Manchuria had become unruly in those matters. The railway situation probably more than any other matter caused Tokyo to return to a "firm" policy vis-a-vis China and to an aggressive policy in Manchuria.

Japan's policy is to "preserve peace" in China, and whenever anything that is likely to disturb the peace here is discerned by Tokyo's watchful eye then something has to be done about it. Tokyo foresaw that peace would be endangered in Shantung and sent troops to occupy that province. Tokyo foresaw that peace would be endangered in the Tientsin-Peking region and sent troops there. Tokyo foresaw that peace might be endangered in Manchuria and sent troops there. Tokyo foresaw danger to peace away off on the Mongolia-Manchuria border, and, as Premier Tanaka is quoted by Japanese newspapers, "fears that complications will arise between China and Russia from the Hulunbor incident, and in such a contingency Japan must take proper and effectual steps for the maintenance of peace in the three Eastern provinces in view of Japan's declaration some time

ago in regard to the preservation of peace in Manchuria."

In short, Japan's purpose evidently is to set up in Manchuria a puppet Chinese government behind which Japan will rule that country until a time comes when it can be annexed without opposition from other Powers. That is not an imaginary or trumped-up accusation. The project is spread plainly in the Japanese press and Japan's propaganda organs in China day after day. It often gets confirmation from utterances of responsible Japanese officials. General Fukishi, who accompanied Baron Hayashi to Mukden when the latter gave the second warning to the Manchuria Government not to join the Chinese National Government, said on returning to Japan: "Manchuria is Japan's daughter and our first line of defense."

Defense against what or whom? China and Russia evidently. Manchuria would not be much of a defense, let us say, against Great Britain or America. Such utterances, taken with conditions that exist in Manchuria, forecast events rather plainly. Military observers believe that Japan was more than willing for Chang Tso-lin to squander money in building the huge Mukden arsenal because Japan expects to find use for it. Those observers regard the South Manchuria Railway system of hotels as a camouflaged chain of military hospitals, with the immense new hospital at Dairen as a base. Military experts regard the railways in Manchuria that connect with the Japanese lines in Korea as providing a way to bring large numbers of Japanese troops quickly into Manchuria and to supply them on the Siberia border. If war comes with Russia, Japan, so the military experts think, plans to have the first battle line on that frontier. The Russians are not oblivious to what this situation and Japan's "firm" policy toward China connote. They regard it as the Japanese military oligarchy's last magnificent gesture to stave off a revolution in Japan.

In Manchuria one can perceive another great war in the making. I venture the opinion that when, and if, it comes, the other principal Pacific Ocean Powers will be drawn into that war before it ends.

## It Costs Money to Die

By PAUL BLANSHARD

**A**MONG certain ancient tribes it was the custom to throw upon the funeral pyre the clothing, jewelry, and money belonging to the deceased. Occasionally a widow or a slave was thrown in for good measure. We in the United States do nothing so foolish. We merely throw into the grave annually several hundred million dollars. We throw it in in the form of bronze caskets, flowers, stone cases, silk paddings, gold handles, and mausoleums.

The corpse does not know the difference. Most of the American people if asked individually whether or not they wanted an ostentatious funeral would reply that they cared nothing whatever about what happened to their bodies after death. Yet the extravagant funeral is always with us. In fact, the United States has the most extravagant funeral practices in all history and they seem to be getting more costly every year. The prodigious waste and suffering wrought by our funeral customs are set forth in a study recently published by Putnams\* and written by John C.

Gebhart after a thorough investigation which was financed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Consumers of caskets ought to study this book—and, in this particular, every citizen is an ultimate consumer. Mr. Gebhart follows up and completes the research begun by earlier writers including Quincy L. Dowd and Frederick Hoffman.

A funeral could be had in the United States before the Civil War for \$25. Gebhart prints the bill of a Boston funeral in 1829 for \$8. A funeral today for a Boston citizen of the same class would probably cost \$400. Between the \$8 bill and the \$400 bill there is the difference of a century, face veils, limousines, professional pall-bearers, metal caskets, cast-stone vaults, chapel palms, newspaper notices, and morticians. But the greatest of these is the mortician. One cannot study the development of American funeral customs without being forced to the conclusion that the mortician is the bird of prey in the whole funeral system. He is a very suave bird whose claws are concealed by the rev-

\* "Funeral Costs." \$3.50.

(Continued on page 686)





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erential padding and plumage that surround the grim economics of death.

Not that the mortician is a fiend. He is an American business man operating in a field where the normal safeguards of competitive commerce break down. His customers are numb with grief or confused by inexperience. By tradition they cannot resort to the coquetry of the bargain counter; they cannot shop for cheaper caskets. They deliver themselves to the undertaker as to a friend, or the friend of a friend or a man who has a nice voice, or is a member of the Elks, or a deacon in the same church. One of the reasons why the casket customer gives himself so unquestioningly into the hands of the mortician is that there is no accepted and well-advertised bargain counter to which he can go. The funeral industry is like the retail trade of this country before the rise of the great department store and the chain nickelorium. Every city is cursed with too many corner undertakers who are expensive and inefficient, and there are too few competitive consolidations of morticians who practice mass production.

Supersalesmanship applies its pressure at the point of family pride when sales resistance is subnormal. I treasure as one of my choicest Americana the speech of Clifford Askin, an Indianapolis undertaker, before the morticians of Tennessee, as reported in the July *Southern Funeral Director*.

I wonder [said Mr. Askin] when your friend's son or daughter gets married if you are the first to drop by and offer to furnish chairs for the party or wedding, or do you wait until he calls you up over the phone or comes to see you? We are losing an opportunity if we happen to meet him on the street and do not offer him our chairs or call him on the phone. That is service.

When you send a funeral out of your town or city and they are coming back on the train this afternoon or 8 o'clock in the morning, are you at the train to meet them when they come back and carry them to their homes? No, you say, their friends will meet them, that is sufficient. That is sufficient as far as transportation is concerned, but are you losing an opportunity to manifest personal interest and perhaps a personal service? . . .

Are you mailing out to the friend or the family a card after the funeral giving the section or number and the grave number and the lot number, stating if there are other members of the family who would like the small card, you would be glad to furnish on request? Well, you are not—and if you are not you are losing an opportunity for service and an opportunity for contact with that family.

Much could be accomplished toward cheapening funerals by the leaders of the industry itself if they would pass from this personal and individual stage of merchandising to large-scale standardization and selling. Mr. Gebhart hopes that the funeral industry will thus reform itself from within and he points to the newly organized Funeral Service Bureau of America which has taken up the problem of cooperating to reduce costs among a few powerful firms. This optimism seems scarcely justified. Far better would be a development in America of the municipal funeral system of Europe which Mr. Gebhart describes.

Frankfort, for example, has only one private undertaker, and he is of no importance. Virtually every citizen who dies is buried by the Municipal Burial Office and practically the same kind of funeral is provided for everyone. But the family of the poor man pays less than the family of the rich man because the charge is levied in proportion to

income. For a complete funeral including casket, transportation, burial robe, and grave the charge is not more than 3 per cent of the annual income for an adult and three-quarters of 1 per cent for a child under one year. But the maximum charge is \$57.12. So Frankfort achieves democracy in death. Many other continental cities have similar socialization of funerals, but most of them do not insist upon the same grade of funeral for all citizens. The Municipal Burial Office of Vienna has eight classes of funerals ranging up to \$300. Cologne's cheapest funeral is \$19.04.

Compare with these figures the cost of the average American funeral! Rich families in America commonly spend several thousand dollars on a funeral. They make the occasion an exhibition of conspicuous economic success—and the poor imitate them. Italian widows in New York who are so poor that they receive pensions from the New York Board of Child Welfare still manage to spend an average of \$421 to bury the husband and father. That is more than half of their total net assets and usually it comes out of insurance which they have skimmed to pay. The average net funeral bill of probated estates in New York County is \$772.

The most inexcusable item in these average bills is the item on which the undertaker subsists, the charge for the casket. I have found by investigation that a reasonably dignified and beautiful casket can be made for \$15. The average mortician unites with the casket manufacturer in pawning off on the bereaved customer a casket which is worth perhaps two or three times that amount for \$500 to \$5,000.

Some people wonder why the problem of funeral costs cannot be solved by cremation. Cremation is probably a good thing in itself but it does not at the present time afford an escape from expense. A casket is required by custom before cremation just as it is required before burial, and the cost of cremation is still high. Gebhart says concerning crematory costs: "Some urns sell for as much as \$1,500, while the average rental of columbarium space is probably no cheaper than the ordinary grave and family plots." Undertakers commonly sell expensive caskets to customers for use before cremation and then strip the caskets of the costliest trappings before incineration.

Why cremation should cost as much as it does is not altogether clear. The growing popularity of the custom may ultimately reduce charges. Meanwhile cremation is saving for the use of the living a considerable amount of valuable land near our great cities which would otherwise be dedicated to the dead. If all our dead were cremated we would save at least 22,000 acres of such land every year.

The development of municipal funeral bureaus in America would be the sanest and most obvious answer to the problem of funeral costs, but there are few cities in America progressive enough to fight private-ownership propaganda successfully. The gestures toward cheaper funerals by funeral directors' associations will probably be nothing more than gestures unless the present price level of the industry is challenged from the outside. Perhaps the wisest step in the direction of relief would be the formation of a limited dividend corporation headed by philanthropic citizens which attempted to market funerals and funeral paraphernalia at civilized prices. Considering the toll of suffering and exploitation among the poor because of the present system of profiteering it is strange that no such experiment has been tried on a large scale.



## In the Driftway

**E**XCHANGE professorships are all right in their way, but why stop there? Why not exchange editorships? An editor is as exchangeable as a professor provided he is presented in undamaged condition with the original price slip in the package. Of course it may be argued that editors never are in undamaged condition, while professors—are sometimes. But since the revelations before the Federal Trade Commission in regard to power propaganda in the colleges, professors have little to brag about.

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HE Carnegie Foundation for Something or Other (the Drifter has forgotten exactly what) recently brought a large party of English journalists to this continent on a junket. It was intended to promote international understanding and all that sort of thing, you know. Maybe it did promote international understanding, but it certainly did not promote individual understanding. Nobody in the party had a chance to see anything of America other than what he could observe through the bottom of a tumbler or across a plate of gumbo soup. The Britishers were breakfasted, and lunched, and tea'd, and dined until they could no longer look at a joint of roast chicken or a biscuit tortoni without a shudder. In some places they were made to drink twice as much as they were in the habit of consuming at home (British journalists are no slouches in that direction, take it from the Drifter), and in all cases they had to talk and be talked to ten times as much as was good for them. The members of this party were so busy having the country shown to them that they could have had no time to see any of it for themselves, and working journalists over here had no time to see them. It is hard to conceive that any one carried away an impression of the continent other than a row of cutlery to his right and left, a meal prepared by a European chef in front of him, and a waiter behind him who kept filling his glass with ice.

\* \* \* \* \*

**H**OW much better it would be to send the members of such a party over one at a time, or each to a different place, and let them at least go through the motions of working for a living while on their visit. In order to demonstrate the soundness of his theory the Drifter offers himself for the experiment. He will go anywhere and work anywhere (after his fashion). It would be a lot of fun, he thinks, to go to England and spend a summer working for the *Morning Post* or the *Daily Mirror*. Either would do equally well. So would one of the fine English weeklies. But there is much to see and to do in England outside of Fleet Street, so maybe work on a daily or weekly would be too confining. Better probably would be a job on a quarterly—which had just gone to press when the Drifter arrived for his two months' stay. In Paris life is even more engrossing, so that the Drifter would reluctantly pass by a chance to join the staff of the *Temps* or the *Matin* and seek a place with a good annual, like "Tout Paris" or the *Almanach Hachette*. And if the Drifter should be sent to the East, to Calcutta or Singapore, he would refuse to consider even an annual publication. He would want to be an editor of an encyclopedia the preparation of which was destined to take a lifetime and whose staff assembled only once every five or six years.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### "Those Terrible Britons"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My heart fell this morning when, opening my copy of *The Nation*, I found myself branded in an editorial as a danger to the world's peace. "In the interests of international peace and friendly understanding," I read, "some things ought to be prevented by law. Among those which come in mind immediately are (1) books about the United States by visiting Englishmen—especially visiting English lecturers; (2) Mr. St. John Ervine's drama column in the *New York World*; and (3) criticisms of American books in any British review." For a few moments I imagined that I had bought the wrong paper and was reading the humorous column in one of those funny papers which are the awe and wonder of the world, but, alas, there was no escape for me in such an imagining as that. Solemnly and apparently in conclave, *The Nation* announces that I am likely to cause a conflagration between the United States and Great Britain unless I am prevented by law from writing about the American drama. I see the agitated Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, who had so much difficulty in deciding whether he would support Mr. Smith or Mr. Thomas in the Presidential election, crying in agony to his colleagues: "My God, if this fellow Ervine isn't stopped, the navy experts will get the additional cruisers and then there'll be war!" One more word from me on the merits or demerits of a musical comedy, and apparently Washington will issue an ultimatum, if not to the world, at least to Great Britain. God forbid that I should be the cause of strife or that I should even exacerbate international feeling, and so, sir, I appeal to you to condescend to a few details. An editorial in a weekly review of the caliber of *The Nation* is a vastly different affair from a signed article or an individual and jocular commentary such as the Driftway. Had the Drifter made the statement which I have quoted, or had Mr. Krutch included it in his dramatic criticism, I should not have felt any dismay, for personal opinion or playful exaggeration can be discounted; but a solemn editorial rebuke is another matter.

And perhaps, sir, while you are informing me in what way my contributions to the *World* have endangered "international peace and friendly understanding," you will also tell me and your readers who are the terrible Britons who write books about the United States, after they have lectured here, with the same malignant effect. Do you wish to have a law passed to prevent any visiting Englishman—I happen not to be English at all, but to be an Ulsterman without one drop of English blood in my veins—from writing about the United States or merely to prevent the publication of books in which any adverse criticism on this country is passed? And will you also tell me and your readers why, if you wish to suppress by law all "criticisms of American books in any British review," American authors so sedulously send their books to British reviews? Whatever an "English reviewer" does, whether he praises or condemns an American book, he meets with your disapproval. The poor simp, seemingly, can do no right. You quote passages from a review which appeared in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, in which references were made to an American book, and you add: "One would hardly think the book worth more than a trifling mention in a literary review." Well, sir, after reading your editorial—editorial, sir!—entitled Those Terrible Britons, I am prepared to find anything in any review anywhere. I shall not be at all astonished if the main editorial in the next issue of *The Nation* is written by the Rev. Billy Sunday or Mr. Groucho Marx.

In the interests of journalistic pride—after all, we belong to the same craft and no journalist likes to see another journalist letting it down—I suggest that you should try to remember



that there is a difference between an editorial in *The Nation* and a bright and breezy article in a college magazine, edited by a freshman. Those Terrible Britons obviously was written by a sophomore.

New York, November 23

ST. JOHN ERVINE

[*The Nation* does not believe that its editorial pages should be debarred from any rights of "playful exaggeration" that are allowed to the Drifter or its dramatic critic. We do not take the menace of Mr. Ervine as seriously as he seems to imagine. And we still have our sense of humor.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

## Smith for the Cabinet

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the outstanding attributes in Mr. Hoover's career is his indifference to party as compared with principle. He who whole-heartedly and usefully served Woodrow Wilson might as whole-heartedly and usefully be served by Alfred Smith. Mr. Hoover has notably refrained from belittling in any way Mr. Smith's superb record as a public servant. Mr. Hoover is not only with Woodrow Wilson in recognizing Smith's statesmanlike qualities but with Charles Evans Hughes and other Republicans. Why should not our new President create a vigorous, human, honest, and influential precedent in our politics by appointing Governor Smith to a Cabinet post?

Santa Fe, New Mexico, November 23 WITTER BYNNER

## Flagler's Philanthropy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to add this much to what was printed of my article on the orchestral merger in *The Nation* of October 17. Mr. Flagler received editorial praise for a support of the New York Symphony that had furnished perhaps the only justification for his wealth, and had not so much as deprived his breakfast eggs of their bacon. Instead he deserved only a rebuke for withdrawing this support. Even as high-minded a man as Mr. Flagler illustrates the consequences of leaving such matters to wealthy individuals who are apt to support an orchestra out of misplaced faith in some conductor, and, when he retires, to treat it as a losing business venture is treated.

And I should like to ask the question that was omitted from my article on the Salzburg Festival. What is there in the music of Bloch that would be recognized as Jewish without knowledge of the titles, or as the work of a Jew without knowledge of the fact?

New York, November 22

B. H. HAGGIN

## It Undoubtedly Would

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I would like to run a weekly column in your magazine in which I will agree to answer correctly all economic questions. I will also agree to pay to the people submitting the questions, or to charity, three times the amount of salary you will pay, should I fail to answer these questions correctly. You will note that this suggestion is based upon fifteen years of research work in economics and a point of view which has enabled me to express economics mathematically. My method explains every economic phenomena [*sic*] that has taken place from the dawn of man to the present day, simply and definitely. I believe such a column would be interesting to all students of economics.

New York, November 30

JEROME LEVY

P. S. All biographical, historical, and psychological questions barred. The writer, furthermore, is no prophet.

## Contributors to This Issue

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, author, dramatist, and poet, is professor of English literature at the University of North Carolina.

GEORGE W. NORRIS, Republican United States Senator from Nebraska since 1913, is the leader of the progressive group in the Senate.

THOMAS F. MILLARD is correspondent in China for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

PAUL BLANSHARD is associate editor of *The Nation*.

BORGHILD LEE has contributed to "Poetry" and other poetry magazines.

ANITA BRENNER contributes to *The Nation* frequently on Latin-American topics.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS contributes frequently to *The Nation* and other current periodicals.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is author with Morris Ernst of "To the Pure . . ."

ALLEN TATE is a poet and literary critic.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN reviews books regularly for *The Nation*.

## COMMUNITY LECTURES

DR. GEORGE P. BAKER

Professor of Dramatic Art at Yale University.

Thursday Evenings at 8:15.

### "THE CHANGING DRAMA"

January 3—"Finding the Way—Jones and Pinero."

January 10—"What Is True?—Shaw."

January 17—"Readjustment—O'Neill."

January 24—"The Present and the Outlook."

Course tickets, \$2.50.

Single admission at door, \$.75.

LEWIS GANNETT

"Current Events in American Life and How They Affect the World"

Wednesday Evening, January 9, 8:15.

Single admission at door, \$.75.

Park Ave.  
at 34th St.

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH

New York  
City

A Memorial Service in Tribute to  
MRS. HENRY VILLARD  
will be held at

The Community Church of New York  
Park Avenue and 34th Street  
Monday, December 17, 8:15 P. M.

Auspices

THE WOMEN'S PEACE SOCIETY  
20 Vesey Street, New York City

and

Participating Organizations

Friends of Mrs. Villard are invited to attend.



# Books and Plays

## Angel Guri

By BORGHILD LEE

Guri wears a bonnet  
And a dress of black  
That fits her like  
A potato sack.

The wind fills her skirt  
Till she has no feet,  
She looks like a black bird  
Coming down the street.

She pushes a fish-cart  
And sings and cries  
(She has sold her body  
To be taken when she dies):

"Fish in the court!  
Fresh, young, and fine—  
Turn them in the sun  
And see them shine!"

All day long  
Up and down the street  
Walks a black bird  
Without any feet.

No one will bury her,  
No bells will ring,  
She has sold her body  
For ten crowns to the king!

## This Week Franz Boas

**S**INCE very few people enjoy the spectacle of intelligence applied to life I do not suppose that "Anthropology and Modern Life"\* will achieve a large circulation. But it should be read by anyone who is ever tempted to voice an opinion about race superiority or inferiority, sex characteristics and aptitudes, national differences, standards of conduct, habits and instincts, manners, the superiority of the intellectuals or of the "upper" classes, religion, or sex. For in the compass of this short volume Franz Boas accomplishes the annihilation of the bases of almost all the prejudices and passions on which modern society rests, and arrives by the least spectacular kind of reasoning at revolutionary and yet strangely hopeful conclusions.

One by one he questions the accepted attitudes by which we live. We speak confidently of "races" and "racial types," even within the confines of a single continent where every nationality comprises the mingled blood of nearly every strain. We speak of the presence of "higher" and "lower" racial types, without even knowing—since no cer-

tain tests have been devised—what the relation is between structure and function. We decide, by establishing certain arbitrary standards—usually of likeness to ourselves—that one culture is superior to another and we conclude that people of a primitive culture are mentally inferior, ignoring the accidents of climate and food supply and migration that help to retard or speed the development of civilizations.

Professor Boas does not limit himself to general considerations such as these. He discusses the laws and customs of modern America as he would the ways of the Aleutian Islanders. He considers the immigration policy of the Coolidge Administration in the light of the fact that no racial lines can be successfully drawn across the face of Europe and that no national or ethnological groups can possibly claim a monopoly of intelligence and integrity. He looks upon international war with eyes that have watched the primitive horde turn savagely upon the alien horde to preserve its own food supply from invasion, and yet have witnessed a steadily widening circle of common interest and mutual dependence among peoples. Acknowledging the ferocious domination of race prejudice, Professor Boas is able to ignore popular attitudes with a serenity that is almost alarming. He discusses the relations of Negroes and Whites in America and the evil effects of social division based on race differences and concludes with these words:

The causes that operate against the unions of colored men and white women are almost as potent as in the days of slavery. Looking forward toward a lessening of the intensity of race feeling an increase of unions of white men and colored women would be desirable. The present policy of many of the Southern States tends to accentuate the lack of homogeneity of our nation.

Such a truncated quotation does not do justice to the integrity of Professor Boas's argument, but it is included as an indication of his temper.

He is willing to wait for the changes that he sees coming; man is still young on the earth and from the beginning "the increase of knowledge, the freeing of the individual from traditional fetters, the extension of political units have proceeded regularly." People act "under the stress of the tradition in which they have grown up"—not because they are biologically committed to one course. And changes occur through "forces active in the individuals that make up the social group." The closer the contact between individuals and groups and nations the stronger is the pressure toward change, the less the resistance.

And so Mr. Boas arrives at the hopeful conclusion that the nations of the world are on the road to peace and world federation. Presumably, too, race lines will be broken down, race differences will disappear, and class conflicts will be solved. In the long vision of the anthropologist these changes may appear likely; in the rest of us they arouse questions. Will our wide interchange of knowledge and our swift communications eliminate primitive fears and misconceptions or will they only produce new terrors on a grand scale and more magnificent means of annihilation? Are we keeping up with our culture, or becoming more confused and inadequate in the face of the civilization our unimproved brains have produced? I wish Professor Boas would discuss these problems and others that his book suggests in a new volume which he could call "Anthropology and the Future."

FREDA KIRCHWEY



## The Man Who Cheats

*Ananias, or The False Artist.* By Walter Pach. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

"FOR twenty years," says Walter Pach, "I have been trying to strangle this book. Now let somebody else take the job." Twenty years of looking at the rows of notorious and unblushing misdemeanors in the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum would no doubt make one want to strangle something. Still, when Walter Pach spoke to me of the *Ananias* project, I wondered sympathetically why he should want to write about those particular things and the others like them. He estimates the number of bad and indifferent artists in Paris alone at 39,900. Devote your time and thought to them, when there are a hundred good ones? "And if there be but ten just men in Sodom, she is saved. . . ."

Furthermore, for whose benefit the exposé? The idols that would be shattered are already more than crumbling. Few of the people who would read a book about painting and sculpture would think of even questioning Pach's rightness and righteousness. They would enjoy, as they do, the wholly comic, excellently chosen display of abominations. The rest at the most might be shamed into putting their prints in the closet.

But "*Ananias*" turns out to be a subtle philosophical and sociological excursion. It is not the 39,900 failures who are to be strangled. It is the "large number of men who should be ranked with the failures" and "are considered by the general public as successes, the great men of the modern period, indeed." And who are they? They are all the same man, the ubiquitous *Ananias*, the man who cheats.

Now *Ananias* is not so easily defined, though he is easily enough recognized, as easily as one knows a good odor from a bad one, Walter Pach suggests. Roger Fry has pointed him out frequently. Pach finds him in many countries and periods: among the Phoenicians, three hundred years before Christ; in Europe, in America. He has, however, at this moment in the United States, unusual prestige and power and a very fat bank account. He is the man who "sells" himself on other merits than those of his work. Like Sargent, he makes flattering portraits of people who want to be flattered; he imitates his betters and poses in their garments, like Zuloaga in Goya's; he trusts to sensationalism such as can be achieved by outmoderning the moderns and being more primitive than the primitives, and, like Mestrovic, pleases the snobs of sophistication; he rides on patriotism, religion, romantic love; above all he struts in the sacrosanct armor of the Greeks and of the Renaissance. These things he does because he has little soul of his own, or because he hates to work and likes automobiles. He is a snob, a pharisee, literally a bunk artist, and frequently a most unhappy man.

Therein lies the danger. Consciously or unconsciously a cheat, he is envious and afraid of the people he suspects may have, after all, the better portion. He hates them much as many lonely prudes hate lovers. He therefore turns upon them viciously. Being of facile virtue, he becomes an arbiter, an authority, a person of temporary power. He has often the last word upon what goes into the museums, what is taught in the schools, and the result is shocking poverty of spirit in many young artists who might have done better by themselves, and vulgar decorations in theaters and on the walls of fine buildings, and continued ignorance, the same that keeps *Ananias* sitting where he sits and the notorious misdemeanors hanging where they hang.

It is, after all, not a question of art but of morals. *Ananias* is more easily identified in the plastic arts, perhaps because there he cannot help but make his own image. What about the playwright who depends on lights and scenic effects to carry a cheap and incoherent play? What about the musician who steals the melody of a good man or turns fulsomely the irreproachable

mask of the "classics"? What about the writer who veils pornography in pink? And the scientist who lops or pads his data to prove a current bias or superstition? In the newspapers, the movies, in politics, everywhere there is the same *Ananias*. Beyond question Walter Pach is right. But he needs help.

ANITA BRENNER

## Portraits of France

*Louis XIV.* By Louis Bertrand. Translated by Cleveland Chase. Longmans, Green and Company. \$5.

*Twelve Portraits of the French Revolution.* By Henri Béraud. Translated by Madeleine Boyd. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.50.

*The Enchantress.* By Helen W. Henderson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.50.

IF the last was the stammering century, our own is the topsy-turvy one. Values have been reversed. In the past a disposition on the part of the individual to give some of his time and energy to the remedying of public abuses was held admirable; today "world-saving" has become a term of opprobrium, and those infected with its virus are pityingly classed as pathological. In the past virginity was admired in women, and quaint terms like "deflowering" were used when this precious status was given up. Today, among the true cognoscenti, a young woman is held suspect unless she wears with some degree of publicity at least one privileged lover. Yet as we investigate the numerous upheavals of ideals, we find that there is a curious lack of method in the change: in one case a democratic ideal replaces an aristocratic one; in the next the reverse is true; and we begin to suspect that heterodoxy is worshiped for itself rather than for its fruits.

This being so, the publishers have chosen exactly the right time to launch Bertrand's ardent defense of Louis XIV. Was Louis accused of sowing the whirlwind? Then point out that it was he who introduced an almost classical restraint and dignity into French life. Was he accused of dissipating the great kingdom he inherited, by ceaseless wars and harrying taxes? Then show that when he became King France was torn by civil war, its power was reduced, its boundaries were uncertain, and that little by little he restored its wealth, built up its army, and as a result of one successful campaign after another incorporated in its boundaries disputed territory that has since belonged to France. Was he accused of idling luxuriously at Court while the neglected army struggled against odds? This was a carefully considered plan to conceal the magnitude of his plans from the enemy. Was he accused of failing to wring sufficient profit from his victories, and of concluding premature peace when he might have crushed the enemy, in order to rush back to Mme de Maintenon and Versailles? This again was superb diplomacy. The world was united against him, and if he had exacted too greedy terms of peace from a vanquished enemy, Austria, Germany, Spain, and England would have forced him to disgorge. Moreover, it was an old complaint against France that she could conquer new territory, but could not hold it. Louis consolidated his gains before seeking more. Was he accused of grinding the faces of the poor and of saying "L'état, c'est moi"? Flatly, he never said it, and his "entire life belied that silly stilted phrase." Was he accused of being frivolous and of placing too much respect in the pretensions of rank? It was he who encouraged, patronized, and—contrary to the current custom in France—duly respected great artists and writers. "He was the King of France during the Grand Siècle, and created the most civilized society in Occidental history since the days of Greece and Rome." "With the debatable exception of Napoleon, he was the greatest ruler France has ever had! He fashioned France in his own image, and she remains today essentially as he left her."



This is a blast indeed, and the heterodoxy of M. Bertrand's opinions can be counted on to compensate for his too declamatory style. The most interesting question the book raises is not touched upon by the author. In spite of Louis's ability and devotion as a king, the seeds of revolution were certainly sown during his long reign; and one wonders if perhaps a highly civilized society is not too great a luxury for any country to support for a protracted period of time. Certainly it was too severe a strain for France in the days before mechanical inventions magnified man's labor power. The book can be read with profit only if the author's monarchistic and religious prejudices are discounted; but this is true of a writer as much greater than Bertrand as Sainte-Beuve. Bertrand's portrait of Mme de Maintenon, as of all the King's mistresses, is absurdly unfair. He leans too much on asseveration and too little on the wealth of material available to the historian of this period. Nevertheless the lay student of the period will be well repaid by reading the book.

The twelve portraits of the revolution are Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, Saint Just, Marat, Desmoulins, Vergniaud, the King, the Queen, Theroigne de Méricourt, Mme Roland, and Charlotte Corday. They are rapid, well-written recitals of the main facts of the lives of each sitter, and, with the exception of that of Marie Antoinette, are done with impartiality and appreciation of different types of people. They are too brief, however, to go into disputed points, and the writer has no unusual gifts of character evocation.

The story of Dianne de Poytiers is, in its writing, as excellent an example of the better type of modern biography as Louis XIV is a poor one. Miss Henderson writes extremely well, and she has used great skill in weaving into her own vivacious narrative the very extensive first-hand materials she has accumulated. Instead of making loud asseverations as to Dianne's true character, she quotes inimitable contemporary stories drawn both from her admirers and her detractors. Instead of hotly asserting Henri's devotion, she quotes some of his letters, but always to the point, and never for the sake of rubbing in her erudition. Diarists of the period, letter writers, poets, gossips, satirists, confessors, abbés, rakes, great lords, and ladies, all trail in lively procession through her book, which is enriched with twenty-two illustrations—contemporary portraits, statues, bas-reliefs, enamels, and chateaux. If I have a criticism to make of this lively narrative, which contrives at the same time to be a rich repository of learning and wit, it is that the importance of François I, particularly in bringing great artists to his court, is not adequately shown, and that only those among the artists who were directly concerned with Dianne figure in her pages. But in making this criticism I am perhaps only saying that I wish Miss Henderson had written two books instead of one.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

## Spying as Science and Sport

*Spy and Counter-Spy: The Development of Modern Espionage.*

By Richard Wilmer Rowan. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

*Spies.* By Joseph Gollomb. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THE general reader is acquainted with the considerable output of books supposed to be composed of strictly "true" stories of crime, from highway robbery and murder to piracy and treason. The manufacture of this literature has led to the systematic ransacking of libraries for historical documents and court records of the past until one wonders at the industry involved. A great deal of this delving is of scholarly inspiration and the collections have at least a documentary value. But if they are not to be deplored neither are they to be valued very highly. All they usually do is to satisfy curiosity or supply vicarious thrills.

Joseph Gollomb's "Spies" is, on the whole, a book of this

character. Its origin may be set down to the progressive exhaustion of true stories of murderers and pirates, by this author in particular and by his fellow-practitioners in general. The neglect of the spy till now is not surprising when it is considered that his work has always been kept so secret that the hardest spade labor is necessary to bring it to light. The research of Mr. Gollomb has been highly successful, but the book he offers is simply a compilation of spy stories. They are told in chronological order from the days of Moses, who sent spies to survey the land of Canaan, to Wilhelm Stieber, who first put spying upon an organized basis, right down to the latest spy episodes of the Great War. The tales of the individual spies are well told. A reader who is seeking palpitations of the heart will get them. But that is almost the whole value of the book.

On the other hand, Richard Wilmer Rowan's "Spy and Counter-Spy" is a vastly more sophisticated book. Appearing at almost the same time and based upon practically the same material (the respective authors score very few "beats") it is converted by the attitude of its author and by his method into a contribution to political science of real importance. Mr. Rowan has taken the stories of individual spies and made them into a well-ordered treatise on the work of the spy. We are presented with a lucid exposition of the various sides of the spy's activities rather than mere history. This double aspect of the book gives it at once meaning and quality. In Mr. Rowan we are dealing, it is apparent, with a student of espionage considered as an art and a science; and an aspiring spy will find here a manual that has a Machiavellian flavor all its own. The author is perfectly detached and passes no judgments, moral or patriotic, and the acerbity of his style is well suited to his purpose. Moreover, a strong political-mindedness has made him perceive that an account of spies and spying should aim at far more than diversion. His treatment of the subject as one of the phases of statecraft makes admirably clear its relation to the problems of war and imperialism. He forces the reader to reflect upon such matters as the connections between spying and disarmament and between spying and the destruction of civil rights in war time. Liberals should find instructive his statement that 45,000 spies, about equally divided, were in action on both sides during the Great War. In fact, the whole book is one that deserves to be read and pondered by anyone who is at all interested in war and peace and international relations.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

## A New Symbolist

*Now the Sky and Other Poems.* By Mark Van Doren. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.

THIS is Mr. Van Doren's third volume of poetry, and it is one of the half-dozen really distinguished books of poetry that have appeared in America in the last ten years. His performance has exhibited, from the outset, a continuity of impulse, a certainty of direction, and consequently a homogeneous development of style. There are other contemporary poetic minds as interesting as Mr. Van Doren's, but none knows itself so well. He is that rare American poet who has been able to sustain, over a number of years, a single purpose, and to extend and deepen this purpose without doing violence to his style as it was originally conceived. Marianne Moore and Wallace Stevens, of Van Doren's generation, alone have equaled him in the certainty of their craft; but their impulse contrasted with his (which is complex and dynamic) is simple and static, and easier to control.

Mr. Van Doren is, in fact, if not the most brilliant stylist of our time, one of the most accomplished craftsmen. It would be difficult to find in all his work an ill-written poem. There are, however, several unsatisfactory poems. There has always been in his verse, as I have previously pointed out, an occa-



sional obscurity which appears when the poem seems, at first glance, to be simplest and clearest. Take this stanza, from one of the Philosopher's Love Songs:

I learn at last  
To wait alone.  
She is my own  
And tethered fast—  
But to no mast  
And to no moan.

It is an image that puts the seal of logical meaning upon the poem but which leaves the emotion diffuse. This kind of obscurity, in a poet of Van Doren's stature, is due to a gift for writing which persists at those times when the impulse is diffuse or repetitive. But this analysis, in the light of his most recent poems, requires extension: the symbols that first occupied his mind were not equal to the full reach of his vision, and while these early symbols could not comprehend all that he had to say and left his emotion diffuse, his skill as a rhetorician saved him from the appearance of failure.

Certain minute changes in natural scenes are the source of Van Doren's early symbolism, and in the best poems the correspondence between the feeling and the image is so exact that it has tempted him to attribute philosophical value to the "objective reference" of his feeling—that is, to nature itself. There has therefore been latent in his impulse the tendency to document his sense of nature to the fullest. But he has always had more than the sense of nature, or at any rate a sense quite different from that. Only those poems in which the feeling is intimately related to the natural symbol are completely successful. Nature, in short, has been the sustaining framework of Van Doren's best work up to the present time. But it has not exhausted his vision; there has been a certain number of poems, written in the effort to document the sense of nature, which contain traces of an impulse alien to that intention. What to do with this alien impulse and what its significance is in relation to the original one are questions that landed Mr. Van Doren in a serious dilemma.

But, as a conscious artist, he has, in the present volume, analyzed his predicament, and he sets about correcting the divided emphasis of his past work. Nature, he says, in a long history of his mind entitled *We Come Too Late*, no longer sustains him: the last poem in the book predicts a more varied background for his future work. There is, indeed, at present interesting evidence of this.

There are few poets whom the sense of nature has supported throughout a long career, and there is nothing peculiarly modern in Mr. Van Doren's rejection of an early belief. That he has, however, been able to extricate himself from a predicament that would destroy most poets and to use the predicament itself as a fresh starting-point attests to the vigilance of one of the most acute intelligences in contemporary poetry.

Yet, if there is nothing specifically modern in a rejection of nature, the positive direction with which Van Doren follows his rejection puts upon it a definitely modern interpretation. It is not that his feeling for nature has weakened; it is rather that he can no longer believe in it as a realm of fixed symbols adequate to what he has to say. It no longer has the intrinsic value that he once thought it had. As a modern mind he has been affected by the scientific version of nature (or by its moral equivalent in the social atmosphere), which has killed its human values. Turning away, he finds that the only values accessible to him as a modern lie within himself. And so, breaking off from the early tendency toward a minute documentation of the sense of nature—possible only so long as nature has intrinsic human values—he grows more and more interested in the creation of intricate and elusive emotions, which a simple inspection of the face of nature would not support. Poems like *Tiresias*, *The Disguise*, *Civil War*, in which the imagery is composed of irrational symbols irreducible to the logic of prose, connect Van Doren with his contemporaries Wallace Stevens, Phelps

Putnam, Hart Crane. There is, in these recent poems, a quality not unlike that of the symbolist poets. And there is, besides, quality of macabre ferocity in some of his images unlike anything he has done before and unlike anything by anybody else. Here is a specimen from *Civil War*:

In the forbidden country where the sod  
Grows down and down, with restless blue roots, gray roots,  
In the dark windy land no one can leave,  
Separate necks yearn homeward;  
Separate hungry shoulders pull and pull.  
*Wind, oh wind, I did not come to stay;*  
*I must be there tomorrow, not to miss. . . .*  
But the dark wind is earless, and the day  
Is endless, and the grasses hiss and hiss.

ALLEN TATE

## Fiction from History

*Ashes.* By Stephan Zeromski. Translated from the Polish by Helen Stankiewics Zand. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes boxed. \$6.

*Defeat.* By Ricarda Huch. Translated from the German by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

*Trenck: The Love Story of a Favourite.* By Bruno Frank. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IS it really possible for these three examples of historical fiction to have been written by contemporaries, or near-contemporaries (Zeromski died in 1925 and Ricarda Huch had completed her best work by the outbreak of the war)? They seem separated by generations, almost epochs. So sharp-cut are the abysses that lie between them that the reader can trace with fair exactitude the progressive steps taken in recent years by the mind of the historical novelist.

"*Ashes*" is a two-volume explosion detonating against the ferociously colored background of the Napoleonic invasion and the Polish struggle for freedom. It is difficult to understand Conrad's words of praise for a writer whose mind seems stuffed full of servant-girl romances. To Zeromski history is merely a series of violences in chronological order, a sort of uninterrupted red flare against which the characters send up their oratorical rockets. His heroes are passionate and aristocratic: The Duchess would not have been ashamed to sponsor them. His heroines, to avoid being raped by non-Polish soldiery, cast themselves over Byronic cliffs, a proceeding permissible in life but hardly in literature.

A critical moment in a nation's history is not viewed as a modern eye would view it, that is, as the culmination of a set of complex forces resolvable by the exercise of the critical and imaginative faculties working in harmonious conjunction, but as chaotic melodrama, in which all the actors out-Herod Herod and megaphone their feelings quite in the manner of the tent'-thirt'. If Santayana could bring himself to peruse such undisciplined and tropical prose, he would find in "*Ashes*" a perfect example of the literature of barbarism. We have not had such a roaring perversion of history since "*Quo Vadis*."

While Ricarda Huch is, as a literary craftswoman, infinitely superior to the purpureal Zeromski, her outlook on the past is at bottom no more moving than his. "*Defeat*" is concerned with Garibaldi's defense of Rome and his ignominious withdrawal before the forces of France in 1849. If "*Ashes*" is chaotic melodrama, "*Defeat*" is a heroic pageant, conceived in Carlylean terms. Confronted with Italy, Ricarda Huch seems to have undergone the same process of mental softening that is observable in her countrymen, Goethe and Winckelmann. When a German crosses the Alps his capacity for detached reflection seems abruptly to desert him and his emotions immediately register high pressure. If there is any political



movement that cries out for the judgment of an ironic mind. It is the Risorgimento; and if there are any two national heroes who combine the qualities of courage and idealism with those of absurd grandiloquence and sentimental quixotism, they are Garibaldi and Mazzini. But Ricarda Huch remains true to an expiring tradition: Garibaldi and Mazzini are stuck to their pedestals with a heavy Teutonic glue and introduced to us as if they were Achilles and Odysseus. The result of this posturing is comic opera rendered all the more ludicrous by the author's unswerving admiration of her heroes even in their most undignified moments. Ricarda Huch's great historical knowledge and her grave and marmoreal prose cannot atone for her lack of humor and insight.

As a historical novel, "Trenck" is a slight work and does not remain long in the memory, but it is at least free of the defects of "Ashes" and "Defeat." Except for his occasional but unimportant concessions to German national feeling, Frank's view of Frederick the Great and his ill-starred favorite, Baron Trenck, is intelligent and realistic. He is lacking in the psychological sympathy of Brod and Neumann and Feuchtwanger, but at least he does not enlarge his characters beyond life-size nor does he depend on a set of emotional formulas to secure the reader's sympathy. Though his best chapters are the purely narrative ones, one can see that he views his historical material in critical perspective, a perspective that does not exclude irony and humor. He works like a modern man with whatever tools the modern historian can furnish him.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

## Books in Brief

*The Formation of the Chinese People: An Anthropological Inquiry.* By Chi Li. Harvard University Press.

What is a Chinese? They differ from one another in height, color, habits, and skull form; and for thousands of years the race has been changing. Chi Li's is a pioneer scientific study. He summarizes such physical data as are available upon the physical traits of modern Chinese in various parts of China (a decade hence there will be more abundant and conclusive data), the records of city-wall building, the spread of various Chinese surnames, and the distribution of the "We-group," those whom the Chinese have regarded as civilizers, of their own kind, and of the "You-group," the aliens, the barbarians. He traces the incorporation into the "We-group," originally confined to the silk-wearing, rice-eating, city-building descendants of the Yellow Emperor, of the horse-riding, flesh-eating Hsiung-nus, the yak-driving Ch'iangs, the pig-rearing Tungus, and the cattle-stealing Mongols, since the beginning of the Christian era, and the distribution in the various provinces of these new stocks; and the slower absorption of the tattooing Shans and the cremating Tibeto-Burmans in the South. And he concludes modestly: "The aim of this monograph is simply to show the complexity of the problem and the possible ways of solving it."

*Indice de Documentos de Nueva España.* Secretaria de Relaciones exteriores, Mexico.

The wonders of New Spain, the exploits of the conquerors—these pages of American history and romance have still hardly been cut. Even this catalogue of the letters and reports made for the King of Spain by explorers, soldiers, and missionaries from Arizona to Peru is here for the first time available. It was compiled by the Mexican historian Francisco del Paso y Troncoso for his own use and has been posthumously published. Possibly it is not a complete list, but certainly it is an adequate one. It covers the entire colonial period, and even the bare outline of the titles unfolds a vision, from the first searches for golden lands to the last quarrels over booty. For historians, archaeologists, anthropologists, and ama-

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teurs with the time and talent to read Spanish paleography in Seville, this is a valuable book. But one would like to see in print, and in English, at least samples of this king's fare.

*A Book About Paris.* By George and Pearl Adam. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

Of course nobody ever writes a book about the capital of France which does not purport to reveal the "real Paris." The only difference is that some authors are more sincere, or more successful, or both, than others. Fortunately, too, there are so many real Parises that there is room for numerous books without exhausting the reality. This volume is certainly sincere and reasonably successful in presenting the "real Paris" of the writers. It deals with sober and satisfying aspects, and gives an added pleasure through the inclusion of illustrations in color by H. Franks Waring.

## Drama American Comedy

THE conventional opinion has it that George M. Cohan is the head of the American comic tradition. Both here and abroad it is generally assumed, not only that we are at present incapable of the more civilized sorts of comedy, but also that any possible future for us lies in his direction. There is, of course, a certain element of truth in this contention. He did succeed in crossing the new and shallow sophistication of Broadway with that bucolic innocence of spirit which of necessity lingers in a metropolitan civilization hardly a generation old, and he did thus achieve very lively representations of the people with whom he dealt from their own point of view. But his plays had the crudeness as well as the vivacity of his characters. He not only represented the workings of the immature American mind but he exemplified it as well, and to say that the *genre* which he made popular is the one which we must continue to cultivate is simply to assert that, resting content with vulgar representations of vulgarity, we must never hope to reach any artistic maturity at all.

Plays like "Broadway," "The Royal Family," and "The Barker" belong, for all the differences which may exist between them, to the Cohan tradition both in their tendency to sanction an ultimate dependence upon melodrama or farce and in the essentially uncritical character of even their satire. These are hailed by the general public and by that section of the commentators which still pins its faith upon the popular as distinguished from the literary drama, but they do not, for all that, seem to be leading anywhere. No conceivable increase in speed or superficial verisimilitude can raise noisy entertainments of the type of "Broadway" above their own level, and the hope of an American comedy lies less with their authors than with people like Maxwell Anderson, H. N. Behrman, and Philip Barry who have been more quietly experimenting with native comedies of a different sort. This week two new ones, "Holiday" (Plymouth Theater) and "A Most Immoral Lady" (Cort Theater), have appeared.

For the earlier and much be-praised "whimsical" plays of Mr. Barry, author of the first, I have no great enthusiasm, but in "Paris Bound" he showed himself capable of writing pure comedy with dexterity and taste and in "Holiday" he at least equals his former success. The plot is extremely slight and the whole thing tenuous to the very last degree, but it is both delightfully witty and thoroughly humane as well. Mr. Barry does not cultivate either the wisecrack or even its more literary twin brother the epigram; his dialogue is not of the sort which can be quoted in fragments and it is almost too unsubstantial to be subject to analysis; but it ripples in one gay and continuous stream throughout the piece like the conversation which one

hopes to hear (but never has actually heard) at some supernally well-selected dinner-party. He tells no story that is particularly important and introduces us to no character very remarkable in himself, but he generates that atmosphere in which comedy lives, breathes, and has its being. His people have gaiety and ease and grace. They make us believe in the real existence of that world of delicate suavity, of the free but decorous play of the intellect toward which sophisticated societies are always striving, and which, though it is never reached by any people of flesh and blood, it is the business of comedy to imagine in its perfection in order, first, that we may have an image of the ideal of civilized human intercourse and, second, that we may find in this idealized world of manners some compensation for the inevitable crudities of that real one in which we live. Mr. Barry is as "American" as he needs to be—he deals, that is to say, with American characters in an American scene. But his play is also, as every good American piece should be, something more. It is international or classic besides, not because it is great or powerful, but because its author is endeavoring to write comedy in the great tradition.

Townsend Martin's "A Most Immoral Lady" is hardly less accomplished in its dialogue, in its atmosphere, and in its success in creating interestingly agreeable people, but the author has attempted to handle a more dramatic situation without knowing exactly what to do with it, so that the play, continuously interesting during the first two acts, arrives at a highly conventional and rather pointless conclusion. It has, however, the very important advantage of Miss Alice Brady in the leading role. She is, without exception I think, the most accomplished American interpreter of the spirit of polite comedy and she illuminates the whole with her charm, making the play seem better than it is. Never within my memory has she had a role quite worthy of her, but she exists as a constant challenge to our playwrights. She is here, finished and waiting for that comedy which several of them seem capable at any moment of writing.

The rapturous applause which greeted "A Play Without a Name" (Booth Theater) was probably intended for Peggy Wood who plays the leading role. The play itself is a rather commonplace sentimental drama interrupted at three points by a very elaborate scene supposed to represent the interior of the hero's skull. The only thing to be said of them is that of all the odd devices recently tried out on the stage this one achieves the minimum of communication with the maximum of machinery.

"The Sacred Flame" (Henry Miller), a pretty good example of the rather mechanical sort of play which Maugham has got into the habit of giving us, affords Clare Eames the opportunity to do the best piece of acting she has done in several seasons past.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Robert Rossiter, a widower of forty, decides, for the good of his three children, to give up a sweetheart of seven years' standing and marry a respectable bit of vapidty who doesn't care for him and for whom he doesn't care. What the children and the women do about it is the subject of "The Lady Lies" (Little Theater). What Rossiter does—after the others have determined his action—is suggested also at the play's end. Modern-minded moralists will insist that Rossiter was a dunce and his problem poppycock, but there are more Rossiters and more poppycock in the world than modern-minded moralists, and John Meehan has used the fact to write an amusing, intelligent, and generally convincing comedy. William Boyd and Shirley Warde carry the leading roles well. Nan Sunderland as Hilda Pearson was good, too, but the chuckles of a pleased third-night audience were chiefly for Anna Thomas as Rossiter's youngest daughter.

A. W.

Probably due to the hand of Laurence Stallings, "Rainbow" (Gallo Theater) is far more robust and entertaining than the usual musical play. It is well-staged and well-sung. Charles Ruggles's comedy is a treat, especially in his rendition of "The Bride Was Dressed in White."

M. G.





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# International Relations Section

## Austro-German Union

By FRIEDRICH HERTZ

AUSTRIA is today the object of a great deal of criticism in the French press. She is accused of open or at least ill-concealed Pan-Germanism because on the occasion of a song festival there has been, among other things, some talk of union with Germany. Indeed the French press definitely reports Dr. Benes as having declared in Berlin that such a union meant war, and Pertinax adds in a note of explanation in the *Echo de Paris* that this refers not only to a formal and complete consolidation of the two countries without the sanction of the League of Nations (something no German or Austrian dreams of) but also to any gradual conformity of form of government, administration, law, education, and public economy. The latter is actually already taking place, but the treaties of peace give the other states not the slightest right to oppose it. In spite of this, Pertinax maintains that the "threatened" states have the right to go to war in order to prevent such a union, and cites, without regard to the Kellogg pact, Section 7, Article 15 of the constitution of the League of Nations. Other French newspapers hold a similar view of the situation.

Now it is obvious to all that the entire hubbub about the Austrian situation is directed more against Germany than Austria. The intention behind the propaganda is clear: It is to set the public mind in France against Germany's demand that the Rhineland be vacated by raising the alarming cry of Pan-Germanism.

My consistent standpoint as writer, especially during the World War, gives me the right to consider myself as one of the sharpest critics and opponents of German Nationalism. Nor have I been inclined personally to view an unconditional union with Germany with much enthusiasm, although I do not consider myself less a German than an Austrian and a citizen of the world.

Nevertheless I consider it the duty of every pacifist and liberal to take an unmistakable stand against the sophistical negation of the principle of self-determination and against the duplication of the fable of the lion and the lamb involved in the present question. It is not necessary to consider for the present whether consolidation is politically or culturally advisable for Austria, for that question concerns only Austria. It is the far more important international problem which concerns me here. It is, first of all, a rank falsehood that the movement for union with Germany in Austria has been fostered by the German Government or by the German Nationalists. Everyone who has studied the Austrian political situation without prejudice knows very well that the movement has been spontaneous. As a matter of fact, it is opposed heart and soul by the reactionary Nationalist elements in Germany, although they do not any longer dare to voice their objections as loudly as previously. They know only too well that they will never be able to count on assistance from the Austrian Germans in a war for revenge, and that the Austrian votes will be cast overwhelmingly in favor of peace and democracy. In the Reichstag, the Austrian Germans would belong principally to the Center and to the

Social Democracy, for among them Nationalism is only poorly represented. While in Germany I had more than one occasion to admire the great tact of reactionaries who thought nothing of openly expressing their contempt for "listless" Austria in the presence of an Austrian.

Austria has neither a military junkerdom nor an upper middle-class of great industrial power such as is to be found in Germany. The nobility, which moreover has been abolished, was for the most part of foreign origin, and the rest of the population has also a considerable proportion of non-Germans, mostly in the military and official service, the groups which are at present the mainstay of German Nationalism. The Catholic church was always more internationally minded than German Lutherism. Austrian public opinion today represents mainly the psychology of the poorer peasant, the lower middle-class, and the petty official, and to this must be added the newer and powerful influence of Social Democracy.

Let us, however, assume for the moment that which is empirically impossible. Let us analyze the situation from the point of view of the French Nationalists who pretend to fear that, once united with Germany, the unarmed Austrian people will proceed to threaten the rather well-prepared Czecho-Slovakian nation. Now if a common war plan existed anywhere else than in the heated imagination of a number of French publicists, it would be a matter of no importance whether Germany and Austria were formally united or not. The "secret general staffs" in Vienna and Berlin could, obviously, work together without the political union of the two states. Nor would this cooperation necessarily involve armed participation on Austria's part. For Germany engaged in a war of revenge it would be apparently even an advantage, from the military point of view, to be able to count on an independent and, above all, neutral Austria. For Austria is surrounded by potential enemies, and is difficult to defend. Vienna is situated so close to the Austrian border that hostile fliers would be bombing the city in twenty-five minutes. A neutral Austria would, besides, be commercially an open door for Germany, while it would remain closed to Germany's enemies.

Much more important than these considerations is the maintenance of the right of self-determination which was established as the binding principle of post-war Europe. This is no longer a matter of Austria's or Germany's interests; this concerns Europe and the world as well. Without the right of self-determination the creation of an international rule of justice is an impossibility. With what dishonesty the principle of self-determination is being perverted is shown by the claim that the union of Austria with Germany would have to be accompanied by the union of Belgium or French Switzerland with France. Does Belgium then or French Switzerland desire such a union? In case of Austria, on the contrary, such a desire exists. It is nothing else than a bare lie to call the union of Austria and Germany annexation.

True it is, of course, that self-determination cannot comprise the entire substance of European political theory. It is indeed unfortunate that this claim was not recognized when the new boundaries were determined. Wherever self-determination was unfavorable to the conquered Powers, the other equally important principle was cast to the winds. Wherever, on the contrary, self-determination was in favor



of Austria and Germany, arguments and reasons for exceptions to be made were always found to outweigh the former principle. There must be an end, once for all, to this hypocrisy and high-handedness. All the possible exceptions to self-determination must be clearly defined and themselves made as exception-proof as possible.

In the case of Austria the treaty of peace left open the possibility of union with Germany, subject to the approval of the League of Nations. Austria falls in none of the exceptions to the right of self-determination. The main argument of the opponents of consolidation is that thereby Germany's power would be greatly increased, and that this would threaten the existence of France's allies (meaning Czecho-Slovakia). This is in short nothing else than the old European principle of the balance of power and of strategic frontiers. That this is actually unlikely has already been shown. Above this, there is also the thorough illegality of such a consideration. No honest adherent of international justice can afford to admit that military considerations of the balance of power and of strategic boundaries may lead to even the slightest violation of self-determination. He who makes the least concession in this respect will soon find himself on a steep decline which can only end in the absolute negation of the principle.

There are no national boundaries which are not at some point or other strategically unfavorable to the neighboring state. There will always be mountains, rivers, coal and metal mines, harbors, etc., which will appear valuable to the militarist. He, therefore, who recognizes the military argument must perforce deny the nationalistic and democratic. Moreover, "strategic borders" in this era of chemical and air warfare are simply nonsense. It would indeed have to be a Himalaya or an Amazon River which would offer diffi-

culties to the military technique of a modern, industrially developed state. Against the newer methods of warfare and the ingenuity of industrialism our rivers and mountains no longer afford any protection. Against a small, weak state, moreover, no protection is necessary, and the military argument therefore adds hypocrisy to brutal injustice.

The real reasons for the alarm which the French newspapers have raised lie elsewhere. The fear of German military power and revenge is merely an excuse. From the pacifist point of view, France would have every reason to support the union. The whole affair is merely a well-timed effort to wrest concessions from Germany regarding the evacuation of the Rhine provided by the treaty of peace; and to this must be added another motive—Czecho-Slovakia's effort to keep Austria economically dependent. Admittedly, Dr. Benes would be greatly pleased if Austria were incorporated in the Little Entente under Czecho-Slovakian hegemony. Economically indeed a closer alliance between these nations would be profitable to all parties concerned, but unfortunately Czecho-Slovakia has from its very inception pursued a policy toward Austria which is inimical to any such proposal.

It is not a union with Germany but the right of self-determination that I am championing in this article. The practical recognition of this principle appears to me to be so important that in order to establish it I would be willing to advocate consolidation even when I believed it to be against Austria's interests. Whether consolidation is expedient for Austria seems to me to depend upon more narrow considerations. For the sake of peace in Europe it is at any rate highly desirable, for it would put the German Nationalist reactionaries in the hopeless minority.

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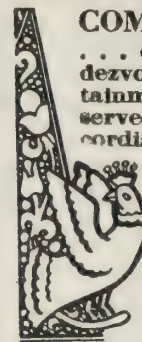
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# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

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TO OUR READERS a Happy New Year! May it be given to them to be eyewitnesses of true political and social progress in 1929, and may we be the fortunate chroniclers of it! We cannot let this issue, the last to bear the date of the old year, speed on its way without a warm word of gratitude to all those friends who made the tenth year of the present editorship the most successful in our history. To have seen the circulation figures touch, and go above, 40,000 has been to all the editors a profound reason for gratitude and inspiration, though it has not decreased their own sense of inadequacy to their task or blurred their vision of the kind of outspoken weekly they would create were unlimited means theirs. To them the rise in ten years of stress, misunderstanding, misrepresentation, and often bitter opposition, from 7,200 readers to 40,000 spells a growth of tolerance (especially for journalistic shortcomings); an increasing demand for more political thinking; and a realization that America cannot live and grow spiritually by material success alone. To those who made the tenth-anniversary subscription campaign a possibility and a success go our special thanks. We record with particular pleasure the formation of clubs of *Nation* readers in a number of communities, not merely because they seek to serve *The Nation* but because they certify to the rising desire of liberals to know one another and to come together again for progressive political action. The editors realize that *The Nation's* road to definite establishment and prosperity is

still long and arduous; that they are leagues from the point at which they will be able to build the larger and better weekly they seek to create. But they would be less than human if they let this opportunity pass without recording their profound gratitude for the innumerable evidences from all over the world of good-will, good cheer, generous support, and warm approval which have for them made 1928 unforgettable.

WHILE WE ARE DISTRIBUTING New Year wishes we desire to congratulate the owners of station WMCA of New York on their recent victory before the Federal Radio Commission in winning an equal division of time on the air with station WNYC. Not many large radio stations in America would give to an editor the unconditional right to say what he pleased without preliminary review or censorship, but such is the privilege which has been extended to the editors of *The Nation* by station WMCA for a number of months. Radio listeners who have tuned in on *The Nation* hour once a week can bear testimony to the fact that the most controversial matters have been discussed with the utmost frankness. Station WNYC, which asked the Federal Radio Commission for WMCA's time, and was refused, came before the commission with much public support because it is owned and operated by the city of New York. But municipal operation of a radio station does not mean freedom of speech; in the case of station WNYC it has meant quite the opposite. While New York is seething with governmental scandals which cry out for public exposure, the programs of the municipal radio station are limited to colorless, non-controversial "education." If publicly owned radio stations are to have any distinct value for the community they should be multi-partisan rather than non-partisan, allotting their time proportionately to majority and minority groups. Such an opinion is growing in England where government control has proved irksome and repressive. Meanwhile the editors of *The Nation* will continue to say what they think every Wednesday night over WMCA.

BOLIVIA'S ANNOUNCEMENT that it has ordered a halt to hostilities in the region in dispute between it and the republic of Paraguay increases the hope of a peaceful settlement of the difficulty through the mediation of outside nations, though the Bolivian population is in a hysterical state of mind and is using all the stupid old shibboleths about patriotism and national honor to justify the murder of its own young men and those of its neighbor in a war over something which isn't of the slightest concern to either of the countries, or even to purely selfish commercial interests within them. Fortunately Paraguay is more pacific and, whatever the degree of its fault in the original clash, it has since showed a praiseworthy desire to avoid war. Its acceptance of the offer of mediation on the part of the Pan-American arbitration conference puts it right with public opinion and will win for it world sympathy if Bolivia fails to take a similar course. Incidentally it is not a little ironic that Bolivia is able to spit fire with such gusto largely because it was a recent recipient of a large loan from United States



bankers. The purpose of this loan, which was internal development, will of course totally miscarry if the country wastes its substance in war or even in preparations for it.

**N**ATURALLY THE BOLIVIAN-PARAGUAYAN outburst has taken the edge off Mr. Hoover's "good-will visit" to South America, but although it is bad for his publicity it may be good for his education. And Mr. Hoover (and the United States) need education much more than publicity. Persons familiar with South American conditions watched with special care the account of Mr. Hoover's reception in the Argentine, partly because Argentina is the most Europeanized and among the most powerful of the Latin-American republics, but also because it is the chief center of antagonism to the United States. Argentina's withdrawal from the Pan-American Conference in Havana last winter because of resentment against our domination is still fresh in memory. Naturally economic causes are the chief source of ill-feeling. Our tariff on agricultural products, though of small benefit to our farmers, is regarded in the Argentine as unfriendly and reprisals have been proposed. The official reception to Mr. Hoover in Buenos Aires was, of course, as gracious as could be devised, but the newspaper dispatches report a distinct lack of popular enthusiasm. Mr. Hoover was happy in seizing his visit in Buenos Aires to declare through the columns of *La Nacion* that he is opposed to intervention by the United States in Latin-American affairs. We hope his Administration may prove the declaration more than wind blowing across the pampas.

**T**HE OUTCOME of the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations is in doubt at this writing. There are various rumors as to what has finally been decided upon in regard to the evacuation of German territory. One of these stories is that the Germans are to pay \$400,000,000 for complete evacuation, which sum France will receive on account of reparations, will use to pay what she owes the United States for the army supplies purchased by her after the armistice, and will then consent to the floating of a German loan in America, Berlin to transfer to Washington an unnamed amount of gold. This may be mere gossip, but the fact is that the Germans seem to have returned to Berlin much encouraged in spirit, especially by Stresemann's vigorous opposition to the Polish Prime Minister, Zaleski. The latter said that the action of the German Volksbund of Upper Silesia was "treasonable and a danger to the peace of Europe." To this Stresemann replied with high passion that the Germans in Polish Silesia were right in appealing to the League for redress, declaring that "one of the strongest pillars of the League would be destroyed" if for one moment it forgot its duties to racial and national minorities. In this he was upheld by Briand, who declared that "nothing whatsoever can happen which would cause the League to abandon its solemn duty to all minorities."

**T**HE BEST THAT CAN BE SAID about the Boulder Dam bill as it passed the Senate is that it is better than nothing. The men who fought for this bill against the power lobby for eight years deserve the thanks of every good citizen, but it is a rather sorry disappointment to the advocates of public ownership. It provides for flood control and irrigation through the erection of the highest dam in the world, but the vital questions of public or private development of the power plants to be erected at the dam are

left to the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior. Senator Borah's amendment to make the government construction of the power house mandatory, as the House had already provided, was withdrawn because the advocates of the measure feared a Coolidge veto if this provision was included. The man who inherits the mantle of Albert B. Fall, Hubert Work, and Roy West is permitted to turn over the erection of a power house to private companies or to lease power from a government plant to private companies on terms which will permit them to revise their bids every ten years. The one guaranty—and a very important one—that the electric power will be used for the public interest is the provision that States are given preference over private corporations in the purchase of current. Meanwhile, the Boulder Dam bill has gone to conference for final revision by the Senate and House committees, and after that hazard it still must face both Houses for final vote and then be ratified by the quarreling States of the Colorado basin. The power lobby has at least half a dozen more chances—in the White House, Congress, and the State legislatures—to smother the frail infant.

**T**HE TRIAL OF PERRY HOWARD, the Republican Negro committeeman from Mississippi, and four co-defendants, all charged with the sale of offices, has resulted in their acquittal. Howard, the dispatches report, made an admirable witness in his own behalf, being frank, straightforward, and good humored throughout his cross-examination. The jury simply would not believe the chief government witness, A. P. Russell, a former United States marshal, who swore that he paid the Negroes \$2,000 for his office, \$1,500 of which was given to Perry Howard in the latter's office in Washington, where he has been assistant to the Attorney General of the United States. An amusing touch was that some of the jurors declared they thought the Negroes had been "exceptionally good" to Russell and his brother and "they did not have much respect for informers anyway." This verdict is accepted as ending the efforts of the white Republican faction in Mississippi to get rid of Howard as the Republican national committeeman. Incidentally, it again puts up to Herbert Hoover the question of the reorganization of the Republican Party in the South. Leading Negroes have been distinctly on the side of Howard, not that they believed that he was above and beyond the time-honored methods of securing delegates and hawking officers to the highest bidder, but because they felt that he had been picked upon as a scapegoat largely because of his color. Meanwhile the Brookhart committee is sitting in Washington and bringing out more and more facts about the free sale of offices in the South. In one case, it appears, one man "gave up" \$500 for a postmastership. When he failed to get the job it took the leveling of a revolver to get his money back.

**E**Mployees OF THE AUSTRIAN postal, telegraph, and telephone service, who number about 50,000, have invented a new technique for labor struggles. They demanded an extra month's pay as a Christmas bonus, asserting that though living costs have increased 200 per cent since the war, wages have remained practically at the pre-war level. Parliament replied that the bad financial situation applied to the whole country and not alone to state employees; it offered a bonus of 30 per cent of a month's wages. The workers refused the offer and began a cam-



paign of "passive resistance." Instead of refusing to work, they appeared as usual—but proceeded in a leisurely and cheerful fashion to obey to the letter the somewhat obsolete regulations covering their departments. Since the telegraph office permits only a certain number of syllables in a word, the operators are meticulously counting syllables; telephone operators, in an unprecedented desire to avoid mistakes, politely ask customers to repeat numbers several times. As a result the post office in Vienna shows all the animation of a slow moving picture. Four days after the "strike" began, a million letters were piled up, telegrams were arriving one day late, and telephone service had so slackened that customers were making personal calls to save time. Efforts to end the situation have resulted in a deadlock. Parliament refuses to enter into further parleys until "passive resistance" ceases; the employees threaten to do their work with even greater precision. Meanwhile, the postal employees of Vienna are probably the only ones in the world who are taking the holiday "rush" calmly.

THE DEATH of Admiral von Scheer, commander of the German High Seas Fleet at the battle of Jutland, will doubtless precipitate anew the discussion as to the winner of that battle, a debate which is certain to continue as long as history is written. It is interesting to note that the London *Times* now admits that Von Scheer's fleet "returned home after inflicting far greater losses than it had suffered," that he was the best man that could have been picked in the German navy for the chief command, and that he "had made himself an absolute master of a system of leadership that consists in smoke-screens, mass torpedo attacks, outbursts of fire, and *Kehrtwendungen*" (reverse turns). There is no doubt that his fame as a commander will grow with the years; that he showed very great qualities in the battle of Jutland and in his withdrawal from the action. If he did not win a victory, neither did the British. His English rival certainly showed no greater skill or daring or determination. What might have been complete disaster, he well averted. It is unfortunate to have to record the fact that he was constantly egging the Kaiser on to unrestricted submarine warfare. It is pleasanter to add that, as the *Times* puts it, the tone and purpose "of what he wrote, or what he uttered, after the war was public-spirited, honorable, and modest." He devoted his last years to demanding proper care for Germany's maimed and disabled victims of the World War.

ONE MAN by manipulating the keys of an electric typewriter in New York or Washington can set up in type the articles in a hundred newspapers scattered over the continent. This amazing advance in the art of publishing has been made possible by the new teletypesetter which was invented by Walter W. Morey and exhibited in Rochester on December 6 by Frank E. Gannett of the Gannett newspapers. The new invention adapts to the linotype machine the principles of the ticker-tape and the player-piano. An electric typewriter perforates a roll of paper, with symbols for each letter and number desired, and these perforations are transmitted by wire to another city where they are duplicated on a roll of paper and fed into a linotype machine which transmutes the perforations into type. The teletypesetter can be used for mail as well as telegraphic service, since the rolls of perforated paper can be fed into the linotype machine at the convenience

of the local editor and the automatic typesetting is said to be swifter and more accurate than the human variety. Moreover these perforated rolls of paper can be used by publishers for the multiple editions of books in place of the cumbersome and expensive process of storing type. These tremendous gains in the mechanical features of publication may be offset, however, by certain social losses. The new invention increases the advantage of the chain newspapers and makes more difficult the survival of the small independent publisher.

ELINOR WYLIE'S SUDDEN DEATH deprives American literature of a uniquely gifted writer. Mrs. Wylie, whose "Nets to Catch the Wind," "Black Armor," and "Trivial Breath" contained some of the most exquisite of contributions to modern poetry, was perhaps more widely known as a novelist. But her novels were the work of a fastidious and fanciful poet, as her prose style had all the manner of her brittle-tempered verse. She was famous for her manner both in prose and verse, and there were those who found it excessive; but the scrupulousness with which she followed her literary desires gave us in "Jennifer Lorn," "The Venetian Glass Nephew," "The Orphan Angel," and "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard," four highly original stories that had much to do over the last few years with undermining the ponderous realistic tradition in contemporary fiction—a tradition which the successes of Thornton Wilder, Ernest Hemingway, and others have latterly shown to be losing favor. Mrs. Wylie was possessed of an appetite for knowledge which some readers of her novels may not have appreciated, since the labor of her researches was ably concealed beneath surfaces of fine precision. She had, in addition, pride and wit; and the current scene is poorer for her passing.

WHAT IS THIS WE READ? Why, that W. L. Mellon's magnificent new yacht, the *Vagabondia*, has arrived in New York, successfully concluding her maiden voyage. Where from? From Germany where she was built. By whom? Why, no less objectionable a company than Krupp's which, a bit over ten years ago, was turning out shot and shell to be used in killing American soldiers. Could the *Vagabondia* not have been built in the United States? Why, yes, indeed, just as well; but she would have cost her owner a few thousand dollars more. Is her owner poor? He is not; like his brother the Secretary of the Treasury, he is one of the richest men in America, probably the richest in Pennsylvania. But does he not believe in protection for home industry? Oh, yes, indeed, like his brother, the Secretary, he believes that protection is the foundation stone of American prosperity. He has a good many millions of dollars in protected industries. Why then did he go abroad for his yacht just when our ship-yards were in dire distress for lack of orders? Because when his protectionist theories and his pocket-book came into collision his patriotism and protectionism both faded away. The American ship-yards could go hang. Then he is not 100 per cent patriot? Indeed, Mr. Mellon is. He is precisely the kind of patriot we find in large numbers, men who stand by the flag—until it gets in the way of their profits or their purses. They usually rank high in nationalistic circles and may be counted on to denounce anybody who comes out against the American protective system, or the happy American custom of government by and for the rich.



# A New Liberal Party?

IS there hope now for a new party? This question has come to us in many letters, for the political interest and excitement engendered by the campaign are persisting in an unusual degree. Emphatically we believe that there is hope for a new party. Despite the huge popular vote rolled up by the Democrats their party is moribund. We are well aware that Franklin D. Roosevelt and Governor Smith have referred to the fourteen or more million votes as proof of the vitality of their organization. But a party may register many votes, yet still be near dissolution and still deserve dissolution. The Democratic high tide of votes in 1928 was not due to party principles, for these it deliberately threw away. Nor was it in response to any thrilling new—or old—social or international program, for no such program was presented. It is largely to be explained by resentment at the way in which Governor Smith was persecuted for his origin, his religion, his political associations, and his views on prohibition. It was a response also to the courage and charm of the man himself, to his picturesqueness, his ability, and such liberalism as he voiced. That cannot, however, conceal the fact that his party is bankrupt as to ideas, has no single principle left to differentiate it from the Republican Party which it strove to emulate in every way possible.

But that leaves millions unsatisfied. Opposed to the Republican Party, they cannot embrace the Democratic now that it insists that it, too, stands for Big Business, for high tariffs, for the gospel of all-controlling prosperity, for the curtailment of immigration, for a big navy, and has forgotten all about the Wilsonian doctrines of 1912. So deep is this feeling that we are convinced that one able, brave, and earnest leader, with a liberal program, could rouse the country. There is no such leader in sight—nor likely to be. Again, if there were a single compelling moral issue, a new party would arise as quickly as did the Republican Party upon that of slavery. Instead we have a multiplicity of evils and no generally accepted solution.

If one adds to the lack of a leader, and of an all-compelling issue, the blindly reactionary policies of the American Federation of Labor, and its refusal to enter politics as a labor force, and the notably individualist character of the American dissenter, it would seem on its face as if the situation were hopeless for those who desire a warless world and a new order in which there shall be adequate social control of private profit. We cannot wholly blame those who see no use in moving until some new leader appears, or the prosperity spell has lost its hold. But for us the possibility of an immediate beginning is present. We cannot forget that nearly five million votes were cast for Mr. La Follette and his progressive platform only four years ago. We are deeply impressed by the growth of liberal forums and clubs, by the spontaneous action of readers of *The Nation* in voluntarily banding themselves together in a number of cities—without any suggestion from us—in order to discuss and further among themselves the issues for which *The Nation* stands. We meet, moreover, many men and women who see at last that economic conditions and needs compel a progressive political organization. We venture to prophesy that there is not a hamlet in this country

without a few persons in revolt against the existing economic and political order.

Finally, there was the election itself to encourage us. Never before was there such a breaking of party ties, such splitting of ballots—of which the election of a Democratic Governor of New York is one instance, and the amazing defeat of the Crowe gang in Chicago another. Multitudes were ready to distinguish; ready to vote for an issue, but also to weigh the merits of individual candidates, and to vote with no regard for party labels. How else could Senator Shipstead have been reelected without any party?

The omens, therefore, seem favorable. But what can be done now without a leader or a party name, without funds or a single compelling appeal to the public? The answer is that the way to begin is to begin; the way to organize is to organize; the way to fight is to fight; locally now wherever the opportunity offers. There are progressives enough powerfully to affect Congress and to influence the election of 1932 if they could only come together. They do not know one another—often not in their own towns—partly because of the reign of reaction since the war, partly because there has been no common ground of association. An organization to serve as a liaison office; to list the innumerable existing civic and national organizations vitally interested in political and economic reforms; to register the names of individuals in every State who are ready for a change; to encourage political and economic study and action and to inspire it wherever possible; to inquire into the best methods of diffusing progressive thought; to draft slowly and with care a simple platform—that is the great need of the hour. This, we believe, will be the best way to begin the founding of a new liberal party with which we trust the Socialists, with their broad, humanitarian, and international point of view, and their tenacious organization, will be able to affiliate.

We are aware that it is a new technique for this country which we are suggesting. New parties have usually arisen out of a temporary economic stress, or because of a vibrant personality like that of Mr. Roosevelt. To build from underneath is, however, the democratic way. The Republicans did so, and did not know their Lincoln until their machinery was ready to his hand. Today it may seem like essaying the incredible. Not to us. If the work is honestly and ably done it will count. Even if it leads to no party organization, it will be worth while if it merely enables liberals to know one another and stimulates political thinking in the country which today does less sound political thinking than any other important one. We believe that thousands upon thousands of key men and women will rally to the organization as soon as the news reaches them, and that money can be found. Not, however, if there is to be a policy of drift and compromise, or of marking time to see if the Democratic Party can be liberalized, when, as we have so often shown, it is without coherence, or unity, or principle, composed of utterly dissimilar elements. Not if the controlling idea is a certain success in 1932. But if there should be courage, outspokenness, daring, and radicalism—in the English sense of the word—there will, we are certain, be an immediate and unequivocal response.



## Stop the Cruiser Bill!

**N**O sane person wants war between the United States and Great Britain, but we are moving in that direction at a dizzy pace. At Washington the militarists are using our national miseducation on preparedness to jam through Congress the fifteen-cruiser bill. They are telling our befuddled Congressmen that the failure of the Disarmament Conference leaves only one answer to the British menace, the answer of the biggest navy in the world. Some of them are not content even with this answer; they join with the editor of *Liberty* in demanding a navy large enough to whip both Great Britain and Japan combined. Such chauvinism always finds its echo in the opposing nation. When the British quote *Liberty* the Americans quote Dean Inge, who let slip an unguarded remark about the possibility of Europe uniting to pull the American Shylock's teeth. If the process goes on, the United States and Great Britain will present the spectacle of two angry boys, each with a large stone in his hand, shouting cheap threats at each other and growling: "Put down that rock or I'll hit you in the eye."

In the midst of this puerile snarling of militarist bullies and professional patriots where does our Government stand? President Coolidge in his Armistice Day address deliberately fed the flames of national prejudice and fear. His words brought such a storm of protest from all parts of the country that in his message to Congress he stressed the fact that we were building new cruisers chiefly for replacement and renewal. "This country," he said, "is neither militaristic nor imperialistic." Then, to prove that he was not precipitous in his demand for more military power, he included in his message a recommendation for eliminating the time clause in the cruiser bill. The bill originally called for the construction of five cruisers in 1929, five in 1930, and five in 1931. But the President suggested that these time clauses be omitted and that the cruisers be built when the Executive deemed it necessary.

This policy can have only one meaning. Mr. Coolidge does not want new cruisers, but he wants new threats to use in the diplomatic game of frightening Great Britain into a naval agreement that will be more favorable to the United States. What a jumble of fevered patriotism and political feebleness this policy is! Either we need new cruisers or we do not. The President by waiving the time clauses in the cruiser bill virtually admits that there is no immediate need of the cruisers. As everyone knows, their ultimate purpose is not so much to defend America as to prey upon Britain's trade routes in case of war.

All history teaches us that such threats breed anger and counter-threats, that, indeed, they are primary causes of war. We cannot frighten Britain into disarmament by a military bluff any more than Britain can stop American expansion by a bluff. If we have no immediate need of these fifteen cruisers we should say so, and frankly tell Great Britain that we do not propose to enter into a naval race. The effect of such a declaration upon British public opinion would be electric.

The little group of progressives in Congress who are fighting the cruiser bill deserve the hearty support of every citizen. *The Nation* urges its readers to send appropriate telegrams and letters to their representatives at once.

## Bothersome Colonies

**T**HERE was a paragraph in President Coolidge's Armistice Day speech which passed almost unnoticed in the United States but has raised a tumult of discussion in our overseas empire. "Our outlying possessions, with the exception of the Panama Canal Zone, are not a help to us but a hindrance," said Mr. Coolidge. "We hold them not as a profit but as a duty."

Naturally these words have caused much talk and some resentment in the regions alluded to, especially as some of them have been chastised by nature recently as well as by the President. A typhoon has lately caused large loss of life in the Philippines, while the Virgin Islands and Porto Rico were pitilessly battered by the hurricane of last autumn. Rothschild Francis's *Emancipator* of St. Thomas admits sadly that the President's profit-and-loss statement is true in regard to the Virgin Islands, but adds that "if Denmark had known the value of money she certainly could have got at the time of sale \$175,000,000 or even \$250,000,000 for this particular outlying possession. [We paid \$25,000,000.] It is too late now as this is peace time and talk is cheap."

In this country there may be a slight shiver at hearing our colonies discussed from quite such a bookkeeping standpoint as that of Mr. Coolidge, but his words throw a cold light on the whole subject of empire which may be quoted usefully against the policies of his own Administration. If our outlying possessions are "not a help to us but a hindrance," we wonder how Mr. Coolidge explains the passion of the State Department for the practical annexation of Haiti and Nicaragua. In any event, if we have a duty toward our outlying possessions, now is certainly the time to recognize it. The Virgin Islands have been consistently neglected since we acquired them a decade ago, and are still under the "temporary" (and highly unsatisfactory) government then set up. But Porto Rico needs our even more immediate attention, as it was the spot hardest hit in the recent West Indian hurricane. A recent survey shows that the island sustained damage to the extent of \$85,000,000 besides the heavy toll of human life. The Red Cross has assisted in supplying food and in rebuilding 50,000 houses, but has no funds for the rehabilitation of agriculture. The coffee industry is in the worst plight, and it is to be hoped that Congress will accede to the plea to make a loan for its revival. This industry is the only considerable one in the island still controlled largely by small individual owners, and although the living conditions of the workers are pitiable, it would be too bad if this remnant of independent agriculture were allowed to perish. As it will take five years to bring new coffee trees into bearing, and as most of the growers are without capital, it is obvious that they will have to have more or less assistance until they can sell their first crop.

Harwood Hull's *Porto Rico Progress* takes the wise stand that this is the moment to take a broad survey of the island's problems as a whole, and act accordingly, instead of merely dealing out temporary doles here and there. It recalls another part of the Armistice Day speech in which Mr. Coolidge said: "We intend to preserve our high standards of living" and declared that "we should like to see all other countries on the same level."

The newspaper then asks:



If the United States holds Porto Rico as a duty, as the President says, what is the duty of the United States to her fellow-American citizens here? How badly does the President want to preserve the high standards of living in the United States and how badly does he want those standards attained and maintained in Porto Rico?

Millions of money may be appropriated for Porto Rico with scarcely more effort than that required to make the President's speech. If appropriated every cent will be wasted, and worse than wasted, unless basic facts and conditions are studied and understood and a broad general plan developed for the physical, social, and economic rehabilitation of the largest group of American citizens anywhere outside of continental United States; rehabilitation required not because of a chance hurricane, but because of generations of malnutrition, disease, ignorance, and neglect.

Though he did not know it when he made his speech, this is the "duty" of the United States to Porto Rico to which the President referred.

The position is well taken. The situation in Porto Rico is critical. But it is only a little more critical because of the hurricane than it has been during all the thirty years of our occupation. Porto Rico suffers chronically from too many mouths to feed and too little to put into them. The density of population is ten times that of the average for our continental United States, and yet agriculture is—and seems destined long to remain—the one great source of subsistence. The food of the workers is miserably inadequate, and anemia is widespread, due to hookworm and malnutrition. The Porto Rico Chamber of Commerce estimates that at the present time unemployment extends to 60 per cent of the workers, but this is not greatly beyond the normal, which is always appalling. *Porto Rico Progress* is right. If we pretend a duty to the island, then there is an immediate call for a searching survey and an honest, intelligent effort at a remedy.

## The *Spectator*

THE London *Spectator* has just passed its hundredth birthday, an event appropriately celebrated by a commemorative issue of the magazine and by the publication in book form of a history of its career.\* A good quarter of a century older than its conservative rival, the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator* has been for several generations the best organ of moderate, or rather conservatively tinged, English liberalism, and all signs point to a future no less bright than its past. On this anniversary we extend to the *Spectator* our heartiest congratulations, with best wishes to the editor, John Evelyn Wrench.

Probably no other magazine of equal age has maintained so completely continuous a tradition or, in general, undergone so few vicissitudes. Times change and opinions change with them, but the *Spectator's* position in relation to the problems of any particular period has remained almost the same during a century, and it has survived not merely as a name but as a personality also. Doubtless this continuity has been more easily maintained as a result of the fact that from 1828 until 1925 it underwent only two significant changes of ownership. Founded by a rather shadowy Scottish journalist named Rintoul, who remained its editor and proprietor until 1858 and established its ten-

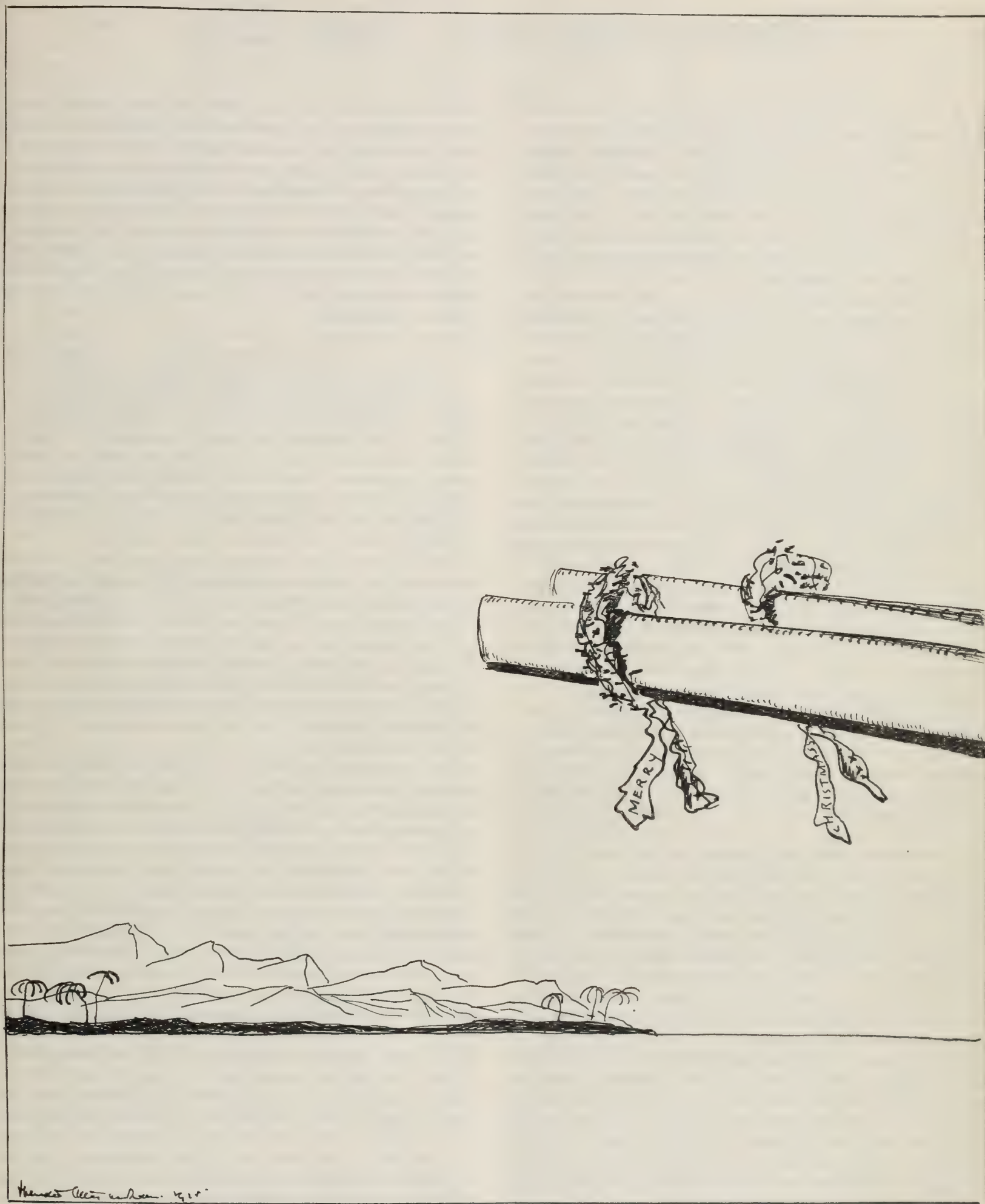
dency, it passed (after a brief interregnum) into the hands of Meredith Townsend and R. H. Hutton, who then carried it on until 1897, when St. Loe Strachey assumed control. In all three cases proprietor and editor were one, and as each editor relinquished it he handed it on, not as a mere property to be sold in the open market but to a successor who would regard it as a permanent institution.

It so happened, moreover, that under each regime the magazine found itself called upon to take an active part in molding public opinion concerning a particular group of related issues. Rintoul passionately championed the cause of the Reform Bill and fought for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Townsend and Hutton espoused the cause of the North in the American Civil War and played a considerable part in the efforts to effect the change of attitude brought about in England. Mr. Strachey was faced with the responsibility of determining the policy of the magazine in respect to the World War. Perhaps Mr. Strachey's regime was the most conservative which the paper had known, and *The Nation*, of course, is not inclined to regard his militant patriotism and his imperialistic militarism as a logical part of the liberal tradition. But Mr. Strachey himself defined the position of the *Spectator* as being that of the "left center," and the description is accurate when applied to the whole of its historic policy, even though the earlier editors may have been further to the left than he. In general the *Spectator* has supported the most important reform measures as they have appeared, but it has always very carefully guarded itself against any possible charge of what would have been called "jacobinism" in its early days and is called "dangerous radicalism" now.

Increasing age inevitably gives to any institution an increasing air of respectability, and irreverent members of more than one younger generation have sometimes been inclined to consider the *Spectator*, in spite of its liberal principles, as primarily an organ of solid bourgeois opinion. Stevenson's reference to it as his "grandmother" supplied a nickname which stuck, but on the whole the charge of "grandmotherliness" could be more easily sustained by judicious quotation from the literary columns published during its past than by any citations from the history of its political opinion. Indeed, as the author of a summary in the centenary issue admits, "for a hundred years the *Spectator* was surprisingly the same in its literary outlook; very quick to recognize solid achievement, a little slower to praise talent that came with a disruptive and unusual vigor." In its earliest days it divided its intensest admiration between two established figures, Scott and Byron, and a little later it published articles by Carlyle and Swinburne, but it was somewhat querulous in its reception of Tennyson, Browning, and Meredith, while it was uncompromising in its criticism of various other men who have since been everywhere accepted. Of "Wuthering Heights" it said that "the persons and incidents are too coarse to be attractive," and upon the dogmatic Matthew Arnold it expressed the strange judgment that he was, as a critic, "too tentative, and too insecure." Campbell has "of all the bards of the present century . . . the surest chance of becoming the poet of posterity," but Blake's "Songs of Innocence" "appears to have been written under the influence of *eau sucrée* and Whitman "delights to dance naked and to chant indecent platitudes in prose run mad." Obviously the *Spectator* was not good at literary prophecy; but in all fairness it must be admitted that few magazines ever have been.

\* "The Story of the *Spectator*, 1828-1928." By William Beach Thomas. Methuen and Company.





The Season of Good-Will in South America



# Hoover and the "Big Lift"

By AMOS PINCHOT

**E**ARLY last fall hints were dropped from Olympus that a Republican victory would be followed by a largess to business of unusual, indeed unparalleled proportions. Since November 6 belief in this largess has grown. Yet, among newspaper seers, political prophets, and others who should be in the know, the exact nature of the largess is still a moot question, the general opinion, however, being that the Big Lift, as it has been called, would have to do with hydro-electric development.

This opinion, I think, is incorrect. For, though generosity to the hydro-electric group is obviously on the cards, my belief is that the Hoover Administration will hitch its wagon to a higher star; and that the Big Lift will turn out to be a grand offensive against the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Five years ago Mr. Hoover wrote a book about his political and economic philosophy. "American Individualism," by Herbert Hoover (Doubleday, Page and Company, 1923), deals with the relations that should exist between government and private business. And it is to this subject that Mr. Hoover applies the test of individualism, the philosophy to which he moors both his political and economic thinking. Now, a man's philosophy is perhaps the most important thing about him. Once we understand it, we are in a fair way not only to comprehension of his past, but to a more or less accurate forecast of his future. For this reason "American Individualism" is of more than passing interest. For, though with characteristic reticence Mr. Hoover does not mention the Sherman law by name, he nevertheless inserts it as a major theme in his book.

Now, the theory of individualism, as applied to government and business is a simple and, to most of our minds, a sound one. It is that the government should keep its hands off business, leaving it to its own devices, except when restraint is clearly necessary, in order to safeguard equal opportunity and competition, i.e., to preserve the essentials of individualism itself. In the earlier pages of his book Mr. Hoover sets this down fairly enough, adding that his faith in individualism is rooted in personal experience as well as in theory. He has seen America; he has seen Europe; he has experienced "the backwash and misery of war." "And from it all," he concludes, "I emerge an individualist—an unashamed individualist." So far Mr. Hoover is not saying anything startling. He is merely restating the faith that Jefferson, the loving disciple of John Locke, published in his epic struggle with Hamilton, the argument that Senators Sherman, Hoar, and Edmunds brought to a favorable, indeed unanimous, vote in the great debates on the Sherman law in 1889 and 1890. From this point, however—from the point at which, having stated his theory, the writer begins to apply it to actual conditions—the book takes a sudden and rather disconcerting turn. Mr. Hoover becomes a politician instead of a philosopher, and a politician revamping his theory to fit a purpose which, though obscure at the outset, grows clearer as the book proceeds.

In short, though Mr. Hoover does not cease to praise individualism and "its corollaries," equality of opportunity and "the free-rolling mills of competition," he, at the same time, gives a clean bill of health to American industrialism

—quite irrespective of the fact that its attack on individualism has never been so severe or so effective as it is today: first, by denying that concentration of wealth and power is any longer a thing to be feared (though there was a time, he admits, when "domination by [business] groups" threatened us "with a form of autocracy"); second, by rebuking the government for too much regulation of big business; and third, by incorporating in his book four seemingly commonplace sentences which, nevertheless, carry implications that no monopolist, or would-be monopolist, can consider without a thrill of joy.

These sentences are:

Excluding the temporary measures of the war, the period of regulation has now been long enough with us to begin to take stock of its effect upon our social system. It has been highly beneficial, but it has also developed weaknesses in the throttling of proper initiative that require some revision. We have already granted relief to labor organizations and to agriculture from some forms of regulation. There is, however, a large field of cooperative possibilities far outside agriculture that are needlessly hampered.

Now, just what do these sentences mean? To the person unfamiliar with the provisions of the so-called Clayton and Capper-Volstead Acts, they mean little or nothing. But, if one happens to recall that, on October 15, 1914, Congress "relieved" labor and agricultural organizations by placing them beyond the reach of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and, again, on February 18, 1922, "relieved" dairy farming, ranching, fruit growing, and other cooperatives, by a similar grant of immunity, the gist of the sentences at once becomes important.

To be specific, Mr. Hoover's meaningful, though veiled, sentences are notice, to those who know how to read them, that, though Mr. Hoover is philosophically an individualist, he is, nevertheless, practically a safe man. Safe because he believes the government should cut loose from its traditional opposition to monopoly. Safe since he suggests that, just as it has guaranteed labor unions and farm cooperatives (which, by the way, Congress never intended to bring under the Sherman law) against prosecution, it shall now guarantee big business, and give monopoly and price-fixing a free hand. It should be noted in this connection that Mr. Hoover uses the term "cooperative possibilities" in the sentence in which he asserts that the government is hampering industry: "There is, however, a large field of cooperative possibilities far outside agriculture that are needlessly hampered." In the language of big business, "cooperation" is almost invariably used as a polite but deceptive synonym for monopoly. When Judge Gary defended the steel and iron monopoly before the Stanley Committee, he called it "cooperation." Last year, when heavy production broke the oil trust's power to control the price of crude, there went up a cry that the Sherman law was thwarting "cooperation."

Many years ago this country came to the conclusion that to allow individuals, or groups of them, to crush competition, control production, and fix the price of the essentials of life, was not merely an expensive policy, but one



distinctly dangerous to the integrity of government. Wherefore, the Sherman Anti-Trust Law of 1890 and subsequent supporting legislation. It is not my purpose to uphold the Sherman law as a complete or adequate solution of the monopoly question. Yet, although it has failed in conspicuous cases to protect the public from monopoly and extortion, it has, nevertheless, in a multitude of less-known cases, been useful in preventing the formation of monopolies and in keeping prices down, the latter being the law's main purpose. Moreover, its failures have been due less to faults in its theory and original provisions than to the refusal of the courts to construe it liberally and the neglect of Congress to amend it in accordance with changing business conditions. For instance, if Congress had early taken the position that the functions of production and distribution should be rigidly divorced so that no industrial producer or distributor should own or in any way control a railroad and vice versa (a reform urged by more than one Congressional committee), America's industro-financial history, as well as her political history, might today be read on a cleaner page.

However, with all its faults, the Sherman law, besides being a threat and at times a bar to monopoly, has been immensely valuable as a searchlight on the methods of big business. The prosecutions carried on under its authority, the scathing opinions handed down by justices of the Supreme Court, and the disclosures of committees and commissions investigating alleged illegal mergers and suppressions of competition have centered public attention on industrial questions, at the same time penalizing monopolists by forcing them to expend vast sums for legal expenses, propaganda, etc. Undoubtedly, the Sherman law has served to keep the more lawless elements of big business on the defensive, so much so indeed that, in emergencies, the latter have not stuck at packing courts, congresses, and cabinets.

For example, about the time that Mr. Morgan the elder, at a meeting of his lawyers, expressed the fear that his merger of some two hundred plants into the United States Steel Corporation would, if attacked by the Department of Justice, result in conviction under the Sherman law, there found their way into President Roosevelt's Cabinet two former members of the legal staff of the Steel Corporation, one president of a subsidiary of the Steel Corporation, and a director of the Steel Corporation, who was also a partner in the Morgan firm. At the present moment, the Sherman law is holding up the merger of two competing coal-carrying railroads, and threatening the Mellon aluminum, the Havemeyer sugar, and other trusts with indictments that no doubt will be side-tracked, but not without a good deal of embarrassment and some scandal.

Despite the propaganda to the contrary the Sherman law is rarely, if ever, invoked against legitimate business consolidations or large units of production. Nor does it interfere with initiative, enterprise, or invention. It attacks only monopoly, price-fixing, and unfair competition, for which reason it is more hated by monopolists, more misrepresented, and more schemed against than any law ever signed by a President.

Mr. Hoover, in "American Individualism," paints a glowing picture of our economic system. He declares it to be free from Europe's socialistic degeneration; and, in this, he is quite right. But when he adds that the United States is "steadily developing the ideals that constitute progressive individualism," he is not right and not on firm ground. In-

deed, no man should know better than the ex-Secretary of Commerce that, so far from being individualistic, our basic industries are dominated by monopoly groups, which have so successfully warred on individualism, equal opportunity, and competition that, unless the tide of battle turns, they will before long disappear, and, like prehistoric beasts, be known henceforth only by their bones.

For example, Senate Document 1263, 67th Congress, 4th Session, is the clear and readable report of the Committee on Manufactures which investigated the oil industry in 1922 and 1923. After taking the testimony of the outstanding leaders of the oil and gasoline world and examining their records for months, the committee finds that neither individualism, equal opportunity, nor competition has survived in this sector of enterprise, which employs over eleven billions of capital and produces commodities of an annual value of about two and a half billions. The committee reports:

The dominating fact in the oil industry today is its complete control by the Standard companies. Any discussion of the subject which does not frankly recognize this control can only be misleading. Standard Oil today fixes the price which the producer of crude oil receives at the well, the price which the refiner receives for his gasoline and kerosene, as well as the retail price paid by the consumer.

And this state of things the committee finds to be the chronic one, except for brief periods, in which development of new fields speeds up production and temporarily breaks monopoly's power.

The chief cause of this situation the committee traces to the control exercised by the Standard Oil interests over the oil-carrying railroads, and especially the pipe-lines, in both of which differentials favorable to the trust are established and used as clubs with which to bring the independents to heel:

Through the Standard control of pipe-lines connecting the producing centers of the West with the consuming centers of the East and Middle West not only is the price fixed according to the will of the Standard group which any other interest must pay for the transportation of petroleum, but members of the group really determine whether any concern outside their group shall have petroleum transported at any price.

On the score of price-fixing the committee goes on to say that Mr. James E. O'Neil, lately president of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, a Standard subsidiary, and at present a fugitive in Europe owing to his complicity in the Continental oil deal, part of the proceeds of which were used to pay the deficit of the Republican National Committee, is the individual who guides the price movements of crude oil for the whole trade.

In the anthracite coal industry a similar, but, if anything, worse condition is disclosed by numerous government reports, of which Mr. Hoover can hardly be ignorant. Here, monopoly and control of prices have become so effective that people living in towns built directly above the Pennsylvania mines pay as much for their hard coal as people in New York or Maine. And this has been going on for nearly half a century, to be exact, since 1886, when Mr. Morgan the elder summoned the leaders of the oil and coal interests to his library and perfected his plan for ending competition by tying up the avenues of transportation.

The story of the steel industry, as brought out by the last Congressional investigation, of 1911-1912, is not essentially different. The entire business has been turned into a



feudal system, in which the Steel Corporation, through its control of ore and coal-hauling railroads, has expelled competition, and fixed prices arbitrarily.

In his testimony in the United States versus the Steel Corporation, Judge Gary admitted a differential of several dollars a ton. And Mr. Morgan's chief engineer, Mr. Julian Kennedy, testified before the Stanley Committee that, through its railroad and raw-material differentials, the Steel Corporation could, if it chose, destroy the so-called "independents," a fact that, whatever Mr. Hoover may say, is hardly consistent with individualism.

The beef-packing industry, the aluminum industry, the shoe-machinery industry, and many others have followed in similar unindividualistic paths. And, though in a few large industries such as automobile-making and chain grocery and department stores, competitive conditions survive and create higher efficiency and better service to the public than are known where monopoly prevails, these have escaped monopolization only because no individual or group within any of them has, so far, been able to corner and control any really essential industrial element.

The disadvantage of having a man of Mr. Hoover's training in the White House is likely, I fear, to exceed the advantages by a wide margin. Mr. Hoover has so thoroughly absorbed the point of view of his former employers and associates that it is impossible for him to pass a penetrating judgment on their way of doing things, or to study impar-

tially the political and economic problems in which they are concerned. Consequently, though in his book and later in his campaign for the Presidency, Mr. Hoover presents individualism as his ideal, the fact that the industro-financial hierarchy, of which he has himself been a part, is laying violent hands on his ideal, tearing it down under the pretense of "cooperation," and setting up monopoly and privilege in its place, does not register in his mind. The only danger he sees to individualism is socialism—socialism, which has never been at a lower ebb in this country than now.

On the whole, forecasting Mr. Hoover's attitude by the philosophy of his book, which is more a plea for privilege than for individualism, it seems probable that a concerted drive against the Sherman law—the Big Lift that big business, and particularly the oil group, demands—will take place within the year; that monopoly, beneath the warming rays of Presidential approval, will bring forth new and abundant fruit; that the public-utilities interests will consolidate their power, defeating government operation of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam, and, no doubt, escaping effective regulation, since effective regulation of privately owned utilities does not, and, for sufficient reasons, probably never will exist; and finally that at the end of four years Mr. Hoover, having by righteous and legal means done more for plutocracy than ever Mr. Harding did by winking at villainies, will again be the choice of a nation gone serenely Babbitt.

## Calles: Mexico's Leading Citizen

By ERNEST GRUENING

WITH the inauguration of Emilio Portes Gil as provisional President of Mexico a significant period in Mexico's evolution may have begun. Or rather it would be more accurate to say, with the termination of the Presidency of Plutarco Elias Calles, for despite his withdrawal from public office he has been, is, and for the rest of his life will continue to be the dominant figure in the Mexican scene. If important transformation in Mexico may be expected within the next decade, it is due in a land where the individual still counts extraordinarily to Calles, last of the Sonorans.

In discussing Mexico's future it is necessary to guard both against the undue optimism that a few favorable symptoms in her public life seem to justify, and, likewise, against the pessimism that a longer acquaintance with contemporary Mexican events is apt to engender. Many—including chiefly Mexicans—who have lived through the seventeen years of the revolution and seen its repeated betrayals and relapses, its high hopes and crushing disappointments, are apt to dismiss any current manifestations with a cynical reference to the French proverb—"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."

Nevertheless the deep ferment of revolution has brought results. To achieve them was needed a leader who could combine understanding of the nation's needs, that is, sympathy with the revolutionary aspirations, inflexibility of purpose in materializing them, the political sagacity to maintain himself in office, and, above all, the character that would inspire respect at home and abroad. That leader has been and is Plutarco Elias Calles.

The present tense in his case is quite as important as the past. For, by refusing further tenure of the Presidency, which could have been his again—perhaps indefinitely—for the asking, Calles acquires a prestige and assumes a role in the life of the nation which permits him to serve it fully as much in the future as in the past. What have these services been?

Three underlying revolutionary aspirations have been crystallized in the regime of Calles and lifted to a plane of tangible achievement.

The agrarian reform is a fact. Begun under Carranza, it was a complete failure at the end of his term. It was carried further under Obregon, but was still so harassed by difficulties and the errors of its execution that four years ago it could not well be spoken of as much more than a hope deferred. While far more remains to be done than has been accomplished—indeed, it is the task of a generation—the feudal land tenure is dead, and a new system of small landholdings from which several millions of former peons are benefiting has been erected on ruins.

Labor has been given a chance to organize freely. Whatever may be the ultimate evolution of Mexican labor, it has been set free of the political shackles which bound it. Its process of self-education has begun.

Mexico's autonomy in the family of nations has been established. It has been a bitter struggle. Successively the Taft, Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge administrations varyingly have impinged on Mexican sovereignty. Conversely credit must be given to each of Mexico's executives from Madero on for stubbornly resisting any attempted or



actual infringements by the United States. The proof of Mexico's assurance of her position as a sovereign nation, entitled to all the attributes and prerogatives thereof, comes—oh paradox of paradoxes—in the unique and unprecedented praise of the United States Ambassador in the inaugural address of President Portes Gil. Recalling the succession of United States ambassadors and chargés whose every move seemed to be the flaunting of a red cape before the snorting and sensitive *toro* of Mexican nationalism, it makes one rub one's eyes. We seem to have a man in the arena who has walked up and stroked the bull's nose. It may be taken for granted that the allusion to Mr. Morrow and his friendship was included in the Presidential message not merely with the consent but at the instance of Calles. Incidentally it should be recognized as a deserved tribute to the outstanding diplomatic achievement in United States history. Thus, in three fields of national activity—land, labor, and foreign relations—there has been definite accomplishment.

There has also been a fine, though limited, development in public-health work, road-building, irrigation, and school construction in city and country, and a definitely increased administrative efficiency. The maintenance of peace despite the various attempts at rebellion has been an important if negative achievement. So much for the record of Calles the President.

Viewed in the light of the immensity of his task, of the semi-chaos which he inherited in the wake of the De la Huerta rebellion, the obstacles that he faced in the militant hostility of the church, of the oil men, and of the State Department while its representative was Mr. James R. Sheffield, it is a great achievement. Contrasted against it, the errors in the matter of political favoritism, and the condonation of military violence, fade into insignificance. Excepting only the epochal Reform of the late eighteen-fifties, Calles's term has been the most important four-year period in Mexico's national life.

In one respect only was there complete failure. "Effective suffrage and no reelection," was the revolutionary device which overthrew Diaz. It has remained the campaign slogan ever since. But it has been wholly denatured by political performance. Elections in Mexico, except such as were foregone conclusions, have been a farce. The state elections with rare exceptions have been burlesques of fraud and violence, in which loss of life has been almost the rule. Only within the last month the state elections in Aguascalientes and Puebla have run bloodily true to form.

In the face of such a record Calles's refusal to run again and his declarations of the need of a new deal in politics are of vast importance. (It should be remarked that through an amendment to the Constitution of 1917, adopted by the Mexican Congress in 1927, to remove all doubt as to the legality of Obregon's candidacy, reelection of a President, after an interval, was legalized. Obregon had always contended that the prohibition of reelection in Article 83 of the Constitution of 1917 applied only to successive terms; an election after an interval in private life, he insisted, was another election, not reelection.)

Indeed, the whole record since the apparently cataclysmic assassination of Obregon has in many respects been without precedent. The nation recovered its poise to an unexpected degree and almost instantly. The trial of the murderer proceeded with a judicial calm and leisure which would have done credit to the most firmly established "gov-

ernment of laws" on earth. The elimination of ambitious generals as Presidential contenders and the complete tranquillity which surrounded the choice of Portes Gil for the interim Presidency was a new and unheard-of chapter in Mexican politics. This orderly sequence of events was in no small degree due to the unseen strategy of Calles.

In the momentary burst of grief and rage which followed the shooting of Obregon, Calles immediately moved the dead chieftain's closest associates into positions of brief authority. They were given charge of the preliminary investigation of the murder. The resignation of Morones was accepted. In the excitement of the hour he was blamed by the unfriendly agrarian leaders, though quite unjustly, for the "intellectual authorship" of the crime. Though personally friendly to the CROM leader, Calles took this opportunity to allow this laborite whose popularity had greatly diminished in office, to retire. For a brief interval, *Obregonismo*, even with its leader dead, appeared in the ascendent. None knew better than Calles that it was but a passing phase, and that shortly the group welded around Obregon would disintegrate. Almost with the removal of Obregon's body to Sonora, and even before the election in Congress of an interim successor, *Obregonismo* had dissolved. All eyes were now turned on Calles. He was begged not to leave office. He was offered whatever amendments to the constitution were needed to permit him to hold over "in the crisis." Public sentiment crystallized into the hope and belief that the method would be to have Congress elect (upon the nomination of Calles) an interim President and that in the special elections to be held fourteen months later (February 5, 1930), Calles would be chosen for the six-year term.

Congress assembled on September 1, to be opened, according to annual custom, with the President's account of his previous year's administration. To this ceremony President Calles invited not only every state governor, but every Jefe de Operaciones, the heads of the thirty-two military districts. All the political power of the nation was concentrated in the Chamber of Deputies upon that solemn occasion. The proverbial bombshell would have caused far less surprise than Calles's emphatic declaration that not only would he not be a candidate either for the interim or for the regular term, but that he would never again be a candidate for the Presidency. The rule of the *caudillo*, the chieftain, "the man on horseback," was over, he declared. Henceforth the ruler of Mexico would be "the law." This ideal that he held up for Mexico is, of course, none other than the oft-repeated Anglo-Saxon apothegm of "a government of laws, not of men."

Before the flabbergasted political cohorts could recover their breath, Calles entertained the generals at a conference in which they were carried away to fervent declarations of support of whomsoever the nation should elect. The various cliques within the army had had no time or opportunity to formulate plans of their own. Having them all corralled in one room, Calles ventured the question whether they had united or were prepared to unite on one of their number. Of course they had not. With the all-powerful Calles exhibiting such abnegation none ventured to propose himself as the nation's savior. The candidacy of General Manuel Perez Treviño went by the board. The military's indorsement of a civilian—of a figure who would symbolize not the chieftaincy of the past, but the projected reign of law—was the only course open to the assembled generals. The



choice of Portes Gil, called only a short while before from the governorship of Tamaulipas to assume the portfolio of Gobernación, the head of the Cabinet, was assured.

Viewed in its historic perspective, the proposal to substitute democracy by executive fiat is quite impossible of early realization. It will be recalled that Mexico, emerging from three centuries of colonial absolutism, sought to enter its national existence under a constitution modeled on that of the United States. But the "three branches" remained an abstraction. Government in Mexico, politically speaking, has from first to last been an autocracy secured by the strongest. The most repeatedly declared aim of the revolution has been to substitute democratic government. But the heritage has been too overpowering.

In announcing his program, President Calles spoke of the need of a true government of parties, urged that a party be formed to embody and carry forward the ideals of the revolution, and suggested that even those opposed to the revolution should now be given their chance to be heard. Within subsequent weeks there have been hasty efforts on the part of not a few men prominent in government circles to acquire first-hand knowledge of the working of political parties in the United States. At least half a dozen independent requests have gone forth for literature bearing on our party organizations. It is the well-known "history repeats itself." A little over a century ago, the Constitution of the United States was hailed by the Mexican constitution framers as their political panacea and the magic formula for the hoped-for democracy.

What the Mexicans in the eighteen-twenties as well as in the nineteen-twenties apparently failed fully to understand is that apart from the vast dissimilarity in the political heritages of Mexicans and North Americans—continued autocracy on the one hand versus a steadily widening diffusion of power—is the basic difference in local self-government. The growth of political institutions in the United States is an evolution from the self-governing settlement and the town-meeting. In Mexico the appointive official, or local chieftain, in colonial days a fusion of the Aztec *cacique* and the royal *corregidor*, continued after independence as the *jefe político* though officially abolished by the revolution, still persists in fact without the title. Diaz appointed the state governors, though with the pretense of electoral forms. But under the revolution which was to abolish all that, governors have continued to strong-arm themselves into office. The *cacique* still rules lesser subdivisions by right of might and chicanery. The office as a spoil has remained the concept in municipality and state—though there have been gratifying exceptions. Of course, spoils are a factor in our politics, but no more serious mistake could be made in an effort at understanding the differences between Mexico and the United States than to find other than the remotest parallelism therein. Our municipal corruption in such cities as Chicago and Philadelphia represents the worst we have to offer. An Albert B. Fall is distinctly the exception in our Cabinets today. On the other hand, Calles's arrest and holding for trial of General Jose Alvarez, the chief of the Presidential staff, for grafting, praiseworthy as it was, is still also distinctly exceptional. There have been, along with outstanding and strictly honest men in the Calles Cabinet, others who continue to view public office as a means to feathering their own nests. Certain reappointments in the Portes Gil Cabinet, and such appointments as that of Marte Gomez to the Ministry of Agriculture and of Sanchez

Mejorada to the Ministry of Communications are of the highest order. Marte Gomez was largely responsible for the efficient and enlightened application of the agrarian reform in Tamaulipas under Governor Portes Gil; he then became head of the National Farm Credit Bank. No one in Mexico is better qualified for his new and responsible post than he. Sanchez Mejorada, comparatively unknown, likewise is a non-political figure, an engineer whose appointment spells public service.

Of course, in our country purely political appointments to the Cabinet are not unknown. But with the continuity that exists in the departments, regardless of Cabinet changes, the secretaryships are, as a rule, relatively innocuous. They do not as in Mexico spell the difference between administrative success and failure. What Mexican executives need to realize is that at this juncture of Mexico's development, and in the attempted transition to democratic forms, the example given at the top is of supreme importance. Granted that political reform cannot yet spring from the bottom, and admitting the great difficulty of bestowing it from above, nevertheless the effect of a complete and unmistakable house-cleaning in all the offices within the reach of the national executive would be incalculably far-reaching. It is not true that Mexico lacks capable timber for high office, though it is naturally not as plentiful as in countries where politics has been more closely identified with public service. There are, for instance, in Mexico men highly qualified for the important office of Minister of Industry, Commerce, and Labor, who have had practical experience in conducting great business enterprises and are yet not disqualified by the (in Mexico) fearsome label of "reactionary." The head of the largest, most successful, and model tobacco factory—one which has kept well ahead even of the Mexican Federation of Labor's requirements, in which all its workers are organized, is such a man. He happens curiously enough to have been a revolutionist since the Madero days, and at present is senator from the state of Mexico. One wonders likewise why so devoted and capable a public servant as Moises Saenz, sub-Secretary of Education for the past three years, was passed over in the selection for the secretaryship.

The prospects for democracy from beneath are, curiously enough, by no means lacking, though not through the political channel which parallelism with the United States would lead one to expect. They will come far more directly through the agrarian cooperatives and urban labor unions, which are serving as training schools in citizenship of great value. The new political party, to be inaugurated under the sonorous title of Great National Revolutionary Party, does not by the mere gesture of coming into being offer any hope of political emancipation from the past rule of force, unless the spirit which actuated Calles in making his fine pronouncements on the need of "a government of law" is materialized unflinchingly in appointments to office. The appointees must spell "public service only" to the public eye. Apart from its relation to the large and long-distance establishment of democracy, this question bears immediately and overwhelmingly on economic reconstruction.

If Calles, who now bids fair to be something which Mexico has never known—a political boss who is not the President—can make marked progress toward this end, he will add cubits to his already considerable stature, and make his life-term as a civilian citizen of even greater moment and service than his Presidency.



# Paxton Hibben

By SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

THE first time I ever saw Paxton Hibben, strangely enough, was at a public debate. I say strangely, because I avoid public meetings as a cat avoids water. I do not remember what took me to that debate on Russia; but I rather like to think my guardian angel may have been a bit more watchful than usual, for it became the occasion of a delightful friendship. Mr. Hibben's opponent was a Russian of the old regime; and the argument had not proceeded very far when it became evident that the sponsor of the Soviets had the best of it. Indeed his easy command of the situation nettled the Russian and drove him to abusive personalities which spoiled the effect of such arguments as he had to offer. One might have condoned a similar lapse into blackguarding on Mr. Hibben's part, but it was not necessary; for he returned to the attack with perfect urbanity, and lifted the argument once more to the level of impersonal fact and theory.

It was amusing to see the protagonist of a despised working-class government set this sponsor of the aristocracy such an example of objectivity and good breeding. Indeed, I enjoyed it so much that when I had occasion a few days later to write Mr. Hibben for the *Freeman*, I gave myself the pleasure of telling him so. His answer was an agreeable surprise: I was invited to dine at his home. Thus I was introduced into a household where, *mirabile dictu*, the ruling spirit was that gaiety which is as rare in America today as when Mrs. Trollope commented on its absence a century ago. Another exotic plant which flourished there was genuine conversation. What discussions there were over Sheila Hibben's dinners, where the excellence of the food was equaled only by that of the company! What arguments on every conceivable subject, from the nature and function of language to the adultery of Henry Ward Beecher!—arguments characterized by great good humor and a wealth of amusing comments from the two Hibbens. I had reason, indeed, to thank whatever gods had drawn me to that debate on Russia.

It was a rare privilege to enjoy this intimate contact with Paxton Hibben. There was about him something electric; wherever one touched his mind one drew a spark. Nothing escaped him; no aspect of life was too unimportant to interest him, and none failed to elicit from him a response strongly individual and therefore always interesting and often provocative. Another thing in him which delighted me was the intensity of his absorption in the thing he was doing. While he was writing his biography of Henry Ward Beecher, the Great Preacher really became an intimate of the Hibben circle; we all felt that we knew him well. The same thing was true later of William Jennings Bryan. I suppose I have heard Paxton hold forth a hundred times on the character and behavior of these two men; and his analysis always fascinated me as much as his subject fascinated him.

There were many other reasons why it was a privilege to know this man, among them his capacity for an altogether admirable loyalty to his friends, a loyalty often prolonged far beyond the time when they had ceased to deserve it. In this clinging to people who had been dear

to him there was something of that sentimentality which he recognized and fought in himself, and never admitted to another soul, probably, save Sheila Hibben. His friendship for Albert J. Beveridge, for example, not only withstood the test of Beveridge's prima-donna airs; it also withstood the test of his clumsy efforts to conceal their connection when he became a little ashamed of it after Paxton had "gone radical." Paxton Hibben had long since outgrown all that he had in common with Beveridge, but he remained loyal to a friendship which had become anomalous and inconvenient, for the sake of what it had once meant to him. There were no reservations in his loyalty to the people he cared for; nor was he the kind to await an opportune moment to take up the cudgels for a friend. His book in defense of King Constantine came out at a time when it was so disagreeable to our Government that it was quietly suppressed; and the circumstance did not add to official regard for its author. No doubt it was one of the unpublished counts against him in that ridiculous proceeding which did not dare be quite so ridiculous as to deprive Captain Hibben of his commission in the reserve corps of the army.

The qualities which endeared Paxton Hibben to his friends determined the direction of his public life. Being one of those "dissentients afflicted with the malady of thought," and having the mental courage to follow thought along unfamiliar ways, he came, by the strange path of Rooseveltian progressivism, from an inauspicious beginning among the artificialities of diplomatic life to an uncompromising social and economic radicalism. If at the same time he clung with apparent inconsistency to certain things which most radicals reject, this loyalty, again, becomes clear in the light of the sentimentality which he hated. It never involved compromise. He joined the army in 1917—a gesture of loyalty to a conception of patriotism which he was rapidly outgrowing—but his position did not deter him from bringing himself into disfavor with his superior officers by lecturing to his battery on a subject which was no soldier's business: the causes of the war. Nor did he allow the terrors of an official inquiry to swerve him by a hair's breadth from his stand on Russia. His love for old forms and new ideas caused him at one time to be a good deal misunderstood. Neither conservatives nor radicals knew quite how to take him, probably because both expect their sympathizers to be of the herd; they fear and distrust the individual. But Paxton Hibben was, more than anything else, an individual who thought and acted for himself—and as such he really represented the best American tradition. What he found good, to that he gave loyal and courageous support; what he found bad he fought uncompromisingly and with no thought of timeliness or expediency—and he was a formidable antagonist. Perhaps the most significant thing about his public career lies in the fact that he had the strength to break the social mold which cramps the spirit of most Americans of his class, and to emerge into a triumphant individualism which many of his compatriots, no doubt, never understood, but which they were nevertheless forced to respect.



He had entered, when he died, upon what must have been to him the most satisfactory phase of his career, the writing of biography. Here, too, his mental honesty and his courage brought him into trouble. His "Henry Ward Beecher" aroused a storm of abuse such as few writers have encountered. It is a tribute to his scholarship that no attack was brought against his facts or his interpretation of them that he was not able successfully to refute. The book is called "An American Portrait"; it might with equal justice have been called a portrait of America, for that is what it is—of the America of economic opportunism and moral sham which were dramatically epitomized in Beecher. No doubt the life of Bryan, which is left unfinished, will prove as graphic a picture of a later phase

of American life. The parts I have seen show the same vivid understanding of the man and his period, touched with that mordant irony which made the "Beecher" at the same time so delightful and so devastating.

One hesitates to say that another has died too young, remembering the tragic words of Sophocles that there is no such pain as length of life. Paxton Hibben was no friend to the idea of growing old. Yet one feels that he would have liked to finish his work, and fight a few more good fights. His death, untimely for himself, was calamitous for his friends. And not for these alone. The passing of such a man is an irreparable loss to American culture, for he represented all that is best and bravest in American life.

## Caste Under Attack in India

By W. NORMAN BROWN

THE class had got on the subject of caste. "It is eternal," said a Brahman boy. "God divided people into these groups of high and low to punish or reward them for the actions of previous existences."

"But," I interposed, "does not biology teach us that all men are essentially similar, especially those within the same race?"

"Oh, sir," burst out another student passionately, "how can you say that? There is as much difference between a Brahman and a *bhangi* (sweeper) as between a man and a donkey."

The entire class nodded approval, with the exception of the half dozen Mohammedans, who looked disdainfully skeptical but by their silence seemed to acknowledge the futility of argument.

From the orthodox Hindu point of view these boys were entirely right; even the despised *bhangi* would agree. For caste is, briefly, the last word in group consciousness. Sanctioned by religion, it separates the Hindu community on many social matters into innumerable mutually exclusive groups, high and low, the privileged and the oppressed. The most important prohibitions are against intermarriage; lesser disabilities concern such things as eating and drinking. At the bottom of the scale are the Untouchables, "less than men," some sixty million strong, who are so low that they may not be touched by members of the higher castes without risk of ceremonial pollution. In many cases they may not approach within certain prescribed distances of the highest, nor use the same wells or even the same highways. Economically the bleakest poverty is their lot. They compose about one-fifth of the total population of India and about one-fourth of the Hindu community.

Centuries ago this social discrimination was justified intellectually by associating it with the doctrine of Karma (retribution for the act in rebirth). Men reap in one existence what they have sowed in others. The Untouchable of today is only the wicked of yesterday; and, if he lives righteously today, he will be the Brahman of tomorrow. It is not for us, whether we be high or low, to try to overthrow the decrees of an impersonal, irresistible cosmic law; our duty is to accept the present and strive only for a better future.

It is commonly stated that to think of abolishing caste

would be as futile as to think of abolishing Hinduism itself. Indeed, the one would be the inevitable concomitant of the other. Efforts that have from time to time been made to overthrow caste have met with no permanent success; rather has caste itself carried the day. The most striking of its victories lie in concessions it has received from rival religions. Among Mohammedans there are converted groups that still retain caste regulations in social matters; and even the Brahmo Samaj, the liberal theistic society of Bengal, that in theory does not tolerate caste, in practice has not rid itself entirely of caste prejudices.

In an India run strictly according to Hindu theory the system of caste would be unshakable—eternal, as my student put it. But India is not so run and never has been. Throughout her long history thoughtful men have frequently expressed skepticism of the validity of caste, and the recurring impact of foreign invasion has often forced modification. The native reaction against caste is very old, almost as old as the institution. Five hundred years before Christ, we are told, the Buddha said that only he is truly a Brahman who lives the Brahman life—birth does not signify—and the sentiment has often been repeated by succeeding moralizers. To this day certain Hindu ascetic orders of the highest standing, whose members concentrate their efforts upon release from the beginningless round of rebirth, admit men of any caste, and once they are admitted caste is forgotten. There is plenty of respected authority to give moral support to attacks upon the system and to provide an antecedent body of opinion in favor of reform.

Of the diverse agencies that are at war with the institution some of the most effective operate against it only by indirection. The mightiest is the new learning from the West. When it was first introduced about a hundred years back, it was thought by missionaries, native reformers, and government officials alike that it would eliminate the undesirable features of the country's social institutions and the expectation has already had a modest fulfilment, with the prospect of a greater. And this, too, in spite of the fact that Hindu apologists, who would rationalize their native institutions by an appeal to modern science, seek support for caste in the teachings of biology concerning heredity. Yet even the most ardent Western eugenicist would scarcely aver that the human species can be separated



into a thousand or more definitely graduated groups, Nordimaniacs to the contrary.

Still less premeditated has been the leveling influence of the railroad. Except in a few backward native states, when Hindus go traveling no provision is made to sort the Brahman from the leather worker. Outraged though he may be, the former must sit on the same seat with the latter, eat in his presence, submit to a hundred petty infringements of caste law. This situation caused considerable heartburning in the early days of the railways—there were those who preferred to travel by road—but that day has about passed. Now the infringements are tacitly condoned.

But it is the agencies which are operating intentionally against caste that are most conspicuous. Some of these are from without the pale of Hinduism; others from within. The chief of the former are the proselyting religions Christianity and Islam. These, being casteless, make caste a point of attack against the enemy, Hinduism. Appealing to the principle of "by their fruits ye shall know them," they represent that the evils accompanying caste and the whole institution are the result of belief in erroneous metaphysical doctrine. Obviously this argument is effective only with the lower castes; and so to them, all subtleties aside, the aggressor religions quite frankly offer social amelioration as the reward of conversion. These castes in turn are not difficult to persuade, readily submitting to the symbolical rites of baptism or circumcision as the new faith may chance to demand. In this way there comes to exist the phenomenon known as "mass conversion." Whole castes or whole villages whose inhabitants are all members of the same caste adopt a new creed, not knowing much about it doctrinally but finding it a great help amid the physical woes of life.

These wholesale conversions have inspired Hindu counter-religious activity and social reform which is conditioned by two general attitudes of mind. The one, orthodox, counsels alleviation of the miserable condition of the Untouchables but by no means advocates the abolishment of caste. The reformers find the conservative opposition very strong, yet from time to time effect the adoption by the Hindu Maha Sabha, the orthodox Hindu General Association, of measures diminishing specific evils. For example, in 1924, after a serious and successful struggle of the lower castes at a place called Vaikom, in southern India, for the right to use the roads past certain temples, the Maha Sabha adopted a resolution removing the ban in regard to schools, public wells, meeting-places, and temples.

Of the unorthodox Hindu attacks the most vigorous comes from the Arya Samaj, an organization about sixty years old, motivated by a spirit of religious nationalism, which regards the received faith as a left-handed corruption of the teachings of the great seers, repudiates it, and seeks to purify the community by restoring the religion of the Veda. The Arya Samaj has notions of the Vedic religion that are in many respects fantastic, but it is sound in finding no evidence in Vedic literature of the institution of caste as it is now known. As part of its program it would modify caste almost to extinction; thus, in competition with Islam and Christianity, it offers the lower castes about an equal degree of improvement in social status, and at the same time permits them to remain Hindus. In the colleges of northern India Arya Samaj propaganda is remarkably successful. If my class had been composed of fourth-year students, instead of first-year, there would have

been some Hindus as well as Mohammedans to harbor doubts about the inviolable sanctity of caste, and, unlike the Mohammedans, they would *not* have sat silent.

It would be unfair to give the impression that the Hindu efforts in behalf of the Untouchables are not due to the workings of humanitarianism as well as of religious expediency. Quite the contrary! The humanitarian trait is known from historical records to have operated in India from at least the time of the Emperor Asoka, in the third century B. C., and it has never since been inactive. As the social teachings of the new world gradually penetrate India's consciousness, that spirit of humanitarianism slowly becomes aware of new fields for its operation and sets about eradicating evils, some of which have roots fixed in the traditions and prejudices of five millennia. A hundred years ago that spirit had moved Raja Ram Mohun Roy to establish a society of religious reform and to call for Western education. Within the memory of ourselves it led the late Mr. Gokhale to found the Servants of India Society that has worked untiringly for the uplift of the depressed classes. Today it drives Gandhi from one end of India to the other, in large cities and small villages alike, preaching against the crime of untouchability. Cries he: "If this is Hinduism, oh Lord, my fervent prayer is that the soonest it is destroyed the best!" For years he has associated in the fullest sense with the most lowly and despised, the sweeper, the scavenger, and performed their loathsome tasks, while he has supported his crusade with arguments of political, economic, religious, and purely humanitarian import. And he is far from being alone in his conviction of the need for social reform. Many fellow-Hindus are with him and with that other great Hindu, Rabindranath Tagore, who finds in the abolition of this social injustice a necessary precursor to any solid nationalism. If the success of Gandhi and those like-minded at first glance seems small, it is tremendous in consideration of the obstacles, and therein lies its chief significance. In the most backward sections of India, in regions where the upper castes ride in passenger coaches on the railroad trains but the lower have "reserved" quarters in open freight cars, he has induced Brahmans to sit side by side with Untouchables in public meeting. The effect of his work is cumulative, destined to continue with increase after he must stop. How could it be otherwise when it is so apposite to ideas that are surely, if slowly, establishing themselves in India?

The efforts to ease the unendurable strictures of caste could never be successful if they were only from above; with them must go conscious activity by the depressed classes themselves. There exists just that activity. Some of it is crude, as when the scavengers go on strike and throw a city with its primitive methods of sewage disposal into a panic, or when the Untouchables at Vaikom protested by public action against some of their disabilities. This is an unreasoning method of desperation, usually availing at the time but seldom producing a permanent gain. Planned for greater effect is the adoption of political means.

With the advent of political reform and the small beginnings of democratic, representative government, the lower orders, growing politically conscious, are becoming restive. Their opportunity lies in the fact that the right of franchise is determined by qualifications of education, property, or rank in civil or military service. Every time a man of the lower castes raises himself in any one of these respects, he improves slightly the social chances of himself



and his fellows. The issue is especially well drawn in southern India, where the distinctions between the castes are most marked. There the community is divided into two camps, the Brahmans and the non-Brahmans, the latter including the Untouchables, and in the legislative councils the two groups are represented separately. The feeling is intense and has produced such results as the recent formation of a "Non-Brahman Confederation for South India," some of whose stated objects are "to promote good-will and unity among non-Brahman classes and communities of South India, by means of communal representation, social ameliorization, and ultimate fusion of all castes." Specific representation in the legislative bodies gives the proponents of such sentiments the chance to express them in action.

The results to date of the attacks on caste, although not large, are definite, compact, and prophetic. In some of the most enlightened quarters the system is clearly on the defensive; more positively a number of minor but concrete modifications have been effected. Members of different castes now associate much more freely than in the past and enforce fewer restrictions on inter-dining. Inter-marriage occurs occasionally. When a high-caste man goes to the hospital, he accepts intimate personal attention from low-caste orderlies that fifty years ago would not have been tolerated. In railway eating-rooms men of all castes eat together. In the North-West Frontier Provinces, so the 1921 Census reveals, Hindus observe no restrictions of inter-dining, and there is a strong tendency to widen the groups that may intermarry and narrow down those that may not. In Bengal, the most advanced province of India, certain social customs that used to be regarded as caste laws have suffered a sharp decline, as the veiling of women, and others are threatened, as enforced widowhood. In several parts of India child-marriage conditions, also under caste supervision, have been improved by the legal adoption of an age-of-consent bill. In the new legislative bodies the representatives of the lowest castes may sit with the highest, thus violating the traditional Hindu notion that governing should be left to a "ruling caste."

What has so far been accomplished against caste has been only the correction of abuses incident to it. Compromise, change, is preceding annihilation, if the latter is ever to come. Evil though caste may be in some respects, it can be safely discarded only piecemeal. "It fixes social precedence, the rules of marriage, of eating, of drinking, of worship, of a hundred other things, and last but not of least importance, it is the primary unit of government in India. The caste *panchayat* (council) is the most fundamental form of representative government in India." Thus Gilchrist in his "Indian Nationality." Each *panchayat* lays down the laws for its own caste, pronounces judgment upon offenders, and administers punishment. Relatively few of such cases are ever appealed to the courts, and cases have actually been removed from the courts to the *panchayats* for adjudication. To overthrow the caste system out of hand would be to turn Hindu society into complete chaos.

As the past of the caste system is obscure, particularly in regard to its origin, so also must be its future. Yet we may well expect a time in a reconstructed India when caste will be so altered that the present order will be regarded with as much curiosity as we in America now look upon the institution of chattel slavery that only a little over sixty years ago was a part of our social structure.

## In the Driftway

OF the reading of books there is no end. Unfortunately. In common with most of his friends the Drifter is increasingly overwhelmed by the number of books which he should read but doesn't, which he wants to read but (for lack of time) can't, which he says he has read but hasn't. We ought to pass a law about it. Somebody once said that every time a new book came out he read an old one. But that is no longer possible; there aren't enough old books. And if there were, there isn't enough time. And anyhow some of the new books are better than some of the old ones. *Que faire?* as the French say—whatever that may mean.

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THERE is no use in telling oneself that some day one will have more time and can read everything he wants to select; anybody but a sophomore knows that day will never come. The most the Drifter dares to dream is that in some tranquil future he will have a chance to read some of the books that in past years he has reviewed. There seemed to be good stuff in some of them, and the Drifter laid those volumes down with the promise that one day he would find out what it was. But he doubts if he will. If a moment to do so ever arrives, it is more likely to be spent in reviewing some new books. Nor can the Drifter cope with the flood of new publications, as some of his friends do, by ruling out certain great categories altogether. Some say: "I don't read fiction," or "I don't read poetry," or "I don't read science." But the Drifter is too catholic-minded for that. He bars practically nothing except books on Esperanto, success, and turnip growing. He has sometimes thought of finding someone with whom to pair, as they do in Congress when an important vote is coming up. Thus when asked by the lady beside him at a dinner party if he had read "Scarlet Love," he would be able to answer: "No, but you needn't look at me so scornfully, because the Rev. Dr. Whiteheart of All Angels' Church hasn't read it either. I wanted to read it, while he didn't; so we paired and both passed it up." Thus far, however, the scheme has miscarried because all the Drifter's clerical friends want to read "Scarlet Love." Perhaps a better idea would be to form a club and divide up all books that one "must read" among its members. Thus when cornered at a party by a learned-looking female who demands "What do you think of Professor Boredom's epoch-making book on 'The Delicatessen-Store Proprietor Looks at His Bologna'?" one will be able to draw a leaflet from his pocket and, handing it over, reply without panic: "The Readers' Mutual Insurance Society, to which I belong, assigned that volume to Dr. Stronghead of the department of astro-physics of Johns Hopkins University. Here is his report on it."

\* \* \* \* \*

BUT while waiting for schemes like the above to take hold in the community, the Drifter has decided upon a simple yet drastic method of reducing the burden of his reading. He will pick out a single letter of the alphabet and read only authors whose names begin with it. When assailed as an ignoramus for not having read Theobald Scribbler's "Murky Morals" he can reply without shame: "The author's name begins with an 'S.' I read only men whose names begin with 'T.'" In practice probably it would



most reduce one's reading to choose the letter "Q" or "X," but for purely personal reasons the Drifter has decided on "D." For if he tires of Dante, Disraeli, and the Devil, he can always call for the collected works of the Drifter. That will impose almost no burden on him at all, since these works have never been collected.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

*Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.*

### Max Eastman Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I regret that a lecture tour delayed my answer to Albert Rhys Williams's criticisms of me in a review of Trotsky's book (*The Nation*, November 14). Williams, who is and has been for a long time a paid correspondent of the Stalin press, accuses me of "partisanship" because I defend the Opposition! He accuses me of conceiving the Stalin-Trotsky controversy as a "Zoroastrian conflict between forces of good and evil" because I describe it as a conflict of leaders expressing the pressure of class forces. He does not know that my description is purely Marxian. He accuses me of hero-worshipping Trotsky. Does he imagine that Rakovsky, Radek, Preobrazhensky, life-long leaders in Marxian science, have gone into exile for the principle of hero-worship? They are loyal to Trotsky, because Trotsky, like Lenin, is a revolutionary engineer and not an adventurer in political power or socialistic emotion.

"Fundamental to any understanding" of Lenin's party, Williams says, is the fact that its policies are and always have been determined not by the leaders but by the masses, that "the course of the revolution is controlled by the rank and file." The fact is that Lenin began his career by annihilating with the hammer blows of his political realism exactly this romantic talk about leaders and masses that Williams now advances with so much unction. A whole section of his great book "What to Do?" is devoted to it. "I assert," he said, "that no revolutionary movement can be durable without a solid organization of leaders capable of maintaining their succession." That is not "fundamental," however. The fundamental thing is this: "A party of revolutionary Marxists rejects radically" the idea that "any form of party organization is right absolutely and for all periods." Lenin "militarized" the party—to use his own word—during the armed struggle, but the moment the war ended he announced: "The needs of the current moment demand a new organizational form—Workers' Democracy."

It was for insisting upon the enactment of this new, post-revolutionary policy that Trotsky was originally attacked and denounced as a Menshevik. The struggle is still raging about this central theme. Trotsky's present book is essentially devoted to it. Albert Williams emerges from his village sojourn after Trotsky has been fighting this battle five years, and has been arrested and exiled for the principle of "control by the rank and file," and in a pretended review of a book in which Trotsky is still carrying on the fight underground, solemnly informs him that he "ignores" the fact that the revolution is controlled by the rank and file!

Williams denies the publisher's assertion that all the documents in Trotsky's book have been "suppressed and outlawed by the Stalin regime." Trotsky's speech, he says, "was published in *Pravda*, November 2, 1927." What was published in *Pravda*, November 2, was the stenographer's attempt to hear the first half of Trotsky's speech over the uproar of the Central Committee, who refused to let it go into the record. An entire page of the speech is represented in the report by three broken

phrases. The fact that the speech was published in this mangled form is, moreover, expressly stated by me in my Explanatory Note.

"The substance of some of" the platform, he says, appeared in *Pravda*, November 14, and was sent abroad in *Inprecor*. What appeared in *Pravda*, November 14, was less than two newspaper pages of "Theses on the Work in the Villages," partly composed of paragraphs from the platform, partly not. The first six paragraphs are a description of how even these theses were suppressed until after they could not affect the elections. They were sent out in *Inprecor*, moreover, only after Trotsky was expelled from the party. In *Inprecor*, Vol. VII, No. 64, Stalin himself asserts that the party refused to print the Opposition platform. In *Pravda*, October 4, 1927, the arrest and imprisonment of Fischelev for printing the outlawed platform is candidly described. Nobody but Albert Williams pretends that the platform is not suppressed.

Finally, Williams states that "the Joffé letter appeared in the magazine *Bolshevik*." The Joffé letter is not a part of Trotsky's book. It was inserted by the editor in an appendix along with translations from the French which could not possibly have been suppressed in Russia. The publisher's announcement about documents in Trotsky's book naturally refers to Trotsky's documents. That is the whole basis upon which Albert Williams accuses Trotsky and me and Harcourt, Brace and Company of making a false statement. I repeat that all the documents in Trotsky's book are suppressed and outlawed in Soviet Russia.

Williams describes how "Trotsky's friend Feodorov" chose his own place of exile, joked about it with his friends, and took a merry trip down to "Zinoviev and Kamenev in exile about sixty miles from Moscow." Zinoviev and Kamenev deserted the Opposition under the threat of exile, "changed their opinions," and are merely awaiting readmittance to the party. Trotsky has denounced them in such terms that no member of the Opposition would go near them. Their "exile," and that of their friends, is indeed a joke. It has nothing to do with the forcible suppression of the Marxian Opposition, which is not a joke to anyone interested in the fate of the Russian Revolution.

Williams exclaims: "The party that wrought the greatest revolution in history become a crowd of dupes and cowards! Is it possible that anybody believes this is the real situation in Russia?" The proportion in the present party of old underground workers—who actually "wrought" the revolution in so far as it was wrought by a party—is 1.4 per cent (*Pravda*, October 9, 1927).

There could be no better proof of the intellectual degeneration of the Communist world-leadership than the reprinting of Albert Williams's non-Marxian, ignorant, and fact-ignoring article by the *Daily Worker* as a defense of Stalin's claim to be the inheritor of Lenin's science.

New York, December 14

MAX EASTMAN

### Reforming Police Practice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the recent discussion in your columns of police brutality and third-degree methods, some substitute for the third degree will have to be found before public opinion can be successfully raised to a pitch where a general demand for its abolition can be created. It is quite true that the recovery of stolen property and the conviction of many criminals may not be as important as the protection of general human rights, but the fact remains that many guilty are discovered and much property is restored to its owners by this method.

The rule that a man should not be compelled to testify against himself is not based on sound reasoning if no physical force is brought to bear upon the person so required to testify. The romantic notion that it is the duty of the police to discover and follow up clues à la Sherlock Holmes is absurd under



modern urban conditions, with large populations, automobile facilities for escape, and organized criminal bands.

It is therefore evident that those who advocate abolition of the third degree will never make a strong case with the public until and unless they can show that the many criminals who have been captured in this way will not escape. There ought to be some civilized substitute for the medieval brutality that has grown up in our police system with regard to the solution of crime. It could possibly be worked out along the following lines: Some judicial officer should be allowed to examine the prisoner under oath and as soon as he is brought in. The prisoner should be compelled to answer questions on pain of imprisonment for contempt in the event he refuses to do so, the length of sentence for this contempt to be proportionate to the gravity of the offense of which he is suspected. It might be advisable to limit this right of interrogation to questions concerning which the veracity of the answer could be checked. This suggested penalty for perjury may not be in line with modern trends in criminological circles, but at least it would be a step forward from the present third-degree method.

Cleveland, November 14

LEONARD E. GINSBURG

## Fear-Ridden California

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Announcement of a national committee to work for Mooney and Billings is interesting, as noble gestures always are, but I fear that your hope of results is doomed to disappointment. If there are any Californians on the committee they may as well let their colleagues understand at the start that the "unconditional pardon" of these men is "too much to ask," for the simple reason that there is not and never will be a public man in California with the courage to commit political suicide. The presentation of the facts in authoritative and or-

derly fashion by a responsible committee will not be without value. But let us have no illusions that Mr. Hoover or Governor Young or anybody else will ever do anything officially about the matter except ignore it.

San Francisco, November 28

IRVING F. MORROW

## Numbered Knowledge

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on Science Says recalled the statement of one of our greatest modern physicists which should be etched into the minds of both scientist and layman. Lord Kelvin said.

When you can measure what you are speaking about and express it in numbers, you know something about it, and when you cannot measure it, when you cannot express it in numbers, your knowledge is of a meager and unsatisfactory kind. It may be the beginning of knowledge, but you have scarcely in your thought advanced to the stage of a science.

Why do some scientists talk so glibly of things theological when they would not speak so unreservedly of things scientific?

Phoenix, Arizona, November 19

D. H. MARKHAM

## De Quinceyana

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am at work upon a new life of Thomas De Quincey with the consent and cooperation of his granddaughters. I should be grateful if anyone having, or knowing of, letters of De Quincey or material pertaining to his life would communicate with me.

Syracuse University,  
Syracuse, New York

HORACE A. EATON

## *The revolution in sex and morals*

**Bertrand Russell**, the most brilliant of modern educators and philosophers, praises these two epoch-making books—

### THE BANKRUPTCY OF MARRIAGE

by V. F. Calverton

"I have now read your book with great interest. As you know, I agree in the main with your outlook, and I am sure you are doing a most valuable work in America by setting it forth."

Second Printing

\$3.

### WHY WE MISBE- HAVE

by S. D. Schmalhausen

"I have read your book with a great deal of pleasure. It is a work that ought to do a great deal of good. I agree, of course, entirely with your outlook on sex. WHY WE MISBEHAVE is a very valuable book."

Fourth Printing

\$3.

**Macaulay**  
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK



# Books and Plays

## Christmas Eve: New York

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Blue stars of evening  
whistle about our towers;  
strike with thin christening  
the chasms of our darkness.  
Flakes of lighted windows  
flutter still  
into the windy alleys of our city:  
we have raised our trees of Christmas,  
street to starry pinnacle  
holy with candles.  
Blow up, clear winter;  
whirl your white snows.  
Christ is born among the lilies;  
he flows beneath the arc-lights—  
milky garments blowing  
underneath the elevated.

## This Week Through the Nose

**T**HE book I have before me is not to be found on drug-store counters, nor does it lie among the heaps of Christmas gift volumes in our leading bookstores. Glancing at its cover, turning over its pages, it seems appropriate that this pearl should indeed be without price. Its fragile charms could not decently be thrown out into the market-place for the eyes and hands and purse of just anyone. No, this work is not for you and me—I shall not attempt to explain how a copy happened to stray into my hands—it is for the Few, the Elect and Discriminating, the Elegantly Sophisticated. And it is not for sale even to them, although in the long run it will quite certainly be paid for—and through the nose, if I may apply that phrase both in its metaphorical and in its most literal sense.

The name of the book is "The Romance of Perfume." It was written by Richard Le Gallienne, illustrated by George Barbier, and "done" on special antique rag paper at the printing-house of William Edwin Rudge. It is a beautiful piece of book-making: the drawings are charmingly reproduced in color; the type is delicate and decorative. As for the text, Mr. Le Gallienne has expressed in refined and subtly aromatic prose and verse the history, chemistry, sentiment, and poetry of perfume through the ages. He treats the subject with the high seriousness that any subject deserves if it is to be discussed on rag paper in type by Rudge and he attributes to the creation and proper use of perfumes most of the finer developments of civilization. He explains, for instance, that "time has been traveling with these sweet smells from the beginning; and though its history may be written in blood and tears, it is written, too, and perhaps more completely, in perfume." The author is not only lyrical, he is sometimes sheerly physiological—though in a nice way:

All that is sacred, pure, and innocent in man, all that suggests his starry origin and destiny, seems in some way

to be most poignantly hinted at in perfume. Not merely fancifully and symbolically, but actually. The deeds of a good man are said to "smell sweet and blossom in the dust," and the innocence of children, the pure thoughts of youth, the holiness of saintly men and women, are known to give a sensible fragrance to their very bodies.

He describes the tastes in perfume of exquisites and frail, lovely ladies of all times; he quotes the poets; he cites the philosophers. He describes in tender rhapsody the Role of Woman. He becomes even more ecstatic in his discussion of the role of the perfumer—that noble and intricate compound of scientist, artist, philosopher, aesthete, psychologist, poet, scholar. Perfumers, indeed, "partake in all the divine and noble associations of perfume."

Whether they realized it or not, the men who first made perfumes were seeking to distil something like the essence of human romance, something that in an aromatic dew-drop would convey the drama of living, the intimations of the soul, and the spiritual thrill of love.

In fact, according to Mr. Le Gallienne, the perfumer is the only known example of an artist who loses nothing through his contact with trade. The fragrant essential oils of his being drown out the corrupting taint of business. Whereas "even poets," says Mr. Le Gallienne simply and frankly, "who sell their wares, however profitably, lose dignity by the transaction. We come to think of them rather as tradesmen than poets. The processes of business overpower the romantic quality of the thing they sell." Ah, Richard, how aptly you put it.

It was with a faint shiver of something more subtle than surprise that the reviewer slipped a dainty brochure from an envelope in the back of this frail volume and discovered that, at a smart new shop at 20 rue de la Paix (and if that is out of your way you can stop at any local drugstore) the various perfumes and other products of Mr. Richard Hudnut might be purchased. But only, I hope, by the very nicest people, those whose names are on selected lists and whose nostrils have learned to breathe the double-distilled atmosphere of delicate intoxication which pervades this ultimate consummation of the art of the American advertiser.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

## The Virgin Queen

*Elizabeth and Essex.* By Lytton Strachey. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

**A**LMOST every biography written in the English language since 1918 owes something to the example of Lytton Strachey. There is hardly a writer, good, bad, or indifferent, who has turned out a "life" since then without hoping to imitate at least one of the virtues which made "Eminent Victorians" famous, and yet it might fairly be said that Strachey himself belongs more truly to another and greater tradition than he does to that which goes by his name. He was, to be sure, clever and ironical and disrespectful of the dead, but these were no more than the accidents of his method. They might be, and they were, facilely imitated by dozens whose ease was mere superficiality and whose would-be irony was no more than impudence. But behind his work lay a richness of knowledge, an economy of statement, and a scrupulosity in the handling of facts not equaled by any who attempted to follow in his footsteps. Most of the others were, in a word, something less than "Stracheyesque," while he alone was more.



"Elizabeth and Essex" almost seems to have been intended to emphasize this fact. Turning from those Victorians whom he had helped to make seem inevitably ridiculous he has, in abandoning them, abandoned also any large dependence upon that fastidiously expressed disdain which may have seemed inseparable from his genius. Elizabeth has wrung respect from even his skeptical mind, and he has made no effort to utilize unsuitable occasions for the exercise of his ironic gifts. Telling a complicated and absorbing story with matchless ease, he has rightly assumed that it needed no adventitious ornament, and he has exercised the whole of his extraordinary skill in reconstructing from the voluminous documents a narrative which pauses only to sketch an unforgettable portrait or to speculate with calm detachment upon tangled motives which patience alone cannot even partly unravel. It is more brilliant in its own way than "Queen Victoria" was in another for the very reason that the brilliance inheres less often in a single phrase and reveals itself more conspicuously in the light which shines through the whole than in the flash of an epigram. Many of the most admired phrases of "Eminent Victorians" might have been thrown off by a wit; "Elizabeth and Essex" could have been written only by a man whose imagination was large enough and powerful enough to hold in one sustained embrace all the elements of a complicated situation.

This is not to say that the book does not contain scores of individual sentences pointed enough to invite quotation or that there are not occasional scenes which reveal Strachey's irony at its best—notably, for example, that which describes the death of the pious King Philip racked by hideous disease:

One thought alone troubled him: had he been remiss in the burning of heretics? He had burnt many, no doubt; but he might have burnt more. Was it because of this, perhaps, that he had not been quite as successful as he might have wished? . . . When he awoke, it was night and there was singing at the altar below him; a sacred candle was lighted and put into his hand, the flame, as he clutched it closer and closer, casting lurid shadows upon his face; and so, in ecstasy and in torment, in absurdity and in greatness, happy, miserable, horrible, and holy, King Philip went off, to meet the Trinity.

Yet it is less in scenes like this—and the whole of it is much finer than the fragmentary quotation of its conclusion can indicate—than in passages of less obviously picturesque effectiveness that the greatness of the book lies, and the tradition to which Strachey really belongs is merely that tradition of historical and biographical writing to which all the greatest works of either of those kinds belong—the tradition, that is to say, which can claim both Tacitus and Gibbon because the qualities which are requisite are simply vigor and incisiveness in a superlative degree.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## The Sea's Last Frontier

*John Cameron's Odyssey.* Transcribed by Andrew Farrell. The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

*"Cap'n George Fred."* By George Fred Tilton. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$4.

*Way for a Sailor.* By Albert Richard Wetjen. The Century Company. \$2.50.

*The Cruise of the Northern Light.* By Mrs. John Borden. The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

THE Pacific Ocean was the last frontier of the sea. I say "was" with intention, because as a frontier the Pacific has disappeared; the water is still there—lots of it—but the frontier is gone. It went during about the same period when our last land frontier—the West—was also passing away. By the end of the last century the Pacific had become safe and sane. At least it had become safe (except for such occasional hazards as typhoons and coral reefs), and if one was cast away on an island, or sailed into a harbor more conventionally on business

or pleasure, he could hope for a happier fate than ending his career in the soup tureen of some South Sea chieftain.

Along with the capitulation of the once independent rulers of the Pacific islands to the white man, eliminating the danger—and so, of course, much of the romance—went another evolution. Simultaneously with the passing of the last frontier of the sea sails gave way to steam.

The four books listed above all touch the Pacific and, taken together, bridge the passing of the old South Seas, as also the shift from sail to steam. Captain Cameron left a Scotch home in 1867 to go to sea as a boy of seventeen. He followed the sea for thirty years, during which, he says: "I saw the end of the Age of Sail. I witnessed the passing of something fuller of pathos—the little brown kingdoms of the Pacific." But he spends no time sentimentalizing over either in his yarn, which tells of "blackbirding," shipwreck, privation, and dissipation when the Pacific was still untamed. Some seven years ago Mr. Farrell came into contact with Captain Cameron, and the upshot was that the skipper undertook to write his story, to be licked into shape by Mr. Farrell. It is a grand yarn and Mr. Farrell seems to have preserved its original flavor to a high degree.

Cap'n George Fred has written a similar yarn of hard-hitting, tough-living personal adventure. He was born on the island of Martha's Vineyard and, having a venturesome nature, was in the circumstances inexorably destined to roam the oceans. He tried to run away to sea twice as a small boy, but was caught and brought home both times. A third effort was more successful, and at the advanced age of fourteen he stowed away on a whaling ship in 1875. He chased whales thereafter in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Arctic oceans until 1908, when he made his last trip out of Frisco as skipper and part owner of the steam whaler Bowhead. He is now in charge of the Charles W. Morgan, the old New Bedford whaler which Colonel E. H. R. Green has preserved as a memorial of a once great New England industry. Cap'n George Fred's yarn is a racy and piquant one, and loses nothing by reason of the fact that the grammar is frequently that of the sea rather than that of the little red schoolhouse. There are appealing illustrations by Harry Neyland. A note acknowledges indebtedness to Joseph Chase Allen, who wrote a story of Cap'n George Fred's adventures for the *Vineyard Gazette*, "a portion of which appears as a part of this book." In its issue of November 16, last, the *Vineyard Gazette* says: "The 'portion' of the narrative by Mr. Allen thus referred to is virtually 100 per cent of it; and the 'part of the book' substantially identical with Mr. Allen's account consists of no fewer than 285 pages out of the 295."

In contrast to the books by Skipper Cameron and Cap'n George Fred, which deal primarily with the days of sail, is "Way for a Sailor," a story of the age of steam, an era as splendid in a new way—and even more spectacular—than that of wind-power. "Why for a Sailor" is fiction, decidedly better than one would expect whose acquaintance with the author has been gained from his stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

In contrast to all three of the other books is Mrs. Borden's narrative, but it is linked with Cap'n George Fred because it was on his recommendation that an executive officer, an old whaling captain, was obtained for the Northern Light, a motor yacht built to the order of Mrs. Borden's husband expressly to make a trip through the Bering Sea to the Arctic for big game. There is no hard life of the sailor in Mrs. Borden's narrative. It is the sea in silk pajamas. Because of that it annoys a little one who learned to know the sea on salt horse and weevily ship's biscuit; also because (1) I dislike lady big-game hunters and (2) I dislike big-game hunters of either sex. Indeed I hold in poor repute any kind of so-called sportsman with a gun. The only justification for shooting animals, big or little, is that of the honest-to-God pot-hunter who kills because he needs the food or the money. But one should not let his personal prejudices enter into his judgment of a book, should he?

ARTHUR WARNER



## Liberty at Any Price

*Losing Liberty Judicially: Prohibitory and Kindred Laws Examined.* By Thomas James Norton. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

A SCHOLARLY discussion of the proper scope of liberty today in relation to law would be very useful. Such a book might take up in turn the various clauses of our constitutional bills of rights and show the extent to which they are made effective in practice. Mr. Norton, however, gives us nothing of the sort. Very many important phases of liberty are either omitted entirely or mentioned casually, such as freedom of speech and assembly, immunity from searches and seizures, and the right not to testify against oneself. The book is, in fact, a controversial pamphlet against prohibition and social legislation.

The author's main contentions may be briefly stated thus: Individual liberty is desirable and traditionally American; therefore all governmental restraints on individual action, with a few limited exceptions, are bad. The second proposition may appear to flow naturally from the first, but such logical simplicity fails to consider the complicating factors in the problem of liberty which have been created by modern industry and the congestion of population. These factors play only a small part in the author's discussion, but they may be summarized as follows: If the individual of today is left free by the state to act or bargain completely as he pleases, his ignorance may lead him into action which will inflict permanent injury upon himself or upon others, and his economic necessities may force him into employment which is similarly disadvantageous. Consequently, it is not an adequate argument against a law restricting such action or employment to point out that it limits the person's liberty. For example, a law prohibiting a woman from working at night or for more than eight hours a day does undoubtedly encroach upon her liberty at the time of employment, but it may save her and her subsequent offspring from physical incapacities which would in the end limit her liberty and theirs still more. Consequently, such a law cannot properly be discussed as if it presented a sharp issue between liberty and restraint. The true alternatives are between liberty at the moment and continuous freedom. Each proposed piece of social legislation raises the question whether the continuous freedom of an individual is sufficiently endangered by the forbidden practice to warrant the limitation on his immediate freedom. The answer to this question will depend upon the particular circumstances of the case, and cannot be discovered by vague definitions of liberty.

Mr. Norton's book minimizes these difficulties. Furthermore it entirely ignores the duty of courts to refrain from declaring statutes unconstitutional merely because the judges think them undesirable. It is the task of the legislature to weigh the immediate liberty of the individual against the social advantages gained by restraint. The court might appraise the value of the opposing forces differently, but this is not enough reason for invalidating the statute. So long as it is reasonably possible that the legislature's judgment may be right, the court should scrupulously refuse to substitute its opinion for that of the elected representatives of the people. Mr. Norton says that the court should not deal with "a possibility." On the contrary, that is exactly the function of the court in a constitutional case. The author appears to assume that if he can only demonstrate that a minimum-wage law or a law requiring a railroad to eliminate grade crossings is objectionable the statute is therefore unconstitutional.

The decision upholding the Oklahoma guaranteed-bank-deposit law gave Mr. Justice Holmes an opportunity to express the wise method of judicial approach to novel legislation:

We must be cautious about pressing the broad words of the Fourteenth Amendment to a dryly logical extreme.

Many laws which it would be vain to ask the court to overthrow could be shown, easily enough, to transgress a scholastic interpretation of one or another of the great guaranties in the Bill of Rights. They more or less limit the liberty of the individual or they diminish property to a certain extent. We have few scientifically certain criteria of legislation, and as it often is difficult to mark the line where what is called the police power of the States is limited by the Constitution of the United States, judges should be slow to read into the latter a *nolumus mutare* as against the law-making power.

In this decision the Supreme Court exhibited a liberalism which has not been maintained in subsequent years. That the author singles it out for a long and vigorous attack, sufficiently illustrates his attitude.

It is a serious objection to Mr. Norton's adverse criticism of important decisions that he fails to recognize that they raise difficult issues which have been painstakingly reviewed by other writers. He does not cite their writings or indicate that he has read them. For example, his condemnation of the Michaelson case upholding the power of Congress to require a jury trial in criminal contempt cases pays no attention to the significant material on this question assembled by Professors Frankfurter and Landis (*Harvard Law Review*, June, 1924). His denunciation of *McGrain vs. Daugherty*, allowing the Senate to compel testimony in an investigation, ignores the contrary conclusions of Professor Landis (*Harvard Law Review*, December, 1926).

As a tract against prohibition the book is not apt to be effective, because it singles out a few decisions for attack without supplying their relation to the great body of Supreme Court decisions. For example, the author objects to the federal legislation aiding Dry States before the Eighteenth Amendment on the ground that the power to regulate interstate commerce does not include the power to prohibit it. Such a narrow interpretation is inconsistent with a decision sustaining the prohibition of interstate shipments of lottery tickets. His contention that "commerce" requires trade and transportation would make it impossible for the federal government to control the interstate broadcasting of radio concerts. His attempt to limit the clause by the circumstances when the Constitution was adopted would restrict "commerce" to sailing vessels and horse-drawn vehicles.

The Eighteenth Amendment he regards as unconstitutional because of the method of its adoption, but does not inform the reader that the Supreme Court reached a different conclusion in *Rhode Island vs. Palmer*. He attacks the amendment as superfluous because so many States had already adopted prohibition laws; and then denounces these same State laws as unconstitutional and condemns the federal legislation which protected Dry States from the liquor sold in their Wet neighbors. Mr. Norton cannot have it both ways. If the prior legislation was really invalid, the Eighteenth Amendment was necessary for prohibition.

The author would have bar examiners ask:

Where did Congress get power to enact the Cotton Futures Law, the Warehouse Law, the Cooperative Marketing Law? . . . What constitutional authority had it for setting up a Department of Labor and giving the head of it a seat in the Cabinet?

This seems an easy way to dispose of political activities which he dislikes; but he might be disturbed if they asked, as well:

What clause authorizes the Department of Agriculture, the deportation of radical aliens, the Smithsonian Institution, the Weather Bureau, paper currency, the national and Federal Reserve banks, and the use of marines to supervise Nicaraguan elections?

The tone of the book may be gathered from this sentence:

In June, 1928, for one example out of many, a party of over thirty instructors in our colleges and universities went to Russia to philosophize over conditions there in-



stead of taking summer tutelage at home in the constitutional government of their country and, it might well be, in the history and uses of the Monroe Doctrine.

The reviewer would much prefer to praise, if he could, the work of a lawyer whose sixty-five years have created in him a sincere devotion to the Constitution. It is, however, necessary to challenge vigorously conclusions which, coming from a member of the bar and backed by the deservedly high reputation of the publishers, may give this book an unfortunate influence against legislation which is required to curb undesirable private enterprise and aid individuals who are unable to safeguard themselves. It is already much too easy to arouse popular and judicial hostility to such laws in the present period of reaction.

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

## Books in Brief

*The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan.* By Isaac Goldberg. Simon and Schuster. \$6.

Dr. Goldberg has spread a generous table at which gourmand Savoyards may feast to repletion. Here they will find the life-stories of Gilbert and of Sullivan culminating in the long Savoy partnership and separating again to their tragic endings, the history of each opera, excerpts from the scores, and a reprinting of many lost Bab Ballads—a lavish and appetizing banquet. In the biographical sections there are traces of an attempt at modern psychoanalytical interpretation. Dr. Goldberg's occasional deprecating comment seems a bit strained and far less convincing than his evident pride and delight in his subjects. With his wealth of fact, anecdote, and authenticated illustration he achieves a very pattern of a modern major general of the army of books that have recently been written on Gilbert and Sullivan.

*J. S. Bach. A Biography.* By Charles Sanford Terry. Oxford University. \$7.50.

A painstaking but dull life of the great German master, written with scrupulous attention to detail, and with an obvious lack of imaginative insight. Throughout the volume there is too much chronicle of outward event and too little evaluation of character and inward life. The most interesting chapter, perhaps, contains a series of letters annotated by John Elias Bach, a cousin of Sebastian's; these letters contain rather interesting material, especially in reference to one of Bach's sons, by all accounts a wayward youth. The volume closes with a series of illustrations depicting bits of medieval Germany that were intimately associated with Bach's career.

*Persian Pictures.* By Gertrude Bell. With a Preface by Sir E. Denison Ross. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

Readers of "The Letters of Gertrude Bell of Arabia" will remember that she went to Persia in her twenties and, besides translating Hafiz, wrote sketches of the country and of her experience there. These are here reprinted in a volume which will serve further to establish her as one of the most brilliant and imaginative of English women.

*A London Reverie.* Fifty-six Drawings by Joseph Pennell. Introductory Essay and Notes by J. C. Squire. The Macmillan Company. \$8.

A book of romantic and impressionistic drawings of London twenty years ago selected by J. C. Squire, who contributes, by way of introduction, a pleasantly discursive essay on London, old and new, on his own acquaintance with the town and her more noted inhabitants, and, finally, on Pennell as a portrayer of London's charms as well as of some of her sorrier aspects. Although Squire fails to give Pennell high rank as an imaginative artist, he admires him as "a very skilful and dashing draftsman; and a restless experimenter. . . ."

## Moving Pictures The Language of Images

AT this stage of the season's progress Eisenstein's "Ten Days That Shook the World" must be adjudged, among the movie offerings, as indisputably the most significant.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the fact that it is not a great picture. The critics who found it confusing and sometimes even boring were perfectly right. It does confuse people who are not familiar with the events of the October Revolution, who know nothing about the struggle between the different revolutionary factions, and to whom the topography of St. Petersburg is a sealed secret. Nor is it possible to deny that the picture often loses tempo by marking time over sequences which contain no action or are excessively repetitious. This much goes by general agreement into the debit side of the picture's account. Eisenstein himself admits the confusion and the lack of sustained dramatic development, pleading, in justification, pressure of time and aims and effects other than dramatic.

His plea shall be readily granted. One absolves him of blame for failing to produce drama, for with the magnificent material in his hands—material pictorially and dramatically as striking as that in his "Potemkin"—he could have easily achieved success if he had only chosen to repeat himself, or to follow the more conventional methods. Deliberately, however, he steered his course to a different goal—the goal not of a gradually prepared dramatic climax and its resolution but of a recital of events with the recitalist's personal "angle" conspicuously in evidence.

In the final analysis there are two schools of thought in the movie art of today. One school regards the motion picture as a procession of visual images related to one another through their meaning. The other school maintains that the only significant relationship is that based on the movement of the images, or their dynamic interplay. Hollywood, with the exception of Murnau and to some extent of King Vidor and Fejos, has always adhered to the first theory. To the same school belongs the whole modern group of Russian movie directors—Kuleshoff, Vertoff, Pudovkin, and Eisenstein. Only the Russians are developing their theory much farther than it ever occurred to the Americans to do. Not content with ignoring the Hollywood formula for dramatic construction, they are attempting to build the language of cinematic images. They believe that visual images, like words, can be joined into sentences, with the difference that the cementing medium is provided by the associations arising out of the meaning of the images—the logic of facts, so to speak—and not by the etymological forms, as in word sentences.

In "Ten Days That Shook the World" Eisenstein makes great play of this linguistic concept. The problem which engaged his special attention was that of the cinematic equivalent of metaphors and other figures of speech and qualifying clauses which in the verbal language serve to express the speaker's personal attitude to the subject of his narration. In the present case Eisenstein confined his personal reaction to satirical comment on the enemies of the revolution: he points a mocking finger at self-opinionated Kerensky by introducing the statue of a woman holding a wreath as if about to crown the hero, or by placing him side by side with the statue of Napoleon; he pokes fun at Kerensky's ministers by showing their dreamy musings to the accompaniment of heavenly melodies played on harps by ethereal ladies; he stresses the moral of a telephone conversation between Kerensky and a Cossack stableman by showing the buttocks of munching horses as a sign of the latter's "neutrality."

It is impossible to deny considerable interest to Eisenstein's experiment. It is suggestive. It may add to the re-



sources of the cinema. It may bring about a new, essentially descriptive *genre* of the screen art. But it is fundamentally anti-dynamic and anti-dramatic, and as such lies off the main road of artistic progress in this medium. Far more important than these exercises in linguistic ideography are some of Eisenstein's startling visual effects produced by purely dynamic means. Such is the effect of machine-gun fire with its rapid staccato beat which is conveyed almost with the reality of sound. Eisenstein achieves this by alternating very rapidly two or three different sequences of guns and gunners, one sequence being light and the other dark, while differing also in the position of objects which results in the effect of intermittent spurts.

It remains to be added that in spite of its rococo discursiveness and its lack of organized dramatic development, "Ten Days That Shook the World" is replete with magnificent scenes of mass movement, with amazingly observed characters (a gallery of types that can never be forgotten), and with extremely striking and beautiful camera shots.

Of the other pictures lately shown on Broadway the most satisfying was "Shadows of Fear" (Therese Raquin)—a straightforward realistic drama directed by Jacques Feyder with a subtlety reminiscent of Chaplin's "Woman of Paris." Murnau's "Four Devils," though less firmly knit than his "Sunrise," and though sharing with the latter a certain lack of warmth in the make-up of its characters, shows the hand of a master in its flowing style, which shapes and modulates its equally fluid emotional content. "Lonesome," directed by Paul Fejos, has the same dynamic quality as "Four Devils" and shows many extremely interesting and suggestive effects such as the combination of a number of independent images within the same frame. It is marred by an unnecessary talking sequence. Eric von Stroheim's "Wedding March," redolent with the old-fashioned sentimentality of the days of "The Blue Danube," is interesting only for its insistence on realistic detail—an insistence so shrieking and sometimes so incongruous that it loses even the little virtue that one might be willing to concede it. "White Shadows," depicting the life of the South Sea islanders, is a very effective picture, in fact, too effective, with that characteristic Hollywood sleekness and prettifying. King Vidor's "Show People" is a fairly amusing comedy, though most of its laughs, one is sorry to say, come from the titles.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

## Drama *Tour de Force*

THE directors of the Theater Guild were shrewd in their determination to furnish no advance information concerning their latest production, for it is vastly more entertaining than any description would indicate. To say that it deals with the consternation produced when a young physicist discovers how to release the energy of the atom and to add further that the entire action takes place at a meeting of the British Cabinet is inevitably to suggest that the auditor is in for an evening of verbiage; but all gloomy forebodings notwithstanding, "Wings over Europe" (Martin Beck Theater) is an original and gripping play. Its authors, Robert Nichols and Maurice Brown, have handled their subject with a fine sense of its latent dramatic possibilities and, steering a difficult course between melodrama and disquisition, they have accomplished a *tour de force* more striking than any other recent attempt to put a world problem on the stage.

Doubtless they do not intend their dramatic simplification of the theme to be taken without a grain of salt. The young recluse who suddenly appears with proof that he has discovered a means whereby illimitable power may be placed in the hands of man and who asks the assembled rulers of England what they propose to do with it, is obviously a creature of fancy; for

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when (or if) the atom is unlocked the discoverer of the secret will not be, like the hero of "Wings over Europe," instantaneously in a position either to turn all the wheels of the world without steam or to blow the terrestrial globe to bits. But this fantastic simplification serves admirably to convey an evident though almost ungraspable truth. For a century and a half man's power has been increasing at an accelerated rate, and there is every reason to suppose that it will continue to do so. Far from reaping all the advantages which would seem to result, he has, up to the present, been barely able to preserve himself from the destruction which his own machines threatened. What does he propose to do when the might of his electricity and his explosives, even now all but uncontrollable, is multiplied by infinity?

Some day he will be compelled to assume the responsibility of something like omnipotence so far as the physical world is concerned. Is there anything in his present behavior to suggest that he will know what to do with his power, or is it more likely that he will be, like the imaginary Cabinet in the present play, impotently all-powerful? Faced with its timidity, its selfishness, and its lack of any constructive imagination, our hero allows himself to be convinced that his discovery is not, as he had supposed, a road to the Golden Age, but he refuses to accept the suggestion that he sink it deeper than Prospero's books. Mankind is obviously a failure. If its sufferings have been due, not to lack of power, but to lack of good-will, there is no further hope for it and no good in postponing the disaster which must inevitably come. Perhaps Nature is conducting a more successful experiment upon some other globe now revolving about some remoter sun. As for this one, he will blow it to bits.

Obviously the chief difficulty inherent in such a theme is the result of its ill-defined magnitude, for too much subject is as dangerous to a playwright as too little. Drama must take place at some point localized in time and space, and the success of "Wings over Europe" depends largely upon the fact that its authors, realizing this, have not permitted their speculations to carry them too far afield. Allowing its implications to remain merely implications, they have centered their attention upon the effect of the physicist's revelation upon a diversified group of individual human beings and made the drama itself to consist, to a very considerable extent, in the interplay between these concrete personages. If dramatic action be thought of as inevitably involving physical commotion, then "Wings over Europe" is almost devoid of it, but if it be considered to consist in the sudden shifting back and forth of the spiritual balance of power between characters, then the play has a great deal, for it is never either repetitious or static. There is a continuous movement from the moment when the Cabinet first hears with impatient incredulity the tremendous announcement until it is gradually reduced to its realization that the end is at hand, and there is a continuous suspense for the audience which can never anticipate the next development.

"Wings over Europe" belongs perhaps to the class of "stunt" plays, but it has a freshness particularly grateful in a stale season and there is only one fault to find with an excellent production in which Ernest Crawford, Alexander Kirkland, and Frank Conroy take the leads; it should be housed in a more intimate theater instead of being, as it is, somewhat lost in the Byzantine immensities of the Martin Beck.

"Whoopee" (New Amsterdam Theater) is produced with Mr. Ziegfeld's usual magnificence. The presence of Eddie Cantor gives it a place very near the top of contemporary musical comedies.

The New Playwrights' group (temporarily housed at the Provincetown Theater) is offering an extremely ragged but occasionally powerful production of Upton Sinclair's "Singing Jailbirds." The play, long known in print, is almost as uncertain as the production. Forceful writing alternates with passages of impossibly stilted dialogue, and dramatic scenes with tepid discourses upon the future of the proletariat.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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# International Relations Section

## Internal Conflict in China

By WILLIAM PROHME

THE new "National Government, Republic of China," now that it has defined its form under the five Yuan system, subsidiary to a State Council headed by a military leader, begins its career with every sign of lively realism in approaching the problem of China's foreign relations.

It already has succeeded in winning *de jure* recognition from the United States, implied in the fiscal treaty of July acknowledging China's autonomy in tariff regulations commencing January 1, 1929. That acknowledgment, of course, may not mean much unless other Powers likewise approve it, for the "most-favored-nation" clause still holds. Nevertheless it is a step ahead.

It has liquidated the Nanking affair of March, 1927, with nearly all the nations involved. It is negotiating new commercial treaties with several European Powers, and one country, Germany, is preparing to set up its legation (which may become an embassy) at Nanking, recognizing by that act that Nanking is definitely the new capital. Only with Japan do negotiations lag, due to the obstinacy of General Tanaka's Government about the Tsinan affair of last May and about the status of Manchuria.

In foreign relations one may say that the present National Government has its major problems well in hand and on the road toward proper settlement. But what of its approach to domestic problems? There the story seems to be different. In fact, in this field the new regime is showing the most complete blindness. It proceeds as if domestic problems would settle themselves by themselves, if only foreign problems can be solved and a sound working administration be set up.

The major domestic problems in China have to do with the land, the status of the peasant and the improvement of his condition, trade-union organization and development. In a country where from 85 to 90 per cent of the people are peasants and workers, it is idle to say that problems dealing with their welfare can be secondary and may be left until after problems of foreign relations and internal administration are settled. To say that is to argue that one can set up government in a vacuum, without regard to the very bases of the society to be governed.

Yet the attitude of the present regime at Nanking has been one of active enmity against labor and the peasantry, on the ground that these elements, by their "impatience" to have their problems looked into, are making disturbances that interfere with the "settled conditions" necessary for working out foreign and administrative problems. In short, the present regime is placing the cart before the horse.

In provinces like Hunan, Kiangsi, and Hupeh, and also in Kwangtung, where echoes of 1927's peasant uprisings still are heard in armed bands of peasants raiding grain warehouses of the rich gentry (the usurers of the country, who keep so large a part of China's peasantry in perpetual chains of debt) the armies of Nanking's Government undertake punitive expeditions against what are dubbed "bandits" or "communists." These uprisings are characterized by such a man as Sir Cecil Clementi, Governor of Hongkong,

as "echoes of Borodin's influence." But Admiral Mark Bristol, who commands America's fleet in China's waters, told the British-American Association at Peking a short time ago that they were "the inevitable revolt of oppressed people against their oppressors."

In the field of labor there has been the most ruthless suppression. Labor unions were prohibited in Peking and Tientsin, by order of General Yen Hsi-shan, that "model governor" of Shansi. In Shanghai, ever since Chiang Kai-shek and the rich merchants have called the tune there, only government-controlled Fascist unions have been allowed. The All-China Federation of Labor and the Shanghai Federation of Labor are interdicted organizations, but they exist underground. In Canton, where suppression has been more bloody than anywhere else in China, labor-union members and peasant leaders are this very day being executed.

The new Government's official attitude toward labor is clearly exposed in a manifesto of October 17, issued "with a view," according to the official Kuo Min News Agency, "to clarifying the position of the Kuomintang, and outlining its position as regards the country's working classes." This manifesto tells the workers to wait until the revolution is completed, until unity is achieved, until China's foreign relations are settled, until the Government's working administration is running smoothly. It says in part:

... Our comrades in the field of industry must realize that the success of the revolution is yet far off. They must know that while militarism within has been exterminated, dangers from abroad are still to be overcome. . . . Our workers in striving for a better economic and social position must not start from their individual position as such, for then it will merely mean class struggle within the country which will surely drag them down. They must strive in unison as citizens of China against dangers from abroad; for we must first raise the position of our country before the status of our workers can be improved. They must think in terms of, and strive for, national progress and advancement instead of individual gain.

Our workers must realize that the secret of our national preservation and progress is our country's historical and cultural continuity. Our present society is the result of hundreds of years of activity on the part of our forefathers, and it is our duty to continue their activity in order that we may bequeath this inheritance from our forebears to our descendants.

(This passage suggests that the writer of the manifesto probably remembers Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's famous admonition of 1920, that the highest duty of American citizens is to hand down to coming generations the institutions of the revolutionary fathers, unmarred, unchanged, immaculate and pure.)

In order to do so, however, we must not think of the immediate advantages ahead and try only to secure those enjoyments for ourselves in the short span of years of our own lives. We must consider the welfare of our descendants and our responsibilities to them.

... It is the desire of the Kuomintang that the workers refrain from making unreasonable demands upon society and the Government, and cooperate with the authorities in maintaining general stability so that the Government can proceed with various reconstruction schemes which are designed for the ultimate benefit of the entire country. If our workers persist in showing what the Communists term "class consciousness," thus breaking the harmony of society to their own detriment, it will be impossible even for the



entire Chinese people to survive, not to say the workers alone.

The pious vagueness of all this convinces trade-union leaders that they will get no help from the present regime. Intellectual leaders in the labor movement, who happen also to have an ear for British slang, call it "eye-wash," and proceed with their underground expansion of the All-China Federation of Labor, the outlaw body which has had no open recognition since the spring of 1927.

The so-called "radical" movement goes on everywhere, led largely by peasant and labor leaders. The students, from Peking down to Canton, bereft of the opportunity for "action" and frowned upon by the government which no longer needs them and whose spokesmen tell them to "pay attention to their books and let politics alone," are everywhere in more or less open revolt.

The "reign of terror" against all proletarian activity is resulting, according to an Associated Press mail story sent out from Shanghai in October, in "opposition to this rightist government" that is "growing noticeably in these recent months."

In the seeming peace and unity of China, therefore, which wins so many kindly editorial comments in so many unexpected quarters of the world's press, there is underground war and conflict. The acknowledged leader of the non-Communist Left in the Kuomintang, Mrs. Sun Yat-sen, stands aloof in Europe, disdaining to cooperate with this regime, which, she has said, befouls and denies the program of her late husband, leader of the revolution and founder of the Kuomintang.

All of which leads to the conclusion that the present "National Government, Republic of China" will have this historic role to play: to clear up China's relations with the world. Beyond that it has neither the will nor the desire, the temperament nor the understanding, to do anything. The solution of China's domestic problems must be left for a later regime, which will have to be dominated by the present outlaws and outcasts of the Left. A persistence by the present regime in its present policies toward labor and the peasants will hasten the return of these Leftists to power.

## Contributors to This Issue

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